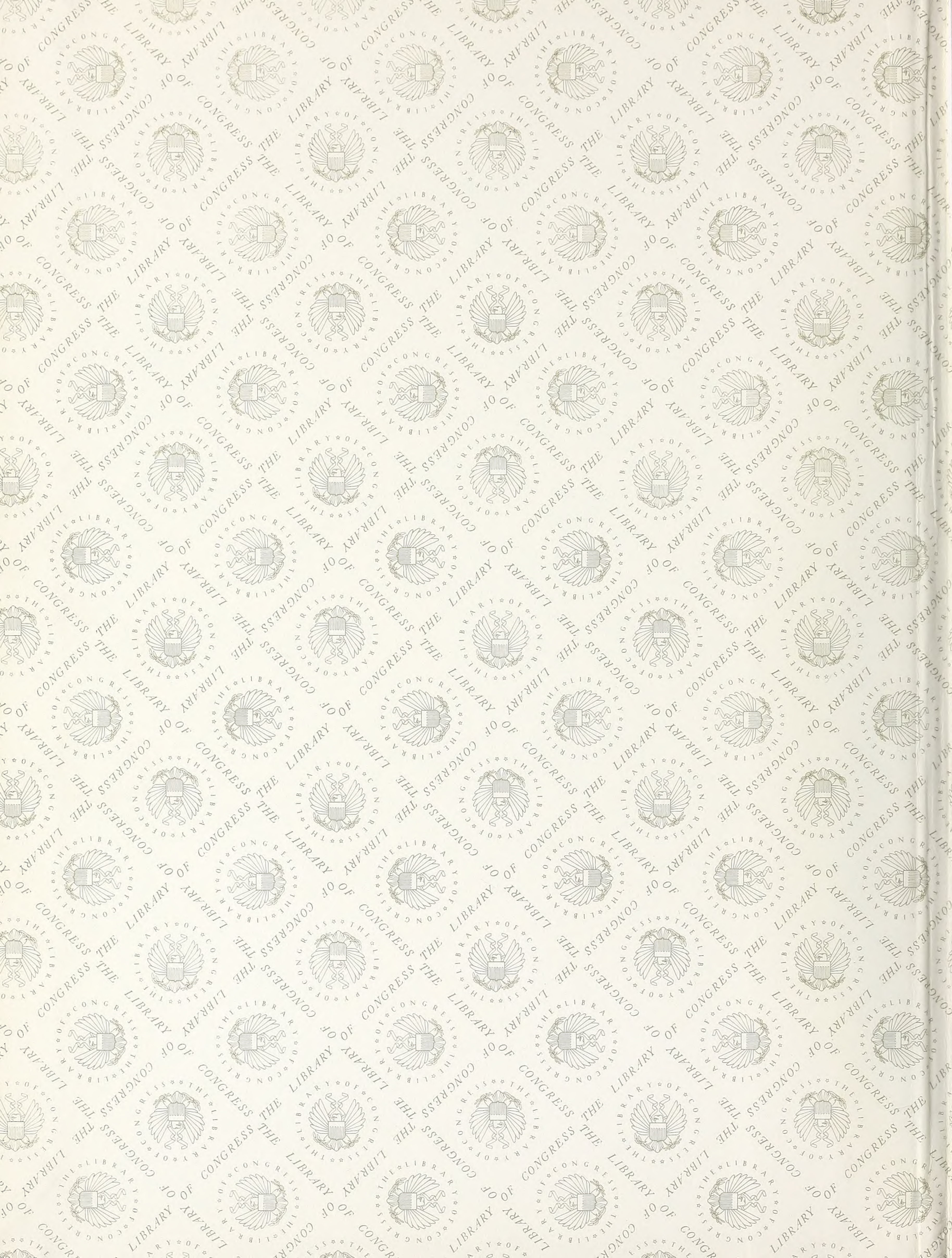
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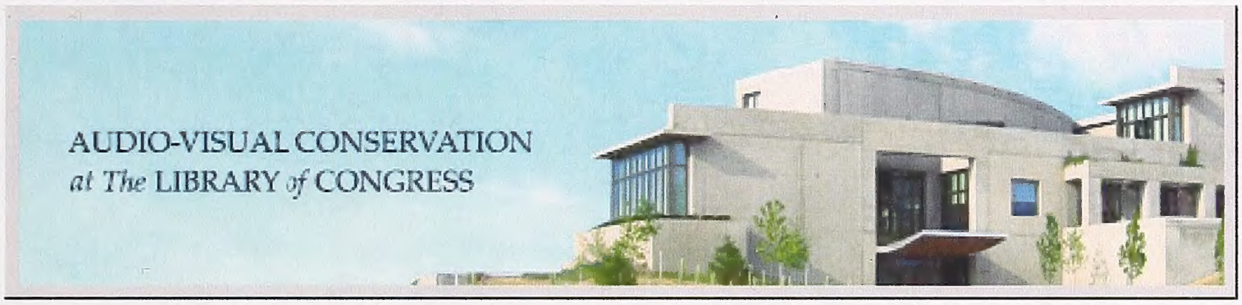

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Modern Screen

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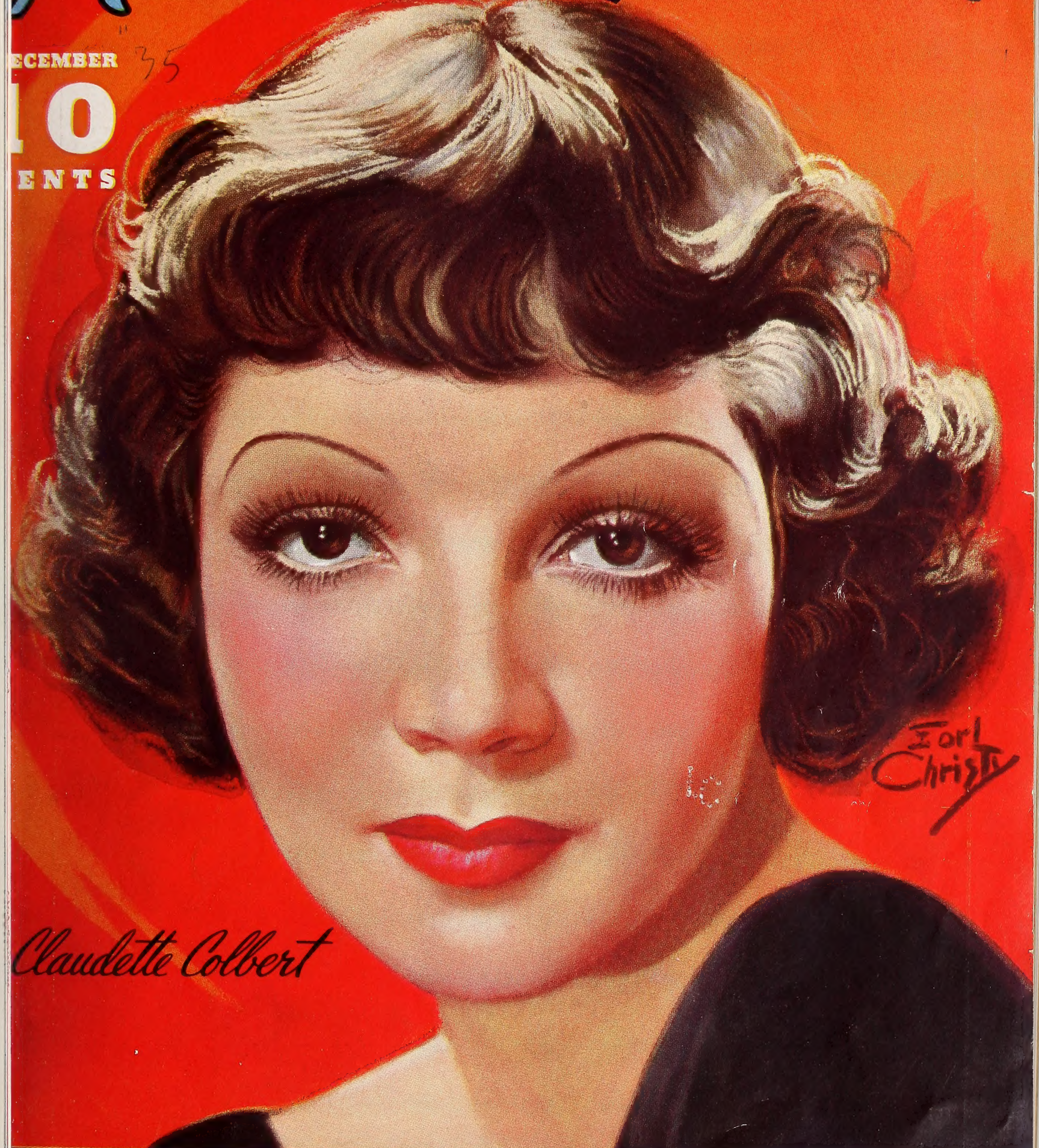
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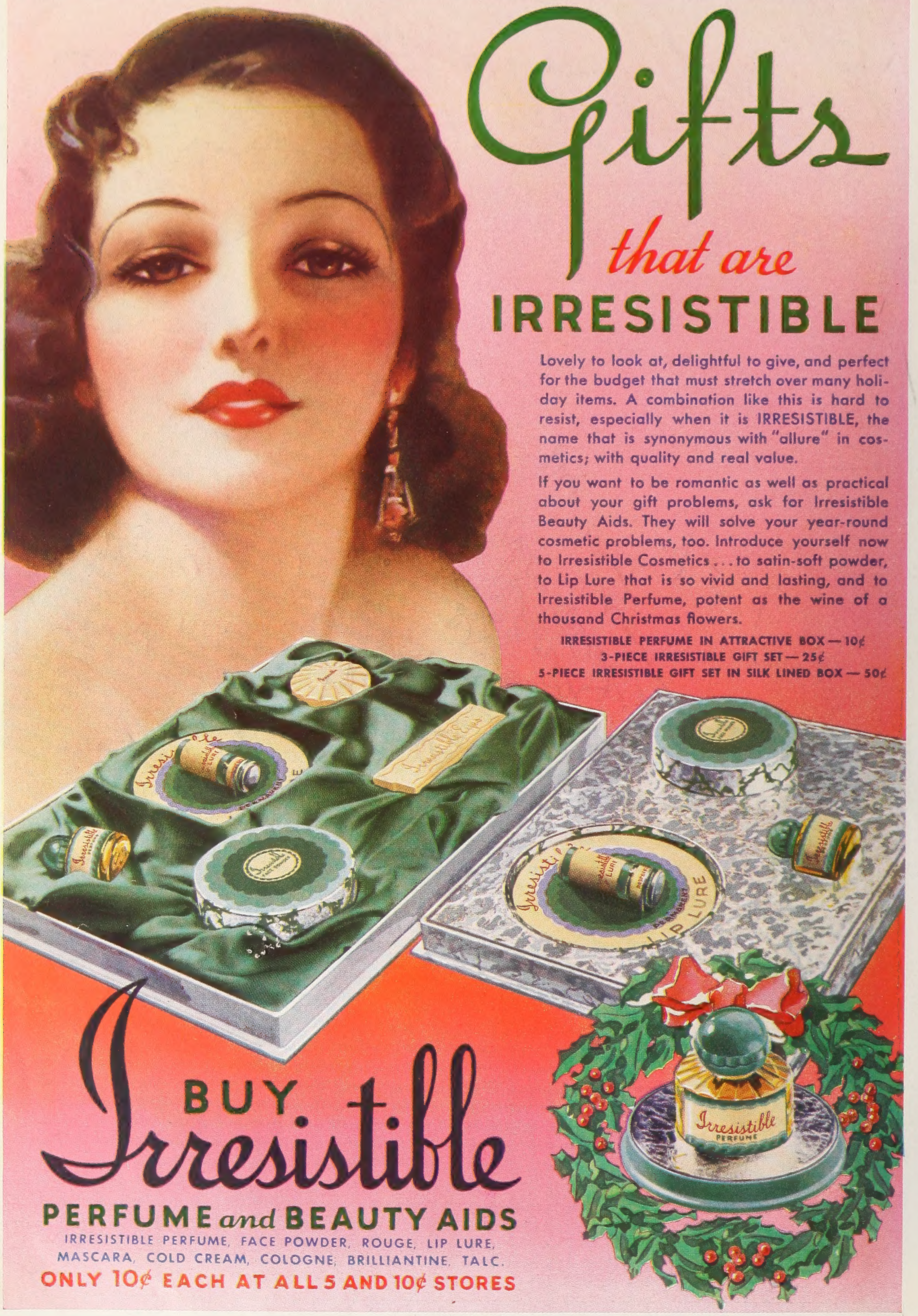

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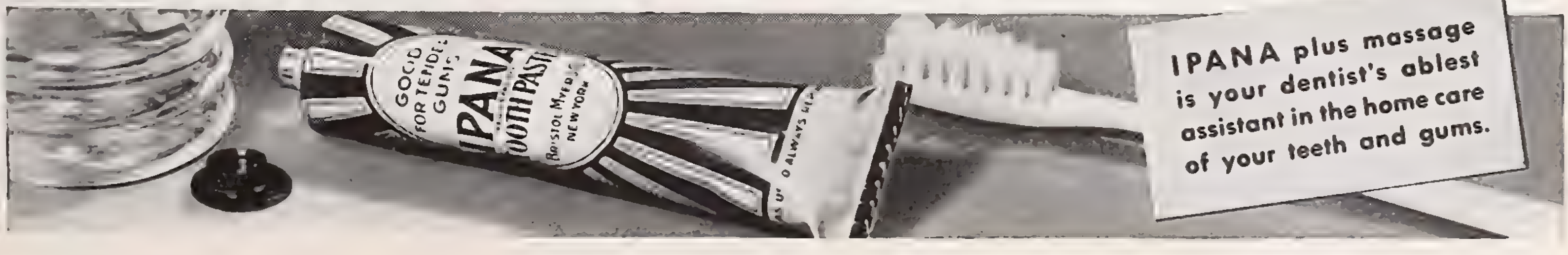

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modern screen scoreboard

Name of Picture and Company	Modern Screen	N. Y. Times	N. Y. Herald Tribune	N. Y. American	N. Y. Evening Journal	N. Y. Post	N. Y. Sun	N. Y. Daily News	N. Y. Daily Mirror	World-Telegram	Chicago Herald-Examiner	Los Angeles Examiner	Variety	General Ratings
Accent on Youth (Paramount)	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Age of Indiscretion (M-G-M)	2★	2★	1★	1★	2★	1½★	2½★	3★	2★	1★			2★	2★
Alias Mary Dow (Universal)	2★	2★	1½★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	1½★	2★		2★	2★
Alibi Ike (Warners)	3★	3½★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3½★	2★	2½★	3★	3★			3★
Alice Adams (RKO)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★		4★	4★
Anna Karenina (M-G-M)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★			4★	4★
The Arizonian (RKO)	3★	3★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2½★	2★	3★	3★			3★	3★
Becky Sharp (RKO)	3★	3½★	3½★	3½★	3½★	3½★	3★	3½★	3½★	3½★	4★	4★	3★	3★
The Big Broadcast of 1936 (Paramount)	4★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★
Black Fury (Warners)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Black Sheep (Fox)	2★	2★	2½★	2½★		2★	2★	2½★	2½★	2★	2★		2★	2★
Break of Hearts (RKO)	3★	2★	2★	3★	2½★	2½★	2½★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Brewster's Millions (United Artists)	2★	2★	3★	3★	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★	2★			2½★	2★
The Bride of Frankenstein (Universal)	1★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★
Bright Lights (First National)	3★	3½★	2★	3½★	3★	2½★	2½★	2½★	3★	2½★		3★	2½★	3★
Broadway Gondolier (Warners)	3★	2★	2★	4★	4★	3★	3½★	3½★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Broadway Melody (M-G-M)	5★	4★	3½★	3½★	4★	3★	3★	3½★	4★	4★		4★	4★	4★
Call of the Wild (20th Century)	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★
Cardinal Richelieu (United Artists)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	3★	4★	3★	4★
Car 99 (Paramount)	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★		2½★	3★	3★			3★	3★
The Case of the Curious Bride (1st Nat.)	3★	3★	3★	2★	2½★	2½★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★		2½★	3★
Charlie Chan in Egypt (Fox)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	2½★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★
China Seas (M-G-M)	4★	3★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	2★	4★	4★	4★	4★
The Clairvoyant (G-B)	2★	2★	1½★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	2★	3★	2½★	1½★	2★
Clive of India (20th Century)	4★	4½★	4★	4★	4★	4½★	4½★	3½★	4★	4½★	4½★	4★	4½★	4★
College Rhythm (Paramount)	2★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★		2★	3★		4★	3★
The Crusades (Paramount)	4★	4★	2½★	4★	4★	2★	4★	4★	4★	3★			4★	4★
Curly Top (Fox)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★		3★	3★
Dante's Inferno (Fox)	2★	1½★	1½★	3★	2★	1½★	3★	3★	3★	1½★	1★		1½★	2★
The Dark Angel (Goldwyn)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	3★	3	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
The Daring Young Man (Fox)	2★	2½★	1★	2½★		2½★		2½★		3★			1½★	2★
David Copperfield (M-G-M)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★

(Continued on page 70)

Critics' picture ratings—5*, extraordinary; 4*, very good; 3*, good; 2*, fair; 1*, poor; 0, review unavailable

Modern Screen
Regina Cannon

New York Daily News
Kate Cameron

New York Post
Thornton Delehanty

New York World-Telegram
William Boehnel

New York American
Regina Crewe

New York Evening Journal
Rose Pelswick

New York Sun
Eileen Creelman

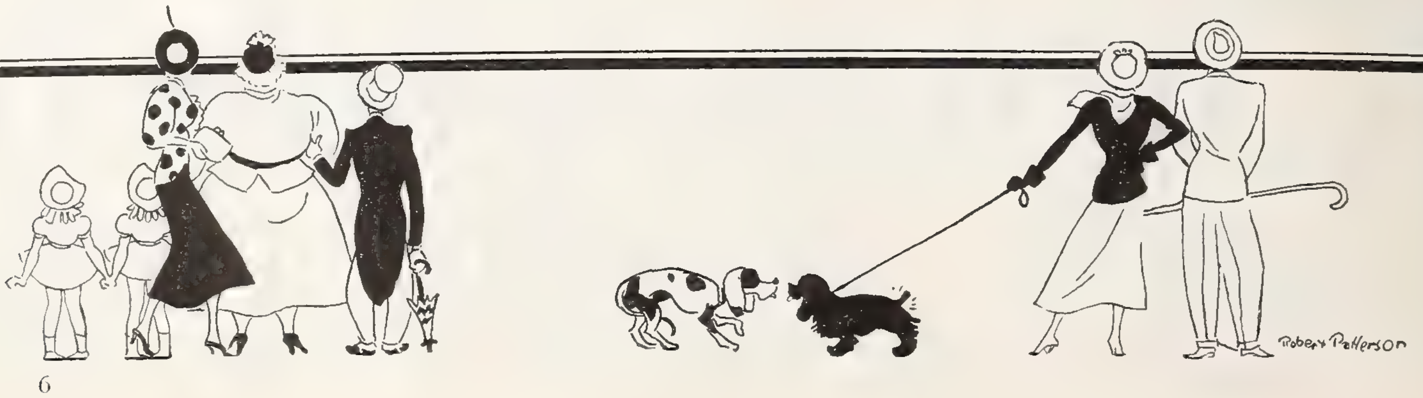
Chicago Herald-Examiner
Carol Frink

New York Daily Mirror
Bland Johaneson

New York Herald Tribune
Richard Watts, Jr.

New York Times
Andre Sennwald

Los Angeles Examiner
Louella Parsons



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Reviews

. . . A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES—WHAT THE CINEMA MARKET HAS TO OFFER THIS MONTH

BY LEO TOWNSEND

Another Dick Powell-Ruby Keeler cinema triumph, "Shipmates Forever," in which Dick sings and Ruby dances.

You'll find grand characterizations by Edward G. Robinson, Miriam Hopkins and Joel McCrea in "Barbary Coast."

In "I Live My Life," Joan Crawford proves her ability to handle a dramatic role expertly. Brian Aherne is her leading man.

★★★★ I Live My Life (M-G-M)

After seeing Joan Crawford in a series of psuedo-sophisticated roles in which she spent the major part of her time indulging in smart talk with the Montgomerys and the Gables, it is a pleasant relief to find the young lady in an assignment which gives her an opportunity to use the dramatic talent she once showed such generous signs of possessing. Of course this newest Crawford opus has standard Crawford equipment—the idle rich and all the accessories—but W. S. Van Dyke, who knows his directions, has handled it in such a way that one actually views the dramatic Miss C. of several years ago, which should be good news to all of her clients. More good news is the fact that the cast includes Frank Morgan and Brian Aherne. Mr. Morgan as the wealthy father of Joan—although the wealth isn't really his, he married it—is excellent, and Brian Aherne, as an archaeologist who follows Joan from Greece to America, proves himself a swell actor with a light touch which could well be studied by a number of our younger Hollywood citizens. All of which adds up to the fact that "I Live My Life" is the best Crawford picture in several seasons.

Preview Postscripts

Old Sol held up production on this picture for a few days. The company had gone to Catalina Islands on location, and director Woody Van Dyke magnanimously gave them the first day off to bask on the beach and enjoy themselves. They did—the first day. But the second found most of the cast in bed with sunburn salves dripping from their bodies and ice-packs from their heads. It was Brian Aherne's first good dose of California sun, and after a lifetime spent in the fogs of England it hit him pretty hard. Brian comes from Worcestershire, one of the dampest spots on the English Isle. He made his stage debut in that town at the age of three, in an amateur production staged by his mother, who was determined, even at that date, to make an actor out of her son. She was one of the organizers of the Birmingham Repertory Company, and through this connection secured Italia Conti for her son's dramatic coach. But Aherne's only aim in life was to be a successful business man. It was only after getting down to his last five shillings following a try at the cold, cruel business woild that Brian turned to acting. This time the grease-paint got him for good. One of these days you'll be seeing Joan Crawford on Broadway, for she has her eye on the stage, and is devoting every spare moment to study. She's built her own Little Theatre in her Beverly Hills backyard, and with Franchot Tone and one or two other cronies, Joan writes, stages and acts in one play after another. . . . Frank Morgan started his professional life as a brush salesman, but ringing doorbells soon ceased to be fun, so he decided to follow in brother Ralph's footsteps to the stage.

★★★★ Barbary Coast (Samuel Goldwyn)

Produced with the skill and good taste which have accompanied most of Sam Goldwyn's recent pictures, this tale of California's boisterous youth emerges as one of the year's most colorful and exciting photoplays. In the first place, you have Miriam Hopkins in one of her best performances, as the gal from New York, who has come west to gather gold without going to the bother of digging around the hills for it. Next, there is Eddie Robinson, who is perfect as the owner of the gambling dive where Miriam decides to settle down. Eddie is boss of San Francisco, and Miriam teams up with him, runs his roulette wheels and finds (*Continued on page 10*)

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Osgood PERKINS · Eric BLORE
Directed by John Cromwell
A Pandro S. Berman Production

Music by JEROME KERN
composer of "ROBERTA"

REVIEWS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8)

(Above) "The Dark Angel" is a picture that no one should miss and one that women particularly will love. Sterling performances by Merle Oberon, Herbert Marshall and Fredric March. (Above, right) Warren William plays one of his lawyer roles in "The Case of the Lucky Legs," with Genevieve Tobin and Patricia Ellis in supporting roles. (Right) "The Bishop Misbehaves," a grand mystery tale with Norman Foster and Maureen O'Sullivan.

the boys only too glad to lose their gold. Complications arise when she meets Joel McCrea, a young prospector with the heart of a poet. More complications come when the law-abiding citizens band together to break Robinson's lawless control of the city. "Barbary Coast" sets a rapid tempo almost from its opening shot and maintains it to the fadeout. Incidentally, you'll be surprised at the excellent performance by Joel McCrea, and you'll welcome a new comedian named Walter Brennan, who'll have you in stitches.

Preview Postscripts

The United Artists lot had a wild and wicked look while this picture was being filmed. San Francisco's water-front of 1850 was faithfully reproduced down to every saloon, dance-hall and dive. The famous Barbary Coast was built around the studio's two-acre water tank, on which floated two genuine ocean schooners, transplanted from the Pacific piece by piece for the occasion. Mud and fog were the two props that caused the most trouble. Workmen were constantly busy stirring up barrels of mud to keep the "streets" covered with the two feet of mire which took the place of pavement in them thar days, while Paul Widlcza, Hollywood's famed fog-maker, worked day and night. There's not a cough in a carload of his product, for the old-time smoke and incense fogs are taboo with him. Paul's murky atmosphere comes from an apparatus that shoots live steam into mineral oil. The temperature was 140 degrees the first few days, but an air-cooling system was finally installed which saved considerable wear and tear on the cast. Not, however, before Director Hawks had lost 25 pounds, Joel McCrea 17, and the rest of the crew had lost plenty of pep if not pounds. Producer Samuel Goldwyn and Art Director Richard Day spent months scouting around San Francisco for material and old lithographs on the Coast of the old days. The pleasantest research job was on the old-time refreshments. "Blue Blazer" was a favorite in the days when men were men and whisky was the real stuff. They just set fire to a glass of whisky and downed it for an appetizer. "Prairie Oysters" were the approved pick-up for the following A. M. Into this concoction went a raw egg, salt, pepper, worcestershire sauce, tobasco and whiskey. This not only picked up the researchers but practically flung them through the roof.

★★★★ The Last Days of Pompeii (RKO)

As a spectacle, this production rates high in the month's ratings. As out-and-out dramatic fare, it is still above the average, although we believe the photographers and the technical department are the real stars of the picture. Sets are gorgeous, and the scenes of the destruction of Pompeii are actually breath-taking in their seeming reality. For those scenes alone the picture can be highly recommended. The story is not the tale we all know, for the producers have taken it upon themselves to make a complete change in that department. We now find "The Last Days of Pompeii" to be a story of a poor young blacksmith (Preston Foster) who decides, after his wife and son die, because he has no funds for their proper care, that money and power shall be his gods. He attains his ends only to find everything he has built up shattered before him, and the real truth coming to him. An excellent cast is headed by Basil Rathbone, David Holt, Louis Calhern, John Wood and Dorothy Wilson.

Preview Postscripts

Research on this picture took longer than any yet undertaken by RKO Studios. For a year and a half, experts waded through material on the ancient days of Pompeii, on costumes and customs of the people, and particularly on the architectural developments of the time. Meriam C. Cooper, the producer, took a special trip to that part of the globe where Pompeii formerly stood, in order to give it a first-hand once-over and capture the mood of the place. The magnificent sets which were built on the studio lot were beautiful enough for permanent buildings but were wrecked in order to show the final scene of the smoking ruins. The last scene in the picture is an exact replica of the famous painting from which the film takes its name. On the sets were reproduced the Temple of Jupiter, the market and forum, a section of the Arena with 75-foot statues surrounding it, a shopping section of the city, with the potters' shops, silversmith's stores, wine-shops, etc. There were also built on the lot two houses typical of that time. They were complete in every detail with the rooms opening off a central courtyard as in the good ol' days. Props for this picture ran up into Big Money. For wigs alone, $8,000 was spent, to say nothing of the cost of hundreds of suits of armor, chariots and costumes.

★★★★ Shipmates Forever

(Warner's)

The fleet's in again—and so are Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell. Since this romantic pair has already covered most branches of their government's service it seems only natural that they should now turn their attention to the Navy. There have been nasty rumors afloat that the U. S. Navy was plenty peeved at the way Ruby and Dick have ignored them, so the Warner Brothers swung into action, and we now have "Shipmates Forever." Directed by Frank Borzage, it turns out to be one of the better Powell-Keeler offerings. For one thing, Dick is learning how to act, and although we may be called old-fashioned for it, we always say acting helps a picture. Mr. P., incidentally, is a crooner whose father, a Navy Admiral, wants him to enter the Naval Academy. Dick doesn't want to, possibly because he only recently graduated from West Point in "Flirtation Walk," but he finally consents and from there on life at the Academy is depicted with humor and spirit. By now you may be a bit tired of watching actors in uniforms, but you'll enjoy "Shipmates Forever."

Preview Postscripts

Most of this picture was made on location —and interesting ones, too. Frank Borzage, Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, Lewis Stone and Ross Alexander spent a month at Annapolis and five weeks on the flag-ship "Pennsylvania" at San Pedro for local color. The Navy Department evidently likes its activities glorified with Ruby and Dick, for they offered generous coöperation in every way, even to sending two technical experts to Warners for the length of shooting on the picture. . . . Ruby Keeler is still Mrs. Al Jolson and now she's the proud mama of an adopted son, Al, Jr. The Jolsons have bought a small ranch out San Fernando Valley way and are going to live the rural life in earnest between pictures. . . . Dick Powell is a native of Arkansas, but his "discovery" came when he was master of ceremonies for three years in a Pittsburgh theatre, where Jack Warner spied him. Before this Dick had lived a tranquil life back in Little Rock, where he sang in the church choir and worked for the telephone company, hoping some day that he might be the leader of one and vice-president of the other. He drifted into the theatre business after a kind old lady told him his voice was too jazzy for choir singing. . . . Frank Borzage is one of Hollywood's finest in the directing line. His first success was with "Seventh Heaven" and from then on he has done some of the best pictures in the business. Borzage is a quiet, low-spoken man, and remains that way even in the heat of a polo match.

(*Contd. on p. 98*)

A Big Smile-

and a little Chocolate Tablet

ONCE this lady fairly loathed the idea of taking a laxative. Postponed it as long as she could. Hated the taste; hated the effect; hated the aftermath. Then she found out about Ex-Lax.

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GOOD NEWS

by LEO TOWNSEND

All Photos by J. B. Scott

Colleen Moore's ex, Al Scott, and Janet Gaynor! This is the latest bulletin on the Gaynor lass and from their frequent datings it looks like big romance stuff.

One of the gayest breakfast parties around these parts was sponsored by the Eddie Robinsons a few Sundays ago. It was one of those affairs where, as someone once said, "fifty people were invited and all five hundred came." The spacious Robinson lawn took care of all the customers, however, and many a Saturday night hangover was whipped into submission by a combination of New Orleans Fizzes, scrambled eggs and sausages, and waffles served by a buxom colored lass who must have been a stand-in for Aunt Jemima.

* * *

You can check Jimmy Cagney off the list of Hollywood Admirals, because he has just gone out and sold his boat. It was really a sad parting, for Jimmy wanted to become a hardy old sea dog. Talking to us on the "Frisco Kid" set, he dolefully announced the sale and his renunciation of the open sea. It seems, says Jimmy, that one can't have a boat and a movie career all at the same time. You can't live on the boat when you're making a picture, and when your studio

YOUR CAGEY GOSSIP SLEUTH GETS THE

They will be married now. Sally Blane and Norman Foster beam happily after Claudette Colbert's mail divorce cleared the way.

Two old married steadies, Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson. Al looks proud after previewing Ruby's new opus, "Shipmates Forever."

Now you see them and now you don't—Jack Gilbert beauing the Dietrich! This billing is subject to change by the hour!

gives you only a week or two lay-off between pictures your vessel comes under the heading of superfluous scenery. So it's goodbye to the briny for the Cagneys until Jimmy decides to retire.

* * *

Practically the cream of Hollywood society turned out recently for the local opening of Ina Claire's stage success, "Ode to Liberty." The lovely Ina's performances are considered swell acting lessons in some quarters hereabouts, although most of the first-nighters were there primarily for entertainment. It was nice to see Ann Harding among those present, for since her legal battle with ex-hubby Harry Bannister over the custody of their child Ann's public appearances have been few. From all indications she made up her long absence by enjoying a big evening with Brian Aherne. And we mean immense!

* * *

Dr. Joel Pressman, who the gossips say will soon be Claudette Colbert's new hubby, must have been a football star back in his college days. Even if he wasn't, he gave a swell exhibition of broken field running at the "Dark Angel" preview. The doctor attended with Claudette and the Paul Lukases, and it seems he was opposed to being photographed. So when cameramen approached, the Lukases and Claudette formed a flying wedge while Miss Colbert's favorite physician neatly picked his way through the crowd and into the safety of the lobby. Score, at the end of the first quarter: Dr. Pressman, 7—Photographers, 0.

* * *

This month's leather medal for hard luck goes to "Riff Raff," the Spencer Tracy-Jean Harlow picture. Jean and Spencer took turns being ill for several weeks during production, with Spencer leading by a cold in the nose. The day we dropped in on them Spencer's cold was doing very well for itself, but that wasn't bothering him half as much as the fact that he was wearing make-up for the first time. He actually cowered at the approach of the make-up man with his powder puff, much to the amusement of director J. Walter Rubin and a collection of prop boys.

* * *

One of the current questions in Hollywood is: what are Janet Gaynor's plans for the future? Since the merger of Fox and 20th Century no picture has been announced for the Gaynor, although there is still a period to go on her contract. Her last picture was supposed to have been "Way Down East," but after the reported "head-on collision" with Henry Fonda on the set she left the picture and was replaced by Rochelle Hudson. That bump on the head must have gone to the little lady's heart, for she seems to have given up her former gentlemen friends and is now seen everywhere with Al Scott, the millionaire ex-hubby of Colleen Moore. It looks serious!

The Harlow family is having its troubles. First Jean's mother announced she was divorcing Marino Bello, whom she married in 1927. Mr. B., it seemed, spent too much money for clothes, among other things. And just a few days after the Bello divorce suit was announced, Jean whispered to friends that she and Bill Powell had decided that all marriage plans are off, but they're still to go out with each other when they're in the mood. All of which gives the Hearts and Flowers department a severe jolt, for Jean and Bill for the past several moons have been one of this town's most attractive matrimonial candidates. And here's more news! Bill has been escorting his ex-wife Carole Lombard, about town.

* * *

It's getting so a star can't look at another star without also coming face to face with one of those ever-alert cameras, as Joan Bennett and George Raft will gladly testify. Joan and George are good friends and have just finished co-starring in "She Couldn't Take It." Sooo, the other night Joan was stagging it at the Trocadero (hubby Gene Markey is in London) when she bumped into George. The gallant Mr. R., also alone, offered to escort Joan home, which was fine except that just as they reached the door a newspaper photographer snapped them. Now Joan didn't want Gene to think she was stepping out on him, and our George was averse to having Virginia Pine regard him as a two-timer, so a kind-hearted photographer agreed to destroy the print.

Ain't love swell? Maybe Franchot has made Joan Crawford "Mrs. Tone" by the time you see this devoted snap.

You had to look like a hayseed to get into Pinky Tomlin's party, so Jack Oakie is dressed up but Alice Faye carries her props.

Meet Mr. and Mrs. Fred Perry. The bride is Helen Vinson to you and she looks pretty happy as she and her husband cut cake.

As we go to press the score on the much touted Crawford-Tone nuptials stands at no hits, no runs and plenty of errors as far as the press and Joan are concerned. Joan hit New York and Grand Central in a blaze of glory the other a.m. Franchot, who was also on the Century, obligingly did a fadeout at Harmon to leave Joan alone with her public. But somehow, the press got mixed up with the public and asked some very impertinent questions about the rumored wedding and Joan didn't like it at all. However, M-G-M saved the situation for the harrassed fourth estate by letting them have a chummy get-together with Joan, still sans Tone, at the Waldorf the following day. Joan sat on the floor, waving white gloved hands and refusing prettily to mention the moot question while the press had a jolly time talking mere nothings, but "nothing," my dears. Score another five-star performance for Joan despite a thin plot!

■ ■ ■

Marlene Dietrich has just finished "Desire," her first picture away from the supervision of Josef Von Sternberg, and the whole town is anxiously awaiting the preview. Von Sternberg, who brought Marlene fame in "The Blue Angel" and directed all her American pictures, has given way to Frank Borzage. Incidentally, during the making of the picture Marlene saw a number of interviewers, and Paramount instructed them all not to ask her a single question about Von. The interviewers agreed, and everything was lovely except that Marlene talked on only one subject, and that was Von Sternberg.

■ ■ ■

Personal to Mae West: Remember the evening a few weeks ago when you dined out with a pair of gentlemen friends? And one of them paid the check and generously slapped down two dollar bills for a tip? Maybe you were impressed and maybe you weren't. Two dollars is a nice tip, but here's one we'll pass on to you. If you recall, the big-hearted boy friend was last to leave the table, and in a perfect example of timing and poise, he made one of those hand-is-quicker-than-the-eye gestures and rescued one of his bucks.

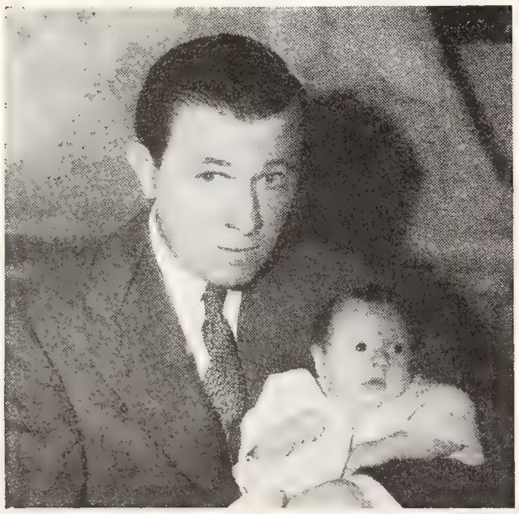
■ ■ ■

Connie Bennett is still the best offscreen actress in Hollywood, in spite of a lot of competition. We mean that when La Bennett makes an entrance in a public place it's so grand that one almost looks around for the cameras and the lights. Connie has a knack of arriving places at dramatic moments. At a tense moment in the tennis matches a few weeks ago, with everyone holding everyone's breath, the lovely Miss B. made her entrance. Full of "perze" and such, she strolled calmly all the way across the grandstand, paused momentarily, and strolled all the way back—she was looking for her private box. Finally, with a happy smile, she located it. It was the same one she had been sitting in every day for a week.

■ ■ ■

We've heard of busy people, but a new high in that sort of thing was established recently by Binnie Barnes. When a girl tosses a te-rrific cocktail party for a hundred or so guests and then finds she's so busy she can't attend it herself—well, that's what happened to Binnie. The party was in honor of her husband, Samuel Joseph, a British art dealer who was in Hollywood for a two-weeks' visit, and Binnie invited practically everyone in town. Just as things were about to start, comes a call from dat ol' davil studio, and Miss B., full of apologies, scampers out. The guests were extremely loyal, however, for some of them stayed on and on and still on.

Personal appearance and debut of June Dorothea Erwin. Isn't she a perky lass? Papa Stu holds her efficiently, being his second.



Just before Merle Oberon left for Europe she attended "The Dark Angel" preview with David Niven, her favorite Hollywood escort.

And what's this? Jeanette MacDonald without Bob Ritchie and with Gene Raymond? Mr. Ritchie was in England on business.

Just to show you how stories get their start in Hollywood, here's the dope on how the Bing Crosby divorce rumor got around. Bing's Toluca Lake home has only three bedrooms, and since the Crosbys are getting numerous Bing put the house up for sale, planning to build a home in Beverly Hills big enough to hold all the present and future crooners. The minute the house was offered for sale the rumors began, but they turned out to be falser than a dollar alarm-clock. Bing sold the house to Al Jolson, who gave it to Ruby's mama and all the Keelers. And Bing isn't going to build a home in Beverly Hills after all. His Toluca Lake neighbors, including Jack Oakie, Dick Powell and W. C. Fields, sent Bing a petition saying that Beverly Hills was too good for him. So the Crosby mansion is being erected at Toluca Lake, and Bing remains one of the lake's respected citizens, along with the aforementioned gentlemen, the Richard Arlens and Egbert, the swan.

■ ■ ■

It's becoming almost legendary with the Barrymores, but when one of them is in difficulty the rest of the clan rushes in to help. For instance, when John, after his highly-publicized pursuit across the continent, arrived in Los Angeles brother Lionel was on hand to meet him. All has not been well between the brothers B. of late, and it is to Lionel's credit that he can swallow the Barrymore pride when an emergency arises.

■ ■ ■

Since Henry Fonda scored such a tremendous hit in "The Farmer Takes a Wife," a couple of producers have been toying with the idea of co-starring him in a picture with his former wife, who happens to be Margaret Sullavan. The idea isn't as impossible as it may sound, for Henry and La Sullavan have co-starred in summer stock since their divorce and may well be talked into doing the same for the cameras. Just to complete the picture, perhaps Margaret's husband, Willy Wyler, could be persuaded to direct. And the blonde menace could be played by Shirley Ross, who is Henry's current heart-throb.

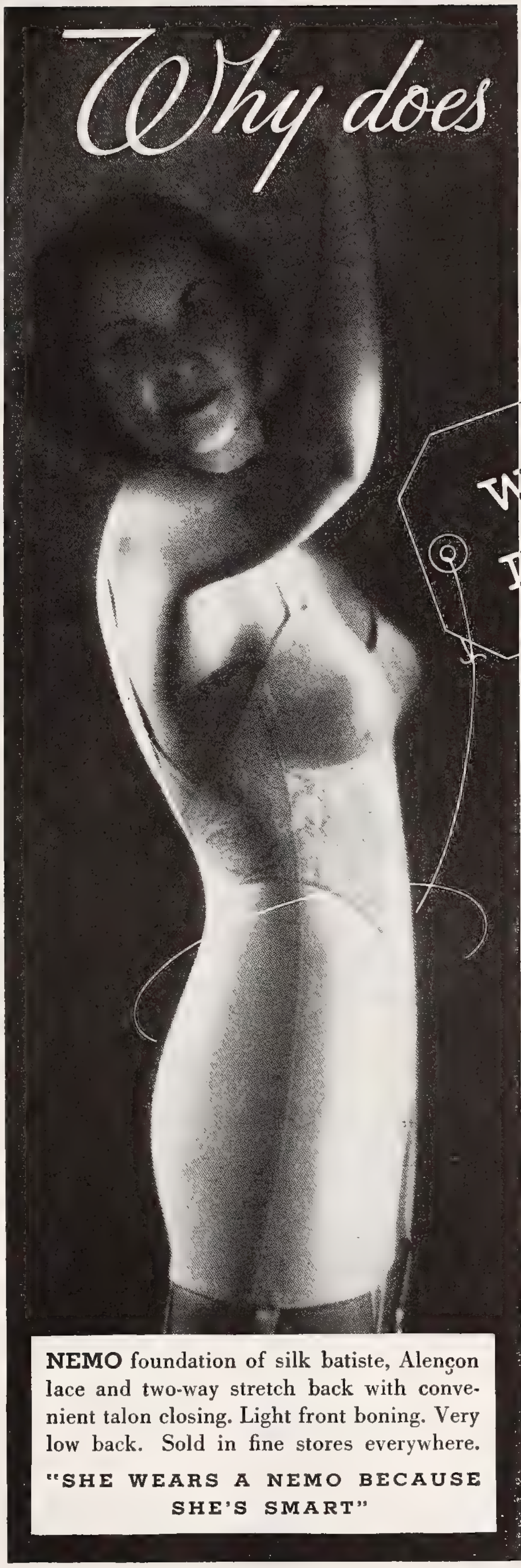
■ ■ ■

We imagine that no one was more surprised than Frances Dee, recently, when she opened the daily papers and read that she was in Reno to get a divorce from Joel McCrea. Not to mention the amazement of all Hollywood which had thought that Frances was down at the McCrea ranch awaiting a new offspring's arrival. Several editions later it came out that it was all a mistake and that Dorothy Lee was in Reno divorcing Marshall Duffield, the former football hero. Just how the fourth estate got so muddled with their Dees and Lees is a mystery—but everyone was glad that one of Hollywood's happier couples hadn't joined the friendly-divorcers.

■ ■ ■

The fashion queen of the tennis matches was undoubtedly Kay Francis. The day we saw her the gorgeous Francis arrived in something very special and very much beyond our masculine powers of description. All we know is that her arrival was accompanied by the proper number of "Ahs" and "Ohs," which is as it should be. The only unusual thing about her appearance was that she wasn't accompanied by Delmer Daves, who's her constant companion on her nights out. Delmer is a scenario scrivener

(*Continued on page 56*)



Why does **NEMO** *tag its corsets:*

WASH WITH IVORY FLAKES

NEMO foundation of silk batiste, Alençon lace and two-way stretch back with convenient talon closing. Light front boning. Very low back. Sold in fine stores everywhere.

"SHE WEARS A NEMO BECAUSE SHE'S SMART"

"Your corsets—since you wear them next to your skin—need frequent washings," declares Nemo. "Not only to preserve their looks and fit, but because perspiration when allowed to remain in fine corsets actually rots away the strength of the fabric!"

A DANGER. Your corsets are made of "live" fabric—need gentle treatment. Don't make the mistake of washing them with hot water or a *strong soap!* Any soap less pure than Ivory is apt to make the elastic *flabby.* Use chiffon-thin Ivory Flakes, made of pure Ivory Soap—"safe even for a baby's skin."

A PRECAUTION. "If you give your corsets Ivory Flakes care you can keep them looking as they did in the fitting room," promises Nemo. "Ivory Flakes are an absolutely *pure* soap—they preserve the elasticity and fit, prolong the *life* of fine corsets!"

DO's and DON'Ts in Corset-washing

DO use lukewarm water and pure Ivory Flakes.

DON'T use a less-pure soap—it weakens fabrics.

DO squeeze suds through, using a soft brush on soiled spots—Rinse in lukewarm water.

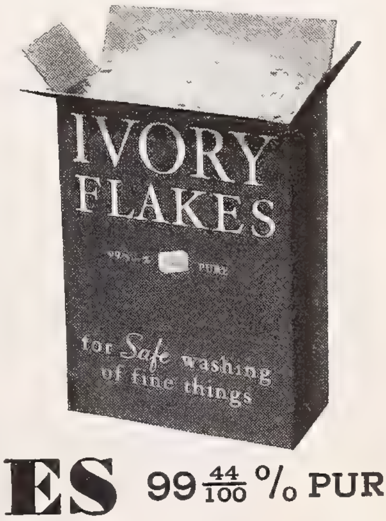
DON'T rub, wring or twist—it may distort the garment.

DO roll in towel and knead to remove excess moisture.

DON'T allow to remain rolled up.

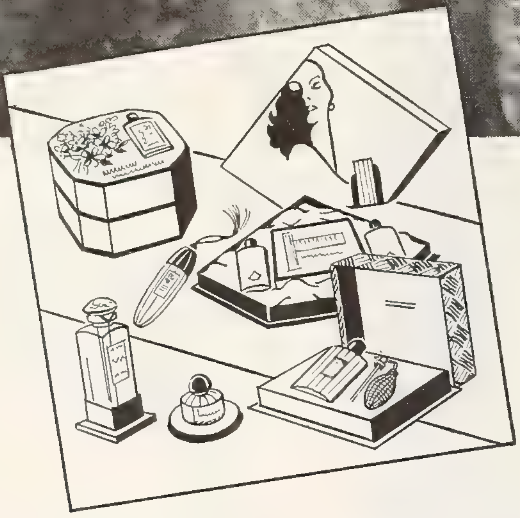
DO dry garment away from heat—Press fabric parts on wrong side with a moderately warm iron.

DON'T use hot iron—Don't iron elastic.



IVORY FLAKES 99$\frac{44}{100}$% PURE

BEAUTY ADVICE



Perfumes can do wonders for one, when applied properly and selected wisely. Notice Rita Cansino (above, left), applying a dash of her favored scent to her eyelids and Mary Carlisle (above) touching her ear lobes with the perfume bottle stopper. Nowadays, perfumes are done up so elegantly that they find their way into many a Christmas stocking. The sketch on the left may give you some gift suggestions.

BY MARY BIDDLE

LET YOUR PERFUME REFLECT YOUR PERSONALITY

IF PERFUMES were chosen to fit personalities, we would have to choose a brand new one for Merle Oberon in "The Dark Angel." It would have to be a sort of elusive perfume that would take wings when you were closest to it, that would never overwhelm you with the definiteness of its odor. It would have to be a blend of such richness and variety as to suit this amazing Merle, who can make real such widely varying roles as that of the young English girl in "The Dark Angel" and the poignant Japanese wife in "Thunder in the East." How different the perfume we would choose for her now than we would have chosen for her in her exotic era.

Before her part in "The Dark Angel," Merle Oberon always played purely exotic roles. The exotic has given way to the smartly wholesome, as represented by Merle Oberon and Myrna Loy, two of the most interesting women on the screen, who have been de-Orientalized for modern roles. And the exotic in perfume has given way to the light bouquet odors, blended of the fragrance of myriad flowers, as Merle and Myrna are blends of myriad personality types in one. Just as you are and as we all are.

Perfumes seem to run in cycles like films. For a while we had a regular run on Japanese and Chinese screen stories. Perhaps that was why my conversation with a film executive, who had just recently returned from Japan, turned to incense-guessing parties, of all things. They have them in Japan, you know.

CENSERS of incense are passed around, each guest smells dutifully of the fumes, and records his guess. As the game progresses, the sense of smell becomes so numbed that it is customary to rinse the mouth at intervals with pure vinegar. (And, come to think of it, a vinegar rinse ought to be excellent for the girl who sat next to me in the theatre last night. I practically drowned in her perfume.) It seems that instructions are very rigid where the guests are concerned at these incense-guessing parties. Etiquette demands that the guests wear no perfume themselves; further, that they must not have eaten any but the lightest and least odorous of foods before coming. It wouldn't do for them to stage a party, for example, after an American Thanksgiving dinner where the turkey is stuffed with sage and onions. But even further than that, they are expected to take a prolonged hot bath just before the party, and at the party they are expected to give their entire attention to the guessing, indulging in no unnecessary conversation.

Well, maybe an incense-guessing party wouldn't be so much fun, but how about a perfume-guessing party? Now I can't pass the perfumes under your noses and require you to take vinegar rinses, but I certainly can describe some perfumes that are worth while "guessing at." They make your mouth water in anticipation of your next party . . . and guess-who-will-be-the-belle-of-the-ball? I don't say that a perfume can transform you from a Lizzie Glutz into a Claudette Colbert, but I do say that it can give you an emotional lift, and a confident little thrill that will do wonders for you socially.

Um-m-m . . . smell the gardenia? And no Joan Crawford in sight. The fragrance comes from one of the smart little bottles pictured in the art spot on page 16. There are gardenia perfumes and gardenia perfumes—and most of them I have felt too awfully extravagant, even for perfume. But this is as inexpensive as it is delightful. Gardenia is a challenging fragrance, you know. That's why it does things to you, and for you.

HERE'S A perfume for you to smell only at a luncheon or breakfast guessing party. It's especially created for daytime wear. It is lightly unobtrusive. Even the hardest boiled boss couldn't object to it in his office. (Have you seen Claudette Colbert in "She Married Her Boss"?) When you leave the office and throw off your "office personality," or when you leave the house and want to throw off the shackles of the wife-housekeeper personality, then there's a special evening perfume for you, a twin to the daytime creation. They say that twins are generally less alike in most ways than sisters. That's why I call this evening perfume the twin of the daytime fragrance. You'll like them both, but I think the evening number will be your favorite.

It will be a long time before the lilacs bloom again. But you can catch the true essential fragrance of lilacs in this next perfume I'm waving provocatively under your very noses. A famous actress once said that she had two favorite fragrances in the whole wide world. One was the smell of lilacs in the warm spring rain, the other was the smell of fresh, warm gingerbread.

There's another perfume that makes you think of all the freshness of a garden in the warm, spring rain. It paints a perfume picture of romance in the rain. It comes in talcum powder, Eau de Cologne, and other (*Continued on page 72*)

"I do" . . says this California bride

"I do like Camay!"

I do like Camay. It cleanses so beautifully and thoroughly and yet so gently. It's the one soap that helped my skin.
Sincerely,
Margaret Wales
Pasadena, Calif.
September 15, 1935 (Mrs. Roger Barker Wales)

TALL—with honey-colored hair, gray eyes and a smooth, beautiful skin—Camay never had a fairer or more sincere advocate.

What she doesn't quite understand is why *all* women—everywhere—aren't just as devoted to Camay! And there *is* something in her viewpoint. Because if *you,* and *you,* and *you* would begin today with Camay—note how swiftly it lathers and how luxuriantly—how pleasant is its delicate fragrance—how soft and smooth it keeps your skin—what definite improvements follow its use—Camay would be your beauty soap, solely and exclusively!

Buy at least three cakes of Camay *today.* You'll find that its price is surprisingly low.

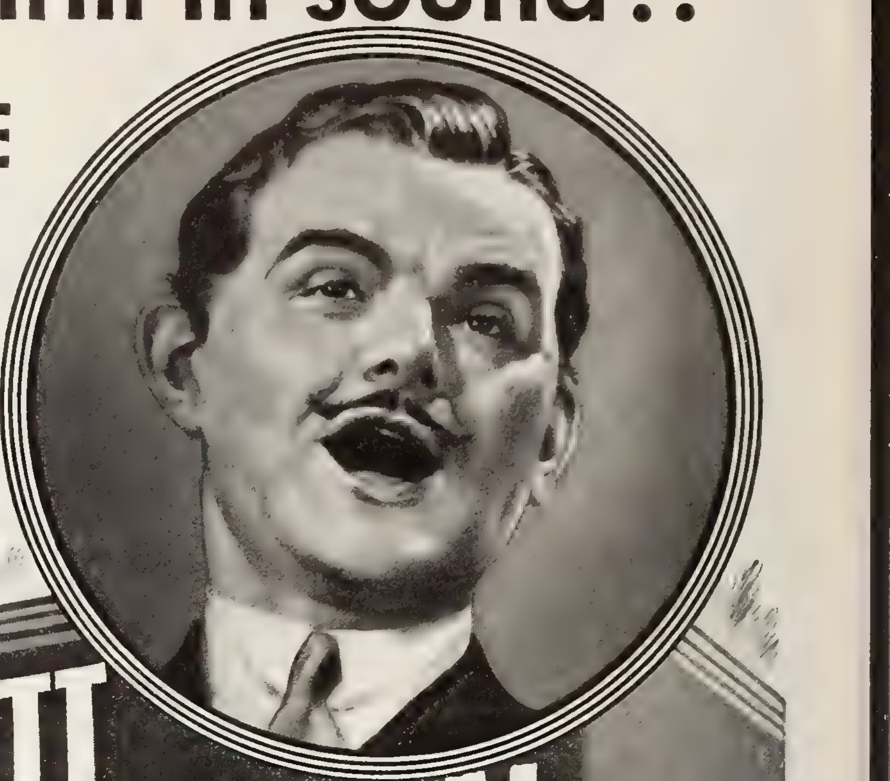
Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.

CAMAY
THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
CAMAY
CAMAY

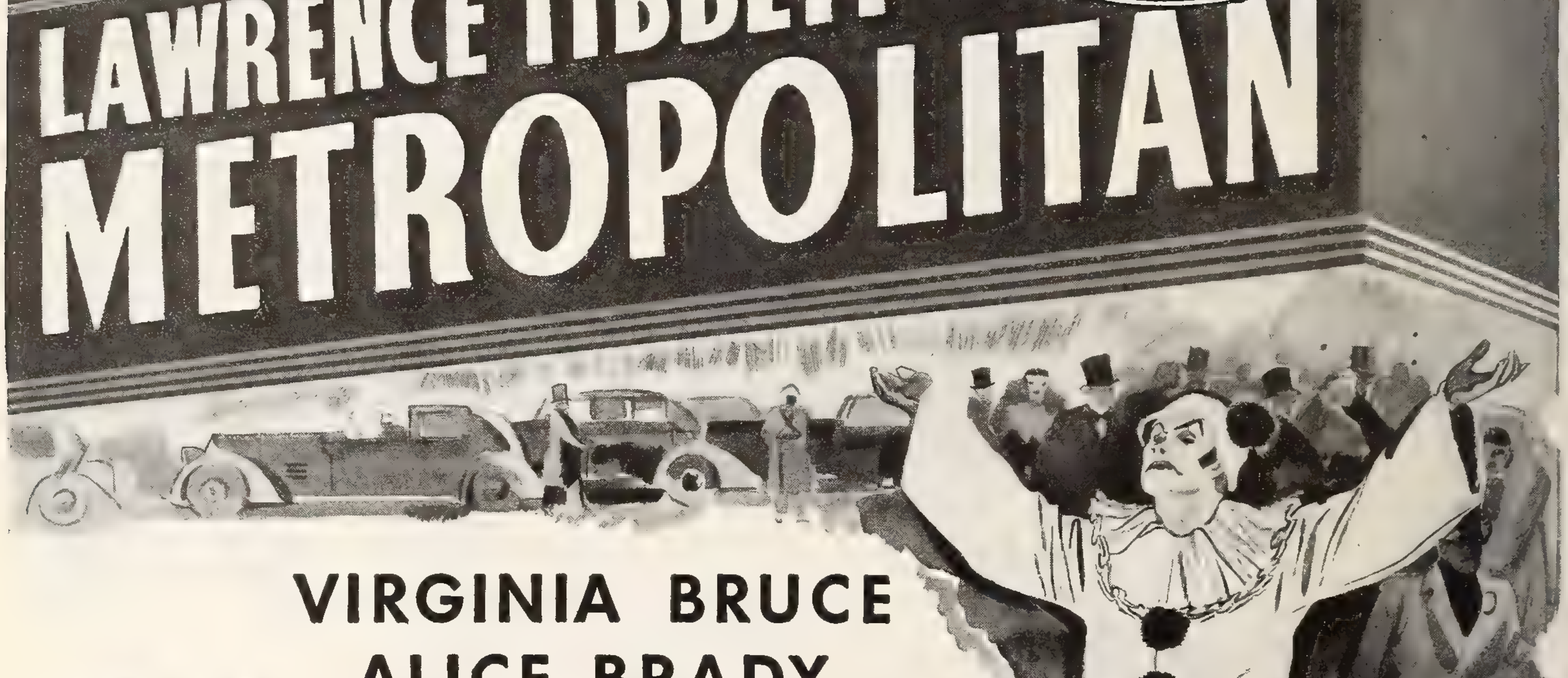
CAMAY
The Soap of Beautiful Women

The *greatest* thrill in sound..

THE MIGHTY VOICE OF TIBBETT!



He stirs you as never before in this great picture, revealing the glamour and glory . . . comedy and caprice . . . rivalries and loves . . . behind the curtain of the world's most spectacular opera house!



VIRGINIA BRUCE
ALICE BRADY
CESAR ROMERO
THURSTON HALL

A
DARRYL F. ZANUCK
20th CENTURY PRODUCTION
Presented by Joseph M. Schenck
Directed by Richard Boleslawski

•

HEAR THE GREAT TIBBETT SING:
Pagliacci • The Road to Mandalay
The Toreador Song from Carmen
The Barber of Seville • Faust

20th CENTURY FOX

La Danseuse

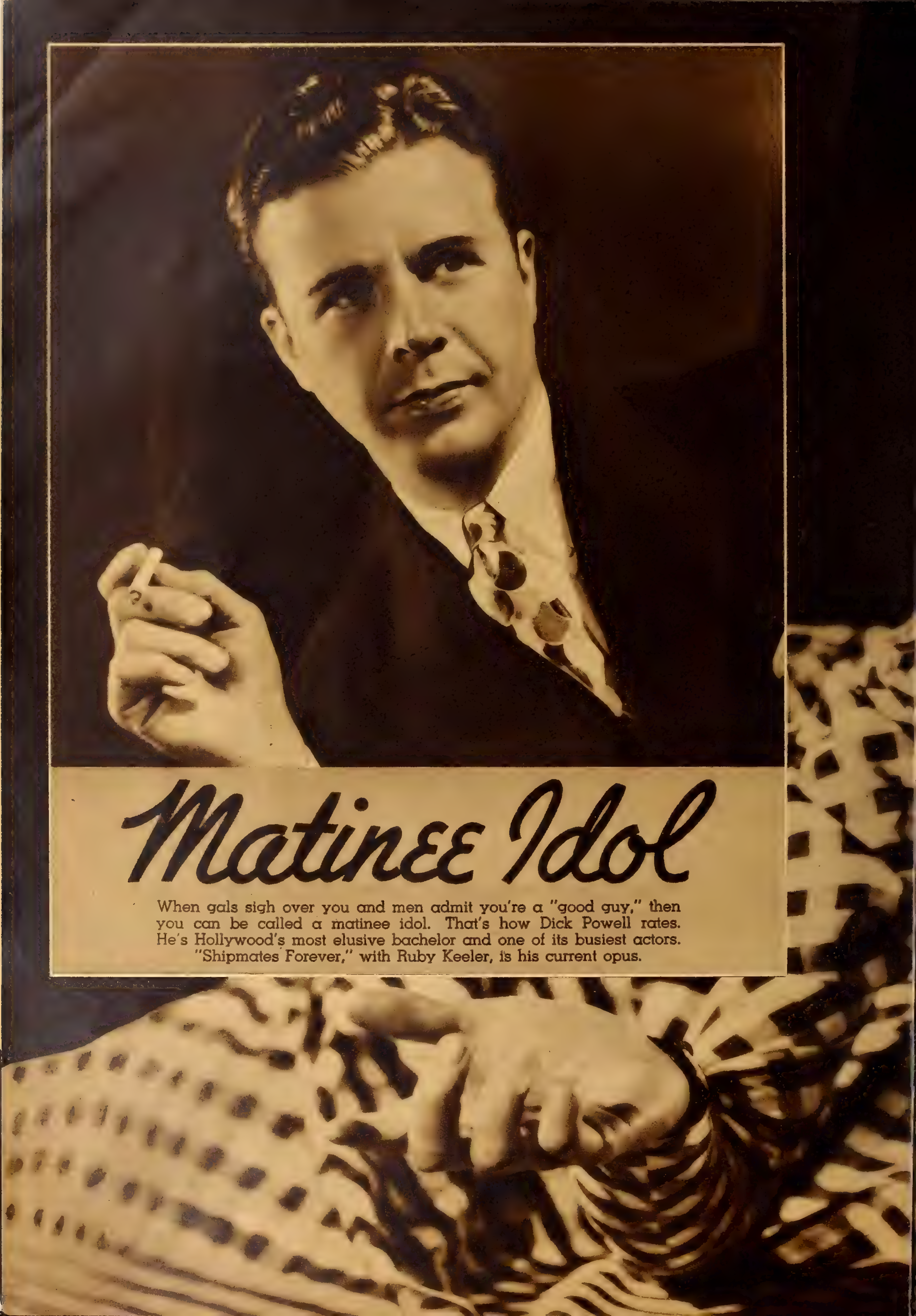
Everyone is busy dubbing Eleanor Powell "the female Fred Astaire"—but la Powell doesn't need any such helpful tags for she's something pretty darn exciting on her own laurels. You'll get what we mean when you've seen "Broadway Melody of 1936." Eleanor has just about everything plus the fastest tapping feet that ever graced a gal. What's more, she's regular. Sincere and real with a refreshingly naive attitude toward her own talents. She's a New England product but came right from Broadway to make herself a Hollywood name with lights and capitals!

Rough by Request

You've made him what he is today . . . well, it's true. The suave Gable is no more; he's a rough and ready gent who battles his way through "Mutiny on the Bounty" to "The Toughest Guy in the World." And all because you fans love him that way. What's more, he loves it, too. The smoothie roles were never to his taste for, he's a he-man, not a sassiety clothes horse. Off-screen, incidentally, Clark likes nothing better than roughing it on camping trips and such.

Warners' White Hope

Over at the Brothers Warner there's a dark-eyed little girl who is busy chalking up some excellent credit marks to her name. She's Olivia De Havilland who surprised you with her swell performance of Hermia in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." She's up to her pretty ears in pirates at the moment as you can guess by the trappings above. "Captain Blood" is the business in hand and it gives her another neat little part to prove how versatile she is.



Matinee Idol

When gals sigh over you and men admit you're a "good guy," then you can be called a matinee idol. That's how Dick Powell rates. He's Hollywood's most elusive bachelor and one of its busiest actors. "Shipmates Forever," with Ruby Keeler, is his current opus.

Tops Again

Those old meanies who whispered that the Hepburn crown was slipping have had to eat their words. After Kate's tender, sympathetic portrayal of poor silly, pathetic "Alice Adams," she can snatch back that seat on the top of the Hollywood heap. "Sylvia Scarlett" will give her another meaty part that should be right in her stride now that she is geared to a new dramatic pace. Those rumors of her marriage to Leland Heyward still persist, but after her silence on her first marriage, it's doubtful that the gossips will get farther than rumor.

Strong and Silent

Meet the screen's number one silent, he-man. Gary Cooper can suffer more stoically, meet situations more forcefully and tie more leading women into knots by his I-understand-it-all love-making than any one other movie hero. Having just dreamed his life away in "Peter Ibbetson" with Ann Harding, Gary will cast his spell next on Marlene Dietrich in "Desire." They should make an exciting team—the Dietrich lure plus the Cooper charm.

GLADYS SWARTHOUT

Lovely to look at, delightful to see—is Gladys Swarthout, who will make you revise the notion that all operatic stars are fair, fat and forty. A piquant personality...a charm and grace all her own...a voice of molten gold...audiences will take Miss Swarthout to their hearts when they see her in Paramount's colorful "Rose of the Rancho," in which she is co-starred with John Boles.

ADV.

. . SHIRLEY

A YEAR ago when things looked bleak and hopeless all over the country, when no conversation was ever concluded without a few groans over the depression, Washington held out helping hands in the form of the AAA, NRA, SERA and many other alphabetical combinations. Then, suddenly, Hollywood went in for the "letters" too, and out in the West was organized the TRA.

It is safe to wager that Washington has never heard of the TRA, although the most hard-boiled pessimist must admit that this one depression cure has made greater strides toward a complete mental and financial re-

"Life-saver" Temple in person.

THE DEPRESSION'S OVER FOR THOUSANDS BECAUSE OF HER!

BY FRANC DILLON

TEMPLE, SAVER OF LIVES

covery than all the other remedies put together.

TRA, if you're still with me, stands for the "Temple Recovery Act," and the big brains of this organization is little Shirley Temple.

TO MANY people, this beautiful child is known as a career-saver for Jimmy Dunn, who was floundering about in a rough sea of bad roles and in worse pictures when Shirley threw him a life line in "Baby Take a Bow." Two pictures with Shirley Temple and Jimmy is tops again.

To Hollywood casting directors, she is that little girl who, through her unbelievable popularity, has caused their offices to be overrun with thousands of other curly-haired children whose mothers are of the opinion that their little pets have everything that Shirley has. "Yes, and a little more," says one fond mama firmly.

To the financial barons of the Fox organization and to many a motion picture theatre box office suffering from undernourishment, Shirley was a Godsend; to theatre patrons all over the world she was something new and amusing to see when Mr. Hays and his moral squad said "nix on sex appeal," and she has been an international cure for the blues.

That would seem enough for one small girl to have accomplished before her sixth birthday, but Shirley stops at nothing. Not content with cheering up half the civilized population of the world, she has done a man's size job of bringing about financial recovery for a great many people.

Three people have a salary 52 weeks a year on account of Shirley's meteor-like rise to stardom. When actually making pictures, which is about forty weeks a year, seven more people have regular weekly salaries. This does not include the hundreds of people who work in and on her pictures or the hundreds of others who are employed in the various Shirley Temple enterprises throughout the country.

DURING THE making of "Curly Top," there was the usual rush of activity in the wardrobe department. The hum of sewing machines, the jangle of telephones and the rushing about of fitters and seamstresses all added to the general confusion.

Suddenly, above the general tumult, a child's voice floated out through a transom over a fitting-room door. "I want to show the girls," the tiny voice demanded. "*Please* let me show the girls my wedding dress."

Almost immediately the door opened and out came Shirley resplendent in a white satin wedding dress. Grasping her long skirt with one hand and her veil with the other, she skipped gaily toward the sewing room.

"Sing, girls, sing!" she demanded, as she stood poised in the doorway. "You must sing the wedding song."

With no thought other than to obey the command of their princess, for to them Shirley is nothing less, all work stopped and a dozen or so sewing women began to sing, "Here Comes the Bride," as Shirley tripped happily down between the long rows of sewing tables, the recipient of adoring glances as she passed.

"It's beautiful," said one woman. "All you need is a husband."

"Yes," Shirley giggled, "the only thing missing is the broom."

THE PARADE over, Shirley was maneuvered back into the fitting room by her mama and the French designer, René Hubert. Reluctantly, she (*Continued on page 78*)

Such cunning costumes as this mean 52 weeks of work for the studio seamstresses.

All of Shirley's dresses have a childish simplicity like this pale blue silk with organdy.

René Hubert, designer of this daisy dress, says there's no star he'd rather create for.

She wore this in "Curly Top" but her favorite dress was the wedding gown.

SPENCER TRACY

DRAW UP YOUR CHAIR AND LISTEN TO SOME INSIDE STUFF

BY GLADYS HALL

(Left) Spencer says, "For actors to complain about Hollywood and the producers is like a spoiled brat hitting an undemanding parent in the face." (Below) With Virginia Bruce and Robert Barrat in "Murder Man." (Right) His deaf son, Johnny, whom Spencer adores, and, extreme right, his wife.

SPEAKS HIS MIND

"ME," SAID Spencer Tracy, "I pay for what I get. I also get what I pay for. Every sorrow in my life has had its corresponding joy. Every loss has had its profit. My life, like everybody else's, I guess, is a matter of debit and credit. The scales weigh pretty even if you have the patience to balance them.

"I can't discuss any vital matter," Spence said, that shy and honest grin of his making a ruggedly plain face not plain at all, "I can't talk about anything concerning myself without bringing my ten-year-old son, Johnny, into it. That's because Johnny *is* the vital thing in my life, you know. It's his tenth birthday today, by the way. He's having twenty-one kids in for a party. I'm the twenty-oneth!

"Well, Johnny, as you know, doesn't hear. He had infantile paralysis when he was too little a shaver to have met up with suffering at all. He has caused me the nearest thing to heartbreak I ever want to know. On the other hand he has given me profound happiness, the emotion of a deeper tenderness than I could ever have known without him, a humble understanding of what courage can be in a little kid, a thrilling hope for what we may build together out of his disasters. Pretty heavy on the credit side, huh?

"My own mistakes—romance I should have foregone—the 'bad boy' I've played on occasion—the remorse of these derelictions, however beautiful, have been balanced by a deeper understanding with my wife, a stronger love of home and home things than I could have had in any other way. Sure sorrow and shame have their credit side. Their faces, when reversed, are sort of divine.

"WHICH BRINGS me to Hollywood—the debit and credit sheets of Hollywood. Well," said Spencer, leaning across our table for two in the M-G-M commissary while that sun-tanned, blue-eyed rough-hewn face of his blazed with an honesty as real as flame, "well, I'm kinda nuts on the subject of Hollywood on the scales. I've said that most of life is a matter of debit and credit. So is Hollywood but with the credit side so outweighing the debit that a man would be a son of a sea cook to do much complaining.

"And I'm not in the soft-soap business, either. I can wave a red flag with the best of them if there's anything to wave about. But I'd like to know where else in the world people could make what we make here. Nowhere! I get so damned sick and tired of hearing beefs about producers, about parts that have to be played, about staying on sets until after sundown, about 'injustices'! Injustice hell! When a producer is paying a man some hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year—which is just one hundred and forty-nine thousand and nine hundred more than that same man would be likely to get for any other job—why shouldn't the producer be entitled to ask the actor to postpone his dinner hour a few minutes? I sometimes think the studios will have to work with dogs if the actors don't get hep to themselves and get off their high horses and down on their knees where they belong.

"I've often had to get out of a room because I couldn't sit with a gathering of people where some million dollars a year or more is represented in actual earnings and listen to the yowlings about the working hours, and all the other thises and thats. Why, blank-blank-blank, most of us never heard of such sums of *(Continued on page 81)*

HER FIRST PICTURE PUT

Directly above you see the Luise Rainer who made such a great hit as the little companion in "Escapade." And surrounding her you see Luise Rainer as she is today, living high on a Hollywood hill with a brilliant future at her fingertips. This charming Viennese girl made a first-picture success and now she is all set. She waves aside flattery, loves American jokes and negro jazz, tries hard to speak only English but has to converse in German with her Scotch terrier! Her next role is in "The Great Ziegfeld" with William Powell.

NEW STAR IN

LUISE RAINER ON HOLLYWOOD'S STAR ROLL

THERE MUST be something to a star who refuses to be flattered!

Luise Rainer is such a girl. Flatter her, if you will, but be prepared for the consequences. If she simply laughs at you consider yourself lucky. If she calls you "liar"—in a perfectly charming way, of course—you will be astonished to find yourself laughing with her, for Luise is one of those rare people who can do such things and get away with it!

Why?

Probably because she is so different from anything Hollywood has ever known. Because she is so utterly appealing.

Right here let me say that I don't mean to "reveal" her. There is no knowing Luise, I'll confess that. One minute she is a madonna, her luminous eyes shining with all that is good and sweet—and the very next she is the gamin, indulging in impish pranks, her little nose crinkled with fun, her lovely teeth exposed in a broad smile. I don't believe she knows herself, has plumbed the depths of her abyssmal little soul, for there is a great deal to her. Her tremendous achievements are a source of wonder and admiration to everyone. But I will profess to know her at least as well as those few who have been privileged to share her hopes, her memories and her dreams.

I was talking with an M-G-M executive about her the other day, and among many things he told me:

"Luise is a marvelous person. She is the best actress on the lot. She does everything thoroughly and everything right."

The make-up artist, Lillian Rosine, said:

"She is so anxious to grasp—and she grasps everything!"

While Peter Lorre insists:

"She can make those who look at her face know exactly what she is thinking!"

The point really is, I guess, that Luise knows exactly what *others* think!

ALONE IN a foreign land, acclaimed and fawned upon since her tremendous success in "Escapade," she told me frankly:

"All my photographs flatter me. I know, because I have been looking into my mirror for twenty-three years!"

And what answer is there to that?

But things were not always champagne and caviar with Luise. Her father, a merchant of Dusseldorf, managed to lose the family fortune when she was sixteen. This was the first crisis in her life and she met it admirably. She announced she was going to visit her grandmother, and turning her thoughts and feet in the direction of the Luise Dumont Theatre she presented herself for an audition. Ten minutes later she had been offered a contract, accepted it, and there she remained for two years, adding to the family's income and her own invaluable experience.

Her next stop was the Reinhardt Theatre in Vienna, where success was assured. When only a child she had travelled in Italy, Switzerland, France, Germany and all parts of Austria. She attended no less than eight schools, and she learned languages, "all except English." She also studied art and music, becoming an accomplished pianist. But her histrionic achievements were so immediately brilliant that she cast her lot with the theatre, and after Vienna, she travelled throughout Europe, adding to her fast-growing prestige.

During the engagement of Pirandello's "Six Characters in Search of an Author" she was signed by Metro and rushed to Hollywood, and here we find her now, a busy, happy young person entirely engrossed in her work.

"Do you know what I like about America?" she exclaimed, with those same delightful mannerisms which earned her the love and

(*Continued on page 84*)

THE SKY

BY DENA REED

TAKING CARE OF Mama

"DON'T TAKE YOUR WIVES FOR GRANTED," CHORUS HOLLYWOOD PAPAS!

BY KAY OSBORN

I ENTERED the impressive offices of Bing Crosby, Inc., not expecting to see Bing, but to talk to brothers Everett and Larry Crosby about an appointment with Dixie Lee Crosby. (They're a gang, that clan, and to see one, you usually have to be passed on by all.) I didn't want even to see Bing, but there he was, anyway, in pins and needles—not *on* them, but I mean *in* them, literally—for there was the Crosby tailor taking tucks in the Crosby suit, because the Crosby physique had lost weight.

"What do you want to see Dixie about?" asked Bing, his arms spread wide, to avoid the pins.

"To find out the best rules for holding a husband—you, for example. She seems to have been very successful and I have . . ."

But I was interrupted. "Stuff and nonsense!" said Bing, without changing his awkward position, and I would say that at that moment Bing came as near to being bombastic as his easy-going disposition will probably ever allow him to be. "That's a lot of tommy-rot . . . ridiculous to say the least. Her holding me! I'm easily held. Most husbands are. But *holding a wife*—well, now, *that's* something, something that requires brains and a lot of finesse, especially when the wife's as attractive as Dixie." (Puffing himself up a bit as he talked.) "If I do say so, I think I deserve the credit in my family! And I can get away with saying so, because it's a compliment to her. Now, why don't you do a story like that! 'How to hold a husband'—there have been a million stories like that—but 'How to hold a wife'—there you've got something practical and original!"

"Have I? Well, it all depends what you've got to say on the subject, Bing, old Bing. So go ahead—my pencil is poised—and give!"

FIRST BING experimented to see if the suit would give. It did, so he sat down. "In the first place, for a happy marriage, the woman has got to rule the roost. I know some men think differently about it but they're wrong. There's no woman living who wouldn't rather boss than be bossed. It's natural—and it's nice. I like it, anyway. Dixie rules our roost, and she can continue to. It takes a lot of responsibility off my (*Continued on page 63*)

Bing and Dixie Lee Crosby at home.

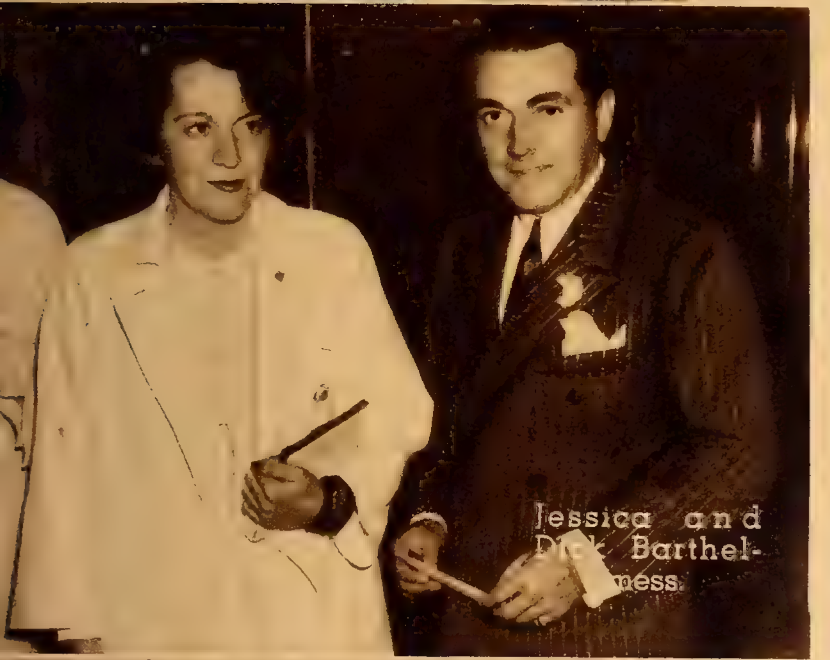
[illegible] Eloise [illegible] stepping [illegible]

Chester and Susie Morris do the town.

[illegible] Robinson indulges his Gladys plenty!

Clark and Rea Gable pose agreeably.

Fred and Phyllis Potter Astaire.


Jessica and Dick Barthelmess.

Jimmy and Billie Cagney at home.

TAKING CARE OF Papa

HOLLYWOOD'S LITTLE WOMEN CATER TO THEIR DADDIES' WHIMS!

BY MURIEL BABCOCK

LOOKING AFTER papa—seeing that his bank account isn't raided, that he gets home to bed early, that the blondes don't snatch him—is a full-time job for a good Hollywood wife. What would you do if you saw your husband set upon by, not one, but twenty predatory women? You'd probably shriek and run to his rescue. A movie wife can't. She has to control herself. I actually saw Mrs. Fred Astaire stand calmly and without a tremor, while a group of gurgling, feminine fans practically rushed her husband off his feet. They flattered him, cooed at him, and patted him.

Someone said, "Doesn't that disturb you? I should think it would make you furious."

"No," said Mrs. Astaire, "the time to get furious is when they pay no attention to him. Being idolized by his fans is part of his stock in trade."

Yet, I noticed that Mrs. Fred stood right there and watched everything. At the psychological moment, she grabbed hubby by the arm and nonchalantly dragged him away, leaving the fans high and dry.

Mrs. Fred is one of our most astute and clever wives. She keeps herself in the background, yes, but Fred scarcely makes a move without her counsel. She spends long hours on the set, watching him dance, later analyzing and discussing his work with him. She makes a full-time job out of being a good and clever wife.

I DON'T know why it is, but there are just as many children among our big handsome male screen idols as there are in any good representative kindergarten. Lots of these well-tailored he-men you see strutting across the screen in the latest London tweed or specially cut tails are so helpless they can't even tie their own neckties without mama's help.

Not many wives, of course, go to the lengths one did in seeing that her husband started the day in a tranquil mood and was protected from any jarring notes, as he awakened from his rest-giving slumbers. This was Mrs. George Bancroft. Instead of grabbing Georgie by the arm and giving him a good hard shake when it was time for him to get up, she used to waft an orange peel gently in front of his nose. Whether the orange peel brought on a terrific sneeze which jolted *(Continued on page 65)*

Eric Blore, Lily Pons and Henry in "Love Song."

A hit in "Farmer Takes a Wife," Fox cast Fonda in "Way Down East" with Rochelle Hudson.

Broadway's gift to the movies—Henry Fonda.

SILENT YOUNG MAN

MEET HENRY FONDA! HOLLYWOOD PREDICTS BIG THINGS FOR HIM

BY MARTHA KERR

THERE ARE a lot of people in Hollywood who claim that Henry Fonda has had a lot of luck. In the cinema city less than a year, the lad who until recently was merely a producer's gift to the summer stock company, has found himself cast with Janet Gaynor in "The Farmer Takes a Wife," and serving as leading man to Lily Pons diminutive star of the Metropolitan Opera. Any one of the above assignments would have sent the average leading man about town "into the throes," but our Henry seems to have taken it all in stride.

It is easy to believe that the Fonda could easily play the original Bashful Boy. There are plenty of conceited youths in town who have a strong "Ritz" complex and who charge their concentrated aloofness to being *that* shy. However, it is the belief of those who know him best that Henry really would have plenty to say if he'd bother to put his thoughts into words.

Several years ago he met Margaret Sullavan in New York. He became one of her beaux—the one she'd go to the movies with if the city slicker forgot to phone or if the handsome youth on the fifth floor suddenly remembered that he always took his *sister* to the movies on Saturday night. Then Henry would get a break. Not that he was ever a male wallflower, mind you. No indeed. There were plenty of girls who would have enjoyed his company, but they weren't Margaret Sullavan, so he wasn't interested.

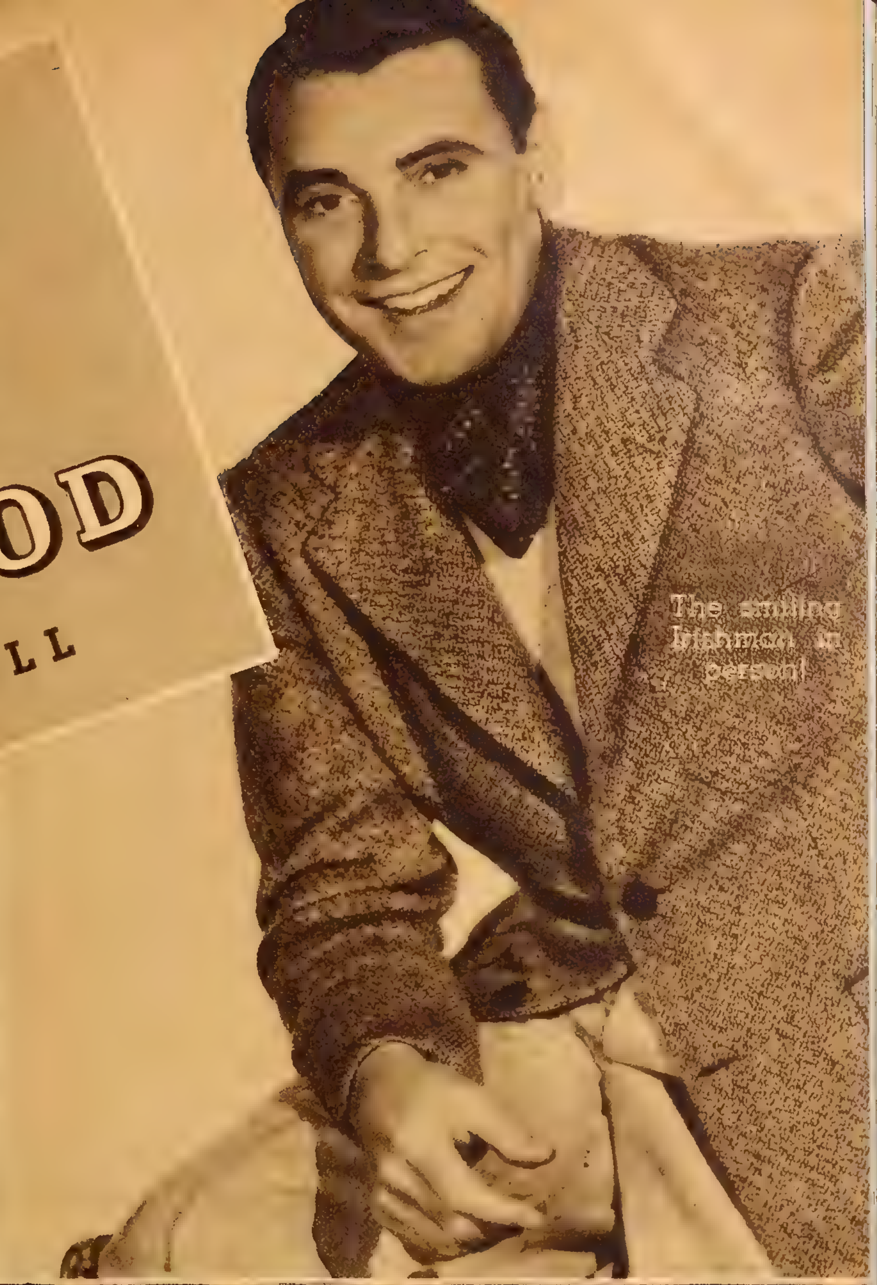
Finally, came their engagement in stock. It was summer stock in a town flooded with moonlight and honeysuckle. The roles were romantic and Miss Sullavan said "Yes" to the sincere youth who had been asking her to marry him for many months. After the stock engagement, Margaret went to Chicago in a play and it was from the Windy City that Henry received a wire informing him that he was a free man once again, that the little woman had divorced him. He had no inkling that she had any thought of becoming a divorcée in her pretty head. But who ever has an inkling of what goes on in the Sullavan cranium?

To say that this was a blow

(*Continued on page 75*)

THE LONE WOLF OF HOLLYWOOD

BY GLADYS HALL



The smiling Irishman in person!

MR. BRENT IS THE MALE GARBO WHEN IT COMES TO CRAVING SOLITUDE

CHATTER IN HOLLYWOOD: 'Tis said Greta Garbo is extremely unhappy over her romance with George Brent. Believe it or not, the greatest screen vamp of modern times is reported to have fallen desperately in love with the handsome Brent. And when Brent, who loves to fly and play tennis, seemed to prefer his sports, Garbo is said to have actually sulked. Well, personally, I think this makes her more human. And another thing that makes her human is that she is rowing with Fredric March. Freddie, who is tops today when it comes to acting, has been unconsciously doing a little scene stealing and Greta doesn't like it. (News item some time ago.)

BELIEVE-IT-OR-NOT RIPLEY should know about this. For if there lives the man who can make Garbo (*Garbo!*) "extremely unhappy" over her romance with him, if there lives the man who *would* make Garbo "sulk," if there lives the man who prefers to fly, swim or fish rather than to dally with the Solitary Swede—well, words fail me. All I can say is that the case should be investigated and analyzed. I investigated. The clinical diagnosis follows.

I talked with George Brent in an office on the Warner Brothers lot. He had exactly one hour to give me. For within the hour and ten minutes he was taking off in his plane, by himself, for ten days in Mexico. Fishing, adventuring, alone. A ten days' leave had come his way after nine consecutive pictures. And he was taking the ten days not where the Garbos glow nor the Crawfords charm but somewhere in darkest Mexico, with a fishing rod, womanless. . . .

I put two and two together and the total tallied with the newspaper excerpt above.

Nor is it only Garbo, the great and glamorous who becomes mortal for long enough (*Continued on page 68*)

With Kay Francis in "The Goose and the Gander."

LOVELY DOLORES DEL RIO LIVES A THRILLING MARRIAGE

Above and left, Dolores alone and with her husband, Cedric Gibbons. Below left, with Everett Marshall in "I Live for Love." An apt title for her own life. Dolores thinks of her marriage as an exciting love affair.

Romantic—NEVER ROUTINE

By HILARY LYNN

THERE'S an enormous mural in the Mexican Embassy Hall in Paris painted by the well-known Mexican artist, Zarraga. It's one of those pictures that creates discussion because it has a message—and it's created plenty—for and against! In the central group of three figures, a beautiful dark orchid of a girl, obviously of the upper classes, is breaking the shackles that bind two workers—a peasant farmer and a mechanic.

The girl who posed for the main figure was Dolores del Rio. It was painted during her honeymoon grand tour of Europe with her first husband, the ill-fated Jaime del Rio. In the face of much criticism—particularly from her socialite friends in Mexico City—Dolores finally succumbed to the pleadings of the young artist who had received the important commission, and consented to pose for him.

"I always loved that painting," she told me very simply, "because it symbolized what has happened in my own life—the break from a hide-bound, artificial existence, shackled by old-fashioned, stifling, social conventions to the unrestricted modern life I lead with Cedric today." (Cedric, in case you don't know, being Cedric Gibbons, the famous art director of M-G-M.)

Dolores declares she is one of Hollywood's *most modern girls*. And it isn't because her house offers one of the finest examples of modern interior decorating and furnishing in the West, nor because she has a yen for modern French and Mexican paintings, nor because she reads ultra-modern literature. It's because she has modern ideas about life and love, and she really puts them into practice!

"I have a modern design for living and loving," Dolores continued.

"To hear you talk, one would think you were living in sin," I said, "at least indulging in a little free love! But how come? You're the respectable married wife of Mr. Cedric Gibbons—and I hear he's not only dignified and reserved, but he's also a very masterful gentleman who won't put up with any nonsense!"

She laughed, and the face which Baron Huene pronounced "the sublimest and most interesting for photographing of any star in Hollywood" lit up with that peculiar del Rio radiance! Even her scarlet-stained toenails seemed to gleam with a special audacity through the lattice of the smart white sandals she was wearing.

"We may be married," said Dolores, "but our marriage *has* the flavor of sin." She watched my reaction to this bombshell. "That's why it continues to be so thrilling. As long as it has that exciting quality we'll stay together. But if it ever disappears—we'll leave one another. That's a vow Cedric and I made the day of our wedding!"

IN ITSELF this was a startling enough statement to make anyone sit up and take notice. Doubly startling in view of those frequent discussions about Hollywood marriages which refer to Cedric and Dolores as if they were museum pieces. If they're ever seen together on the boulevard, which isn't very often because they keep pretty much to themselves, they're pointed out with pride as one of the rare examples of a happy married couple in America's best training school for divorces. "It's a happy marriage because it's an old-fashioned one," explain the know-alls.

When I repeated this statement to Dolores, she was positively insulted. "It's ten million miles removed from anything that could be called old-fashioned," she said.

First of all, Dolores and Cedric refuse to regard one another as husband and wife. They think of each other as lovers! Which accounts for that dangerously thrilling "flavor of sin."

"And we live like lovers—deliberately," says Dolores, proudly. "First of all, we meet only at night, because we're both kept so busy with our work. And, fortunately for us, our studios are at the opposite ends of California, so to speak—M-G-M at Culver City and Warner Brothers at Burbank. So we haven't much chance of bumping into each other between 9 A.M. and 6 P.M. And when we finally meet for dinner at eight o'clock every evening—and nothing on earth except urgent studio business can interfere with that rendezvous—it's with the same excitement that lovers have when they meet after being separated for a long time."

She smiled exultantly. "You've no idea how exciting a marriage can be when you look at it as a thrilling love affair, and not a tied-to-each-other-for-life, monotonous burden. And marriage could be that for everyone—if they were willing to act the part of lovers, and not bored husbands and wives."

(At this juncture I couldn't help smiling and wondering, privately, whether Dolores and Cedric had ever heard of that Oklahoma institution, the "Husbands' Gratitude Club." These are the national bene-

(*Cont'd on p. 76*)

Miss Pross, Edna May Oliver.

Donald Woods as Charles Darnay.

A TALE OF TWO

ONE MAN DIED SO ANOTHER COULD

THE MESSAGE . . . It was the year of Our Lord 1784. Up Shooter's Hill on the Dover Road (for they called that stretch of mud and ruts a road) a coach plodded doggedly. The passengers, perforce, walked by its side, for it was all the poor horses could do to pull the coach, let alone the passengers. Close they stayed to the clumsy vehicle, as if for protection, thoughts of highwaymen astir in their minds. The sound of an approaching horse sent them huddling even closer together—sent nervous hands reaching for pistols and blunderbusses.

Out of the fog came a hard-ridden nag. "Dover Mail? Are you the Dover Mail?" demanded Cockney accents from over a mound of muffler. "I'm a messenger from Tellson's London Bank. I wants Mr. Jarvis Lorry."

From the group of passengers a figure came forward. "Here I am. Is that Jerry Cruncher? It's all right, driver," to the apprehensive coachman. "I know him. What's the message, Jerry?"

"Wait at the Royal George for mam'selle," delivered Jerry.

"Ah! She'll be at Dover. Give this reply to the office, Jerry: 'Recalled to Life.' "

"Very good, sir," bowed Cruncher, and departed.

This exchange of cryptic sayings left the others in almost as nervous a state as if they had actually been held up by one of the robbers of the road.

AT DOVER . . . The waiter at the Royal George had his own opinion about the relationship of the fussy, prosperous-looking elderly gentleman from London and the pretty lady, who had just arrived with her maid. With that smileless smirk peculiar to all waiters, he announced to Mr. Lorry that Miss Manette was in her rooms. "Good. Good," said Mr. Lorry. He settled his odd, crimped little wig more firmly on his head. Then, catching the waiter's sardonic eye, he added, quite unnecessarily, "Business. Strictly business. Er . . . I'm from Tellson's Bank." A good man, Jarvis Lorry, if a trifle cramped and over-precise from a life of attention to—er—strictly business.

Lucie Manette greeted him with a sweet courtesy. Bade

CAST

Sydney Carton	Ronald Colman
Lucie Manette	Elizabeth Allan
Miss Pross	Edna May Oliver
Madame Defarge	Blanche Yurka
Stryver	Reginald Owen
Marquis D'Evremonde	Basil Rathbone
Dr. Manette	Henry B. Walthall
Charles Darnay	Donald Woods
Barsad	Walter Catlett
Gaspard	Fritz Leiber
Gabelle	H. B. Warner
Ernest Defarge	Mitchell Lewis
Jarvis Lorry	Claude Gillingwater
Jerry Cruncher	Billy Bevan
Seamstress	Isabel Jewell
Lucie as a Child	Fay Chaldecott

—Adapted from the METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER picture. Directed by JACK CONWAY. From the screen play by W. P. LIPSCOMB. Based on the famous novel by CHARLES DICKENS. Fictionized by MARY MAYES.

Lucie Manette, Elizabeth Allan.

Sidney Carton, Ronald Colman.

CITIES . .

WIN THE GIRL HE LOVED

him be seated. Yes, she had received a message from his bank. A message about . . . Obviously, something was puzzling her. An odd little frown wrinkled her brow. "Are you quite a stranger to me, sir?" she asked. "I know you—I'm *sure* I know you."

A shade fell on Mr. Lorry's business-like face. "Yes," he said. "Seventeen years ago, when you were a little girl, I was instrumental in bringing you and your mother over from France." He fell silent for a moment. "And now," his precise manner returning, "the business we have in hand relates to your father."

"You knew him before he died?"

"Yes. He was a client of Tellson's Paris Bank." Mr. Lorry fingered the wig, pulled at the snowy linen frills of his shirt. It was becoming increasingly hard to be business-like about what he had to say. "I am an arm of that bank—a mere arm. That is how you must regard me."

Certainly none of these matter-of-fact statements could have caused the color to fly from Lucie's face. It must have been something in the man's voice.

"You are," the voice went on, "in a manner of speaking, a ward of Tellson's—*my* ward. I have always handled your financial affairs. Now, let us suppose your father had not died. . . . Oh, don't be frightened, child!"

"Mr. Lorry! Please, what is it?"

Oh, he *was* making a botch of it!

"If your father had not died; if he had suddenly and silently disappeared; if he had had an enemy who caused him to be imprisoned . . ."

But Mr. Lorry got no further, for Lucie had fallen, a slim little unconscious heap, to the floor.

His inexpert masculine attentions and his fussy alarm were interrupted by the entrance (*Continued on page 89*)

Basil Rathbone as the cruel Marquis.

Blanche Yurka as Mme. Defarge.

MR. BOLES TAKES PEN IN HAND

JOHN KNOWS THE ANSWERS AND GIVES THEM ALL

BY KAY OSBORN

I CORNERED John just as he was leaving the studio some time ago and begged him to please answer some of the many questions that his fans are always asking him in their 2,000 letters a week. "Those same questions must be on the tips of all your fans' tongues . . . even those who don't find time to write. So let's print all the answers in MODERN SCREEN for everyone to read," I begged.

John smiled. "I'd love to. Let's go out to the house, where most of my mail is, and do it right now."

He *really* smiled! That warm smile that comes with eager anticipation. This was no boresome task to be done quickly, and "gotten over with." Where John's fans are concerned, he is sincere, appreciative and enthusiastic. That is one of the many things that makes John an unusual sort in Hollywood. As far as his fan mail is concerned, there just aren't any wastebaskets in his house. But there is a comfy deck chair in the back garden where John Boles sits three mornings a week, if he's not working, and dictates to his secretary, with the mail-to-be-answered piled waist-high beside him.

More than this, John is available to his fans. A lot of women have traveled across the country with the sole and intense purpose of meeting John Boles, and, almost unheard of in this town, these fans *do* meet him. Some of them even lunch and dine with him.

There is the story of the New York girl whose family surprised her with a trip to Europe. The girl burst into tears and said she would much rather have the money to go to California, where she might be able to see her film idol, John Boles. She burst into such tears, as a matter of fact, that that was what the family finally had to let her do. She wrote John that she was on her way, and when she got here he saw to it that her happiness was complete, and invited her to lunch at the studio.

Many are the John Boles fans who have since become John Boles' friends. Mrs. Violette Magner is perhaps the most outstanding example. A well-to-do woman of middle age, she began sending gifts to John several years ago. His sincere thank-you notes started a correspondence, which was later culminated in Mrs. Magner's first trip to the Coast, where she was entertained at the Boles home. During the last year, when John and his family went East, they took a four-day trip with Mrs. Magner, up through the Adirondacks. Mrs. Magner is like a mother to the Boles, and John is the son that she has dreamed of all her life.

While making personal (*Continued on page 85*)

You fans will like "Rose of the Rancho" for John sings a lot with Gladys Swarthout.

John spends three days a week, when not working, answering his bulky fan mail personally.

BIOGRAPHY OF BINNIE

SHE'S DRIVEN A MILK CART AND WORKED IN FACTORIES, SO ACTING IS A SISSY JOB!

BY CHARLES DARNTON

INTO A cold, gray London factory, on a foggy morning, tramped a cheerless girl in a shabby hat and a rag of a dress. Under her arm she carried a lunch box, nothing more than an old pasteboard shoe box which was turned to everyday use. Going to her place at a grimy iron stamping machine, she opened the box and took from it a small picture cut from a magazine. This she fixed to her incongruous treadmill where she could see it for the long day ahead. "My eye!" remarked the girl next to her. "Don't tell me it's the Prince of Wyles?"

"No," the hopeless romanticist was told, "it's Lillian Russell. She was called The American Beauty, and I'd rather be like her than any other woman in the world."

Into a warm, bright Hollywood room on a sunny morning breezed a joyous creature trim and smart in sky-blue pajamas. A soft hat rakishly perched upon her gold-shot hair set off her refreshing charm. She held out a friendly hand in greeting. Then she drew forth a platinum-framed photograph which she placed admiringly upon the table. "I simply can't quite make myself believe I've somehow lived to be her in the film 'Diamond Jim,'" marvelled the one-time London factory girl, Binnie Barnes.

"Has it been so great a change?"

"Look at me!" she challenged—and that wasn't hard. "Nothing could possibly be greater than changing from what I was to Lillian Russell. It takes me back to that day when I worked at a racketty machine from nine in the morning till seven at night for a pound a week—five dollars. Not that I minded. It really was easier than my first job, when I had to get up at four every morning and drive a milk cart about the London streets."

What a background! But I couldn't help wondering why an English actress had been chosen to play an American beauty.

"You can't be more surprised than I was," she said. "It knocked me right off my pins. You see, they cabled me to come over and play Miss Russell's chum, Edna McCauley, the fashionable dressmaker. But when I got here, they were in a jam and they grabbed me to get them out of it. They'd tested about a thousand girls for the Lillian Russell part, but although they got beauty galore, they couldn't get just what they were after. They wanted someone sympathetic."

"Miss Russell was," I recalled.

"Then you knew her!" exclaimed Binnie, wide-eyed.

Explaining that I'd known Miss Russell in her Casino and Weber and Fields days, I assumed that the slender Binnie embodied the "Beauteous One" of an earlier date.

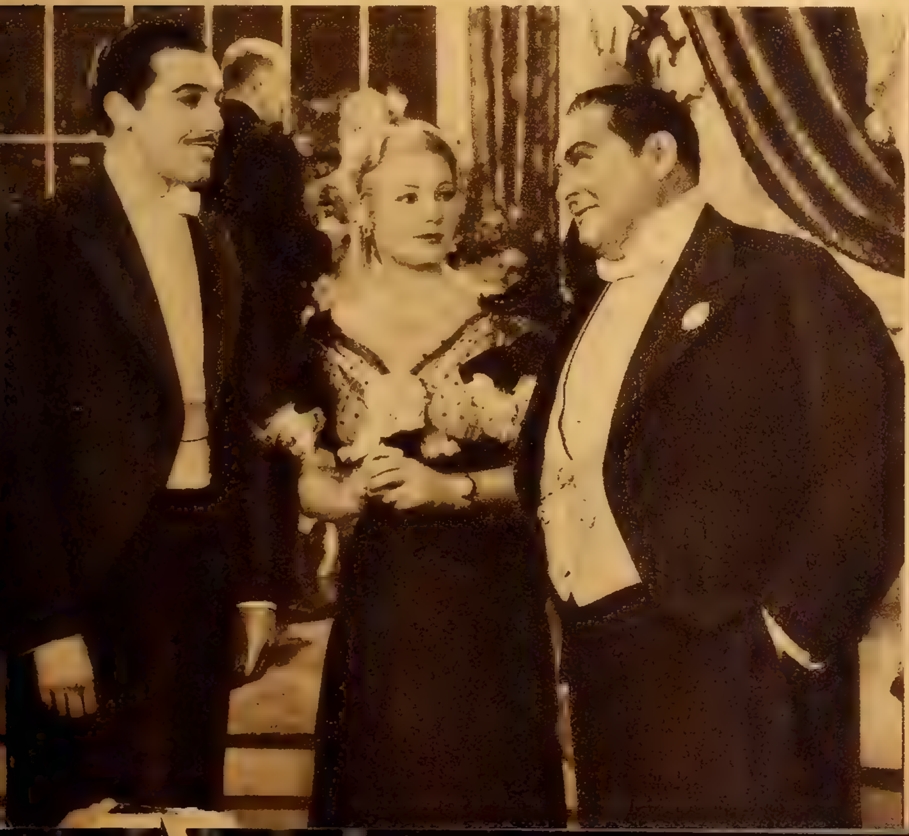
"Yes," she replied, "when Miss Russell was at Tony Pastor's and just entering her Broadway career. She was twenty-eight."

"And you're——?" (Courage, man!)

"Twenty-six."

Singing with the angels, Lillian Russell, who had a way of keeping her youth out of Father Time's hands, must have raised a note of thanks.

"One thing that encouraged me was a yellowed program of the bill at Tony Pastor's announcing, 'Lillian Russell in English Ballads.' As I'd sung them I felt we had something in common. And when it came to playing her I wasn't afraid of my English accent. It isn't very noticeable, is it? You know, I've been taken for an American girl ever since I went *(Continued on page 66)*



Cesar Romero, Binnie Barnes and Edward Arnold in the successful Universal film, "Diamond Jim."

When Binnie Barnes played Lillian Russell in "Diamond Jim," she realized a lifetime ambition.

Sylvia divulges Joan's beauty and health habits.

Joan Personette, the Modern Screen reader Sylvia chose as bearing the greatest resemblance to La Crawford.

BE SLIM AND REMAIN HEALTHY—LOSE THE SYLVIA WAY

BY MADAME SYLVIA

IF YOU WOULD HAVE A FIGURE LIKE CRAWFORD

OKAY, Joan Personette, just take a look at your picture published right here in MODERN SCREEN!

What a swell baby *you* are! And you don't stop at just looking like Joan Crawford, you even have her first name. That last name is pretty cute, too. What's this Personette business? Don't you know how to spell personality? Well, whether you spell it or not, you've got it.

Suppose you had the advantages of grand lighting, skillful photographers and make-up experts as Joan Crawford has! If they took that little pan of yours and gave it the works as they gave it to Crawford you'd see something swell.

But what's the matter, honey? Do you need that prop to hold you up? You won't need it after you've received the personal letter from me telling you exactly what to do to perfect yourself. You'll throw away that spear, hold up your shoulders, pull in your tummy and look the world smack in the eye with a flashing smile.

SPEAKING of smiles, where is your smile, Joan Personette? Were you afraid, maybe, that your teeth aren't quite so pearly as the Hollywood belles'? Well, let me tell you something, lots of the Hollywood pearls are cultured. Half the teeth in Hollywood have been straightened or are covered by porcelain caps. And in this day of modern dentistry there is no excuse for anyone—movie star or stenographer—to have unattractive teeth.

Never mind, baby, I'm one jump ahead of you. I know what you're thinking. You're saying, "That's all very well and good but where in the name of Will Hays am I going to get the money for expensive dentistry?" And that brings me to something I've wanted to say to all of you for a long time.

When you want a thing badly enough you can always find a way to get it! (And that goes for beauty and health, too. If you *really* want it you can *have* it.) You buy little luxuries and clothes on the installment plan, I'll bet. You make sacrifices for a new coat, maybe. Whatever you *really* want you can *get!*

And figuring out a way is good for your character. I mean that. But I'm giving it to you straight. The courage, the will power and the determination that it takes to "find a way" and go through with it makes you a better person.

Look at the movie stars. When the new girls are signed to long-term contracts,

(*Continued on page 74*)

Read what Sylvia has to say to Miss Personette and you girls who have or would like a Crawford figure.

Work with Sylvia and take off that excess weight! Her famous diets and exercises lop off 15 pounds a month

In spite of her fame as an opera singer, and now a movie star, Lily Pons is regular.

In the happy days before Miss Pons broke her engagement to Dr. Fritz von der Becke.

PONS & CO. INVADE Hollywood

BY RAMON ROMERO

SHE IS no bigger than a minute, weighs but ninety pounds with her clothes on, and looks like a miniature Mona Lisa. Standing beside Jeritza or Farrar, she would diminish into a a female Tom Thumb. She has reached the highest range in music, but in spite of her fame she remains as simple as a child. Meet Lily Pons, Grand Opera's latest contribution to the steadily growing list of songbirds who are bringing to the screens of the world a renaissance in music.

When Miss Pons makes her debut in "Love Song," she is expected to be as phenomenal a success in the cinema as she was on the night of her operatic debut at the Mulhouse in Alsace Lorraine, when she brought the musical critics to her feet. Aside from a bell-like voice, it is felt that her diminutive personality will do much to endear her to film fans who demand their heroines slim and slight.

Minus the usual fanfare of trumpets, the little French doll of Opera appeared suddenly one day in Hollywood to be introduced at a press tea at the Knickerbocker. Dressed simply in a linen sport outfit, she seemed anything but a glamorous star of the Metropolitan. Unaffected and ingratiating, she met each new person with wide-eyed interest, eager to explore into every new angle of movie production, bombarding reporters with questions, while each succumbed completely under the Pons charm. News went out the next morning that Lily was regular!

Thus, with one wise, diplomatic sweep she smote to smithereens the rumor which had circulated up and down the Boulevard that something approaching "the tops" in temperament was about to hit the town. Stories leaked out from the RKO lot that when La Pons arrived, she would bring with her from Paris and New York a retinue of servants, advisors, music teachers and whatnots that would set a new record for visiting celebrities. In fact the Pons pilgrimage to Hollywood would be in the nature of a Safari bordering on extravaganza. But at the tea she was inconspicuous enough to be mistaken for her producer's secretary!

A few days after her arrival I met Pons & Co. in the mansion she had leased on Los Felix Boulevard. Unincorporated, boasting no officials, without any stock to sell, and officially without even a company title, the invading Ponites had quickly settled down to the serious business of work, in the large, rambling vine-covered house, which might easily have been a villa on the Italian Riviera.

Pons herself met me in the garden, and led the way into a reception room for which I anticipated would be a private interview! Ah! Sweet anticipation! From behind the closed doors of the nearby music room I could hear melodic strains of "Pons' repertoire" doing things to a piano. In her cute, broken *(Continued on page 94)*

A BONA FIDE PRIMA DONNA COMES TO TOWN

"I'D BE A TERRIBLE HUSBAND"

...AND FRANCIS LEDERER, NOT SPARING HIMSELF, GIVES EIGHT REASONS WHY

(Left) Frances Dee and Francis Lederer make "The Gay Deception" a delightful comedy.

BY DOROTHY DONNELL

IN THE LOBBY of a Budapest theatre the frock-coated, gardenia-buttonholed manager stood complacently surveying the throng of patrons hurrying from their cars. It was within ten minutes of the curtain's rise and the evening's events were proceeding in orderly manner. Suddenly in the midst of top hats and evening cloaks burst a young man with wild black hair, dressed shabbily in threadbare grey, carrying a white linen jacket on his arm. A young man in a hurry.

"If you please," he said, panting and smiling, to the manager, "would you be so very kind as to lend me—for just half an hour—your trousers?"

It is a tribute to the young man's charm and radiant smile that the manager did not call the police. It is a tribute to his intense earnestness and sincerity that the request even seemed reasonable.

"If you please, quickly! Or it will be too late," gasped the newcomer, seizing his arm and steering him down a passage backstage. "It is so terribly important, you understand! The first chance I have had in a month. Only a waiter's part but who can tell? It might lead to something. Naturally I could not play a waiter in grey—all the world knows that waiters wear black trousers. The coat I borrowed from a barber. I took it off him. He seemed a little astonished but he will understand when I return it and explain. Only nowhere could I get the rest of my costume. I stopped men in the street. I begged them. But no one—none," said the young man tragically, "would lend me his trousers! Until you . . . ah . . . thank you! Thank you . . . a thousand thanks."

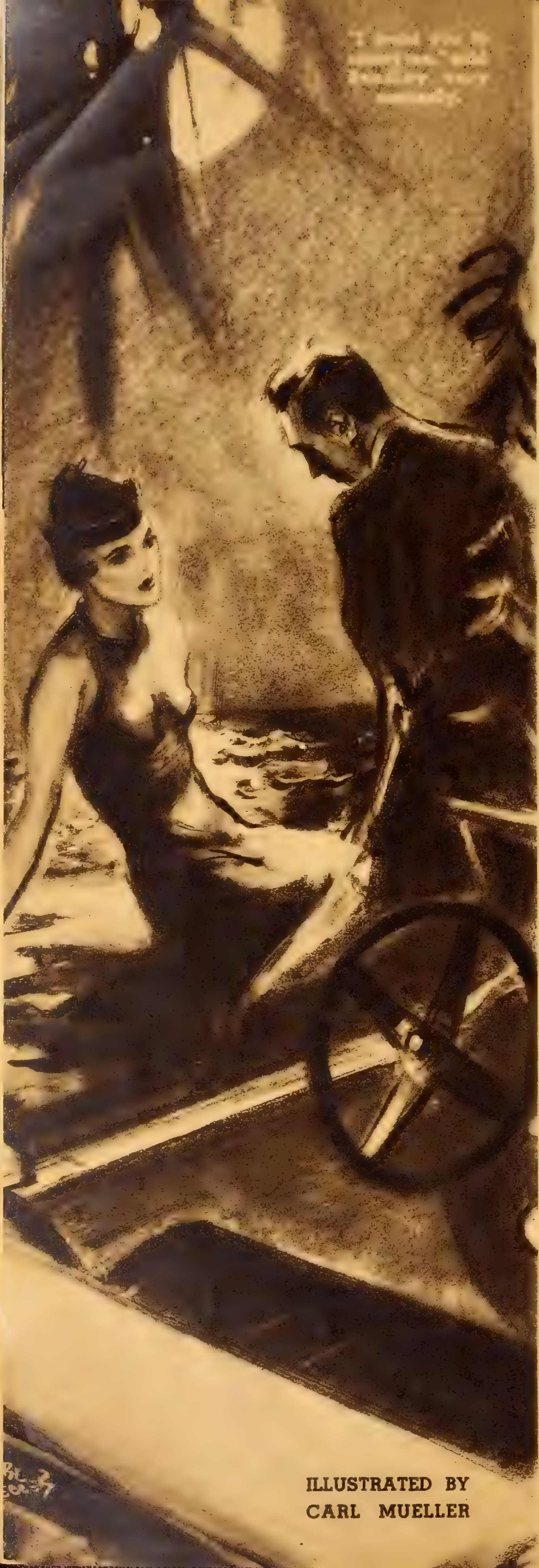
BEHIND THE shelter of a backdrop, the manager, frock-coated, gardenia-buttonholed, trouserless, stood staring after a slim figure running toward the wings, pulling on a white linen coat as he ran. With an air of conviction he spoke aloud. "Someday," he said, "someday we shall hear of that one."

Francis Lederer relates this little interlude of his career as an instance of his early struggles. To him it is neither extraordinary nor amusing. It is merely the way reasonable human beings behave. If Lederer continually astonishes Hollywood it is because Hollywood is strange, not Lederer.

If he chooses to spend his Sundays outflung on the ground under a tree instead of at Malibu or Caliente in order to renew contact with the earth it is not eccentric, merely natural. If he cannot work unless his pens and pencils point to the right sign of the Zodiac it is not superstitious but scientific. If he leaps from his seat in the midst of a play and runs up onto the platform to make a charming little speech of praise for the acting, it is not impulsive, but polite. And if he does not take Hollywood always into his confidence it is not secretiveness, but because he has a different idea from reporters and columnists as to what is interesting.

"I would have told about it if anyone had ever asked," he said simply, when reproachful interviewers descended upon him to demand why he had never confessed that Hollywood's most famous bachelor had four years ago separated from a Viennese opera singer to whom he was married for less than two years. "But you see," added Francis with the beaming little

(Continued on page 83)



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ILLUSTRATED BY
CARL MUELLER

Confessions OF AN EXTRA GIRL

PART V

WHEN STUDIOS BLACK-LIST HER—WHAT THEN?

WHEN JOAN CRAWFORD made it possible for me to get extra work, I asked her how I might repay her and she said, "When you're in a position to do so, help some other poor girl who needs aid."

At the time I did not realize how soon an opportunity would come but now my artist friend, Bradley, who had just confessed his love for me, was leading me to the home of a girl who had been insulted, as I once had been, by the "quickie" director.

When she made a row about it, this director turned all the blame on her and said she was trying to "frame" him. It occurred to Bradley that her story would be given credence if I told my own similar experience, which was just as harrowing.

We found the girl, whom I shall call "Dolly," in tears. She reminded me of myself when I first came to Hollywood—young, eager, bewildered. I tried to comfort her by telling her that our experiences were exceptions and that, although this director had insulted me during the first week I was in Hollywood, I had never had such an experience again. I assured her that the directors on the big lots are much too busy and much too impervious to go around making life unpleasant for extra girls. It is such cheap, small-time men as the one who had made Dolly and me unhappy who give Hollywood its bad name—a name it in no way deserves.

But I told her that I would be glad to help her out by telling my story and she seemed to feel better.

I did what I promised her I would do and it was all utterly useless. The shoddy director behaved in a cheap, rotten fashion and declared that I was no better than Dolly and that I, being her friend (although I had just met her), was also in the plot to frame him.

Such injustice made us boil, but there was nothing to be done about it. I tried to dismiss it from my mind. But I was not to be allowed to forget it so easily.

I had, as I've told you, been receiving fairly regular calls for work from the various studios. These calls began to lessen.

At first I thought it was simply because the season was dull, not many pictures were being made. But other extras whom I knew had not noticed this. I tried not to worry too much. (*Continued on page 79*)

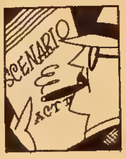
THE MEN WHO MAKE YOUR MOVIES

THE ELECTRICIAN SPOTLIGHTS FAMOUS FACES BUT THRILLS TO FEW!

BY KATHERINE ALBERT

Earl Cantrell, Paramount electrician, admires Helen Mack (above) because she's as sweet as Mary Brian. Seeing Arthur Brisbane on the set one day thrilled him more than rubbing elbows with Dietrich (below)!

And below is Earl Cantrell, in person. He has been at Paramount for ten years and probably will be for ten more even though he thinks from time to time that he might break away. He's typical of many others.



IF YOU were to walk on a movie set tomorrow, no doubt the center of your interest would be the glamorous stars making passionate love to each other beneath the glare of lights, before the watchful eye of the camera.

You would be interested to see whether your favorites were more beautiful on than off the screen. When the cameras ceased their turning, you probably would be held spellbound as you heard the director discussing the next scene with the players. And, after all this, if you were not whisked off the set by the office boy, who was showing you around, you might waste a couple of glances on all the other people on the stage.

That man with the broom sweeping away marks of the actors' footprints, you would be told, is an assistant prop boy. That lad, who clicks two sticks together beneath the microphone as a signal that all is in readiness to shoot, is a member of the camera crew. That girl with a ream of typewritten pages in her hand, sitting close to the director, she's the script clerk. And all those men moving the enormous lights, scrambling over the parallels at the top of the stage or walking around aimlessly, apparently doing nothing—they're the electricians.

DRAMA IS here. There is glamor and excitement in the hopes, the ambitions, the personalities of the people behind the camera—those people who, daily, are so close to the stars and yet, in actuality, so far removed from them. And we, who spread the Hollywood scene before you, are often so blinded by star dust that we cannot see the importance of these people.

Take the electrician, for instance. Would you like to be one? Would it excite you to be within touching distance of Garbo, Dietrich, Norma Shearer, Clark Gable, Claudette Colbert, every day of your life? Would it thrill you to know that the lights you wield had the power to make or mar the star's beauty?

Now meet Earl Cantrell, a typical electrician, and answer these questions for yourself.

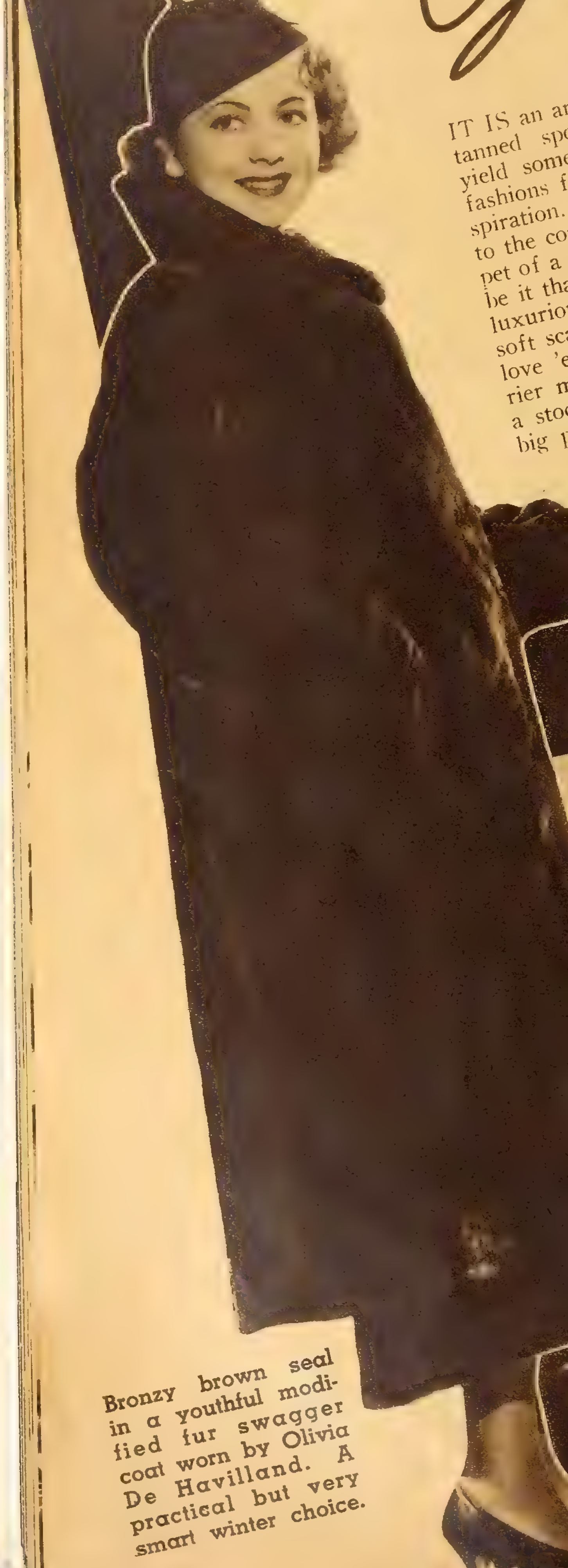
For ten years Earl has been at Paramount, handling "babies," "barrels," "pans," and "strips." He has been assigned to pictures in which the most glamorous stars have appeared. From Swanson

(*Continued on page 93*)

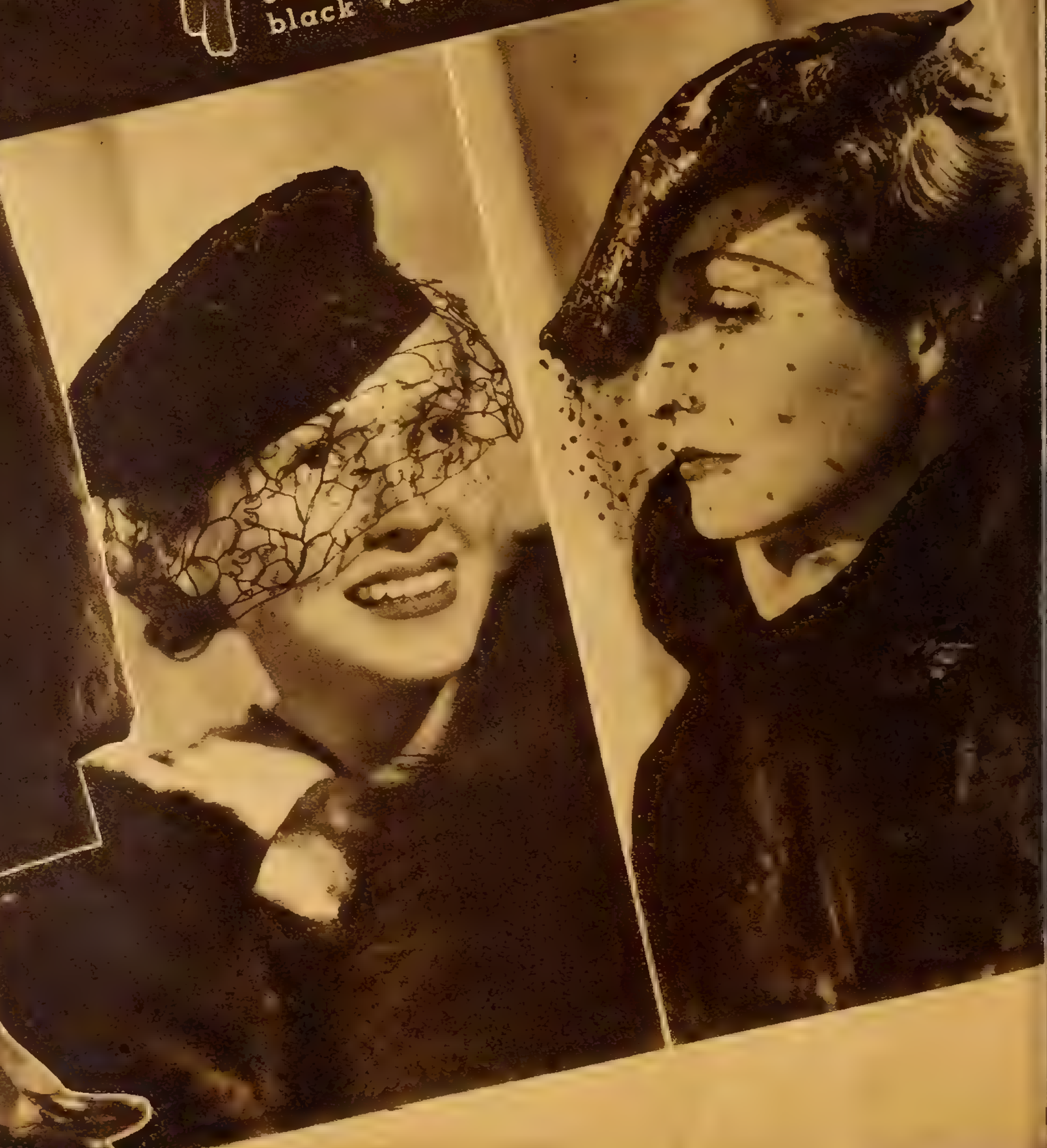
WARM FURS . . . Giddy HATS

IT IS an amusing paradox that a suntanned spot like Hollywood should yield some of the most exciting fur fashions for your winter wardrobe inspiration. Yet, all weather forecasts to the contrary, you need a warm tippet of a Hollywood evening. And far be it that the stars should forego such luxurious fripperies as rich fur wraps, soft scarfs and swathing capes! They love 'em! It is a fact that one furrier made himself famous for having a stock of rentable furs on hand for big premieres and gala parties in the old days. Actually, many of those gorgeous wraps you used to sigh over as pictured in the news flashes of opening nights, were returned the next morning. Today, however, there's hardly a little extra girl who can't afford some sort of fur wrap for her first public appearances around Hollywood's swank night spots.

The silver fox cape that has become such a staple in the smart Hollywood wardrobe was an exciting innovation the first night that the late Lilyan Tashman wore one to a grand premiere. Lil was noted for being forehanded in her chic . . . she could sense dashing new styles that would take with the rest of the country, often



Bronzy brown seal in a youthful modified fur swagger coat worn by Olivia De Havilland. A practical but very smart winter choice.



Rosalind Keith lets her wide meshed veil completely cover her black velvet hat.

A matching black broadtail beret is Gail Patrick's topper to her coat.

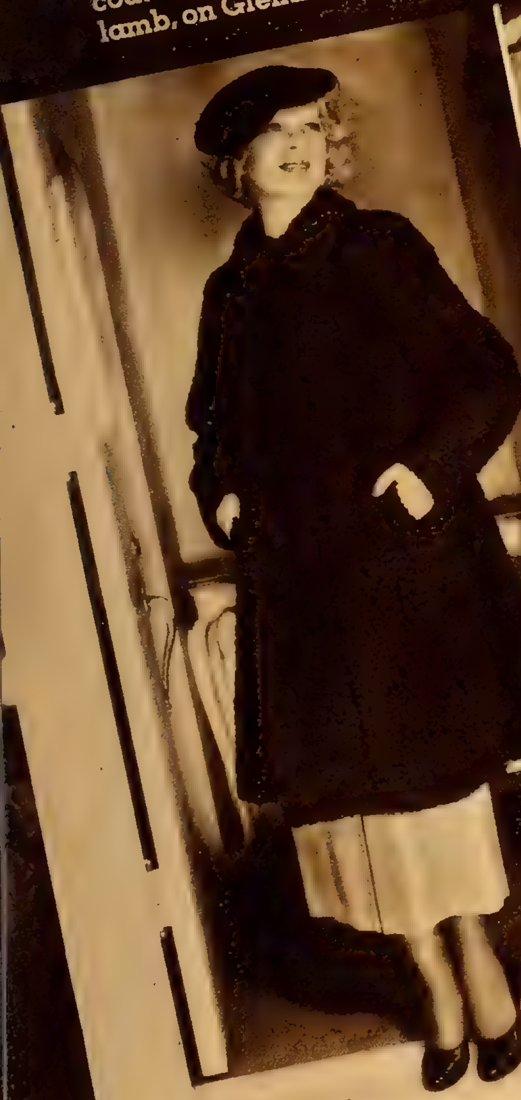
BY ADELIA BIRD

they were bizarre but Lil never let that hold her back. And usually she was right, for later they were modified and copied by the more conservative stars who did not have the Tashman adventuring spirit when it came to new things.

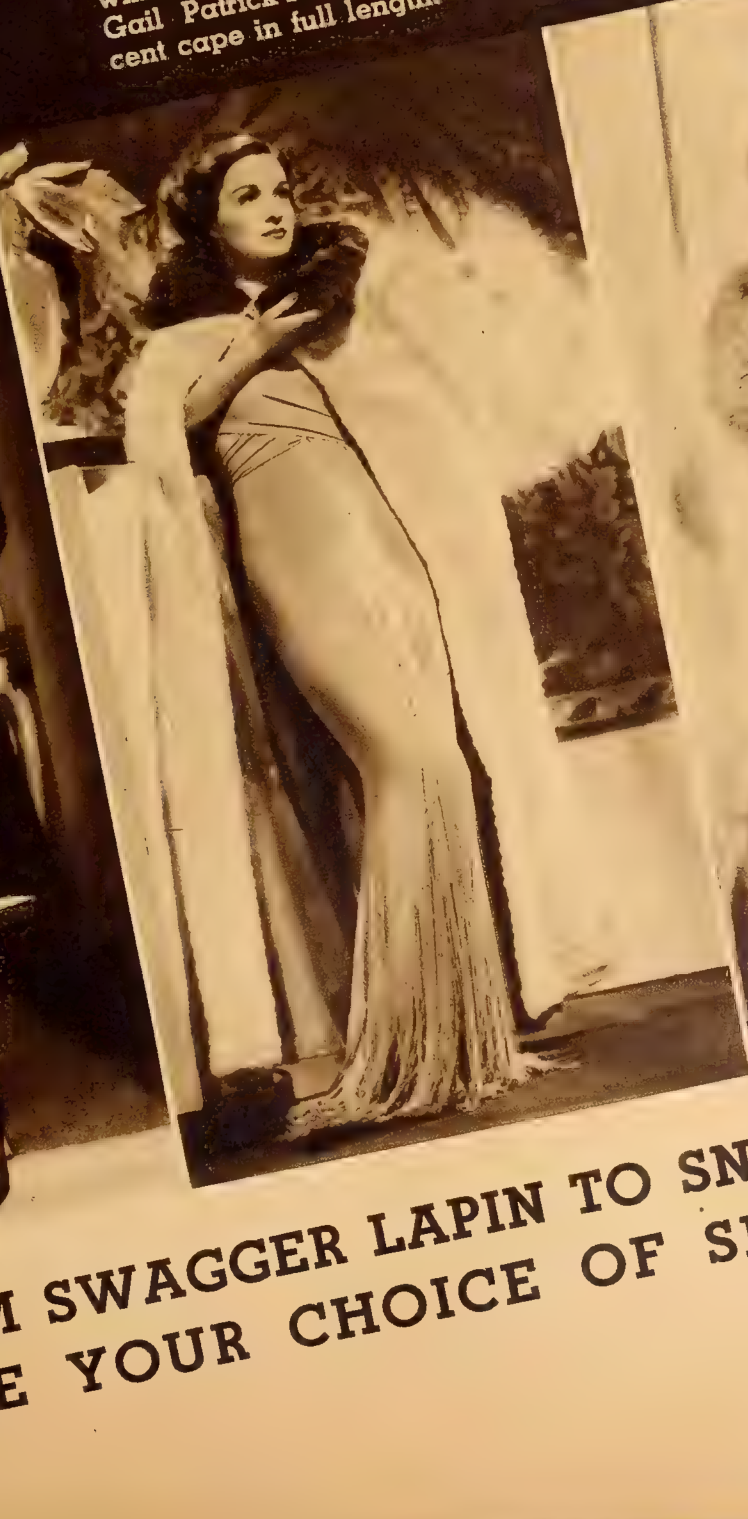
JUST THE other night in Hollywood, the number and variety of silver fox capes were startling. Marlene Dietrich topped all the crowd with a swagger coat made entirely of silver fox skins, used vertically. Very stunning with her black dinner costume. Dolores Del Rio wore a bulky short cape of the precious dark fox skins . . . her hat was one of the wide brimmed halos with a twisted forehead band of velvet. Her cape reached below her elbows, but one Miriam Hopkins wore, the same evening, was much shorter. It topped a full skirted taffeta gown and had matching ties of the taffeta for fastening. Mrs. Gary Cooper was another silver fox cape-ite. Hers was rather straight, fitting her shoulders snugly and worn open at front. This topped a black velvet gown trimmed with white silk frogs in a military manner. Her small turban was one of those Mussolini-like affairs with a bang of silk fringe hanging off the crown in front.

This just gives you a small idea of how the silver foxes are giving their all to make Hollywood more glamorous by day and night! Josephine Hutchinson in "The Melody Lingers On" wears one of these silver fox pretties in the new longer length. This is shown on page 50 and you will see how the skins are used vertically, much like the Dietrich wrap I was describing earlier. The

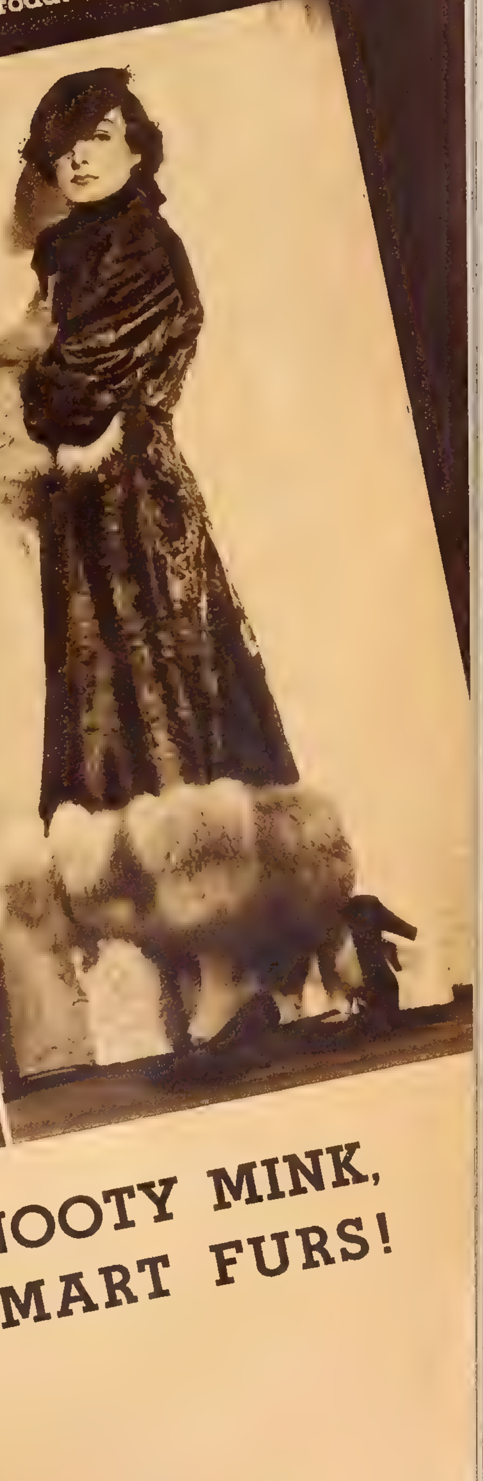
The new three-quarter length swagger fur coat in black Persian lamb, on Glenda Farrell.



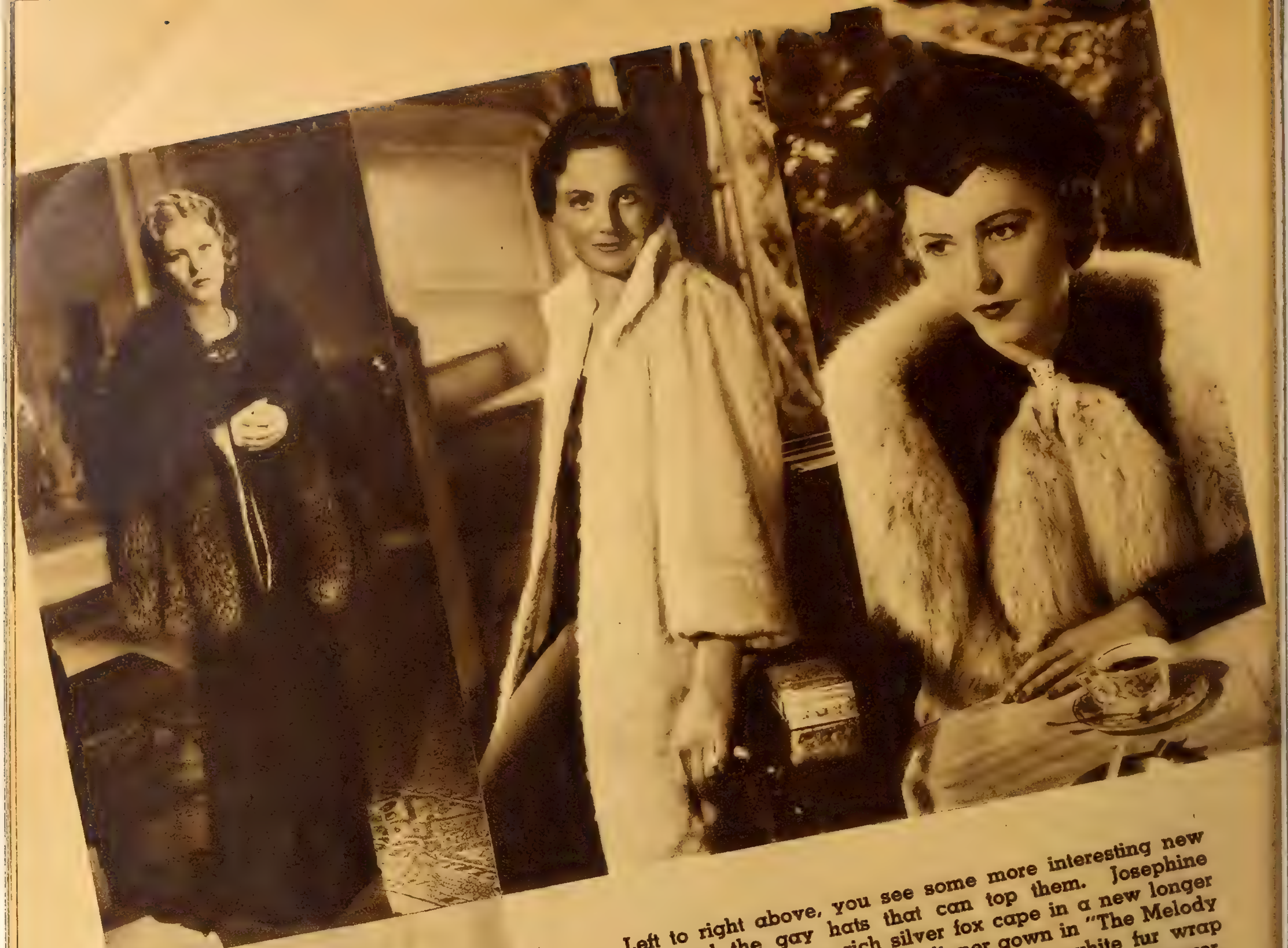
Evening elegance in white ermine and sable. Gail Patrick's magnificent cape in full length.



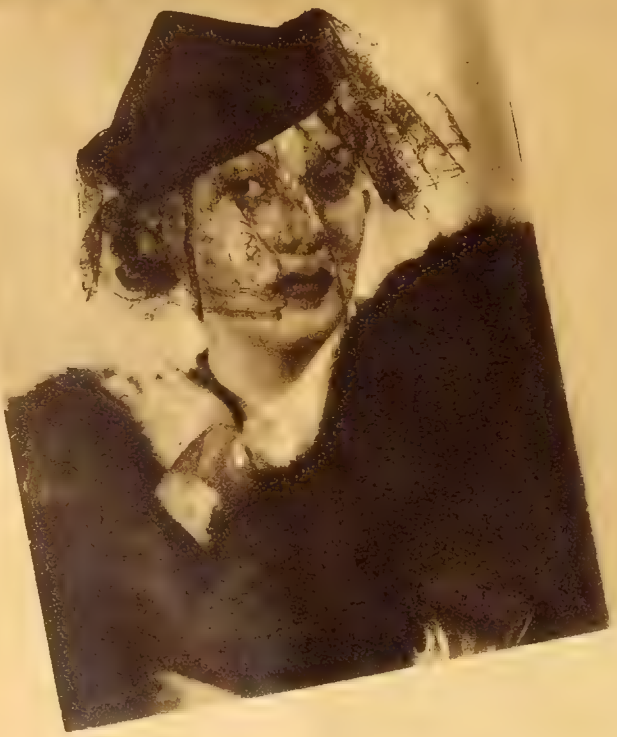
And the last word in daytime swank . . . Gail again but this time in black broadtail and fox.



FROM SWAGGER LAPIN TO SNOOTY MINK, TAKE YOUR CHOICE OF SMART FURS!



Left to right above, you see some more interesting new furs and the gay hats that can top them. Josephine Hutchinson wears a rich silver fox cape in a new longer length over her black velvet dinner gown in "The Melody Lingers On." Frieda Inescort wears the white fur wrap that is a great pet in Hollywood. Hers is a swagger, three-quarter length Russian caracul with tailored Johnny collar and softly bloused three-quarter length sleeves. Again Josephine Hutchinson in fox trimmed velvet costume—note how cleverly the fur has been set away from the face. Her halo hat has Mephistophelean point at the forehead and a tiny veil to soften its severity. At left, Rosalind Keith wears an amusing little peaked turban of bengaline with a full lace veil circling her face and suspended from the cuff brim. Perfect for formal afternoon and dinner costumes.



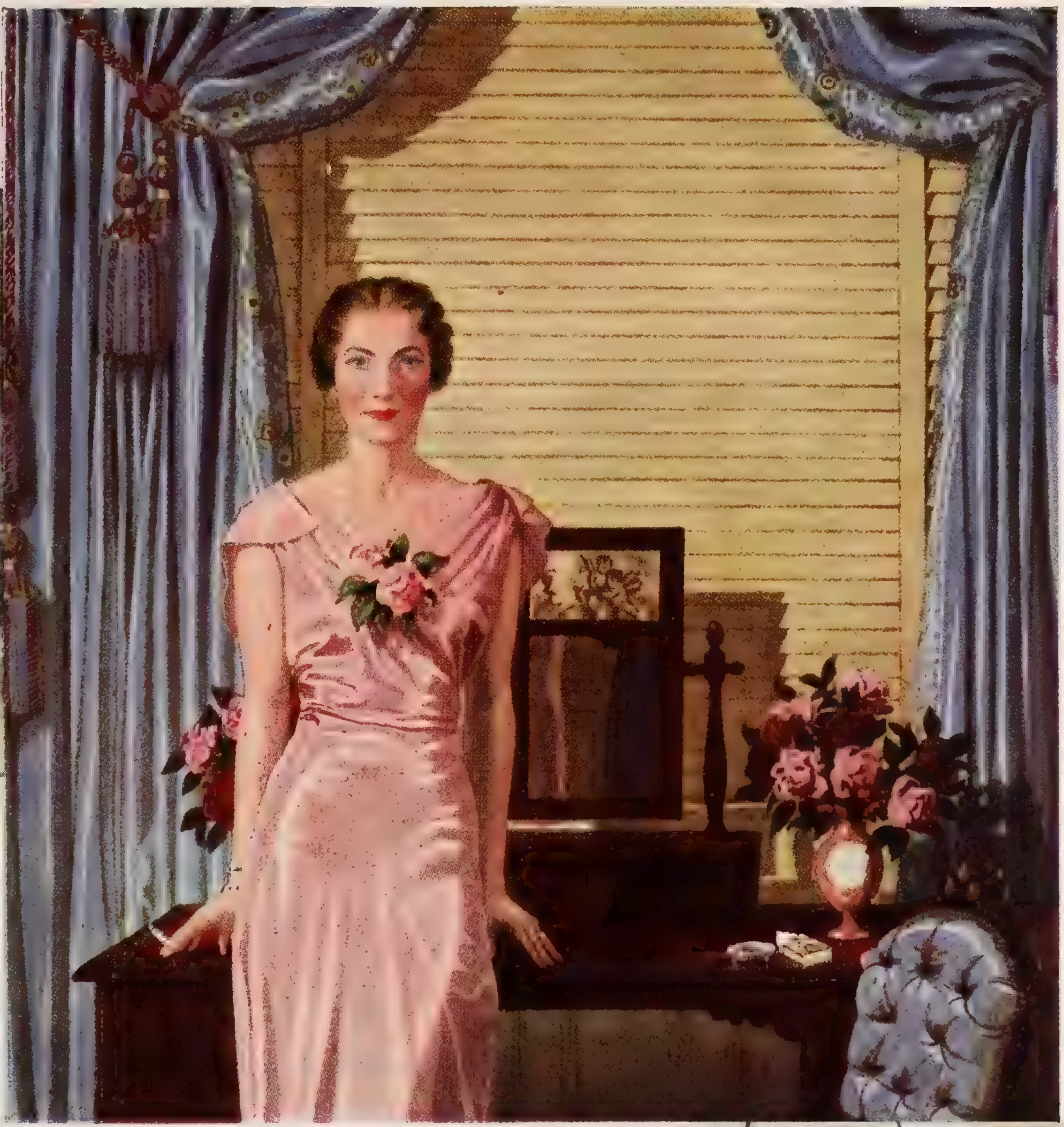
short cape is usually made with the skins in a horizontal and circular effect.

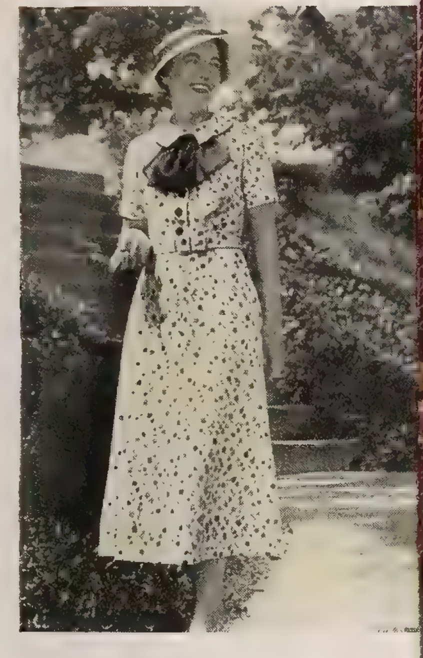
To sidestep for a moment from furs, I want to tell you something about the costumes that Josephine wears in this picture. She wears thirty-six changes of costume, covering a period of more than twenty years. The fashion period starts with 1917 and goes through the present day to several years hence. The interesting thing is that the 1917 fashions, with but few changes in skirt length and waistline, are not unlike the present day fashions we are wearing. Helen Taylor, who has done such a grand designing job on these, believes that no one would laugh at Josephine should she suddenly walk down Hollywood Boulevard in some of her 1917 outfits. And those that forecast fashion trends a few years hence are definitely worth keeping in mind.

But to get down to earth, since you and I can't think only in terms of the lavish silver fox, we can turn our eyes to the many other charming furs that come closer to our budget confines and still retain (*Continued on page 87*)

"I enjoy the added zest that comes with smoking a Camel"

Mrs. Jasper Morgan





When not occupying her town house, Mrs. Morgan is at Westbury, Long Island. "Mildness is important in a cigarette," she says. "I'm sure that is one reason every one is enthusiastic about Camels. And I never tire of their flavor." The fact that Camels are milder makes a big difference.

Young Mrs. Jasper Morgan's town house is one of the most individual in New York, with the spacious charm of its two terraces. "Town is a busy place during the season," she says. "There is so much to do, so much entertaining. And the more people do, the more they seem to smoke—and certainly Camels are the popular cigarette. If I'm tired from the rush of things, I notice that smoking a Camel revives my energy in a pleasant way. And I find their flavor most agreeable." Camel spends millions more every year for finer, more expensive tobaccos. Get a "lift" with a Camel.

AMONG THE MANY DISTINGUISHED WOMEN WHO PREFER CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS:

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, *Philadelphia*
MISS MARY BYRD, *Richmond*
MRS. POWELL CABOT, *Boston*
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., *New York*
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II, *Boston*
MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR., *Wilmington*
MRS. HENRY FIELD, *Chicago*
MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGHORNE, *Virginia*
MRS. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, *New York*
MRS. POTTER D'ORSAY PALMER, *Chicago*
MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN RENSSELAER, *New York*

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
QUALITY

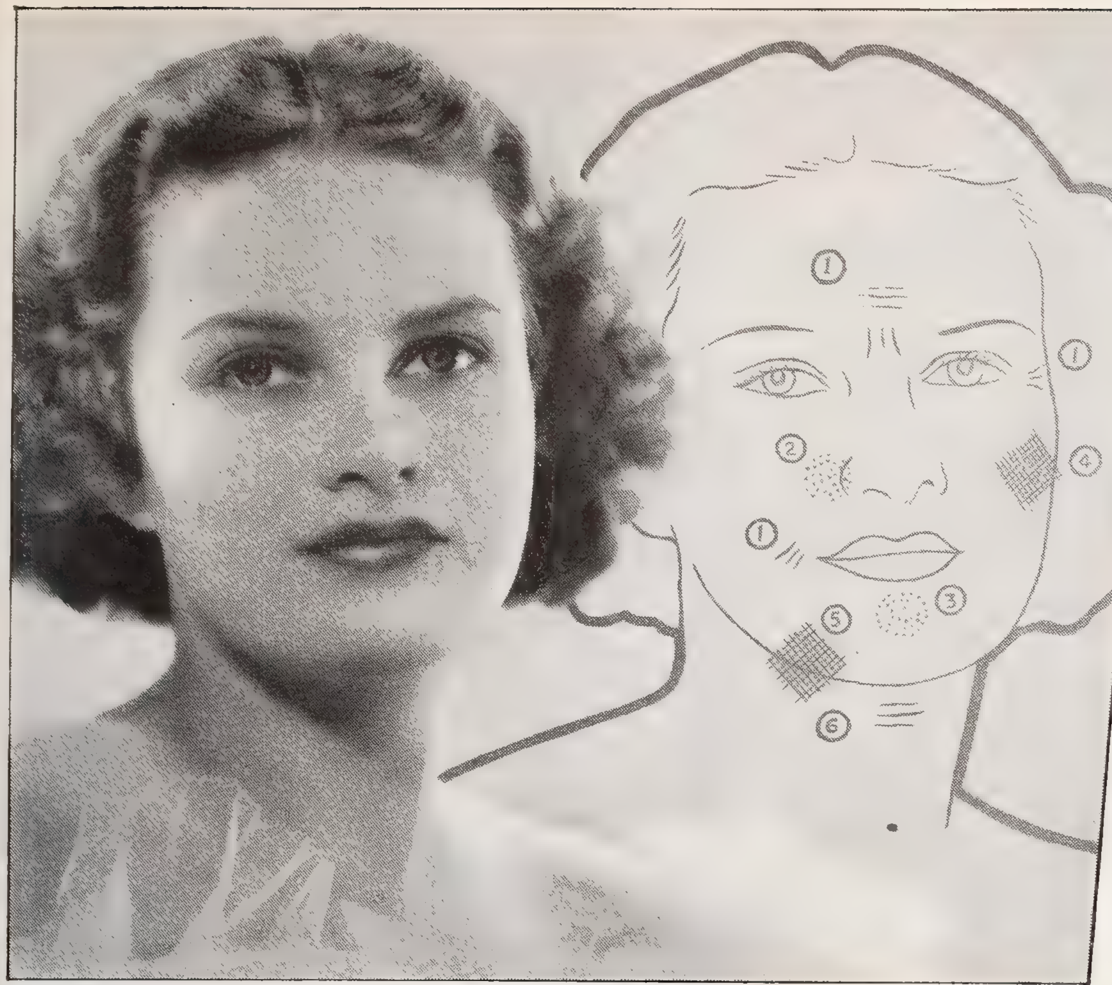
In summer Mrs. Morgan is keenly interested in yachting. "Another thing that makes me like Camels so much," she says, "is that they never affect my nerves. I suppose that is because of the finer tobaccos in Camels." Smoking Camels never upsets your nerves.

Camels are Milder!...made from finer, more expensive tobaccos ...Turkish and Domestic...than any other popular brand

© 1935, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

A Romantic Duet

Backstage love—an aspiring young soprano and the successful baritone. In other words, Lawrence Tibbett and Virginia Bruce in "Metropolitan." This behind-the-scenes yarn of the opera gives Tibbett a grand setting for his screen return. And are you fans pleased! Alice Brady's a diva whose best notes are sour. As for Virginia, she gets the breaks, not only Tibbett but Cesar Romero.



Which is Yours?

1 Lines fade when wasting *under* tissues are stimulated.

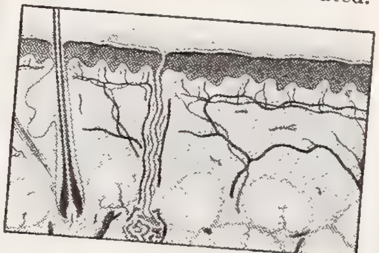
2 Blackheads go when clogging underskin secretions are removed, and *underskin* stimulation prevents further clogging.

3 Blemishes stop coming when blackheads that cause them are removed and new ones prevented.

4 Pores reduce when kept free from pore-enlarging secretions that come from within the skin.

5 Dry skin softens when penetrating oils restore suppleness and oil glands grow active.

6 Tissues won't sag when underskin nerves and fibres are kept toned up and stimulated.

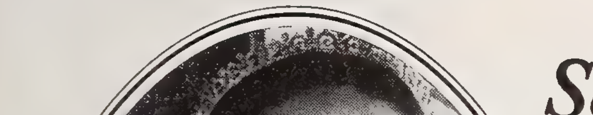


Where skin faults start— In the underskin, tiny nerves, cells, blood vessels and glands keep outer skin flawless. Skin faults start when this underskin slows up!

Miss Constance Hall says: "Pond's Cold Cream keeps my skin clear and fine."

Put new life into Under Skin

See outer skin bloom...Faultless!



HER ROYAL HIGHNESS, FRANCOISE of FRANCE

Princess Christopher of Greece

famed among royalty for her classic beauty, says: "Pond's Cold Cream makes my skin look fresher, my pores fine. Little lines have vanished!"

Deep-skin Cream
reaches beginnings of Common Skin Faults

WHAT annoys you most when you peer into the mirror?

Blackheads dotting your nose? Lines on forehead? Little blemishes? If you could only start *new*—with a satin-clear skin!

And you *can!*—by putting *new life* into your underskin! There's where skin faults begin. And there's where you must work to get rid of them.

Your underskin is made up of tiny nerves, blood vessels, glands and fibres. *Kept active*—they rush life to your outer skin—free it of flaws. Annoying lines, blackheads, blemishes are a sign your underskin is losing its vigor!

TO KEEP that underskin pulsating with life—stimulate it deep with Pond's Cold Cream. Made of specially processed oils, it seeps down the pore through cloggings of dirt...make-up... skin secretions. Out they flow—leaving your skin fresher, immediately clearer.

But Pond's Cold Cream does still more! Pat in more cream briskly. Circulation quickens, little glands get busy. Now pores reduce, blemishes go away, lines begin to fade!

A double-benefit treatment

Every Night, pat in Pond's Cold Cream to uproot clogging make-up and dirt. Wipe off. Now pat in fresh Cream—for underskin stimulation!

Every Morning, and before make-up, refresh your skin with Pond's Cold Cream. It smooths your skin for powdering.

Pond's Cold Cream is absolutely pure. Germs cannot live in it.

Special 9-Treatment Tube

POND'S, Dept. M50, Clinton, Conn. . I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

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City______________ State________

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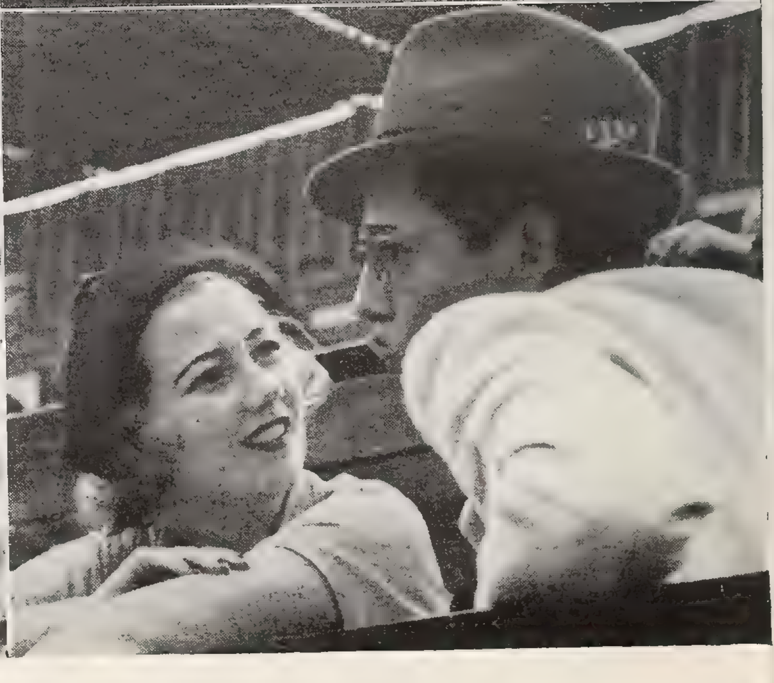
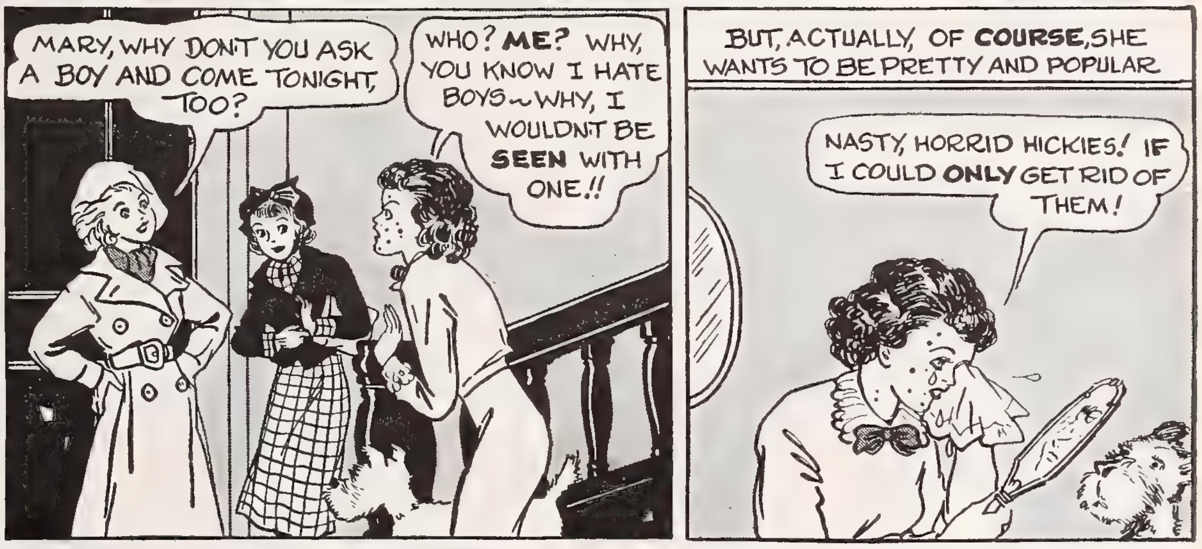
Love GAME

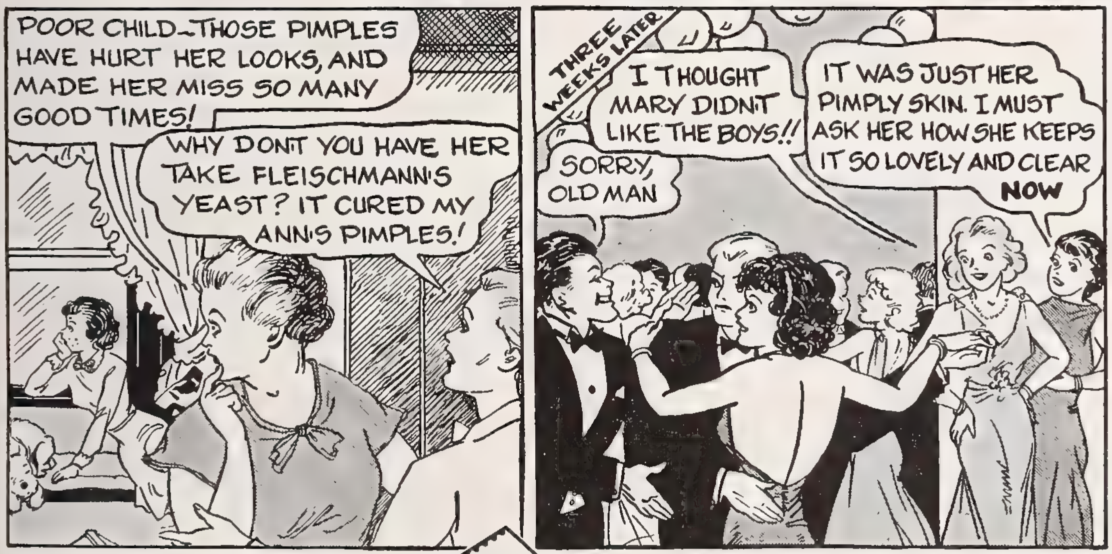
Love game on the tennis court and in the grandstand! At least that's the way it struck Scotty when he looked about and spotted all these teams as spectators. At right, Gladys Swarthout, the operatic screen star, and her husband, Frank Chapman. They're very devoted. Then below, left to right, Margaret Sullavan and spouse, William Wyler, prove that everything is hunky-dory with them again. Bob Riskin with Carole Lombard, an inseparable duo. And in the bottom row, none other than Gloria Swanson, looking smarter and younger than ever, with her constant swain, Herbert Marshall. They seem to be having more fun than anyone else. And last, Ann Sothern waits eagerly for Roger Pryor's decision on a play. This romance goes on and on.



"Thank Goodness—
I'M not
Boy Crazy"

But secretly she cried over her pimply skin


MARY, WHY DON'T YOU ASK A BOY AND COME TONIGHT, TOO?
WHO? ME? WHY, YOU KNOW I HATE BOYS—WHY, I WOULDN'T BE SEEN WITH ONE!!
BUT, ACTUALLY, OF COURSE, SHE WANTS TO BE PRETTY AND POPULAR
NASTY, HORRID HICKIES! IF I COULD ONLY GET RID OF THEM!


POOR CHILD—THOSE PIMPLES HAVE HURT HER LOOKS, AND MADE HER MISS SO MANY GOOD TIMES!
WHY DON'T YOU HAVE HER TAKE FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST? IT CURED MY ANN'S PIMPLES!
THREE WEEKS LATER
I THOUGHT MARY DIDN'T LIKE THE BOYS!!
SORRY, OLD MAN
IT WAS JUST HER PIMPLY SKIN. I MUST ASK HER HOW SHE KEEPS IT SO LOVELY AND CLEAR NOW

Don't let adolescent pimples cramp YOUR style

From 13 to 25 years of age, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin becomes over-sensitive. Harmful waste products get into your blood. These poisons irritate the sensitive skin and make pimples break through.

Physicians prescribe Fleischmann's Yeast for adolescent pimples. This fresh yeast clears skin irritants out of the blood. Pimples vanish! Eat it 3 times a day, before meals, until skin clears.

Copyright, 1935, Standard Brands Incorporated

Supplies Vitamins A B D G
FLEISCHMANN'S
YEAST
Eat 3 cakes daily before meals

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Left, a brother and sister team that hoofed successfully from Broadway to the screen—Vilma and Buddy Ebsen. Buddy also has the distinction of being married to Walter Winchell's Girl Friday, Ruth Cambridge. And right, the Hollywood snapshooter's sweetheart, Arline Judge. And that's our own Scotty with his arm about the gal. The camera lads decided that Arline always gave them the breaks, never refused to pose—so they presented her with a silver cup, inscribed, "You're the tops!" Nice tribute.

MORE GOOD NEWS

(*Continued from page 15*)

on the Warner lot, and tennis on a weekday afternoon is only for the idle rich and the snooping reporters.

■ ■ ■

Love in Bloom Department: Sally Eilers and hubby Harry Joe Brown holding hands like a couple of school kids during a recent cocktail hour. . . . Pat Ellis at the "Bright Lights" opening with Dick Green, an assistant director at RKO, who, they say, is Pat's true love. . . . Lyle Talbot dividing his evenings between Paula Stone and Martha Merrill, among others. . . . And Alice Faye sharing her spare moments with Billy Seymour and Vic Orsatti. . . . Lee Tracy and Isabel Jewell together again at the Baer-Louis fight in New York.

■ ■ ■

Von Sternberg, as you probably know, has just finished making "Crime and Punishment" for Columbia. Many were the Hollywood gags which floated about during its production—such as calling the picture Von Sternberg's Crime and Columbia's Punishment—but those who have seen the rushes predict it will be one of the real hits of the new season.

■ ■ ■

The off-again on-again honors for the month are hereby handed to Robert Taylor and Irene Hervey. Following their romance is driving us dizzy, but we've finally figured it out. On Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays they're madly in love. On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays they deny everything, and people see Bob with Alice Faye and Irene with someone else. We haven't got around to figuring out their Sunday status yet.

■ ■ ■

Visited Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan on the set of "Tarzan Escapes," on which they have been working since last June. This is their third venture into the jungle, and Maureen seemed particularly happy about it because Johnny Farrow wrote the dialogue and spent much of his time on the set. It's hardly possible that Johnny contributed the dialogue for the scene we watched, which consisted of "Ugh!" and something that sounded like "Ummmph!"

■ ■ ■

If you can measure prosperity by the length of a person's automobile, Mae West is the wealthiest gal in the world. Mae must have been saving the money she usually invests in diamonds, for she has just stepped out with a swank Dusenberg that's almost as long as a feature picture. Even on a foggy day you can see Mae for miles, for the job is all done up in white. All, that is, except the driver, who is three shades darker than Stepin Fetchit.

■ ■ ■

Mae's pretentious buggy sort of puts Bob Montgomery's imported Bentley Racer in the anti-climax department, but it hasn't taken away any of Mr. M's enthusiasm for his car. At Metro stars are allowed to drive their automobiles onto the lot, which means that Bob practically drives his right onto the set and almost runs over his pals in his anxiety to show off his prize possession. It's getting so he spends most of his time at the wheel; if Metro wants a Montgomery picture they'll either have to blast or write Robert a racing yarn.

■ ■ ■

It seems there are two subjects Gene Raymond hates to discuss with interviewers, and they are love and marriage. Recently a writer asked him, "What is your opinion of a trial honeymoon properly chaperoned?" Gene replied, "First tell me what would be *your* opinion of a trial chaperone properly honeymooned?"

Danced with Una Merkel at the Trocadero recently and she raved about the grand wardrobe she wears in "Riff Raff." Thinking Adrian must have poured his soul into his supreme creations, we visited Una on the set a few days later for a first-hand preview of her gorgeous gowns. The little number she was wearing must have cost all of thirty-nine cents. It was a house dress obviously made for someone who was—well, bigger around the house than Una. And it *wasn't* an Adrian creation. Una said she personally shopped for her things and the complete wardrobe, dresses, shoes, stocking, jools and all cost her ten dollars. "There's just one thing wrong with this lovely creation," said Una of her oversized house dress, "the men—it drives them mad!" So watch for "Riff Raff" and the ravishing new Merkel ensembles.

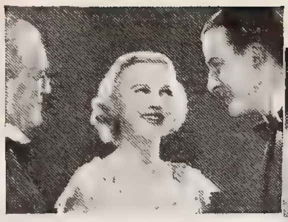
■ ■ ■

Jackie Cooper's mother has the right idea in re-bringing up a child star. Mrs. C. and Jackie take a beach home every summer, as a rule, and return in the winter to their place in Beverly Hills. This summer Jackie had such a swell time with the kids in the beach neighborhood that they forgot all about him being a movie star and elected him president of their club. Mrs. C., believing that Jackie is getting a chance to be just one of the gang, has closed her Beverly Hills home and will keep the club president with his fellow members at the beach all winter.

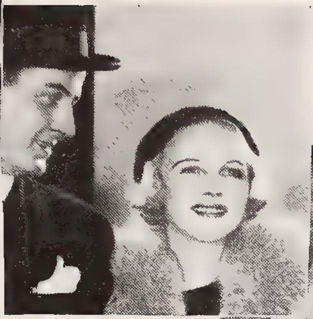
■ ■ ■

Evalyn Knapp, who suffered a broken back two years ago and is now making her screen comeback, got her start on a lemonade stand. When she was ten, it seems, she wanted to take dancing lessons, but her parents told her dancing was wicked, and so—no dough for dancing lessons. Brother Orville, now the orchestra leader, decided to finance the gal's career himself, so he built himself a lemonade stand and turned the proceeds over to Evalyn for her dancing lessons. So if you want to get into the movies, just take a few lemons, add water and a dash of sugar.

The SIX STAGES OF LOVE

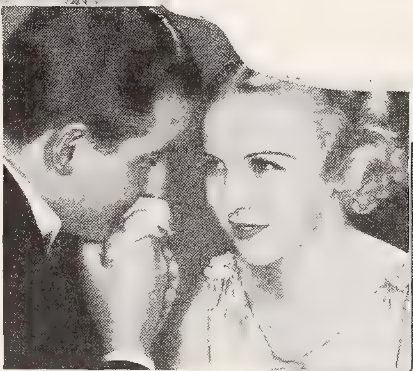


1
The introduction—he gives you the once over — do your eyes invite friendship?



2
The first date—he follows your eyes, searching for understanding, for more than friendship.

3
Then the fateful moment, when gazing into each other's eyes, the realization of love comes.



4
The proposal — the "yes" in your eyes says more than lips ever can.

5
At the altar—eyes meet in sacred understanding.

6
On the honeymoon and ever after he adores your eyes—if from the very introduction you've kept your lashes long and alluring with Winx Mascara.

EYES INVITE ROMANCE

if framed by long lovely lashes

Now a wonderful new way to beautify lashes—as easy as using lipstick or rouge.

Instantly EVERY girl can have the romantic eyes that men adore . . . thanks to the latest improvement in mascaras, based on years of experience.

An up-to-the-minute *creamy* mascara! Always ready! No water required! No mixing. No bother. Easier to apply. In 40 seconds your lashes look longer, darker, more luxuriant.

Creamy Winx comes in a dainty, convenient tube, handy to use anywhere, anytime. You simply squeeze a bit of Creamy Winx on a brush and apply . . . it's so easy.

This new Creamy Winx keeps the lashes soft and silky, with no danger of brittleness. And, of course, this new style of Creamy Winx Mascara does not smart—it is tear-proof, smudge-proof. Absolutely harmless.

Its creamy smoothness beautifies lashes naturally, overcoming the artificial look of ordinary mascaras.

Today, buy a tube of this new Creamy Winx—to try it is to abandon all others. Black, brown or blue. At all 10c toilet counters.

• • •

Other Winx Eye Beautifiers

Winx Mascara for darkening lashes is also presented in cake and liquid—each superior in its field. For lovelier brows, use a Winx Eyebrow Pencil. For giving your eyes depth and accent, use Winx Eye Shadow.

ROSS COMPANY, 243 West 17th Street, New York City

NEW
Creamy
WINX
for Lovely Eyes
WINX
CREAMY MASCARA

KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED CIGARETTES—CORK-TIPPED

YOUR THROAT SAYS
. . . thank you

THOSE cork tips please your lips. The fine Turkish-Domestic tobaccos please your palate. The mild menthol brings a cool and thankful refreshment to your throat. Finally, the B & W coupon in each pack of KOOLS is a constant source of gratification. Save them; they are good for a choice of attractive items of nationally advertised merchandise. (Write for latest illustrated premium list No. 10; offer good in U. S. A. only.) For a year of Thanksgiving smoking switch to KOOLS!

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

SAVE COUPONS *for* HANDSOME PREMIUMS

SAVE THIS VALUABLE B&W COUPON
–REDEEMABLE–
BY THE UNDERSIGNED
KOOL
MILD MENTHOL
15¢ for TWENTY
25¢ in CANADA

RALEIGH CIGARETTES . . . NOW AT POPULAR PRICES . . . ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

BETWEEN YOU AND ME

Get busy, folks, and let us hear from you. If you would like to have your letter published in these columns, you must write something interesting about a movie personality or a phase of motion pictures that will interest everyone. Address: Between You and Me, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

"Star-Gazer" on the Carpet

Because of a letter in the September MODERN SCREEN, signed "Star-Gazer, Cornwall, Eng.," I am writing my first letter to a column of this kind. To call Joan "the essence of artificiality" is bad enough, but to add that she is only a "glorified clothes-prop" really rings the bell. Miss Crawford probably wears clothes better than anyone else in pictures. As for her leading an artificial private life, I believe we, who live here in Hollywood, know something about that, and know that she is kind, generous, sincere and cultured. We hope Joan will continue to be our beautiful, fascinating, talented American Girl—and I'm half English!—Vernita McClelland, Los Angeles, Calif. Joan Crawford lives as natural a private life as anyone in the movie colony. Joan and Franchot make a perfect couple. As to publicity—there hasn't been nearly as much about Joan and Doug Jr. as there has been about Doug Sr. and his English lady friend.—Roberta Peers, Virginia, Minnesota. A large dress house in New York has copied all of the gowns Joan wore in "No More Ladies" and they are all good sellers! Joan deserves more than a carload of orchids for having the knack to wear such glamorous clothes. I have written Joan numerous times and she has always answered and written lovely letters, which proves she appreciates her fans interest in her.—Betty Miller, Scranton, Pa. It's a shame that you don't know all the little kind things that Joan has done for a number of unfortunate people, and if you did, you would not dare to call her artificial. In fact, you would dash off an apology at once. Your comment on her mouth is unjust. Only once has she deserved such criticism and that was in "Sadie Thompson"—there it was slightly exaggerated. As for her hair, thousands of girls are dependent on her pictures to give them new ideas on how to wear their hair. Without movie stars to set the styles, everyone would look alike.—Billie Befanger, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Good Work, Arline!

I am glad to see Paramount has given a real break to a great little star who really deserves it. I refer to Arline Judge, whose performance in "College Scandal" was one of the most natural portrayals I have ever seen on the screen. There have been many stars who have laid a claim to natural charm and good down-to-earth acting, but I am sure that Hollywood has never seen an actress who could have made the character of "Sally Dunlap" so utterly human and pleasingly natural as Miss Judge has done.—Frank Crowe, Spokane, Wash.

Success Secret!

I am a great admirer of George Raft. He has the same effect upon me as Katharine Hepburn—I am content to just sit and watch these two, they are so utterly fascinating. A lady once said to me: "Doesn't it just thrill you the way he shows 'them' teeth?" I guess that must be one of Mr. Raft's secrets of success. However, it seems to me that the stories he is in are rather slow moving. "Limehouse Blues" and "The Glass Key" were better. But the leading lady in "The Glass Key" couldn't act and wasn't even pretty. I can't understand this when you see so many pretty girls in comedies and Westerns, girls who can act, too. Here's hoping I see him in a good story with a good leading lady.—Bernice Coleman, Fort Scott, Kansas.

Five Wishes

Things I'd like to see done:

Ann Harding (pictured) given a one-way ticket to China.

Better roles for Spencer Tracy with an actress instead of a glorified dress model as his leading lady.

Ditto Franchot Tone. Why he is always cast as the weak-kneed husband or suitor is past me, especially after his performance in "Bengal Lancers."

Shirley Temple giving her fans a rest for a while. Enough is plenty.

Three loud phooeys for Herbert Marshall. I suppose he calls himself an actor, but to me he is nothing but a walking flagpole with his conceited airs and *so* perfect vocabulary. I wish he'd go back to England instead of spoiling good pictures with his everlasting egotistical performances.—Just Me, Detroit, Mich.

Bela Lugosi Crime Report

The "Veiled Woman" sat in the "Thirteenth Chair" and dined with the "Prisoners." She cried, "Oh, For a Man!" not knowing "Such Men Are Dangerous." The "Renegades" were "Broadminded" about taking "Dracula" with them on their "Black Camel" to visit "Women of All Nations." "The White Zombie" with the aid of "Chandu, the Magician," committed "Murders in the Rue Morgue" on "The Island of Lost Souls" by means of "The Death Kiss."

(*Continued on page* 95)

Smart Girls ARE MATCHING LIPS AND FINGER TIPS

Natural Lipstick:
Natural, Rose and
Mauve Nail Polish

Coral Lipstick:
Coral Nail Polish

Cardinal Lipstick:
Cardinal Nail Polish

Ruby Lipstick:
Ruby Nail Polish

MAYBE it's the touch of matchmaking in it that appeals to every woman! Anyway, you'll want to come out —right now—in the new Cutex matching lips and finger tips.

Abandon any fears that the matching idea may be complicated to work out! Just choose one of the 6 smart shades of Cutex Polish. Then complete your color ensemble by smoothing on matching Cutex Lipstick. Could anything be simpler?

A perfect match in quality, too

Cutex Polish, you'll find, flows onto your nails with positively divine smoothness. It leaves no rim or streaking of color. It won't peel or chip. And every smart shade is authentic, selected by the World's Manicure Authority.

The new Cutex Lipstick is just as expertly made as the polish. It's smooth, creamy . . . yet never messy or greasy. And it *stays* on—without drying your lips. It's a perfectly grand lipstick at about half the price you usually pay!

Get Cutex Liquid Polish . . . Crème or Clear . . . with patented metal-shaft brush that holds the bristles in tightly, and Cutex matching Lipstick, in a smart black enamel case, at any Toilet Goods Department.

Start off with your favorite shade of Cutex Polish and matching Cutex Lipstick—and you'll soon see what an adventure in smartness it turns out to be! Begin today!

NORTHAM WARREN, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

CUTEX
Nail Polish and Lipstick

THE MODERN HOSTESS

Yum-yum, Mrs. Woods has certainly prepared a delicious meal for Donald. He's telling her that English Beef and Kidney Pie is just what he craves. And Chopped Meat Casserole with Rice (right) is another dish that adds zest to a dinner menu. The coupon at the end of this article will bring you recipes for these and other delicious meat dishes.

BY MARJORIE DEEN

Courtesy Southern Rice Association

"MEN LIKE MEAT," SAYS DONALD WOODS, "AND IT'S A WISE WOMAN WHO WILL SERVE IT THE WAY THEY LIKE IT!"

ASK ANY man what he'd like to have for dinner and chances are about ten to one that he'll answer "steak" or "chops"—just like that without a minute's thought.

It's only natural, therefore, that a great many women fall into the error of thinking that those are the only two kinds of meat their husbands really like, when the truth of the matter is simply that the darling lacks imagination and can't think of anything else to say on the spur of the moment.

But no housewife will make any mistake in thinking that when it comes to food preferences men like meat. So, spurred on by a desire to economize, fortified with determination and armed with a few good recipes, she is sure to discover, as I have, that there are lots of meats less expensive than steaks or chops and just as popular with the men folk.

Of course, these cheaper meat dishes must be particularly well cooked and seasoned to compete successfully with more costly cuts for masculine approval. But I have Donald Woods' word for it that no man can resist the appeal of a Savory Lamb Stew or fail to appreciate a wife who adds variety to the daily menu by serving an English Beef and Kidney Pie, a tempting Chopped Meat Casserole with Rice, or a rich, brown Hungarian Goulash!

"GIVE ME one of the dishes I've mentioned, in preference to steak any day," Donald told me. "Well seasoned, attractively served and absolutely swimming in gravy, these meats star on any menu. With them I personally want something starchy—potatoes, rice or noodles. That combination, so far as I'm concerned, makes a really perfect meal!

"Yes," continued attractive Mr. Woods (whom you'll soon be seeing as Elizabeth Allan's young husband in Ronald Colman's next starring picture, Dickens' immortal "Tale of Two Cities"), "yes, it's a wise woman who realizes that most men eat vegetables only because they have to, don't care a hoot about vitamins, consume salads under compulsion only, and shudder inwardly (if they're polite) or kick openly (if they're not) at the sight of too-sweet desserts. But if the main dish is meat and that meat dish is a success, friend husband will overlook any bad points about the meal and leave the table in a jovial mood, satisfied with the world in general and his wife in particular!

"Take my own house as an example," he continued. "My wife doesn't happen to like meat herself! But like the wise little woman she is, she serves her fancy salads, vegetable plates, dainty egg dishes and the like at bridge club luncheons only. Then for dinner we have one of the many meat combinations that she has discovered I like to eat. Clever girl, what!" he concluded with a proud grin.

Perhaps it was the praise showered upon her by Donald, or maybe my own entreaties had something to do with it, but at any rate Mrs. Woods went to considerable trouble describing the foods over which her handsome young husband is so very enthusiastic. You can be sure that I listened with the greatest interest, for I felt that Donald was on the right track when he stressed a man's marked preference for meats over any other food. And you can be sure that I literally *grabbed* a batch of Woods recipes when they were offered me and rushed home to try them out and to pass on to you the results of my conversation and experiments.

AFTER testing the recipes gathered from the Woods files. I'm here to tell you that such succulent meats and flavorsome gravies I have never tasted. Never before did I realize that one could do such wonders with a simple lamb stew just by adding a little chili sauce and the right amount of seasoning. Never did I think that a pound of chopped beef could be stretched to make a meal for four, nor that it could be seasoned and served in such a way that it becomes a dish fit for a king—or a screen star! Well, you live and learn they say and certainly I learned a lot about men's liking for meats from Donald Woods and discovered how to prepare original and unusual meat dishes from his wife.

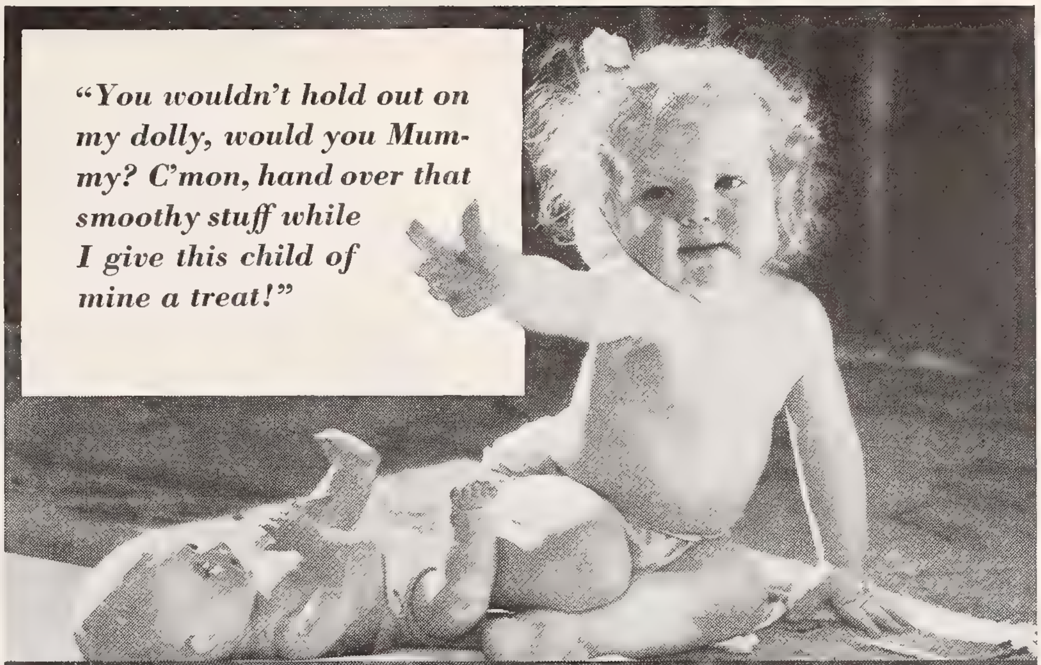
I know that *you* will be pleased to hear that I am going to give you several of these tested recipes this month. You will find two of them at the end of this article—one for the Savory Lamb Stew, the other for Pork Chops, Hawaiian—both of them great favorites of Donald's.

Just below the recipes you will see a coupon. If you are a wise woman you'll fill out that coupon, at once, and send it along to me, because some of Donald Woods' best bets in the line of meat dishes are included in this month's recipe leaflet. It is yours for the asking—as always. Yes, absolutely free! And pretty darned attractive, this recipe leaflet, if I do say so. Thousands of women already have taken advantage of this generous monthly offer of free, tested, practical recipes for the favorite foods of well-known screen stars. Others would do well to follow their example, especially this month when a moment's writing and a stamp or postal will bring you suggestions for meat dishes that are sure to win your husband's approval (or your best beau's heart).

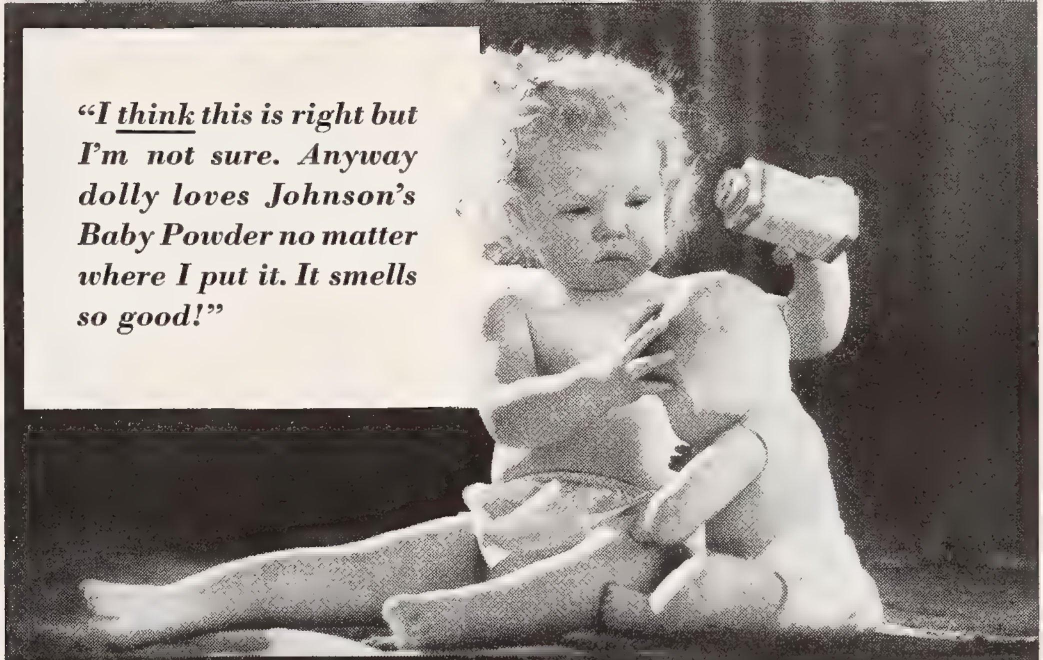
The fact that these recipes will help you save on your meat bills is just another point in their favor. I doubt very much if Mrs. Woods had any such idea in mind when she set out to discover ways of preparing and serving meats that Donald would like. But though she only sought—and found—ways to add variety to the menu, you will discover and appreciate the fact that her suggestions are economical as well.

For these recipes provide splendid examples of the two best ways to "stretch" meat money that I know of. One way, of course, is to use the cheaper meat cuts. The other way is to make a more expensive cut go further by "extending" the meat

(*Continued on page 97*)



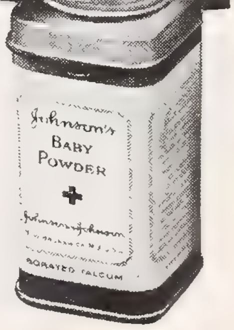
"You wouldn't hold out on my dolly, would you Mummy? C'mon, hand over that smoothy stuff while I give this child of mine a treat!"



"I think this is right but I'm not sure. Anyway dolly loves Johnson's Baby Powder no matter where I put it. It smells so good!"

"Hey, this dolly put ideas into my head. Now I need powdering—'cause I'm scratchy! Please take care of me, Mummy—I'm in trouble!"

"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder — the kind that soothes away skin irritation just like that! For I'm soft as silk — made of the very finest Italian Talc. No gritty particles nor orris-root in me. And don't forget my team-mates — Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream!"



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$3 *La Richesse*
PERFUME!

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COMPLEXION POWDER
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To introduce
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Combats shiny nose, conspicuous pores, floury blotches

You can't possibly have a lovely skin if face powder mixes with natural skin moisture and lets shine through, clogs pores and makes them conspicuous, or forms pasty-looking blotches.

So change at once to Luxor, the moisture-proof face powder. Prove it yourself. It won't even mix with water in a glass. Thus, it won't mix with similar moisture on your skin and make a harmful paste.

More than 6,000,000 women stick to Luxor because it is moisture-proof. It comes in a range of smart new shades, scientifically blended in our vast laboratories to flatter brunettes, blondes, and in-betweens with gorgeous natural effect.

No powder at any price, contains finer, purer ingredients. Insist on Luxor by name, and get

FREE! 2-drams of La Richesse

a sophisticated, smart French scent, selling regularly at $3 an ounce. An enchanting gift to win new friends for Luxor. Powder and perfume together in a bright new Christmas wrapper at all cosmetic counters for the price of Luxor powder alone.

Moisture-proof **Luxor** **55c** **FACE POWDER**

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By all means try this spectacular new softener for hands. A marvelous absorbent cream works right into tissues—dries like magic! At all cosmetic counters.

Good Housekeeping Bureau

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What size shoes does Tom Brown wear?
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ASK US! GO AHEAD, ASK US

HELEN COUGHLIN, Rochester, N. Y.; FLORENCE STONE, Detroit, Mich.; MARY BUTTY, Brooklyn, N. Y.; ELEANOR DEIMLING, Cleveland, Ohio; GERALDINE GENTZIG, New York City; GLENN SCHULTZ, Alma, Wis.; LORRAINE DeNEP, Chicago, Ill.; LOIS WATTS, Dallas, Tex.; MARGARET MOODY, Pasadena, Tex.; MARTHA HILL, Kansas City, Mo.; DORA BROWN, Sask., Canada; MARY F. MOYLAN, CAROLYN KLINE, Phila., Pa.; GRACE NOLAN, Devon, Conn.; HILDA & HULDA STUTZMAN, Natchez, Miss.; MARGUERITE PINARD, Oakland, Cal.; HELEN BURGSTA, Wallington, N. J.; ELSIE HORVATH, Lorain, Ohio; ALLAN LESLIE, Antler, N. D.; RUBY RICKETTS, Anadarko, Okla.; N. P. GUNNERSON, Shrewsbury, Mass.—Our first subject for examination this month is Jean Harlow, who was born with the name of Harlene Carpenter, on March 3, 1911, in Kansas City, Mo. Her father was Dr. Frank Carpenter, a dentist. Until she was ten she attended the Barstow School for Girls in K. C., then moved to Hollywood where the Hollywood School for Girls carried on her education. Then back to K. C. and the Bigelow School and later Ferry Hall in Lake Forest, Ill. At 16 she ran away and married Charles F. McGrew II and went to Hollywood to live, but was divorced 2 years later. Through a bet she registered at the Central Casting office and in a short time was assigned to an extra part in Richard Dix' "Moran of the Marines." Then Hal Roach took her over and she played in a Laurel and Hardy comedy, released in 1929. Because of family pressure, she was forced to ask for her release from the Roach contract and spent the next 8 months doing nothing. Trying her luck once more, Jean (she had adopted her present name with her first picture) landed a part in Clara Bow's "Saturday Night Kid." Then she met Ben Lyon and James Hall who were making "Hell's Angels" and through them was awarded the lead in that film. The rest is movie history. Jean is 5 feet 3½ inches tall, weighs 109 pounds, has gray-blue eyes and silvery blonde hair. She loves to entertain and is an excellent cook. Collects wire-haired terriers and phonograph records, can't play any musical instruments, likes to play golf, tennis, swim and ride. Her second husband was Paul Bern, her third—Hal Rosson. She and William Powell are still lika-this. Jean is under contract to M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Cal., where she is now working on "Riff Raff" with Spencer Tracy.

LETTYE ANN VOGEL, Kansas City, Mo.; MARY ANN GORDON, Jersey City, N. J.; V. SCHNEIDER, New York City—Nelson Eddy is now working on "Rose Marie" with Jeanette MacDonald. If he makes "Maytime" it will probably be with Grace Moore. "Follow the Fleet" is the next Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers opus. John Ford directed "The Whole Town's Talking" and Clarence Brown "Anna Karenina." George Raft's next after "Every Night at Eight" is "She Couldn't Take It."

RUTHE HAWLEY, Boston, Mass.; ESTHER LOOMIS, Ruxton, Md.; IDA SELLINGER, Chicago, Ill.; MARY CHADWICK, EILEEN LEARY, Newark, N. J.; CHARLES R. QUINLAN, AUDREY SMITH, New York City; JANE FRIEDMAN, Queens Village, N. Y.; DOROTHY VINCENT, DOROTHY MINNETTE, St. Louis, Mo.; M. R. MASON, Disputanta, Va.; KENNETH BIDWELL, Greenville, Ohio; N. SANTORS, Bklyn., N. Y.; CLARA HOUSTEAU, Leetonia, Ohio; THELMA REILLY, Salt Lake City, Utah—Chester Morris, son of William Morris and Etta Hawkins, both well known on the stage, was born in New York City on February 16, 1901. Chester attended grade and high school in Mt. Vernon, N. Y., and later the Art Students League. Although his father did not want him to become an actor, young Morris joined a stock company in Mt. Vernon. When he was 16 he obtained the role of an old man in "The Copperhead" with Lionel Barrymore, after which he appeared in a great number of other stage productions. Then came vaudeville followed by more plays in New York. In the summer of 1928 D. W. Griffith came to New York to unearth film talent. Chester Morris was chosen for the lead in "Alibi" which netted him a contract with Joseph Schenck. On November 8, 1926, Chester Morris was married to Sue Kilborn. They have two children, Brooks and Cynthia. Chester is 5 feet 9 inches tall, weighs 155 pounds, has green eyes and black hair. His most recent M-G-M picture is "Pursuit."

If you would like to see a brief synopsis of your favorite's life in this department, fill in and send us the coupon on page 73. General questions, of course, will be answered here, too. Those asked most frequently and the most interesting ones receive first preference. And not too many at a time please. Address: The Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

WILLIAM T., Clarkton, Mo.—The part of Addie May in "Steamboat 'Round the Bend" was taken by a little girl named Lois Verner. Garbo's next will probably be "Camille." Margo finished "Robin Hood of El Dorado" before starting her New York play.

ANNE, Macon, Ga., ROYE T. BRAKE, Burkesville, Ky.; JANET GOLDIE, Newtonville, Mass.; J. DRAVILLAS, Oakland, Cal., CONSTANCE PETTY, Gilberton, Pa.; HERBERT GIBSON, Lansdowne, Md.; OLEN McDONALD, Monroe, N. C.; MARIAN SAVIDGE, Jersey City, N. J.; E. V. FLITCRAFT, Oak Park, Ill.; BETTE WARREN, Norfolk, Va.; LOUIE SAUNDERS, Snoqualmie, Wash.; JOANNE ROGERS, Hollis, N. Y.—Rochelle Hudson is going places, and since you'll be seeing more of her from now on, you'd better stock up on her past history. Born in Claremore, Okla. (Will Rogers' home town) on March 6, 1914, she received her education in the Claremore grade school, and the Hollywood High School after her parents moved there in 1930. She determined to become a film star and after many futile attempts signed an RKO contract, making her screen debut in "Laugh and Get Rich." After completing five more pictures with that company she signed a Fox contract following her success in a small role with Rogers in "Doctor Bull." It is important to mention that, while Rochelle had no previous professional stage experience, she had appeared in local performances, had taken dramatic lessons as well as singing, dancing and painting. Her hobby is hook rugs, has two cats as pets, likes to swim, play tennis and read good fiction. She has grey eyes and her favorite color is blue. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 100 pounds and has dark brown hair. After "Way Down East" in which she appears with Henry Fonda, she will be in "Snatched" with Bruce Cabot and Cesar Romero. She is under contract to 20th-Century Fox, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif. Miss Hudson is not married.

GLADYS PRYOR, Salisbury, Md.—John Wayne most assuredly is not dead. His two most recent pictures are "Lawless Range" and "The New Frontier." Buck Jones will be 46 on the 4th of December.

MARY LOUISE ADKINS, Cleves, Ohio; ELLEN SANDFORD, Los Angeles, Cal.; L. GLENNON, Boston, Mass.; MARY HILNER, Taines, Fla.; PATRICIA GORDON, Oakland, Cal.; IRENE HANYAK, Barnesboro, Pa.; DOROTHY FLETCHER, Melrose, Mass.; JEAN LAZARUS, New York, N. Y.; MATTIE LEE, Pasadena, Cal.; KATHERINE KNIGHT, Dallas, Tex.; MOVIESTRUCK, Iowa City, Ia.; EDNA MANSFIELD, Burlington, N. C.—And now's for Robert Montgomery. The son of Henry Montgomery, Bob was born in Beacon, N. Y., on May 21, 1904. There were tutors and exclusive places for his early training and his prep-school education was received at the fashionable Pawling School for Boys, following which he was sent to Europe to complete his education. When Bob was 16 his father died quite suddenly, leaving the family fortune in a sad state. He and his brother set about immediately to find work. Four months later Bob was deck hand on an oil tanker. On his return to New York Bob got a bit part in a show through his room mate, following which he joined a stock company in Rochester. After his stock experiences, Montgomery returned to New York, where he talked himself onto Broadway, and was a rising success there for five years. His first talking picture was "So This Is College," and his first stellar picture was "Man in Possession." He dresses with exceeding care, shoots a good game of golf and is considered one of the best tennis players in the film colony. He plays the piano and sings a nifty tenor, is an incessant reader, and very fond of scotties. Elizabeth Allen is Mrs. Robert Montgomery and they have one daughter. He is scheduled for three pictures, the first of which will probably be a musical with Jessie Matthews and Clifton Webb. Write him at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

CELESTE SIMARI, Brooklyn, N. Y.—David and Betty Holt are not the children of Jack Holt. Rosalind Russell is in her late twenties.

MERCEDES FRITZSCHING, Washington, D. C., ELEANOR CLARK, Kent, Ohio; JEANETTE SMITH, Schenectady, N. Y.; SHIRLEY ANDERSON, Chicago, Ill.; LOUISE MULLINAX, Gadsden, Ala.; MARGARET KYLE, Winnipeg, Canada; MARY HOLDEN, Quincy, Mass.; ENID MITCHELL, Columbus, Ohio; DIXON WELLS, Greene, N. Y.; D. LEE TOMPKINS, Cedar

(Continued on page 73)

Taking Care of Mama

(*Continued from page 32*)

shoulders, and makes her feel important . . . and she is. So why not?

"All women like to have their own way, and, in the long run, their way is usually best. Of course, a woman likes to have a little argument now and then. So, every once in a while, I remember to argue a point—just so Dixie can have the pleasure of seeing me give in. That's a very important point! You mustn't be too easy-going, or she'll forget you're a factor and take you for granted. Yes, sir, a little disagreement once in a while sure peps things up around the house!

"I guess you know I don't like to dress up very much. In fact, clothes just aren't one of my hobbies. But Dixie has been after me on that score for years and I'm honestly trying to let her have her way about it. There's only one handicap, you see I'm color blind. An orange sweater, a green tie and a blue shirt—they all look the same to me. So it's not exactly my fault that I haven't given in sooner. But I'm all right today, am I not? Everything I have on *is* tan, isn't it? And you can see she finally got her way about my getting thinner! Thus proving that the wife is always right, or should be!

THERE'S only one thing I boss—one exception to my rule. And that is Dixie's health. I won't let her do anything to endanger it. And that's another good way to hold a wife—there's really more to it than appears on the surface. You can't be happy unless you're healthy. A healthy woman makes a good companion, and a sick one doesn't. I was glad when Dixie went back into pictures and I encouraged it until I saw that too much work was overtaxing her strength, right then and there was where I laid down the law. And I can do it, too! As a matter of fact, I just finished doing it this morning!" Bing added rather proudly.

"You see they want her to do another picture right away. But the doctor told me she should have a little rest first. So that's what I told her. We've been staying down at the ranch, and this morning she wanted to come back to town with me. But I wouldn't let her. I made her stay down there, much as I would have liked to have her with me. But it's good for her down there—good for her, and good for the kids. A husband's got to think of those things. And besides, if I'm cautious about her health, she knows how really precious she is to me!

"Oh, yes, and before I forget it, here's one thing every married man should keep in mind. *Remember anniversaries!* And special ones, too! Ordinary anniversaries, like when you were married, when the babies were born, Christmas and Easter and birthdays aren't enough. Why I've invented all sorts of anniversaries! The day we met. The day we bought our house. All those things! I even make an anniversary out of Dixie's first day, and her last one, on a picture. Why, when she finished "Redheads on Parade" it cost me one mink coat, but it was worth it, I'll say!

"You see I don't want Dixie to think that her career and the money she makes out of it, has anything to do with *us*. It's bad to let a wife mix her business up with marriage."

I got him all right, and was so sold on what I got, that I decided to try out a

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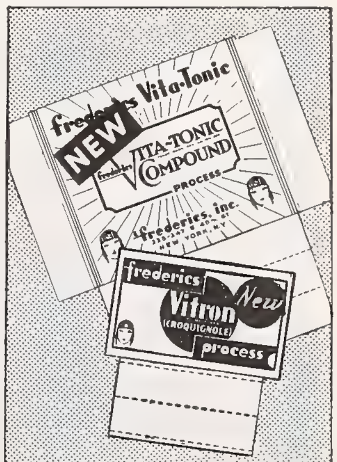

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few other of Hollywood's happily married husbands to find out how they stay that way. It's true that women have a great deal more freedom today than they have ever had before. And freedom furnishes temptations. Another thing, women, as they grow older today, become constantly more attractive—often more attractive after marriage than they were before. Yes, this holding a wife is a modern problem, and even Hollywood men are not exempt.

One of the most attractive wives in Hollywood is Mrs. Pat O'Brien. Pat, being a fighting Irishman, knows only fighting-Irishman rules. And here they are:

"When I received an offer to come to Hollywood," Pat told me, "I practically had to kidnap Eloise to bring her along with me. And when I got my first pay check, I just told her we were going to get married, even though she'd said 'no' about forty-eight times. I finally dragged her right up to the altar. Well, that's sort of made me boss ever since! And that's why I don't agree with what Bing says about letting the lady rule the roost.

"Of course a man's got to be considerate of the little woman's feelings and preferences about certain things. But I don't hide from her the fact that I'm crazy about her, and that she belongs to me, and that I get jealous every time another guy looks at her cross-eyed! I don't mind admitting I hope she's jealous of me, too. I believe in showing it now and then—not petty jealousy, hell no!—but enough to prove I'm not going to let anything break up our home. We've fought for our home for years, to make it what it is today, a haven of security, a baby and a balance in the bank. And just let *anybody* try to take it away from us! That goes for scandal mongers, gossipers and the rest!"

Now Pat showed signs of cooling off, and continued, "Of course, there are other things that are important, too. Little things, like taking your wife dancing whenever she wants to go, whether you feel like it or not. And you know that slogan you see in some restaurants: 'Take your wife out to eat once a week'? That's okay, too—a swell gag for any married man to follow. Take her out as often as you can—go to movies, go dancing, or just go for an auto ride—hold her hand and give her a kiss or two, like you did in the good old days before you were married. Don't be a mugg and sit home in your slippers all the time. A woman likes to see the bright lights, meet new people, and show off a new dress. And for heaven's sake, *don't ever let her think she's missing something by being married!*

My next victim was Chester Morris. Now Chet is as sentimental as a school-boy about his sweetheart, even after a good many years of marriage. And it's easy to see that Mrs. Morris feels the same way about him. "In the first place," said Chet, "if there are any such things as rules, I believe that *considerateness* is the greatest thing any man can give to his wife. And it's especially important for an actor, because you know how unbearable an actor can be! Why, after a disappointment—not getting the role I wanted—I sometimes go for hours without saying a word—sulking, because I feel sorry for myself, I suppose. It's an actor's greatest failing and I just can't help it. This is an awful strain on Susie and I usually try to clear out until the mood is over. Or Susie will say simply, 'Mood, honey?' And I'll answer, 'Yes, mood.' And then she says, 'Well, O. K. Work it out, I won't bother you.' And with that little understanding between us, we never have any friction because of temperament.

"Another thing, I have sort of funny ideas about children. Although we have two of them, and they're the most adorable children in the world, I never let my affection for them come before my love for Susie. When a father (or a mother, either), allows his children to claim first place in his interest, he weakens the close bond between himself and his wife. It's bound to happen. And it's so foolish, for children always run out on their parents when they grow up.

"I've also found that always telling the truth is one of the surest ways to preserve happiness. Even about little things. Even when Susie doesn't ask me about something, I tell her every little thing I do all day long—the people I've met—the people I've talked to, and what was said. It saves a lot of misunderstandings later. Her confidence in me is terribly important to her and to me, too.

"I like to humor her, too. If Susie likes to have breakfast in bed, she never hears me complaining about having to eat downstairs alone. I have no reason to complain. I like her to do anything and everything she wants. Every husband should make it a point to indulge his wife's whims now and then—and also to go out of his way to do little favors for her. Always be considerate of her strength. And don't be backward about showing your affection for her in front of other women. A woman likes that, though she may pretend not to! And have a lot of laughs! A lot of them. They've got what it takes to stay married!"

AT the Eddie G. Robinsons', love is constantly sending a little gift of roses, or Rolls-Royces, or diamond bracelets, or a whole new bedroom set! Eddie simply showers gifts on Gladys, and as he says, "It isn't so much the gifts that count, but I do try to show her, *by* them, how much I think of her and how often."

And because Eddie was too modest to enumerate them himself, I'm going to tell you just a few little items that he showered on her after the baby was born. There was one new town car, spic and span, shining black. One beautiful bracelet. One service set, a lovely old Swedish design. And one stunning tea service, with tremendous tray to match. In addition to which he bought the town out of toys for the baby.

Of course not every man can afford such a splurge, even when the first baby is born but, as Eddie advises, "If a man has five dollars to spare, he should spend at least four of it on his wife. Yes, sir, four out of five, that's my motto! It shows her you're proud of her.

"And I try to please her in other ways, too. I'm sort of a quiet chap and could stick around the house seven nights in a week. But, if Gladys wants to get dressed up and go out, well then, we get dressed up and go out. And I even 'go the whole hog' and wear tails and a white tie, if she wants me to. Women just naturally like to see their men well-dressed, I guess, and I think there's been entirely too much said on the other side of the question, about how women should keep themselves just as attractive, just as slim, just as well dressed after marriage as before. Well, how about the men? It's just as important for us as it is for the women.

"Another thing, most women are more socially-minded than men. And it's no use to buck it. If she likes to entertain and play hostess, then it's up to the husband to be just as cordial a host as she is a hostess. But it's not right to have too many people around all the time. It's good for the soul of marriage for two people to get off by themselves together once in a while."

Taking Care of Papa

(Continued from page 33)

George out of his snores or, whether its scent was supposed to be a sentimental reminder of their wedding, I never heard, but anyway, that's what she did!

The bigger and handsomer the husband, the more he has to be coddled. If you don't think Mrs. Clark Gable has a chore with Clark, you don't know your onions. Clark is much like a big, gamboling St. Bernard dog—lovable, happy-go-lucky and unwilling to be bothered by the details of life. He leaves everything to Mrs. Gable. But he doesn't like to be *bossed*, so she has had to develop her own subtle, but neat, technique in handling him. Wives who have big, gamboling, hearty husbands—take note!

In the first place, she caters to his tastes rather than hers by making him perfectly happy and comfortable at home. A socialite, she loves the opera, formal dinners, dressing on all occasions. Clark hates formality. And so Mrs. Gable caters to Clark's ideas. Most of the time they entertain no more than eight people informally at home. They have stews, cold cuts, or steak and potatoes, and beer, the kind of hearty food Clark likes, instead of squab and champagne. Only once in a blue moon does Mrs. Gable exercise her wifely prerogative and get Clark into something distinctly social. Then, though he protests a little, I think he really enjoys himself.

Rea Gable has never tried to "tame" Clark. She knows that he loves to go prowling at night by himself, having talks with garage mechanics, hot dog proprietors, being with people who do not know he is Clark Gable. That his hunting trips, up in the Arizona and Nevada mountans, for a week at a time—where he fraternizes with hunters and guides, men who don't know him as "sex-appeal Gable," are important to his being himself. And so she never objects when she doesn't hear from him on these jaunts except the laconic wire, "Be home tomorrow. Love, Clark."

WISELY, while he is keeping himself happy and fit, she attends to the business details of the household. She pays the bills, banks the checks, and sees that the household runs smoothly for him. And, undoubtedly, Rea Gable's wisdom as a wife is one of the reasons why Clark has maintained his standing on the screen so ably.

Some of our most successful stars are frank to attribute much of their success and a great deal of their stability to the good sense, unfailing discretion and tact maintained by their wives. Quite a few will admit frankly that they probably wouldn't have a cent to their names if it were not for wifey's keeping a close eye on the checkbook.

In days of yore, papa not only brought in the dough, but spent it. If mama wanted a new dress, it was he who stopped by at the general store and planked out $1.75 for a bolt of calico which would last her and the children for five years. But not in Hollywood today. Papa may bring in the dough, but mama not only spends it, but keeps track of it.

Some wives, even though they don't check the family exchequer or pay the bills, are fine balance wheels for their husbands. Mrs. Robert Montgomery has done a great deal towards stabilizing Bob, and it has taken great patience and great strength of character on her part. Bob,

Her skin looked dull, sallow...

Miss Rosalie de Forest Crosby, a beautiful brunette

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Don't use a powder shade that stamps you old-fashioned, dull. See what the new Pond's shades can do for you—

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WHAT wouldn't she give to hear it ring? To hear a girl friend's voice: "Come on down, Kit. The bunch is here!"

Or more important: "This is Bill. How about the club dance Saturday night?"

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The truth is, Bill *would* ask her. And so would the girls. If it weren't for the fact that underarm perspiration odor makes her so unpleasant to be near.

What a pity it is! Doubly so, since perspiration odor is so easy to avoid. With Mum!

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Use Mum any time, *even after you're dressed*. For it's harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too — so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

Mum doesn't prevent perspiration. But it does prevent every trace of perspiration odor. Use it daily and you'll never be guilty of personal unpleasantness. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.

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who is essentially a happy-go-lucky, carefree young man, went through a difficult maturing process a few years ago. Hollywood rather went to his head and I think he got the idea he was a great sheik with the ladies. He was a pretty foolish young man on a couple of occasions, and it is to Mrs. Montgomery's credit that she watched him with great forebearance as well as an appreciation of his finer qualities, realizing that he would bounce back to normal eventually. Bob appreciates this now.

Taking care of an absent-minded movie papa is really something of a feat. Ask Billie Cagney, wife to Jimmy. You may have thought of James as a serious, responsible young man who does things with clock-like precision, but if you should talk to his wife, you'd find out he's worse than the traditional absent-minded professor. Billie's best example of this is about the time they didn't meet on the corner to go to the theatre! It's typically Jimmy and reveals a side that few people know. Billie had gone to visit her mother and was to 'phone Jimmy where to meet her. In due time, the 'phone rang. Jimmy answered it. It was Billie.

"Will you meet me in a half an hour, dear?"

"Yes, of course," he said.

"Will you please, while I hang on to the 'phone, see if my watch is on the dresser, and then we'll decide where."

Jimmy went, discovered the watch, returned to the living-room, where he sat down and calmly went on with his reading while Billie held on to the telephone in a public booth miles away. She could hear the rustle of the newspaper as her absent-minded spouse went on with his reading. She heard him whistle a little tune. She shouted over the telephone, she squeaked, she whistled, but his thoughts were far away. She heard him get up, put on his coat, and go out the door to meet her—goodness only knows *where!* So, she hung up and took a taxi home to meet Jimmy coming shamefacedly in the door. The receiver to the telephone was still off the hook!

She doesn't let him handle his own money. He has a bank account but is never permitted more than a hundred-dollar balance at a time, not for the reason that he's extravagant in his spending, but because he is so generous. He will give money to anyone who asks for it.

ONE of the most thoroughly protected and cared for actors in Hollywood is George Arliss, but why not, when he has, not only Mrs. Arliss always by his side and working right along with him, but Jenner, his staid English valet who has been with him for twenty-nine years. Efficient and noiseless, Jenner is a terrific tyrant and sometimes runs afoul of Mrs. Arliss in his duties. I presume that she is victor in these matters, but at the time the air is filled with sparks. Jenner's response to the studio employee who came up to him to ask some questions regarding Mrs. Arliss' work in "Richelieu" is indicative of this. Jenner turned away haughtily and replied, "I really don't know. You will have to ask her. We are not speaking today!"

For aplomb in the face of circumstances which would startle a complacent Mrs. Minneapolis Banker out of her mind, I must report Jessica Barthelmess's poise on the occasion of the Firmonte fight in Hollywood when she saw her husband, shirt open at the neck, walk calmly into the ring, carrying pail and towel, to be introduced as the Italian's second. Jessica probably wouldn't have minded if Dick, who is the soul of conservatism himself, had given her some warning, but he hadn't. Friends sitting with her heard her gasp for breath at the sight of him. But she quickly controlled herself, and all she did was wave sweetly a congratulatory handkerchief in his direction.

Biography of Binnie

(*Continued from page 41*)

on the stage. In fact, I was billed as 'Texas Binnie Barnes' in the first thing I did, a rope-twirling act with Tex McLeod in South Africa. Nobody knew I was English, and the funny part of it was, that I myself didn't know I had a Southern accent. I'd picked it up from Tex, and thought that all Americans talked as he did. When I went back to London I couldn't get a job as an English girl. I played gangster molls in 'Innocents of Chicago' and other sweet, tender little things in which you couldn't call your life your own. And was I tough!"

"You don't look it."

"THANK you kindly, sir," she laughed. "But those were my bad days. I had a terrific make-up, and oh, the walk of me! Later on I played Spanish, French and German girls, all with the same accent. Then I tried an Irish one in 'The Silver Tassie' with Charles Laughton on the London stage. It seemed odd to be with him again in 'Henry the Eighth' on the screen. But I started my movie work with Ida Lupino's father, Stanley, in short comedies. He threw pies, and had to have a girl who could take 'em. The first one that came along knocked me flat on my fanny. Far from a beauty," she pensively added, "I was called 'Pie-Face'."

"You seem to have had a varied career," I sympathetically remarked.

"A bit of this, that and the other," she lightly replied. "I was in slapstick for years. I didn't mind, just taking my luck as it came. I'd probably never got on the stage at all if Tex McLeod hadn't happened to come into a London dance hall where I was working. It's all been surprising. But it amazed me to be given the part of Lillian Russell, for London producers had always associated me with tough parts. And I certainly never was known as a beauty. In England we have no great beauties. Of course, there was Lily Langtry in her time, but even she couldn't hold a candle to Lillian Russell. Today we have personalities, to my mind, far more important than beauty, especially on the screen."

"Whom do you consider the most beautiful screen actress?"

"Wait a moment—a fine lot of trouble I'd be piling up for myself saying that!"

"Nonsense, go ahead."

"W-well," she hesitated, "I will say that Claudette Colbert is charming. But beauty's no good if you've no personality. English girls are much quieter than American girls, who have more push and are more sexy, but do not have more charm. But an English girl can be very dull. She is kept down by chaperons and God knows what! Life is more of a routine in England. Just as in all old countries, it goes on and on without change; customs and habits remaining the same. Here there is more freedom. This makes it easier for an American girl to marry. She learns an awful lot. Then there's the climate, with more opportunity for sports, which develop the body and must do the mind some good. Everything here is action. Before an Englishman does anything he thinks twice—particularly about marrying. So what can the poor girl do?"

"But you managed it?"

ONCE—and never again. Now that I've got a husband I'm going to hang on to him. That's my main job, and I'm going back to it after making one more picture here. But I'll return to America. I never want to stay in any one place a long while. After a bit I like to pop off somewhere else. I've had a lot of experiences in different parts of the world, and they've all been swell, even when I've been out of dough. I grumble once in a while, but I'm never discontented. My one idea, ever since I was a kid, has been to keep working."

"You mentioned driving a milk cart."

"We had no money, so I had to do something. Dad was a London policeman, and when he died he left mother and me on a tiny farm. So we went into the milk business. The hardest part of it was getting up at four in the morning. That's not gay, even for a fourteen-year-old girl. But I loved driving the horse, Snowy we called him. He got so he knew every house on the route and would stop without my saying a word or pulling a line. And that, mind you, meant sixty houses. Then there was a little coffee shop where I'd get a cup for myself and lumps of sugar for Snowy. That turned out to be our hard luck place. I was coming out of it one morning when Snowy, scared by a passing tram, started to run away. I just managed to swing myself up on the wagon, but I couldn't stop him. He tore along till he got jammed in between two trams and was so badly hurt he had to be shot."

"Were you hurt?"

For answer she pulled off her hat. Her forehead showed a white scar.

"That runaway put us out of the milk business. But as soon as I was able to be about again I got a job in a factory, where I tested electric light bulbs and became a first-class solderer—sealed the tin casings, you know. Next I worked in a paper bag factory. Then I pressed veins on artificial leaves—sounds silly, doesn't it? From there I went to a tobacconist's. I never did office work; for one thing, I wasn't intelligent enough."

No? With all due respect, you can't believe her.

"When I left a place I always got a better one," was her most intelligent reply. "I liked 'em all while I stayed.

"Work was good for me," she insisted. "If I'd been brought up in cottonwool, I'd never have done anything. And it was fun having a go at one thing and another. I got to know all kinds of people. Lord, the different ones that poked their heads out of doors when I was delivering milk! That was the time, early in the morning, to see them as they really were without any frills. The things they wore and the things they said! I'll never forget one old crone who wore diamond earrings—probably slept in 'em—and a second-hand lady with the airs of a duchess. Oh, well, I dare say I thought myself pretty grand when I got that job in a dance hall! I'd wait for a customer to do a twirl with me, then slither out on the floor like Lady Vere de Vere herself."

"After all your other jobs, what do you think of movie work?"

"This," said the practical Binnie, "is a sissy job."

"MUTINY!"

. . . So rang the cry from stem to stern of H.M.S. BOUNTY, homeward bound to England from the enchanted islands of the South Seas . . . "MUTINY! Down with Captain Bligh!"

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The Lone Wolf of Hollywood

(*Continued from page 35*)

to sentimentalize over the Irish George. There is no man in all Hollywood, today, who causes more palpitations than George. Nor any man who cares less whether ladies palp or not. Preferably NOT. I can even list some of them under the general heading of "Palpitations One, Two, Three" and so on. There was Loretta Young, who admitted to a more than professionally friendly feeling for the dark Irishman in the pre-Chatterton days when she and George were making "Week-End Marriage" and "They Call It Sin" together.

There was La Chatterton herself, who from the day when she first saw his test for her picture, "The Rich Are Always With Us," uttered the now famous line, "Where has he been all his life?" There are those who say that because George flies, Ruth flies, too, in the airy hope that perhaps, someday, in the ether . . .

THERE is Joan Crawford—Joan went, I happen to know, to quite devious ends to invite George to one of her ultra-conservative, very private at-home dinner parties. It is said that she asked Jean Muir to bring him with her because she knew that Jean and George were friendly. George was teaching Jean to fly. And then the columnists fell upon the lessons with both pens, so to speak, so pupil and teacher flew no more that day. Nor any other day. And there is a hint of the wistful in the Muir eyes, remembering . . .

A few days ago a pretty girl approached George on the set and said to him, "You don't remember me, do you?" George confessed politely, that he did not. Then the girl seized him by the lapels of his coat saying in a hushed, emotional voice, "Did you ever have the feeling that *you belonged to someone?*" George gave a loud yelp and dashed for the safer precincts of his set, muttering that he *had* felt that way and wanted none of it. The girl turned out to be an extra from another set, inoculated with a Brent-bent. Quite harmless.

And that's reason No. 1 for George being the "Lone Wolf of Hollywood" today. *He doesn't want to belong to anyone.* He is afraid of women. He is afraid of possessiveness. He has survived two unsuccessful marriages and they have not served to lessen his fear. He loathes ties and bonds of any kind. He despises routine eating hours, household schedulism, the silken strands with which women bind a man who would be free. He wants travel and adventure and solitude far more than he wants the frail fevers of any feminine entanglement.

Undoubtedly his birth and background have everything to do with it. George was born, as you may know, in Ballinasloe, a town in mid-western Ireland. His father was a newspaper man, the descendent of a long line of fighting Irshmen.

WHEN George was eleven he made his first trip to America. And learned to love the roll of a ship beneath his feet. He soaked in eagerly the talk of seafaring men, the sight of far horizons. "I knew then," he told me, "that I would never stay long in any one place again."

He returned to Dublin to attend the University there, and, later, during the inception and success of the Abbey Theatre, he was inspired to go on the stage by the plays of Yeats, Lady Gregory, Padraic Colum and others. "I felt," said George, "that the theatre crystallized all of my ambitions for me. I had been torn between the newspaper business and the cavalry. On the stage, I figured, I could be all of the characters I wanted to be—I could smell the sea in my nostrils when I played a sailor, know the tang of war as a make-believe warrior, feel the plains of the West under my feet as a frontiersman. But most of all, *I would be going places.* That was why I chose the stage. I would never be still. Never tied to one place, nor to one group of people. I would be free. The theatrical profession, I knew, was one of the three or four in the world which does not stay in one place. And that was my real ambition. The only real love I have ever had, has been, and is today, the love of freedom. To be free, a man must walk alone.

"I managed to matriculate at the Abbey and the only times I didn't show up for the rising curtain were times when newer and more stirring interests diverted me. Rebellions and political cabals and such.

"That was the time of the Irish Revolution of 1924. With a patriotic newspaper editor for a father and with the hot blood of generations of Irish patriots boiling in my blood, it is hardly necessary to say where my sympathies were. I was in the thick of it from the first and acted as dispatch carrier for Michael Collins.

"I was a spy. And I learned, during those days, to mistrust small talk and the people who were glib with it. I learned to keep my mouth shut and my ears open and to respect those who did likewise. I learned to weigh every syllable before I uttered it. I learned to fear women. I learned to steer clear of their blandishments.

THEN Michael Collins was slain and the young George fled from Ireland for his life. For a time he went into hiding in Glasgow. And there again, he learned the lesson he never has unlearned—how golden silence can be.

But even in Glasgow, the English authorities found him out and in the dead of night he left Scotland and entered England, figuring that it would be the least likely place for them to look for him. A freight boat out of Plymouth offered him safe passage to America and he took it.

His career as a warrior and as a spy was at an end. And George found that his love for the theatre still clung to him. For five years he played more than three hundred leads in stock companies. He ranged through the States—Florida, Massachusetts, Colorado, New York. Then "Love, Honor and Obey" brought him to Broadway, where he played opposite Alice Brady. In that company was another young actor of whom you may have heard! His name was Clark Gable.

The screen began to talk. The dragnet for new talent spread out. New faces for old. There were tests and a few minor pictures for George before the big call came from Warner Brothers, who announced that they were looking for a leading man for Ruth Chatterton. And the rest is history known by heart.

All of which should tell you why George Brent is the "Lone Wolf of Hollywood" today. Why, when he has a leave of absence, he prefers to spend it in the remote ether rather than with such earthy Venuses as Garbo, Crawford, Jean, Loretta. . . .

I faced him down about being a Lone Wolf. He smiled that diffident smile of his. You have to come right out and face him with things when you talk to him because *he will not answer questions.*

"You are the 'Lone Wolf of Hollywood,'" I stated.

"I am," he said. "I work too hard to be anything else. Nine pictures in a row. When I'm through at night I'm too tired to put on the soup and fish, order flowers, go through the necessary rituals. I go home to my house in Toluca Lake—rented, not owned—I wouldn't own a house for anything. It might come to own me. I go home and go to bed and read and I repeat this performance every night of my life, week in and week out. I'm poor copy for a story just because I don't do anything."

"If you were not working so hard, were not tired," I said, "you'd do the same thing?"

"The same," agreed George. "Matter of honest fact, I'm a very shy person, always was. I have no small talk. I can't spend an evening dotted with such conversational high-lights as, 'So what?' or 'How do you like that?' I'm not comfortable at parties, at the Grove, places like that. And if I'm not comfortable, it naturally follows that I'm not having a good time and if I'm not having a good time, why should I go?

"I'm working with one objective in view, to pay off some annuities of mine. When I get them all paid up I'll be really free. And when I am free, I'll go away from here. I want to travel. I want to see all of the far places of the earth and all of the strange people. I want to hunt, fish, knock about, and keep my mouth shut and my ears open. I don't want to have to punch a clock. I don't want to know or care what time it is. I don't want a home, possessions, ties or responsibilities. I belong with men, in a man's world. I fit better there. I'm more comfortable there. That's all there is to it."

I SAID, "But we read, now and again, squibs in columnists' chatter stating that you were seen lunching here and there, dining this place and the other. For instance, some time ago an item appeared to the effect that you were seen at the races with Garbo. The story went that a small child sat in back of you, poked her mother and said, 'Oooh, Ma, there's Greta Garbo with George Brent!' And the mother, peering, said, 'Nonsense, dear, it is not!'"

George said, his eyes turned now in the direction of the flying field where his plane was tuning up, "If the incident really happened at all, I can say only that Mama was right! I went to the races only once and that once was with my friend and agent, Minna Wallace. None of these items happens to be true. I read that I was seen at Caliente, when I have never been to Caliente. I read that I dined here, there, the other place—and they are usually houses I have never stepped foot into and people I have never met. There are, of course, a few places I should like to go. Grace Moore invited me for dinner several times, for instance. I am very fond of Grace. She is a grand person. I've never been able to go because of work. But for the most part, I go nowhere. I know that one invitation leads to another and before you know it you are enmeshed. And so—I change my telephone number every two weeks and stay alone in my lair."

Strange as it may seem—this is the simple truth. Garbo may sulk, Jean look wistful, Crawford invite, Loretta remember—but far off in the limitless ether his books and his fishing rods beside him, George Brent looks down upon a toy world—alone.

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Modern Screen Scoreboard

(Continued from page 6)

Name of Picture and Company	Modern Screen	N. Y. Times	N. Y. Herald Tribune	N. Y. American	N. Y. Evening Journal	N. Y. Post	N. Y. Sun	N. Y. Daily News	N. Y. Daily Minor	World-Telegram	Chicago Herald-Examiner	Los Angeles Examiner	Variety	General Ratings
Diamond Jim (Universal)	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★		3★	
Don't Bet on Blondes (Warners)	2★	2½★	2½★	3★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	1★	2½★		1★	2★
Doubting Thomas (Fox)	4★	3★	2★	4★	3★	2★	3★	3★	4★	4★	3½★	3★	3½★	3★
Escapade (M-G-M)	3★	2★	2½★	4★	3★	2★	2★	3★	3½★	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★
Escape Me Never (United Artists)	3★	3½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3½★	3½★	4★	4★		3★	3★
Every Night at Eight (Paramount)	3★	2½★	2★	3★	2½★	3★	2½★	2½★	2★	2½★	1★		2★	2★
The Farmer Takes a Wife (Fox)	3★	3½★	4★	4★	3★	2★	4★	3★	4★	3½★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Forsaking All Others (M-G-M)	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Four Hours to Kill (Paramount)	3★	3★	3★	3½★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3★		3★	2½★	3★
Front Page Woman (Warners)	3★	3★	3½★	3½★	3★	3★	3½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★
G-Men (Warners)	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
The Gilded Lily (Paramount)	4★	3½★	3★	4★	3½★	3★	3★	3½★	3★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	3★
Ginger (Fox)	2★	3½★	3★	3½★	3★	3★	2★	2½★	3½★	3★		3★	2★	3★
The Girl from 10th Avenue (Warners)	2★	3★	2★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	2½★	2★	2★		2★	2½★	2★
The Glass Key (Paramount)	2★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★
Goin' to Town (Paramount)	2★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★		2★	3★
Go Into Your Dance (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	3½★	3½★	3★	3★	3½★	4★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3★
The Goose and the Gander (Warners)	2★	1★	1★	2½★		2★	1★	3★	2★	1★			2★	2★
Hard Rock Harrigan (Fox)	3★	1★	2★	2★		2★	1½★	2★		1½★		1★	2★	2★
Here Is My Heart (Paramount)	3★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★
Hold 'Em Yale (Paramount)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★			3★	3★	3★		3★	2½★	3★
Hooray For Love (RKO)	3★	1½★	2★	2½★	2½★	3★	2★	2½★	2★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	3★
I'll Love You Always (Columbia)	2★	2½★	2★	1★	2★	1★	2½★	1½★	1★	1★			2★	2★
In Caliente (First National)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★
The Informer (RKO)	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
The Irish in Us (Warners)	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★		3★	3★
The Iron Duke (G-B)	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★			3★	3★
It Happened in New York (Universal)	3★	3★	2★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	2★		2½★	3★
Jalna (RKO)	3★	3★	2½★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★		3★	3★	2★	3★
Java Head (First Division)	2★	2★	2½★	2½★	2★	1½★	2★	2½★	2★	1½★	3★	2★	1★	2★
Laddie (RKO)	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3½★	3★	2★		3★	2★	3★
Lady Tubbs (Universal)	3★	3★	3★	2½★	1½★	2★	1½★	1½★	2★	1★	2★	2★	2★	2★
Les Miserables (20th Century)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	3★	5★	5★	5★
Let 'Em Have It (United Artists)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3½★	4★	4★	3★	3★
Life Begins at Forty (Fox)	3★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	4★
The Little Colonel (Fox)	3★	3★	3½★	4★	3★	3½★	3★	3½★	4★	3★	4★		3★	3★
Love in Bloom (Paramount)	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★			1½★	2★
Love Me Forever (Columbia)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	2½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★		4★	4★
Loves of a Dictator (G-B)	3★	3½★	3½★	3½★	3½★	3½★	3½★	3★	3½★	2★	3★		3★	3★
Mad Love (M-G-M)	2★	2½★	2½★	2½★	2½★	3★	2½★	2½★	3★	2★		2★	2½★	2★
The Man on the Flying Trapeze (Paramount)	3★	3½★	4★	3½★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	4★	3½★	3★	3★	2★	3★
The Man Who Knew Too Much (M-G-M)	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	2★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★
Mark of the Vampire (M-G-M)	2★	2½★	2½★	2½★	2★	3½★	2½★	2½★	3★	1½★	2★	3★	3★	2★
McFadden's Flats (Paramount)	2★	2½★	2★	3★	2½★	2½★		2★	3★	2½★	2★	2★	2★	2★
Men of Tomorrow (London Films)	2★	2★	1★			1★	1★	½★		1½★			2★	1½★
Men Without Names (Paramount)	3★	3★	2★	3½★	3★	4★	3½★	3½★	3★	2½★	4★	2½★	2★	3★
Mississippi (Paramount)	2★	3★	3★		3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	2½★	2★	3★
Mr. Dynamite (Universal)	2★	3★	2★	2½★	2½★	2★	2½★	2½★	3★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	2★
Murder in the Fleet (M-G-M)	3★	1★	1½★	2★	2★	2★	1½★	2½★	1½★	2★	1★	1★	½★	2★
Murder Man (M-G-M)	2★	2★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	2★	2★	1★	2★	2★
Nell Gwyn (United Artists)	4★	3½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3½★		3★	2½★	3★
A Night at the Ritz (Warners)	2★	2½★	2★	1★	2★	2★	1★	1½★		2★		2★	1½★	2★
No More Ladies (M-G-M)	3★	2★	2★	3★	3★	2½★	2½★	2½★	3★	2★	2½★		3★	3★
Oil for the Lamps of China (Warners)	5★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	2★	3★	3★	4★	3½★	3★	4★	3★	4★
One More Spring (Fox)	3★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Orchids to You (Fox)	2★	1½★	1★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★		2★	2½★	2★

Name of Picture and Company	Modern Screen	N. Y. Times	N. Y. Herald Tribune	N. Y. American	N. Y. Evening Journal	N. Y. Post	N. Y. Sun	N. Y. Daily News	N. Y. Daily Mirror	World-Telegram	Chicago Herald-Examiner	Los Angeles Examiner	Variety	General Ratings
Page Miss Glory (Warners)	3★	2★	1½★	4★	3★	2★	2★	3★	3★	2½★	4★	3½★	3★	3★
Paris in Spring (Paramount)	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3½★	3★	3★	2½★	2★	3★	3★
The People's Enemy (RKO)	2★	2★	2★	2★		2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★			1★	2★
People Will Talk (Paramount)	2★	2★	2★		1½★	2★	2★	½★	1★	1½★	3★		1½★	2★
Princess Charming (G-B)	1★	1★	1½★	1★		1½★	1★	1½★	2★	1★		1★	1★	1★
Public Hero No. 1 (M-G-M)	3★	3½★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3★
The Raven (Universal)	3★	1★	2★	2★	2★	2★	1½★	1½★	2½★	1★	2★		2½★	2★
Roberta (RKO)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★
Sanders of the River (United Artists)	2★	1½★	2★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	2½★	2½★	1★		2½★	3★	2★
The Secret Bride (Warners)	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Shadow of Doubt (M-G-M)	3★	3★	3★	3★		2½★	2½★	1½★	3★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	3★
Shanghai (Paramount)	2★	3★	3★	2½★	2★	2★	1½★	2½★	2★	2½★	2★	2★	2★	2★
She (RKO)	3★	3★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	1½★	2★	3★	1★	3★	2★	3★	2★
She Married Her Boss (Columbia)	4★	4★	4★	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3½★				4★
Special Agent (Warners)	2★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3½★	3★	3★	3★	3★			2★	3★
Steamboat Round the Bend (Fox)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★		2½★	3★
The 39 Steps (G-B)	4★	4★	3½★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	3½★	3★	4★			3½★	4★
Times Square Lady (M-G-M)	2★	2½★	2★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★			2½★	2★
Top Hat (RKO)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Transient Lady (Universal)	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★
The Triumph of Sherlock Holmes (G-B)	2★	3★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★		2½★	2½★	2½★			2★	2★
Two for Tonight (Paramount)	1★	2★		1½★		2½★	1½★	2★	1½★	1★			1★	1★
Vagabond Lady (M-G-M)	2★	2½★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2½★	2½★	2★		2★		2★	2★
Vanessa (M-G-M)	3★	2½★	2½★	3½★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	2★	3★
The Wedding Night (Sam Goldwyn)	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
We're in the Money (Warners)	3★	1★		2★	2½★	2★	½★	2½★				2★	1★	2★
The Werewolf of London (Universal)	2★	2½★	2★	2½★	2½★		3★	2½★	3★		3★	3★	2★	2★

A NEW KIND of Mildness

Scientists have found the mildness of cigarette smoke depends not on the tobacco but on its *preparation.* The smoke from your Philip Morris cigarettes has been proven definitely and measurably milder than from ordinary cigarettes. This fact has been presented to, and accepted by, the medical profession.

America's Finest 15¢ Cigarette

"Call for PHILIP MORRIS"

"Reduced 37 POUNDS with DILEX-REDUSOLS" writes Mrs. H. H. LANGLEY

YOU can have THE SLENDER FIGURE OF YOUTH!

Now YOU can take off POUNDS of UGLY FAT THIS SAFE, EASY QUICK WAY!

No Dieting...No Self Denial, No Strenuous Exercises!

SOUNDS too good to be true? Yet it *is* true. Dilex-Redusols increase your metabolism . . . they turn food into energy instead of fat. You will be amazed at your increased vitality!

REDUCE 12 POUNDS WITH 1st box...or no cost!

■ Many satisfied users report they have reduced as much as 40 and 50 pounds with safe Dilex-Redusols.

Eat What You Wish And All You Want!

■ At last you can reduce safely and quickly without denying yourself the good things of life. You do not have to go through tiresome exercises...simply take these carefully prepared capsules and watch the fat disappear! Dilex-Redusols are effective because they remove the cause of obesity.

Profit By the Amazing Experiences of Others!

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LOST 40 POUNDS "I have lost 40 pounds in 13 weeks." Mrs. H. C. R.

LOST 35 POUNDS "Changed my weight from 169 to 134 pounds." Mrs. H.L.

REDUCED 36 POUNDS "Am losing 15 pounds a month with Redusols"... Miss L. H.

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■ Do not accept any substitute for safe Dilex-Redusols...the *absolutely harmless* capsules that reduce your weight by increasing your metabolism. Dilex-Redusols contain no thyroid extract or other harmful ingredients. They are absolutely safe when taken as directed. Beware of any product that makes extravagant claims for more rapid reductions...physicians will tell you it is harmful for anyone to reduce more than 15 pounds a month.

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☐ Enclosed find $3.00 for which please send, postpaid, one box of 90 Dilex-Redusol Capsules in plain wrapper.

☐ Send one box of 90 Dilex-Redusol Capsules, C.O.D. I will pay postman $3.00 (plus 23c. postage).

If I do not lose at least 12 pounds after taking the first box of Dilex-Redusols as directed, you will refund my $3.

*Name*________________
Write Mr., Mrs. or Miss
*Address*________________
*City*________ *State*________
*Give Height*______ *Weight*______ *Age*____
Canadian and Foreign Countries Cash in Advance

Beauty Advice

(*Continued from page 17*)

fragrance-bearing beauty aids, too, as well as in perfume. I can give you carnation, orange blossom, and violet fragrances in delightful bath powders and Eau de Colognes. What are your guesses? Write me, and I'll tell you if they're right.

Now that you've had a guessing party, perhaps you would like some practical hints for your next honest-to-goodness holiday party. Well, first off, there's a grand new two-minute facial. It's oatmeal all dressed in a heavenly fragrance, and with new beautifying properties that you mustn't fail to know about over the holidays. All you have to do is to blend it with water, and it turns into a smooth creamy lotion that will make you feel as if you had acquired a new skin. It is particularly helpful for the rough dry skin to which we are all so subject now that the weather has reverted to type. Then again it combats large pores by deep-cleaning. You know the hardest skins to treat are the large-pored, dry skins. It seems that they are even worse than the oily skins that are so productive of ugly coarse pores. Blackheads which are the result of inefficient methods of cleaning will respond to this two-minute facial. Since the holiday season is almost under your noses, you'll be glad to learn of such a quick cleansing method for party occasions, and after-party occasions when it seems that you're too "dead tired" to so much as pick up a wash cloth. When you've only two minutes to dress for that important twosome . . . there you have a perfect two-minute pick-me-up.

With your skin in condition, you'll want to apply your perfume right on the skin—the only proper place for it. Fabrics have an imperceptible odor all their own. They destroy some of the essential delicacy of the perfume fragrance that the warmth of the skin serves to enhance. Mary Carlisle applies her perfume with the perfume bottle stopper, touching it to her ear lobes, the seductive hollow of her throat, and her wrists. Rita Cansino, new Fox starlet, touches her perfume to her eyelashes. You have to be skillful in doing this so as to avoid getting any in your eyes. Ginger Rogers has a trick that is especially alluring. She adds just a drop of perfume to her eyeshadow before she applies it. I have heard of several of the stars adding a little perfume to their foundation cream, too, as a fragrant base for their powder. It all sounds very festive! doesn't it?

Because I know that you're going to be particularly anxious to keep your personal daintiness contributing to your allure during the holiday season, I have prepared a special bulletin for you about the whys and wherefores of Personal Daintiness. It tells you about deodorants that deodorize without preventing perspiration, and those that prevent both odor and perspiration. It talks about soap appeal and sex appeal. It will clear up all the guess-work questions you've been wanting to ask about the rather intimate subject of a woman's personal daintiness.

You'll see that I'm trying to be your good angel this month, because I have yet another special bulletin for you, and this one has a great many tips to help you solve your gift problems as well as your own personal glamor problems.

Get the answers to your guess-work questions now and send in this coupon.

MARY BIDDLE,
Modern Screen,
149 Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me your bulletins on
Personal Daintiness ☐
Holiday Beauty ☐

Name.............................
Address.............................
No. Street
City.................State.........
Just check and send in with stamped, addressed envelope.

A gay trio at the tennis matches—Norma Shearer, Sam Goldwyn and Jack Gilbert. Jack certainly is getting about the town these days and nights!

Information Desk

(*Continued from page 62*)

Grove, W. Va.; DOROTHY ROBINSON, Pompton Lakes, N. J.; ELAINE MIDDLETON, La Grange, Ill.; JAMES MANK, Indianapolis, Ind.—Katharine Hepburn probably holds the world's record for the number of times fired from stage productions. She was kicked out of the lead in "The Big Pond," removed from the casts of "Death Takes a Holiday" and "The Animal Kingdom" and even temporarily canned from the production in which she eventually gained Broadway stardom, "The Warrior's Husband." Her dynamic personality and fine work in this play caused RKO officials to sign her to a long term contract and put her in "A Bill of Divorcement." She then scored in "Christopher Strong," and "Morning Glory" followed by "Little Women." Briefly, these are the highlights of Miss Hepburn's rise and present fame in the cinema sun. Miss Hepburn was born in Hartford, Conn., on November 8 about 27 years ago. She is a graduate of Bryn Mawr. Her first appearance on the legitimate stage was in "These Days." She next understudied Hope Williams in "Holiday" and substituted for her one night on the road tour. She has also appeared with considerable success in stock productions, particularly in Baltimore. Katharine has auburn hair, green eyes, and a beautiful, slender figure. She never goes to night clubs or large parties. Goes to bed very early. For hobbies she indulges in tennis, swimming and golf. She is divorced from Ludlow Smith and rumored already married to Leland Hayward. Following "Alice Adams" she is now working on "Sylvia Scarlett" with Brian Aherne.

VIOLA CRISSINGER, New Windsor, Md.—Maurice Murphy played the part of Jimmy in "Curly Top." He is a free lance player and you can probably reach him at the 20th Century-Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

OXFORD CLUB, Rockford, Ill.; EDWARD M. WRIGHT, JR., IRENE OSIKA, Chicago, Ill.; EDITH GALLOWAY, TERRY O'CONNOR, Warren, Ohio; HELEN HIDA, Plainfield, N. J.; BETTY KNOWLES, Rocky Mt., N. C.; EATON SMITH, Lebanon, N. J.; BEVERLY BEVILLE, Detroit, Mich.; ANTHONY HANSEN, Brooklyn, N. Y.; MARGEAN SCHULTZ, Michigan City, Ind.; VIRGINIA CERNEY, Wilmetre, Ill.; BETTYE LAWSON, Reisterstown, Md.—Little Jackie Cooper can hardly be called that any longer. He was 12 his last birthday, September 15, and is now all of 5 feet 5 inches tall and weighs 135 pounds. Born in Los Angeles, he is the son of Mabel Leonard, a former vaudeville violinist, and the nephew of the well-known director, Norman Taurog. He was educated in kindergarten, then by private tutors. Because of the position of his uncle in the movie world, it naturally followed that Jackie should turn to the screen. His first part was a very small one in a Lloyd Hamilton comedy. Other bits followed, including some with "Our Gang." "Skippy" was the picture that launched him on his road to stardom, but "The Champ" with Wallace Beery was the biggest hit of his entire career. His hobby is tennis and airplanes. He is enthusiastic about athletics and likes dogs. Jackie has blonde hair and hazel eyes. "O'Shaughnessy's Boy," with Wally Beery, is his most recent vehicle. You can write him at M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Cal.

LUCY KALEN, Boston, Mass.; ELIZABETH KIRKPATRICK, Indiana, Pa.; JESSIE DETTY, Steilacoam, Wash.; ANN ROWE, Hamilton, Canada; SYLVIA CALHOUN, Olympia, Wash.; BERTHA MARKINS, Wordsworth, Ohio; MARGARET SCHISLER, Nashville, Tenn.; M. FRIEDBERGER, ALICE CHECK, Phila., Pa.; ELSIE MARTIN, Falls City, Neb.; ELAINE LECAS, ALICE PERRETTI, New York City; SADIE GREENBLATT, Plainfield, N. J.; VIRGINIA CAMPBELL, Sioux Falls, S. D.; M. HANLIN, Bklyn., N. Y.—The future Anthony Adverse—we'd better call him Fredric March for now—was born in Racine, Wis., on August 31, 1898. In 1920 our hero graduated from the University of Wisconsin, having won his letter at football and track and also having been elected to the Beta Gamma Sigma and Alpha Delta Phi fraternities. He won a scholarship which the National City Bank maintained to train students for service in its foreign branches, and consequently worked on a bank staff for nearly a year. Then came a change in bank presidents and young March, fearing a like change in the scholarship, asked for a leave of absence and went on the stage. His first theatrical job was third assistant stage manager, but after that he got speaking parts which, step by step, became larger. For three years he played stock in Denver, where he met and married Florence Eldridge. In 1928 Fredric went to Los Angeles to play on the stage in "The Royal Family" and as a result was offered a part in the Paramount talkie, "The Dummy," which he accepted. This resulted in a long term contract. This handsome gent is 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 170 pounds, has brown hair and brown eyes. His favorite recreations are horseback riding, tennis and swimming. Fredric and his wife (it's still Florence Eldridge) have two adopted children, a girl and a boy. As hinted above, Fred will make "Anthony Adverse" in the title role—and a good Anthony he should be, too. (Note to V. C.—Marilyn Knowlden was the cute little girl who played Fredric's foster child in "Les Miserables.") You can reach him at the United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

INFORMATION DESK,
MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please print a brief life story of ....

....

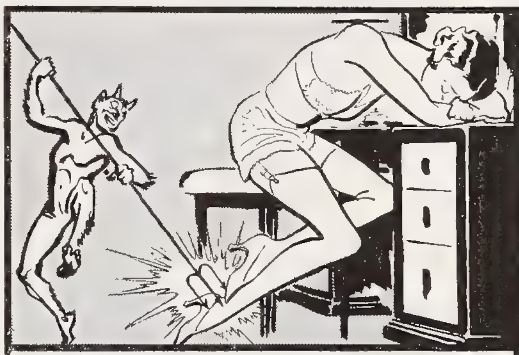
in your department.

Name......................................

City...............State....................

WHO'S AFRAID OF A BIG BAD CORN?

"Not I", said Brave Blue-Jay, as he set about to rescue the beautiful lady in distress

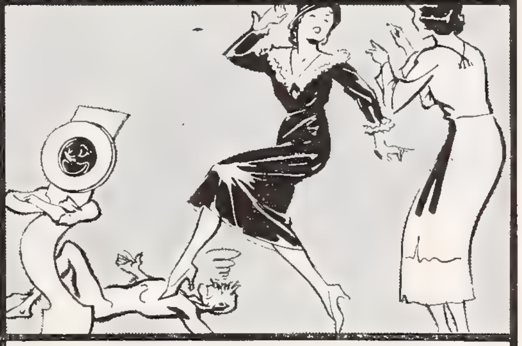


(1) She *was* in distress, too, that beautiful lady! This terrible corn had her by the toe . . and he just *wouldn't* let go! He stabbed and kicked and made ugly wrinkles and a look of agony come into her beautiful face.

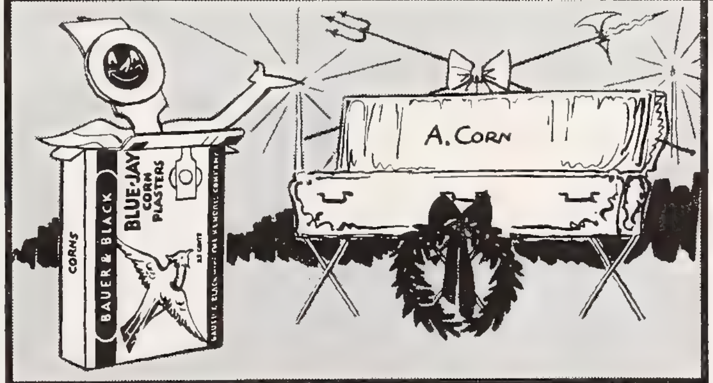
CORNS
BAUER & BLACK

(2) Who will come to her rescue?"Blue-Jay!" whispers a kind and helpful friend. And out of his package-home leaps Brave Blue-Jay, ready and willing. Quick as a flash—

(3) Blue-Jay attacked that terrible corn and had him down in a moment utterly helpless. The villain's torturing hold on the beautiful lady was instantly broken, and—



(4) She sprang to her feet and danced from sheer joy! Now *that* corn would trouble her no more . . would no longer make her cranky, nor keep her from dancing with her friends!



(5) The end of the story is the end of the corn. Imprisoned by Blue-Jay for three days, at the end of that time his lifeless form was lifted out, carried away. Thanks to Brave Blue-Jay!

MORAL: If you have a corn, get rid of it safely and quickly with Blue-Jay—the scientific corn remover ● The pain stops the minute Blue-Jay is applied. The snug-fitting pad of the finest softest felt cushions the corn against painful shoe pressure. Then the mild Blue-Jay medication gently loosens and undermines the corn—and after 3 painless days the dainty pad is quickly removed and the corn lifted out easily and completely.

Blue-Jay scientific Corn Plasters have been used successfully by millions of corn sufferers for 35 years. They are made by Bauer & Black, famous surgical dressing house.

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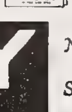

EXERCISE BOOK FREE Illustrates valuable exercises for foot health and beauty. Contains helpful information for foot sufferers. Address Bauer & Black, 2500 So. Dearborn St., Chicago.

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STOP A COLD THE FIRST DAY!

Drive It Out of Your System!

A COLD once rooted is a cold of danger! Trust to no makeshift method.

A cold, being an internal infection, calls for internal treatment. A cold also calls for a COLD treatment and not a preparation good for a number of other things as well.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is definite treatment for a cold. It is expressly a cold treatment in tablet form. It is internal in effect and it does four important things.

Four Effects

First, it opens the bowels. Second, it checks the infection in the system. Third, it relieves the headache and fever. Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

Grove's Bromo Quinine is distinguished for this fourfold effect and it is what you want for the prompt relief of a cold.

All drug stores sell Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. When you ask for it, don't let anyone switch you to something else, for *any* reason! The cost is small, but the stake is large!

A Cold is an Internal Infection and Requires Internal Treatment
LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE
For Colds
PRICE 35 CENTS
FOR COLDS & SIMPLE HEADACHES
SINCE 1889

GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

If You Would Have a Figure Like Crawford

(*Continued from page 43*)

the studio takes them in hand, remodels them, fixes up what's wrong with them—and the studio pays the bills. And that's a darn good way to make a selfish, lazy sissy out of a girl. But when you have to struggle and skimp and sacrifice to get the things you want, you can throw your shoulders back and say, "I *am* somebody." And not only that, you won't forget so easily and so quickly that you were once an ugly duckling, as the movie stars love to forget. Gosh! Some of those stars' memories are as short as their leading man's close-ups. We seldom appreciate what's given to us.

AND now back to this month's movie star double, Joan Personette. You have a beautiful forehead, high and broad. And the structure of your face is very nice. It is the kind of face that has camera possibilities. Remember, it was the possibilities that the studio saw in Joan Crawford. Your hair is nice and you show good taste in the way you arrange it. You're smart to keep it simple.

And now I want you to gain health and vigor. Notice some of the things Joan Crawford does. She has a swimming pool but she isn't an ardent swimmer. She takes long sun baths, and there's nothing better for you than that, but she's wise enough to know that swimming develops ugly shoulder, arm and thigh muscles.

Joan can't afford to develop her shoulder muscles. As it is she has very wide shoulders. Do you know that gal is a size sixteen through the shoulders and a size twelve in the waist? And she gives the appearance of being a small fourteen!

Also Joan Crawford dances. But she dances in the right way. That's why her legs remain good looking. She doesn't go in for the muscle building buck and wing, tap stuff. She does more soft shoe work and graceful bends.

Turn on your radio or phonograph to some snappy music that's got exactly the right beat and tempo. All the old tunes are swell. Like "Turkey in the Straw" or "She'll Be Comin' 'Round the Mountain." Believe me, *that* tune will get the moon over the mountain. That's what Kate Smith has been trying to do for years. I'm sure if that moon of hers were in the first quarter it would be lots easier.

There's an old saying that when you see the moon in the first quarter any wish you make will come true. But don't just wish and let it go at that. Wish and work is the way—and let's have a lot more working than wishing. Because right now I'm going to tell you how to lose fifteen pounds in one month.

Get up early. Never sleep more than eight hours. Every morning or evening get those tunes going and dance around the room a dozen times. Put some pep in the dance. Take this limbering-up exercise. Stand with feet slightly apart, arms straight above your head. Stretch and reach as high as you can. Now swing the body from side to side. Keep knees stiff and do not move the feet. Always keep arms above head. Then swing the body from the waistline in a circle, not moving the lower part of the body. Do this ten times in one direction and then reverse.

Take a brisk walk whenever you can. Don't, don't sit down after meals. Get up and move around. Don't take hot baths. A tepid shower is best. Use a body brush and dry with a real heavy Turkish towel.

THEN take your special exercises for the fat spots. (How are you gals getting along with those hip and thigh exercises I've already given you? Is the soreness gone yet? No. Well never mind, keep it up. It's good for you.) But for heaven's sake use your common sense. Don't write me for a million exercises at once. Stick to one job at a time. If you're fatter in the hips than any place else work on them until they begin to go down before you start on the abdomen exercises.

And now for the diet. Some women, you know the type, the whiny ones—complain that it's monotonous. I'd like to give them a good shaking—and it would do them good, too, believe me. I give you plenty of choice—and how can anything be monotonous when your mirror tells you that you're getting slimmer and more beautiful every day. Stop complaining!

BREAKFAST

Small glass grapefruit or orange juice
Slice melba toast or thin wholewheat toast or rye wafer with a little honey, but no butter
Cup black coffee (no sugar)

LUNCHEON

Glass tomato juice or grapefruit juice
Large bowl of clear vegetable soup or consommé (no crackers) *or* (that's "or" not "and") green salad or cole slaw
In the middle of the afternoon tomato juice or orange juice or an apple.

DINNER

Fruit cup or melon (not watermelon) with lemon juice and no salt
Salad of lettuce and tomato or endive and watercress (Dressing of very little oil and lemon)
Choice of the following:
Small broiled rare steak
One double lamb chop
One slice one-fourth inch thick roast beef
Two slices of broiled or roasted turkey
Chicken breast and wing
Two slices of broiled lamb
Small portion of broiled ground round steak (without fat)
(No thick gravies or sauces with any meat)
Two vegetables (Peas, carrots, broccoli, greens, etc.)
Small baked potato prepared like this: When potato is done scoop out the inside leaving about one-fourth inch still on the skin. Put this skin back in the oven until it is crisp and brown. Eat this instead of bread
For dessert have fruit gelatin or baked apple without sugar or stewed fruit without sugar
Use very little salt. And take no liquor at all!

This diet, combined with the exercises will take off fifteen pounds in one month. It's worth working for! It's worth fighting for!

Remember, too, that I am always eager to help you with any beauty, weight and general health problem that you may care to ask me about. Just send a self-addressed, stamped envelope for a reply.

Silent Young Man

(*Continued from page 34*)

to the sincere, emotional youth sort of comes under the head of an understatement. He mooned around for weeks before he decided to try to get over it. He still phones her. There are those who say he has visited his ex-wife on the "So Red the Rose" set, but this Henry denies. At any rate, no woman has meant anything to the lad since Margaret, which puts him in the class of a "one-woman man," a rare specie in Hollywood—or in any town for that matter.

Henry will do anything in the interest of his job. The day we saw him, the company was shooting the ice floe scenes for "Way Down East." Many a leading man would have demanded a double rather than take a certain ducking as he fled after Rochelle Hudson over huge cakes of ice. But our hero wrapped himself up in a mackinaw, boots and fur cap, on the hottest July day that ever bloomed, and did his stunt. Of course he touched bottom somewhere between the third and fourth cakes of ice, but he came up smiling and asked, "Will I have to do this again? It would just be like someone saying that my scarf wasn't on right the first time!"

HENRY wants to get back to the New York stage. "Trite but true," says he, "there's nothing like audience reaction. There's nothing like building up to a big dramatic scene and being able to sustain the emotion. In pictures, when you're all het up someone shouts 'Cut' and you've got to deflate like a balloon and start all over again.

"I'm not saying a thing against Hollywood, mind you. I like the place. I have an apartment now—share it with another fellow—and we have a cook. She's better than the house man we used to have. He sort of got us down. He'd worked for some big shot or other and I think he thought we were a little on the uncouth side. You know, not dressing for dinner and such like. I guess I'm not much on wardrobe, which annoys heck out of a valet."

Henry flew to Omaha over week-ends during production. It worried the company, but his father was ill and he was going to be with him every minute he could steal from work. There's a loyalty

Skeet shooting is one of Hollywood's favorite sports and here is one of its youngest devotees, George Breakston. He's currently appearing in "The Return of Peter Grimm."

WHICH IS YOUR LUCKY NUMBER?
1 DARK BRUNETTE
2 RACHEL
3 BEIGE
4 BRUNETTE
5 NATURAL
Lady Esther

You May Think It is No. 1 When It Really is No. 3; Or No. 2 Rather than No. 4

The Wrong Shade of Face Powder Will Make You Look Years Older Than You Really Are!

BY *Lady Esther*

Are you using the right shade of face powder for *you?*

That sounds like a rather needless question, doesn't it? For there is nothing a woman selects more confidently than her color of face powder. Yet, it is an actual fact, as artists and make-up experts will tell you, that many women use altogether the wrong shade of face powder.

The shade they so fondly believe makes them look their youngest and most attractive does just the opposite and makes them look years older than they really are!

Brunettes think that because they are brunettes they should use a dark shade. Blondes think they should use a light shade. Titians think they should use something else.

Choose by Trying

The fact is, you shouldn't choose a face powder shade according to your "type" or coloring, but according to which one is the *most becoming* for you. After all, a brunette may have a very fair skin while a blonde may have a dark or olive skin or any shade between. The only way to tell, therefore, is to try all five shades which, experts agree, accommodate all colorings.

So fundamentally sound is this principle that I want you to prove it to yourself at my expense. I will therefore send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder free of charge and obligation. When you get the five shades, try all five on. Don't think that your choice must be confined to any one or two shades. As I say, try on all five. Maybe the very shade you think least suited to you is really your most becoming, your most flattering.

Stays on for 4 Hours

When you make the shade test of Lady Esther Face Powder, I want you to notice, too, how smooth this face powder is—how evenly it goes on and long it holds. By actual test, you will find this face powder adheres for four hours or more.

Write today for all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder which I offer free. With the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder I will also send you a 7-day tube of Lady Esther Face Cream. The coupon brings both the powder and cream.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (19) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2010 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a 7-day supply of your Lady Esther Four-purpose Face Cream.

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*Address*____________________

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(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

Change the color... and you change the dress
So much easier now because RIT offers FAST COLORS WITHOUT BOILING!

LET your own mirror and the flattering comments of friends prove that last season's dress can be a smashing success *today*—with Rit!

Tinting and dyeing with Rit is so easy, so sensible, so economical, you'll find dozens of uses for it. For tinting, use only warm water; even for dark colors, you need NO BOILING. Try Rit today—you'll be grateful for the introduction!

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dissolves in 60 seconds

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RIT

TINTS AND DYES

White Rit Color Remover . . . takes out color without harming the fabric—really whitens white goods.

and sincerity about the lad that is truly touching. It shows through in his work. It shines through his eyes, which are the bluest blue you could ever imagine. He's a good-looking youth, but seems totally unaware of it. He's very tall and slim and diets in a mild way. If you accused him of this, he'd say, "Don't be redick," but if scrambled eggs and stewed tomatoes every luncheon is a pleasure, then there's no such thing as a key to the calories!

Mr. Fonda spends his evenings at home. Which is another source of wonderment to the city of glitter. There are so many places to go when the sun goes down, gay places with guh-rand music and celebrities and beautiful girls. Henry doesn't take them in. He's not interested at this point. He doesn't care to be rumored about. He says, "If the right girl comes along, she'll never believe I'm on the level if she's read I've been here and there with this beauty and that." Being on the level is very important to Mr. F. Things are as they seem to him.

"I've got to sing in Lily Pons' picture," he said. "At least it's in the script. Maybe when they hear the play-back, they'll cut out the song, which should spare the audience no end. There's no need of torturing nice people, you know, when all they want is good, clean fun—a little honest entertainment." Which, we suppose, is fair enough, even though it is said that Henry can hit a mean musical note.

OFTEN Hollywood does strange things to people. Sometimes it gives them the big head. There are those skeptics who claim that when Fonda begins reading his very excellent press notices he's going to think, "Pretty good, this Henry—eh, wot?" That it would be only human. Our guess is that no such thing is due to occur.

He says of himself, of course half kiddingly, "I must be pretty hot stuff. Why, the producer who signed me to make pictures has loaned me out ever since the day I put my name to the contract. Yep, two for Fox and one for RKO. Some fun, hey?"

The very fact that other companies bid for the services of a movie newcomer shows what faith the powers that be in the Celluloid City have in Henry. He really has about everything, you see. Youth, good looks and acting ability. A rare combination to turn up in a town where if you look the part, you're apt to be blah and if you're a swell actor, the profile isn't anything to be taken seriously; in fact, it should be somewhere on the comedy lot.

Yes, we think if we had any shekels to bet, we'd place them on Henry Fonda's very straight nose and, so, would come in the winner of the cinema sweepstakes.

Romantic—Never Routine

(Continued from page 37)

factors who decided that what this country needs—besides a good 5-cent cigar—is more connubial osculation. So they took the following pledge:

1. I solemnly pledge myself daily to embrace my wife, kiss her and tell her that I love her.
2. I promise to compliment her at least once each day on some particular part of the menu she prepares.
3. I promise to perform at least one kind and unexpected deed for her daily.

Latest news reports attest that, after a fair trial, the wives of these reformed husbands declare it to be a marvelous idea, and insist that the Club be continued. . . . (Did some of these smart husbands perhaps hear of the wonderful results of the Gibbons-del Rio marital experiment in romance?)

"AND," continued Dolores, breaking in on my reverie, "you can't imagine how I anticipate that nightly dinner date with Cedric. That's the advantage of being absorbed in my work all day long. I'm sure, if I didn't work as hard as I do now and if I had the empty time on my hands I used to have in Mexico City, I couldn't make a go of my marriage. But being compelled to see other people all day long makes coming back to Cedric both a soothing tonic and a wonderfully fresh adventure.

"Then there's another important rule we observe which makes ours an out-of-the-ordinary marriage. The question of finances never enters into it at all.

"I earn money enough to be financially independent of Cedric—and I spend it as I like. I've always thought it shameful for women to have to go begging to their husbands every time they want a new dress or coat. To be made to realize that they're dependent, body and soul, on the man they marry. Ugh! It's humiliating. I could never bear it!"

But Dolores admits that Cedric doesn't allow her too much independence. That's never good for women. As the old grannies say: "It gives 'em ideas—puts foolish notions into their heads."

Cedric insists on paying all the household expenses. Which indicates clearly to all concerned whose house it is and who's the master in it. There should never be any doubt about that, he firmly believes. And Dolores quite agrees with him.

So with the salary Dolores earns (which is no slouch these days) under her new contract with Warner-First National, she buys all her own clothes, pays the wages of her secretary, and does lovely gracious things for her parents—such as building and decorating a new home for her mother to occupy during her annual six months' stay in Hollywood.

DOLORES is exceptionally proud of that house because it is completely her own brain-child—every spot of color, every stick of furniture in it. It was her way of showing Cedric how much she'd learned from him in the matter of artistic selection.

She admitted all this to me one day in her dressing-room—which, by the way, is also very modern—a sparkling affair in white and tomato red. When I admired it and remarked how perfectly it suited her personality, she said, "I'm glad you think so. To do one's best work and to be happiest one should always manage to wear a touch of one's personality color, or have it in one's surroundings. Red is my color—just to see it makes me feel alive and gay!"

Actually, Dolores looks up to Cedric's intelligence with something of awe, as an adoring pupil regards an adored and splendid teacher.

"I know he's mentally superior to me, and I'm certainly not sorry!" she declares.

In the past four years, since her marriage to Cedric Gibbons, Dolores del Rio has learned more about life and the right way to self-expression and the achieve-

They were all set for matrimony but now Irene Hervey and Bob Taylor just go out together occasionally.

ment of happiness, than most young women of her age—and certainly more than she ever learned in the 24 or so odd years before Cedric entered her life. She's profited wonderfully by the sad experience of her first marriage.

She realizes now what is of permanent value to a woman and she's employing the knowledge that was born of suffering to maintain the happiness she's found with Cedric.

FIRSTLY, Dolores realizes that there can't be a true and happy relationship between a man and a woman unless it's tacitly understood by both that the man is superior to the woman in some way that counts. And that doesn't necessarily mean earning more money—or being physically stronger. It's much more subtle than that. A woman must never be allowed to consider herself the superior or the equal of her mate in every respect. It's fatal—no matter how emancipated the two people consider themselves. Think back over the smashed-up marriages in Hollywood. How many times are they caused, primarily, by the wife being a Neon-lighted star who regards herself, and compels everyone else to do so also, as the superior member of the union. And the husband—whatever his profession and no matter how good at it he is—must either submit to being patronized because he's just *Mr.* Movie Star—or get out because he can't stand it!

This explains Dolores' delight in being able to look up to Cedric's "superior intelligence." She wants to feel herself inferior to him in some respects!

Then there's still another thing she's learned. Keeping a love relationship at a high pitch of emotional satisfaction depends largely upon the woman. Having become quite a young philosopher, Dolores has a theory about this. She believes it's easy for a woman to do this, at least, easier than it would be for a man because every woman is a true actress at heart!

"A woman never completely reveals herself as she really is no matter how much she adores her man. She simply can't help acting just a little, even though she wants to be entirely honest!"

Further, Dolores believes that love is like the theatre—"You have to continually create and maintain a perfect illusion to hold an audience, or your lover, spellbound!"

NEW EASY WAY TO
Perfect Chocolate Pie!

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2 squares unsweetened chocolate
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Baked pie shell (8-inch)

Melt chocolate in double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, stirring over boiling water five minutes until mixture thickens. Add water, stir until thoroughly blended. Pour into baked pie shell. Garnish with whipped cream if desired. Chill.

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Sem-Pray Creme
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It all depends on the WOMAN

There are sensitive women everywhere who do not trust the superficial information that is going around about feminine hygiene. These deep-natured women want the whole truth from the scientific standpoint. They must depend on themselves to sift out the real facts. And to them the news about *Zonite* will be welcome.

● *You* do not need to use poisonous antiseptics for feminine hygiene, just because an older generation used them. In those days there were no antiseptics powerful enough for the purpose, except the poisons. But that was before the discovery of Zonite—the antiseptic-germicide of the World War.

Zonite is powerful, and Zonite is *safe*. Zonite is far more powerful than *any* dilution of carbolic acid that can be used on the human body. But Zonite is *not* poisonous. *Not* caustic. Zonite has never harmed any woman. It will not desensitize tissues. It cannot cause accidental poisoning.

● The old-fashioned poisonous antiseptic has no place in the life of the modern woman. She has welcomed Zonite—and Zonite is now available in every town and city throughout the length and breadth of America. Sold in bottles; 3 sizes, 30c, 60c, $1.00.

Another form of Zonite . . Suppositories

Besides the liquid Zonite, there are also Zonite Suppositories. These are $1.00 for box of a dozen. They are dainty white cone-like forms, each sealed in its own glass vial. Some women prefer them to the liquid. Other women use both. Ask for both the Zonite Suppositories and the Liquid Zonite by name at drug and department stores. There are no substitutes.

● Send for the booklet "Facts for Women." This is a plain, clear statement on the whole subject of feminine hygiene. Much discussed in women's circles. Coupon below will bring you a copy. Read it and get frank, authoritative data on this important phase of modern life. Write today.

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Shirley Temple, Saver of Lives

(*Continued from page 27*)

allowed the dress to be unfastened. Lovingly she patted the soft satin.

"I'm going to keep it always," she said soberly, "and when I get married I'll have a big dress just like it."

Before she left the building, she returned to the sewing room to wave goodbye to the "girls." She carried away an armful of scraps of silk, which they save for her doll clothes, but she left behind a smile on every face. Those women love her and they are also grateful to her for their jobs. They know that when a Shirley Temple picture is being prepared there will be several weeks' work for three extra seamstresses and it makes them all happy.

In "Curly Top" she has eighteen changes of costume. Each tiny garment is beautifully made and finished with the most exquisite handwork—little rabbits on pink satin pajamas, gay flowers embroidered on black velvet. There are hats to accompany many of the costumes. Even her shoes are made to order.

"Every dress we make for Shirley costs from $35 to $40," René Hubert told me. And there is no star for whom the great designer would rather fashion clothes. "She is so refreshing," he explained. And every garment that is made for her is given to her for her personal use when the picture is finished.

Marion Weldon, a young lady who sings and dances, is another who owes her weekly salary directly to Shirley. She learns all of Shirley's songs and dances and, in turn, helps to teach them to Shirley.

"I try them out on Marion," Jack Donohue, the dancing instructor, explained. "When I'm satisfied with them I teach them to Shirley by having her watch Marion. It's the easiest way to teach a child and besides, Shirley is a born mimic."

During a Temple production, he hires an assistant to carry on his regular work so that he is available for Shirley at any time. Handicapped by the law, which allows children to work a limited number of hours a day, he must be ready to rehearse with Shirley whenever she can work with him. In preparing for a new picture they usually rehearse two hours in the morning and two hours in the afternoon. There is an extra pianist hired for Shirley's rehearsals. For "Curly Top" an Hawaiian dancing girl was hired at $15 a day for at least a week to teach her a native dance.

SHIRLEY says her lessons to Miss Lillian Barkley, who teaches the stock players at the studio, but a welfare worker is employed for Shirley exclusively.

This welfare worker, Mrs. Veta Geddes, receives $9 a day for her services and she works every day that Shirley does. She reads to Shirley, plays games and is with her every minute she is on the set.

Both teachers are enthusiastic over their small pupil and say she always worries over other children who work in her pictures. When making the baptizing scene in "The Little Colonel" the little colored boy had to be ducked many times before the scene suited the director. Each time, after the ducking, it was Shirley who ran for the blanket and wrapped him up so he wouldn't take cold.

Generous to a fault, she wants to share her good fortune with others and particularly with her little stand-in, Marilyn Grannis. If she is offered an ice cream cone or a piece of candy, she will scarcely wait to say "thank you" before she adds, "Marilyn is over there."

Marilyn, however, has profited more than in these small attentions by Shirley's rise to stardom. In "Baby Take a Bow" Marilyn, with some other children, was hired to do a specialty number. Mrs. Temple and Shirley took a fancy to Marilyn and her mother and so she has been employed regularly at a salary of about $30 a week to act as Shirley's stand-in. The money Marilyn earns is not needed for "family" expenses and is put away intact for her use later on.

Of course Shirley's mother wouldn't be any place, but with her child. But for her companionship, for teaching Shirley her lines and for other duties she performs (perhaps as a reward for having had Shirley!), Mrs. Temple is paid a salary of $100 a week by the studio.

This money enabled Mrs. Temple to hire a housekeeper to do the work which she had previously done herself. It also enabled the Temples to move into a more secluded home when Shirley's popularity caused a crowd of curiosity seekers to surround their house at all hours of the day and night in an effort to get a peek at the tiny star. While this was an unbearable annoyance to the Temples, it was a break for the real estate dealer who sold them a new home.

Several months ago Shirley's fan mail increased to more than 4,000 letters a week (more than that received by any Fox star) necessitating the hiring of a secretary to answer it. She is a permanent employee and taking care of the mail occupies all of her time.

BESIDES the people employed at the studio in Shirley's pictures and for her in other ways, there are hundreds of other people who enjoy a salary every week on account of this child. There are the people who wrote and published the Shirley Temple books. There are the people who manufacture and distribute the Shirley Temple cut-outs (paper dolls).

There are the Shirley Temple dolls, which must be manufactured, dressed and distributed. This business has grown to huge proportions. There are the Shirley Temple hair ribbons, her latest venture. There are the Shirley Temple dresses, which have become so popular that the company which manufactures them on Long Island, New York, has recently moved the factory into a larger and newer building.

Last, but by no means least, is Shirley's lawyer, Loyd Wright, who makes all of her contracts and takes care of her business.

In spite of this fame and attention, it is the general opinion of those who know that Shirley has remained remarkably unspoiled. Her influence has been felt around the world. Just to see her in a picture is to feel better.

Darryl F. Zanuck has big things in store for Shirley and that means a treat for her great legion of fans.

How would you like to have Shirley in a grand musical? Well, one is being considered now. The idea is to give Shirley's nimble feet and musical talent full sway, surrounding her with a cast that will be the tops.

While all these plans are on foot, Shirley is having a perfectly grand time slowing her fast foot work down to the sedate pace of the minuet and the quaint dignity of the hoop skirts she wears in "The Littlest Rebel." When this is finished she will rest before playing in that beloved old story "Captain January."

Speaking of plans for Shirley, Mr. Zanuck says, "By her talent, Shirley has won her way to the highest rank of the film stars. We mean to help her remain on top. In the future, everything will be done for Shirley that is done for grown-up stars. She will have the best writers and her supporting casts will be composed of outstanding personalities. Great care will be exercised so that her roles will be varied and the fans, whose hearts she has captured, shall remain hers for a long time to come."

With all this sudden wealth, the Temple family has hardly changed its mode of living. Shirley has worked in pictures before and her mother has always accompanied her to the studio. The greatest difference is that formerly Mrs. Temple had to hurry home to prepare dinner for her husband and two hungry boys.

An adverse Supreme Court decision, together with Father Coughlin, couldn't (if they would, and they wouldn't) jar this one-girl institution, for the TRA is the most effective cure-all yet advanced.

Confessions of an Extra Girl

(Continued from page 46)

But when absolutely no more calls came I realized the truth—that the story had been whispered around, that the director was being believed and that I was dubbed "bad news." Apparently others were afraid to give me work lest I "pull off another frame."

In vain I tried to do something about it, but I found that I could not even see the assistant directors who had once given me work. And I realized that I was being "blacklisted."

When I was working more or less steadily I spent the surplus money with which I had come to Hollywood for clothes, because a good wardrobe made me more valuable. The result was that I had no extra money on which to fall back. I was behind with my rent for the first time.

I believed that Hollywood would forget that I was "bad news." Hollywood forgets so quickly, sometimes. And so I began looking for other work to tide me over until that happened.

Another job? What a fool I was! I had not learned typing and shorthand in high school, so sure was I that I was destined to be a famous actress, so I applied for work as a waitress and then as a clerk in cheap stores. But how many thousands of girls there are in Hollywood who come out to seek fame and fortune and, finding neither, start looking for other jobs. Stores and restaurants are filled with would-be Garbos, Crawfords and Colberts.

And so the days dragged on. I was so miserable and unhappy that I would not even read the studio news in the papers.

Now I had one alternative. I might have given up and gone home. But I could not. No, there is something about Hollywood that gets you, even if you're on the very outer fringe. I would undoubtedly have been better off had I not gone to Hollywood in the first place but once there, there is no turning back.

Then finally another alternative presented itself.

One evening Bradley called for me in his car and we drove to the beach together.

Beautiful Eyes
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EYE BEAUTY AIDS
MASCARA...EYE SHADOW...EYEBROW PENCIL...EYELASH TONIC CREAM...EYEBROW BRUSH

FAME AND FORTUNE . . . OR HOME AND HAPPINESS?

When little Annette Monard married the poverty-stricken composer, Fritz Brecker, at a carnival, little does she dream that she will become a great singer . . . nor does Fritz. But, upon realizing what great talent she possesses, he starts her on her career. As Annette rises rapidly and becomes a great artist, Fritz sinks deeper and deeper into the gloom of his own lack of success. He leaves her, and Annette must choose . . . will she have a great career—or a happy married life? With this difficult choice before her, how does she decide?

You'll enjoy reading "I DREAM TOO MUCH," the story of RKO Radio's new musical, starring Lily Pons, famous soprano, in her film debut, with Henry Fonda. Complete story in the December SCREEN ROMANCES.

Other complete stories in December will include: "Rose of the Rancho," starring John Boles and Gladys Swarthout . . . "Magnificent Obsession," starring Irene Dunne with Robert Taylor . . . Barbara Stanwyck with Preston Foster in "Annie Oakley" . . . James Cagney and Margaret Lindsey in "Frisco Kid" . . . "A Night at the Opera," starring the Marx Brothers with Kitty Carlisle . . . William Powell and Rosalind Russell in "Black Chamber" . . . Clark Gable, Charles Laughton and Franchot Tone in "Mutiny on the Bounty" . . . Helen Twelvetrees and Donald Cook in "Spanish Cape Mystery" . . .

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The Love Story Magazine of the Screen

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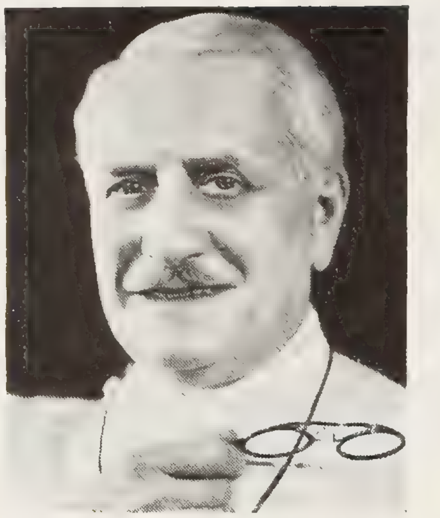

Science Discovers New Way to Increase Weight

Gains of 10 to 25 lbs. in a few weeks. First package must add weight or the trial is free

AN AMAZING new "7-power" yeast discovery in pleasant tablets is putting pounds of solid, normally attractive flesh on thousands of "skinny", run-down people who never could gain an ounce before.

Doctors now know that the real reason why great numbers of people find it hard to gain weight is that they don't get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Now scientists have discovered that the richest known source of health-building Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it *7 times more powerful*. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of blood-strengthening iron in little tablets called Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, are one of the many "skinny", run-down persons who need these vital elements, get these new "7-power" Ironized tablets from your druggist at once. Day after day, as you take them, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to normal attractiveness. Indigestion and constipation from the same source quickly vanish, skin clears to normal beauty—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and run-down you may be, try this wonderful new "7-power" Ironized Yeast for just a few short weeks. If you're not delighted with the results of the very first package, **your money** instantly refunded.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 312, Atlanta, Ga.

10 lbs., 3 weeks

"I was like a scarecrow. With Ironized Yeast I gained 10 lbs. in 3 weeks."—**Fannie Alcorn, Oneida, Tenn.**

14 lbs. quick

"I seemed born to be skinny, but with Ironized Yeast I gained 14 lbs. in 3 weeks."—**Dora Sotelo, Anaheim, Calif.**

"SKINNY? SEE HOW I LOOK SINCE I GAINED 12 POUNDS"

Posed by professional models

Overlooking the beautiful moonlit water, he told me that I had no chance of becoming a star and that I should give up trying to get extra work again.

"Darling," he said, "I love you. I want you to marry me so that I can take care of you and protect you."

The security of a fine husband—no more financial and emotional worries! But I could not accept Bradley now. I had two reasons for my refusal and I hope I can make you understand them.

First of all, I still had to prove to myself that I could act if I were given the chance and I felt that I must not give up when only situations over which I had no control were apparently keeping me back. Secondly, I felt that perhaps Bradley was asking me to marry him simply because he felt sorry for me. And my pride would not let me accept that. Before I could marry Bradley or anybody I had to prove myself in some way.

I tried to explain these things out there in the moonlight but I saw how hurt and disappointed Bradley was. He hid his hurt with anger, called me a "damn career woman" and, when he left me at my door, swore that he would not see me or talk to me until I had "come to my senses." Actually, he did not know in what straightened financial circumstances I was.

AND so began the most depressing and heartbreaking period of my life. There is nothing so dreadful as being alone and without money in Hollywood. Time and again I was tempted to call Bradley but that I could not do until my pride was restored.

I sold a few dresses to the second-hand clothes shops with which Hollywood abounds, but I could not give up all my best things in case I received a call. I pawned a little bracelet with one diamond in it that my mother had given me.

Finally I discovered myself completely without money. For two days I did not eat. Once during those days I weakened and called Bradley. He was not in and I did not leave a message. No, I must see this thing through myself.

But hunger is awful. One night as I walked along the street I thought, "If this were not Hollywood, I would have the alternative of the oldest profession in the world. But, heaven knows, one can't *sell* love in Hollywood when so many girls are eager to give it."

I must have been a little crazy to think such things. As I walked I stumbled against something. I looked down and saw a garbage can that had just been put out. On the top was a big piece of dry bread. I hurriedly looked about me to see if anyone were looking. I snatched the bread from the garbage can and ran with it, cramming it into my mouth as I ran. I thought what my mother would say, what tears she would weep if she knew I was eating food from garbage cans!

I tried to stop myself from having these thoughts. I ran along the street in the direction of some lights ahead of me. At one of the few studios—a smaller one—actually remaining in Hollywood proper, they were doing some night shooting.

I discovered that they were working on the street in front of the studio. A crowd had gathered to watch. I became one of that crowd, on the outside looking in again.

The scene showed the star being picked up, obviously having been struck down by an automobile, and being carried away on a stretcher. How familiar it all was—the lights, the cameras, the sound truck. Would I ever be working in this atmosphere again?

I heard the director say to the extras, "Here now, when she is put on a stretcher one of you throw a coat over her." He called for a prop boy and asked for a coat, but the boy explained that since no such prop had been requested beforehand, none was available.

The director looked the extras over. Several girls were wearing coats but one was too dark and one was too light.

Suddenly his eyes fell upon me. "Will you lend me your coat, young lady?" he asked. "It is just what I want."

Gathering all my courage I said, "I will if you'll let me be the one to throw it over her."

He laughed. Apparently he thought me some idle girl who wanted the thrill of working in a picture. Ah, if he only knew!

"Okay," he said. And so again by the merest accident I was working. I even had a small bit to do, stepping forward when the star was lifted on the stretcher and throwing the coat over her.

We worked until past three o'clock and then he said it was time to go home. The assistant director came to me and gave me five dollars.

I SNATCHED the money and was just turning to go when the director shouted, "Say, stop that girl and get the coat. It's spotted in this scene and when the stretcher arrives at the hospital it must be thrown over it." He turned to me. "Will you sell us the coat?" he asked.

"No," I said, "it's the only one I have."

"Then will you rent it to us?"

"Yes," I answered, "if I go along with it. You'll need extras in the hospital scene, won't you? Let me be one of them."

He shook his head. "You've been spotted in this scene. We'll need other faces at the hospital. But I'll rent the coat for what I'd pay you—five dollars a day."

And so, by a curious chain of events which could not possibly happen anywhere but in Hollywood, I ate regularly once more and my coat worked for me.

Every evening I went to the studio and collected the money the coat earned. On the third day they said they were through with it but that I should keep it carefully since they might need it for retakes. And then I took a bold chance. I asked to see the assistant director. He undoubtedly thought, when he saw me, that the nuisance was back again.

I said, "You must listen to me." And I told him the whole story and my belief that I had been "blacklisted."

He was most kind and he said, "Such a thing is actually impossible. There is no blacklist in Hollywood. I'm sure I can explain what happened, although I've never heard of your particular case before. But perhaps this rotten fellow told a few people not to use you. As you know, the people right on the ground are the ones who get the jobs. When they stopped seeing you around they forgot about you. It's just one of those tough breaks. But I'm willing to help you. I'll begin right now by putting you on my call list for a new picture. It will probably start the ball rolling again for you."

And so I was back in pictures once more.

That evening I called Bradley. He seemed unhappy that I had another chance. "I thought," he said, "that I could make you see that marriage was the best thing for you."

And now I have told you the most dramatic things that have happened to me. But before I finish completely with my confessions I want to do what I promised to do in the first place.

Next month I'm going to end my story by telling you what my life is like today and discuss what I—who *should* know Hollywood by now—think of the chances for an unknown girl in this town.

Spencer Tracy Speaks His Mind

(Continued from page 29)

money until we came out here! Most of us never knew whether we'd eat from one week to the next until we hit this town!

"Look at doctors and lawyers and longshoremen, do they yelp and howl if they have to work all hours of the night? They do not. And do they get the rewards we get out here? Not on your life they don't and can never hope to. And some of 'em have had long years of arduous preparation and others of 'em work, with their muscles and their sinews and their strained hearts. We need never have gone to school—Hollywood doesn't ask us for any mortar board. And the strain we put on our hearts and muscles wouldn't hurt an embryo. Better hit me over the head, if you want me to stop. This is a sore point with me. Seems to me that for actors to complain about Hollywood and the producers is like a spoiled brat hitting an overindulgent, undemanding parent in the face.

ANYWAY, this is *my* credit side of the sheet. If it hadn't been for Hollywood and what it has done for me I wouldn't have been able to do what I've done, and am doing, for Johnny. I couldn't have taken him to the best doctors, the last-word experts in the country. I couldn't have taken him to San Francisco last week, for instance, and have tests made and a device used which has ascertained that he has a little hearing. A very little but enough so that there is hope for the future. Enough so that he could, for the first time in his life, hear my voice and his mother's. Say, no headline story that could be written about me could be the big story this one line of information is. And say, I'd owe Hollywood the skin off my back if all it ever gave me was the look on that kid's face when he heard his mother's voice and mine for the first time in his life."

Spencer cleared his throat, rubbed one hand across the blue of his eyes and said roughly, "Sure, it's given me the chance to live on the ranch we're living on now—Gary Cooper's you know. It's given me the chance to give Johnny and Susie, too, horses and polo ponies and dogs, a swimming pool, fields to roam about in. It's opened a whole world of activities to a little chap who might have been shut out of a lot of them. Just this alone is enough to swell the credit side of my sheet so top-heavy there won't be much room for the debits.

"Hollywood saved my mother's life. She was seriously injured in an automobile accident back East. The doctors there said that the injuries were fatal. I could and I did bring her out here, into the sunshine, into a house of her own in Beverly Hills. Care was available, medical attention. She is alive and well today. It couldn't have been done if I had been in any other line of work. Chalk that one down to the credits . . ."

And there are other items which belong on the credit side of Spencer's Hollywood. Things he didn't tell me himself. Things his friends have told me. There are the old friends of his Dad's—men who are tired and beaten, too old and too frustrated to start again. Well, thanks to Spencer they have started again and one of them said to me one day, "It wasn't only the money he gave me, it was the faith in people *I* got back."

"When I was a youngster I dreamed of being a doctor," Spencer once told me, adding with a laugh, "but hell, I wouldn't have got through the first year of *pre*-medical school. Too dumb."

SO now there's a certain young man who is going through McGill and, Spencer will tell you proudly, standing third in his class. And when this young man begins to heal with his hands the wounds of his fellowmen it will be the hand of Hollywood that trained him.

"I don't want money. Not for myself," Spencer told me. "I'd be a bad boy if I had too much dough. And I know it. If I could say to the studio tomorrow, 'Toodle-oo, I won't be needin' you!', I'd go berserk. So I keep myself broke and I'm happy and safe. I have insurance and annuities so that if I should die tomorrow the family would be substantially safe. That's all I care about. I've got no use for the stuff myself.

"On the credit side goes, too, the way people feel about us—us movie actors I mean. In all the fan letters that come to me there's not one with a grouse in it. You'd think that some folks would write in and say, 'How did you get this way,

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912 AND MARCH 3, 1933.
of MODERN SCREEN, published monthly at Dunellen, N. J., for October 1, 1935.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Helen Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the business manager of the MODERN SCREEN and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Regina Cannon, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Helen Meyer, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Margarita Delacorte, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. George T. Delacorte, Jr., Trustee for Estate of George T. Delacorte, Jr. Margarita Delacorte, Trustee for Estate of Margarita Delacorte.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders or security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her.

HELEN MEYER, Business Manager.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of September, 1935.
MAY KELLEY,
Notary Public, N. Y. County.
N. Y. County Clerk's No. 89.
N. Y. County Register's No. 7K118.
(My commission expires March 30, 1937.)

The 8th WOMAN

HER ADVANTAGE OVER OTHERS

Do you know a woman who is never at a disadvantage, never breaks engagements, never pleads that she is "indisposed," and whose spirits never seem to droop?

She is apt to be that eighth woman who has learned to rely on Midol.

Eight million women once suffered every month. Had difficult days when they had to save themselves, and favor themselves, or suffer severely. But a million have accepted the relief of Midol.

Are you a martyr to "regular" pain? Must you favor yourself, save yourself, on certain days of every month? Midol might change all this. Might have you playing golf. And even if it didn't make you completely comfortable you would receive a measure of relief well worth while! Midol is effective even when the pain has caught you unaware and has reached its height. It's effective for hours, so two tablets should see you through your worst day. And they do *not* contain any narcotic.

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ALWAYS HERSELF—Nature doesn't keep the eighth woman off the links—or from other strenuous activities. Midol means freedom from the old martyrdom to "regular" pain.

Aglow
WITH YOUTH!
BLONDE
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COLORINSE
rinses • tints • glorifies your hair
CONTAINS TWO BLONDE HAIR RINSES

Rinse away hair dullness with Colo-Rinse. Rinse in "the Sheen of Youth" —glowing, natural color; shimmering highlights; and a soft, glamorous lustre. Neither a dye nor a bleach, absolutely harmless. It tones up dull, faded or harsh hair *immediately*. Used and praised by leading beauticians everywhere.

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"AIR-CONDITIONED"
FOR RAPID DRYING AND BETTER CURLS

that's why
HOLLYWOOD STARS
favor this
CURLER
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②

1. Patented end lock is a beveled disc . . . not a ball. Locks curler without stopping air-circulation. **2.** Ends of curler never close. Ample air flow is assured. No other curler has these features. **3.** Perforations increase ventilation. This complete "air-conditioning" insures rapid drying. Curls set swiftly. Hair dress takes less time . . . and curls are softer, lovelier, last longer.

JANE HAMILTON
RKO *player*

HOLLYWOOD
Rapid Dry
CURLER

5¢ AT 5¢ AND 10¢ STORES AND NOTION COUNTERS

Divorce, Hollywood style! Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot have frequent dates now that they are divorced! And don't they look like bride and groom here?

you big punk? Who are you to be making your dough and riding around on polo ponies and living on dude ranches and buying orchids while we sweat for a beastly pittance and are as good as you are?' You'd think they'd say this sort of thing, some of 'em. They never do. No one seems to begrudge us our big piece of cake. And so I say that on the credit side of my sheet goes my appreciation, my knowledge of the generous hearts, the unbegrudging spirit of my fellow men.

"And not only from the fans do we get this attitude, but right here at home where our well-paid and pampered bodies are right under the eyes of fellows who sweat for a living wage. The boys on the sets, I mean. Why, a finer gang of fellows never lived. And when I hear some actor beef, or when I myself think of beefing because I have to work overtime and then look at those chaps—say, it teaches you a thing or two.

"I remember," said Spencer, flipping an admiring paw at Jean Parker as she passed our table with her chaperone, "I remember one night when we were making 'Dante's Inferno.' I was dead tired, doing two pictures at the same time. Day and night stuff. There were two hundred extras on the set that day and the director couldn't make up his mind whether he wanted me to stand up on a platform and take a long shot or a close-up. Along around seven o'clock I got temperamental for the first, and I think, the only time in my life. I ripped off the shirt I was wearing and started to go. As I made to leave the set one of the electricians grabbed hold of me. 'Say, Spence!' he said, 'I had to move those big lights for this take, you know. Damned heavy, those lights, when you've been moving 'em all day. And it's seven o'clock for me, too.'

"So it was. So it was seven o'clock for him, too. Say, I put that shirt of mine back on and got back to that set in a hurry. Seven o'clock for him, too, and he couldn't send out for coffee and sandwiches, either.

"They try to say that the life of a screen actor is short-lived. Phooey! Unless we go crazy, get grogged and stay that way we can keep working till the wagon comes. Look at George Arliss and Lionel Barrymore and Lewis Stone and a few of the others.

Spencer was saying, "Now about these debits—I told you I'd have to dig a bit for them. It comes to about this, I think. We actors are like the children of very wealthy parents who keep a very close watch on us, have guards and spies set over us. The studio is the mama and papa of the actor. The whole world, the press, the public are the guards and spies. We can't really be ourselves, much of the time. "Maybe," laughed Spencer, "maybe it's just as well, but it's damned uncomfortable at times. I mean, the average chap can do what he pleases, but an actor must always be on his toes. One slip and the whole town's talking, and magnifying it to tremendous proportions.

"I can't go about dressed like the farmer's son as I would like to do and do do a good part of the time. But even when I do, I can't get the full pleasure out of the blue jeans and sweat shirt. I feel that I should be sporting the soup and fish and making papa proud of his little boy.

"I can't play practical jokes, shoot off my mouth, horse about as I might want to for fear of being misinterpreted by some little bird who might overhear me or oversee me. It's kind of a strain, all this. Even when I play polo I have a sense of guilt. I know that mama and papa studio really disapprove. They fear that I might break my little neck which is carrying the Tracy face through a production with a heavy cost sheet.

"And them thar," said Spencer, finishing his pistachio ice cream with a flourish, "them thar are about the only items I can think of to list on the debit side. Kinda skinny little items they are, at that. But I can't invent any. Even the well known 'temptations of Hollywood' are a lot of bologna, most of them. All the pretty girls, they say. Sure, but you know the old psychology about a candy shop. Work in one for a few days and you pay no attention to the sweets! The only temptation I know about out here is a sort of general inclination to go mildly nutty when you aren't working. The balmy air, the vacationland atmosphere do tend to make you have to buckle on the armor and behave. But that's really up to the individual and if the individual will keep his eye on the credit sheet he won't really disgrace mama and papa—not for long.

"I got no kick coming," said Spencer, "it's all on the credit side with old man Tracy."

"I'd Be a Terrible Husband"

(*Continued from page 45*)

boyishness which is his greatest charm, "nobody ever *did* ask me if I had been married so I did not think to mention it. There are so much more important things to talk about."

CERTAINLY this young man with the face of an ardent ascetic—a passionate monk—does not lack for words even in his adopted language. Night after night, from college and lecture platforms, he pours them out, day after day when he is not on a movie set making love before the grinding cameras, he is sitting at his desk writing them—flaming words, coaxing words, persuasive words, ten-dollar words! The two cramped, dusty offices he occupies on the studio lot in place of the richly-decorated dressing-rooms of other stars are filled to overflowing with words, locked up in cabinets, filed away under "P," Peace Plans, "U," Unemployment Remedies, "W," War Statistics.

But under "L" you will find nothing about Lederer, Francis, Stage and Screen Idol, or Luxury, or even Love. And under "M" you will find no notes about Marriages, past or to come.

"If being a husband means being an escort, a dancing partner, a host for dinner parties, then I would make a very bad husband indeed," Francis admitted when I asked him whether the rumors of his coming marriage to Mary Loos were true. (I wasn't going to make the mistake of not asking this time.) "But if being a wife means being a housekeeper, or a bridge partner, or a hostess for one's parties I do not need a wife. I do not live in a house. I do not play bridge. As for parties, time is too precious to waste eating and drinking and making small talk about nothing at all. I do not know what to say when charming ladies rush up to me to tell me pretty things about my last picture. They wouldn't believe me if I would tell them how embarrassing it is for me to hear such compliments and how wasted the time is to talk about myself. You cannot point out to these charming ladies that there are important, worth-while problems they would do better to discuss. Instead at the end of a party you are exactly where you started except perhaps with a fine headache."

Whenever there is a Cause to be upheld, a Little Theatre to be launched, a college speech to be made, a peace convention to be addressed, Francis Lederer is there. But no parties. For one reason, he does not drink. At the age of ten his teacher in school in Czecho-Slovakia showed the class the colored picture of the stomach of a drunkard, and the sick memory has remained with him all his life!

"I think that a woman to marry me—Francis Lederer—would have a very difficult task ahead of her," he reflected aloud. "My life is not the sort of life most women would have the courage to choose. And yet I am not a cold idealist. I believe with all my soul that love is the greatest thing in life, a love that is a sharing of the mind and not merely the sharing of a roof, a love that springs from complete sympathy and understanding and not from holding hands under the moon. And I am hoping that I will find that love. I have heard that one of your poets says that he is strongest who travels alone. But my life is so full of empty places! When I stand before a big audience and feel their response and their enthusiasm I am alive, excited, ecstatic. But when it is over and there is no one to turn to, to talk it over with, to share all this experience then I know that it is not living fully to be alone."

FRANCIS LEDERER is right. It would be difficult for an American girl to fit her American ideas of marriage into the strange, selfless, chaotic life he leads. No Hollywood movie star cashes in his fame and popularity for the things on which this handsome, eager young Czech spends his. He lives in an inexpensively furnished apartment, drives his own car of a popular make and by no means new. He owns no yacht, no swimming pool nor wardrobe filled with sixty suits of clothes.

His manager, one of his own countrymen, quivers with emotion as he tells of the offers that pour in by every mail from Paris, Vienna, Berlin, London and New York—offers of stage parts, movie roles, lecture tours, magazine contracts which must all be turned down. "Meeelions," mourns the manager flinging out his hands desolately, "we refuse meeelions just because Mr. Lederer must make the peace talks."

Francis Lederer, bachelor, may keep himself poor to have money to spend on the cause near to his heart. Francis Lederer, husband, will assuredly do the same thing. There will be no square-cut emeralds, no star sapphires for the woman who marries this young idealist, no villas with forty rooms and a Roman swimming pool, no imported limousines.

"If she is the woman for me she will not want such foolish things," smiles Francis. "I would never fall in love with anyone who finds them necessary to her happiness. Myself, I own nothing. Even my ranch house is for sale. It is a forty-five minute drive from Hollywood and I cannot afford to waste so much time. I have only spent two days in a house of my own in my whole life. Houses, sticks of furniture, pots and pans—are these things marriage? Not to me!"

Here is a man who, looking back, remembers none of the dear associations of home. When he was a small child his parents were divorced. His beloved older brother was killed early in the war. He himself was in the trenches firing a machine gun when he was thirteen years old, before his bones had become man bones or his childish ideas, man ideas. Since then he has hung his hat in many places. He has never known the need of familiar walls about him, or a rosebush that he himself has planted at his own doorstep.

"A HOUSE becomes a tyrant," he says impatiently. "It demands that you live by the clock. For instance, three meals a day! I could never, never promise any lady to love and honor and eat three meals a day opposite her! Some days when I have much on my mind I do not eat at all, most days I eat only when I am hungry. I want only fruit and vegetables and perhaps crackers. Such things seem to me so unimportant, so unreasonable. Is it reason, I ask you, to spend the precious days of one's life, performing the ceremonials of domesticity—shopping, cooking, always repairing, mending, keeping the machinery of a house going? Surely there are women in this world who would not think that love means that a man must come home at a certain hour to dinner.

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No 3
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They were getting on each other's nerves. Intestinal sluggishness was really the cause—made them tired with frequent headaches, bilious spells. But that is all changed now. For they discovered, like millions of others, that nature provided the correct laxatives in plants and vegetables. Tonight try Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets). How much better you feel—invigorated, refreshed. Important—you do not have to increase the dose. They contain no phenol or mineral derivatives. Only 25c—all druggists.

NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

FREE: Beautiful 5 Color—1935-1936 Calendar Thermometer with the purchase of a 25c box of NR or a 10c roll of Tums (For Acid Indigestion). At your druggist's.

"And a woman who was so courageous as to marry me would have to be willing to be alone a great deal. I have only been home two nights out of the last ten days! When I am not in a picture, I am speaking, here, there, everywhere. I have made five talks this week already. There are times when I attend two meetings within the same twenty-four hours, a hundred miles apart. There are times when I drive my car all night, after a day on the set, to speak at some woman's club or school group. My wife would have to choose whether she would remain behind and occupy herself with her own interests or whether she would travel about with me, leading the same active life I lead. I tell you that I would be the most difficult husband in the world! And yet," his expressive face grows wistful, "if I found someone who felt as I feel, who saw the world as I see it, who thought my thoughts, she would perhaps not know that there were any difficulties because she would also like to do the same things that I do."

The girl whom Hollywood watches lunching almost daily at Francis Lederer's side at the moment, is not the typical movie actress. Mary Loos, the niece of Gentlemen-Prefer-Blondes Anita, is a college girl. She belongs to the exclusive Kappa Kappa Gamma sorority. She has dark thoughtful eyes and a serious forehead and she is in the movies more or less by accident.

"Does any woman," I asked Francis Lederer, "really care about World Peace, do you suppose?"

"I know one," he answered quietly. "Miss Loos is deeply interested in it. She is helping me hunt for something to make it colorful, a substitute for the parades and martial music that takes man's reason away, and the flags that children are taught they must be glad to die for and willing to kill for. Only then will we be able to make peace as dramatic and exciting as war."

The little-boy smile radiates his dark face. It is strangely touching, that young, eager smile in a face cut deeply, chiselled by sad memories and anxious thought. "Please, do not think that I have no other interests than that one. There are too many things in this world that I shall never find the time for. Right now I am taking up sculpture and painting. Miss Loos thinks that I have talent. She has made a friend of hers, an art critic, see my poor beginnings and he encourages me to go on. I am always trying to learn something new, to talk with people who can teach me things I would like to know. Long ago I made up my mind that every moment of my life I would be doing something that would develop me as a person. That thought drives me! You see now why I am impatient with parties and dull domestic details."

Driven! That is the word for Francis Lederer. It explains the eagerness of him, the nervous vitality that chacterizes him on the screen, the deadly earnestness and sincerity that led a blasé theatre manager to part unquestioningly with his trousers when he asked for them long ago in Budapest. It explains why, except to the one woman he seeks, he would make the worst husband in the world.

New Star in the Sky

(*Continued from page 31*)

admiration of everyone in "Escapade." "I like it because everyone seems to be walking on little pink clouds! Europeans, you know, are too intense!" And then, after thinking very seriously she added, "But what I like about Europe is that when a man loves a woman she knows it, but here, here she seems to be just another good friend!" Darn clever, those Viennese!

WHAT amazed me most was the tremendous progress she has made in English and she explained it so:

"I have worked at it very hard. At first the lessons, they were no good. I was talking with my face, my whole body, expressing everything in actions, not words, and then I said to my teacher, 'Please may I talk my lesson over the telephone?' And so it was decided! Every day for a long, long time I would speak over the telephone and every time I tried to say something in action I realized it would do no good so I just had to learn English, you see?" And she seemed entirely delighted at fooling herself.

Off the screen she tries very hard to talk English exclusively, except when speaking with Johnny, her Scottie, that she brought from Europe with her. Johnny understands only German for the studio hasn't gotten around to him yet.

For Bob Leonard, who directed her film, she has a deep regard and eternal gratitude.

"He was so kind," she said, "he explained how pictures differ from stage work, how to repress action in close-ups, how to keep from moving about and to use my voice skillfully under a microphone. And," she added, mischievously, "he taught me how to joke in American."

Luise jokes "in American" very well. She has mastered the pun with telling effectiveness and is as quick on the come-back as her most agile adversary. When Bob told her macaroni grew on vines she took it all in, very seriously, but her retort was, "And I suppose the egg plants are fresh every morning, too!"

ONE scarcely expects such hardiness from the slim brunette who isn't strictly beautiful, but whose expressiveness makes her face a constantly changing picture, and whose eyes have repeatedly been called "the most beautiful in Europe"—with which description one finds no grudge.

Puttering about her small house at Santa Monica, right next to Max Reinhardt's, she seems happy and content for she loves the beach and the open air reminds her of "home." But she hasn't had time for leisure—or for that matter, loneliness either. She is being wined and dined, teaed and cocktailed. Virginia Bruce was the first to introduce her to the American crowd and like everything she does, in her intense, whole-hearted way, she has embraced the American scene.

For instance, she likes Cab Calloway, is delighted with the Mills Brothers. She clogs on the set to the delight of both cast and crew and plays and sings in our best Yankee style. At the studio commissary she invariably tops off her dietless lunch with apple pie!

The studio itself realized her value as a new and exciting personality when the "rushes" were run off after the first few days' shooting. To their lasting credit it must be recorded they practically rewrote the part to fit her individuality. When you admire her charm and "cuteness," the latter an all too inadequate word to describe her certain magnetism, you may be reassured you are meeting the *real* Rainer, for they are her gestures.

Bill Powell, you know, was delighted with her. And in return she thinks him "the most brilliant and wittiest man I have ever met. And kind, too! He gave me so much confidence by being patient and considerate of me!"

In short, she is in love with everything and from observation, everyone is quite head over heels in love with her.

I told her she seems so satisfied, so filled with a zest for life that I wondered if somewhere there might not be some secret peeve, an unexpressed annoyance with circumstances or people.

"The only things which bother me are a narrow outlook and a small mind. I don't believe in people dividing themselves up into factions and each believing they are right. And," she added, "I also like only to be told the truth."

That alone sets Luise in a class by herself.

Mr. Boles Takes Pen in Hand

(*Continued from page 47*)

appearances in Chicago recently, John did the unheard of, and un-Hollywoodish thing of entertaining as many fans as he could in his dressing-room after every performance. One evening there were sixteen. (There were hundreds of others waiting outside the stage door, but these sixteen young women had made an appointment en masse.) John was as cordial and hospitable as he is in his own home. Among other things, the girls asked him why he hadn't sung their favorite song, "Sylvia," on the stage. "Because I didn't know it was your favorite," he replied. "But it's not too late to remedy that!" And John called in his accompanist and sang the song for the girls!

PERHAPS you don't know about the many John Boles Fan Clubs all over the country, and in England—and if you don't you should. To John they are one of the most encouraging things about his career. He talks of them often, never bragging, but oh, so appreciative. The motto, slogan, battle-cry, or whatever you want to call it of these clubs, is, almost universally, "We want John Boles to sing!" And no snatches of songs, either, as he did in "Music in the Air." (Did his fans raise something about that!) His fans want him to sing lots of songs and sing each one of them all the way through in his pictures. Here are some more aims of these clubs:

1. To encourage friendship amongst the admirers of our favorite singer and actor, John Boles.
2. To promote his popularity and his progress by writing to his studio and requesting suitable roles for him.
3. To show our appreciation by writing Mr. Boles and the studio after seeing each new film.
4. To encourage members to correspond with each other and to get together to see John Boles' films.
5. To keep members informed of Mr. Boles' activities by issuing club bulletins to members.
6. To send Mr. Boles greetings on his birthday and other days of celebration.

At times these clubs stage contests for the best letter about Mr. Boles, or perhaps, just a membership drive. On such occasions John usually donates some personal belonging for a prize. His own monogrammed handkerchiefs are most in demand. He also writes his clubs regularly once or twice a month, and his letters are always reprinted in the club bulletins.

But now to get down to the questions at hand, as John and I did later that afternoon. Here are his answers as he wrote them out for you.

How do you spend your time when you're not working?

"Out-of-doors, mostly. You see, I think keeping physically fit is one of the first laws for success in this business. After I have finished a picture, I am really fatigued. My energy is at low ebb. It isn't the work that does it. It's the strong lights. They take something out of me which only the sun and the fresh air and good healthy exercise can put back into me. That's why I play so much tennis, and ride horseback, and like to go fishing in the High Sierras. I take Sunday automobile rides, too, just like you do. I like to go picnicking. In the spring I spend a great deal of time at the baseball training quarters. Baseball is one of my hobbies, you know . . . I used to play it in college. In the fall, every Saturday afternoon finds me at a football field, on the 50-yard line, yelling my head off. Not good for my voice? On the contrary, I think it helps it!"

When did you start to sing?

"I started to sing when I was seven . . . and I am still studying, still taking singing lessons! One of my first recollections, as a barefoot boy on our ranch in Texas, is hearing the negroes singing in the fields. Their rich, tuneful voices inspired me to sing, too, and negro songs of the South were the first songs that I learned. I also learned to dance their dances. My uncle had given me an air-gun, one of my prized possessions. I made a bargain with one of the best negro dancers on the ranch. If he would teach me to dance, I would let him shoot my air gun. I have never yet sung those songs or danced those dances on the screen, but perhaps I will have an opportunity some day soon."

How did you get your first job?

"I borrowed a thousand dollars from my father to go to New York and then went to Glens Falls and taught French in the high school, meanwhile studying voice with Oscar Seagle. Two years later I went to Europe and studied a year with Jean de Reske. When I returned, a year later with scarcely five dollars in my pocket, I looked up my buddy with whom I had been through the war, and he gave me a bed to sleep in. Then started my long weary trek for a job. In spite of my urgent need, I was convinced that I should hold out for a leading role in a musical show. Small, bit parts would do me little good. I had to make money and make it quickly.

"Managers looked at me as though I were crazy when I turned down small parts and asked for the lead. They laughed at me for four months and then, strangely enough, they began to believe that, if I was so confident of my ability, I must have something after all. If they only knew! It was not so much confidence as determination! Then, when the leading man in 'Little Jesse James' had to leave the show, I was given his role. You can imagine that all my years of study, my burden of debt, my anxiety and my long wait, were well rewarded at that moment.

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ROUGH as
Stucco?

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Bob Montgomery shows off his new snooty looking imported Bentley car to his pal Chet Morris.

In less than six months I was able to return the thousand dollars I had borrowed from my father."

Who are your best friends?

"That buddy of mine who helped me through the war, and who kept me alive while I tramped Broadway looking for a job, is still my best friend today. I have never had very many friends but the few I have are good friends. No one person can do justice to a great many friends. It is much better to have only a few who mean something, and to whom you can really offer something, than a lot of half-way friends.

FOR the last few years I have been begging this buddy of mine to come to California to visit us. But until recently his business prevented such a trip. Then, a few months ago, when I was planning to go East to make personal appearances, I wired him that I was coming by plane, and for him to meet me. He knew that I had never flown before. Nor had he. He wired me to please take the train East because he wanted to return to California with me, by plane. He said, 'Let's have our first experience in the air together, just as we had our first experience together at the front.'

"And that's what we did. And we *did* have an experience. We were returning by plane to Hollywood on New Year's Eve night and at the stroke of twelve, we were sitting up front with the pilot. He had let us put the radio ear phones over our heads, when suddenly out of the great dark space about us, came the cheery, friendly greeting, 'Happy New Year!'

"We scarcely could believe our ears. 'It's the landing field below,' the pilot explained. 'We're passing over Leavenworth, Kansas.' He handed me the microphone. I called out into it, 'Happy New Year yourself! Happy New Year!'

"Someone handed us paper cups. In them, there was champagne. One of the passengers had brought a bottle of champagne for a New Year's toast.

"Drinking champagne out of paper cups, hundreds of feet in the air, with the landing field below calling up, 'Happy New Year!' It was a thrill that darned near brought tears to my eyes."

Why don't you sing in all your pictures?

"I love to sing. I would like to sing in all of my pictures but unless a story carries a logical excuse for music, it is better to have no music in it at all, than to drag the music in at awkward spots. Just because there is a piano in the room, is no reason to break the thread of the story with a song. But if the song and the singing is the natural development of the story—well, that is something different. Gladys Swarthout, the famous Metropolitan Opera star is making the operetta, 'Rose of the Rancho' for Paramount, and I'm in that with her. So you can see you're going to have to listen to a lot of my singing from now on!"

What are your plans for the future?

"I never look more than a year ahead. A year is a long time in this business—there's very little point in looking beyond it. There's one thing, however, which I do realize, and which each succeeding year only makes more clear, that material things aren't so important, as I used to think they were. As a boy I used to worry about building up financial security, I wanted to possess material things. Now these things don't seem to matter very much. The important thing is to be able to work, and to enjoy it, because you are doing the best kind of a job you know how."

And here is a typical letter from one of the John Boles Fan Clubs. This one was from the John Boles Music Club of Minneapolis and reads as follows:

> Dear Mr. Boles:
>
> Because I've received so many letters from your fans, who say that they want very much to join your Music Club, but that they have been ill, and out of work, or either they are going to college, and really find it difficult to pay the Club dues of one dollar—which I think is quite reasonable for one year —I have had a *new sheet* printed with the Club's *particulars and aims* and I am asking only fifty cents for dues now, because I am very anxious to see your Music Club grow . . . so that more of your ardent fans will promise to write to the Studio, and to the magazines to plead for *more* films and *better* roles for JOHN BOLES.
>
> Would you kindly let me know whether or not you think the new sheet I've had printed for you is better than the one I had printed last summer?
>
> The other day I telephoned to Mr. Bob La Piner of the Minnesota Theatre Co. and asked him if it is really true that you will appear in person at the State Theatre here in Minneapolis in a few weeks. I was afraid my husband was just teasing me but Mr. La Piner assured me that it is true. All the Club members here are delighted.
>
> Sincerely,
> Lillian Musgrave.

Warm Furs—Giddy Hats

(*Continued from page 50*)

aura of the glamor that we demand of any fur purchases we may make this winter.

Like dresses, the length of your fur coat is optional, only more so since you can make your coat briefer than you can your dress! The three-quarter swagger is one of the most popular, and I think one of the most youthful. For those who demand both practicality and smartness, this coat offers both. It is long enough to be warm, it has dash, with its fuller and favorite swagger cut, and it is to be had in every imaginable fur from the inexpensive lapin to the definitely expensive mink. One of the very best examples of this style is Glenda Farrell's attractive Persian lamb, shown on page 49. The easy, flaring silhouette, the small turnover collar and the slash pockets are all excellent details.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND, on the other hand, wears the longer, less fully flared swagger of Safari brown seal. Many of you will prefer this length to the shorter one of Glenda's because it is warmer and permits the wearing of thinner costumes beneath. Olivia's sleeves have fullness through the arm which is gathered into tight cuffs. Can't you remember when you used to sniff at seal as "an old lady's fur?" You don't need to any longer because both black and brown seal coats come in such smart, young styles that they are perfectly charming. For you who feel you can't invest in real Alaskan seal, the Hudson Bay seal is being made equally as smart and wears just as well. The same is true of the real beaver as compared with the less expensive nutria or beaver-dyed lapin.

Of course, lapin which can masquerade as eight other furs, is the answer to the small budget. All sorts of very smart costumes are being made up with lapin. The three-piece suit with the topcoat warmly lined with it, or with deep tuxedo revers is one of the best investments of the season because it gives you that good old combination of several costume possibilities in one. School girls and business women especially are finding these lapin and fabric combinations a joy since they come well under the hundred dollar mark, yet create the illusion of a luxurious costume.

Gail Patrick gives you that luxury yearning with her two winter fur purchases. One is a magnificent black broadtail coat made with a complete disregard for economy. Its Princess lines give it a nipped in waistline and a great flaring skirt that is bordered deeply in red fox. And, as if that wasn't enough, a huge muff of the fox is thrown in for good measure. It's the last word in daytime elegance, only equaled by the pet mink which every star considers her final seal of success when she can at last own one.

And Gail goes the cape subject one better, too. She sweeps into the night in a full length white ermine with sable collar and jeweled catch. The skins are used horizontally, giving a very unusual and stunning effect. We can ogle such elegance futilely but satisfy ourselves with a decorative black velvet cape with collar of ermine or some less expensive yet equally effective fur. There's always a way of getting around such yearnings, you see, even on a comparatively slim purse. And by day, the glorious broadtail cannot even "top hat" its less sophisticated sisters the kidskin or pony caracul.

THE short jacket is not prominent among this winter's first furs but a few of them are seen. Virginia Bruce wears an attractive one in "Metropolitan." Hers is of white ermine and at first glance, it looks like a cape until you discover that the sleeves are loops of fur like slings, covering the arm from shoulder to upper wrist. The rest of the jacket is hip length and slightly flared at back.

Frances Dee wears a kidskin coat that is a compromise between the short jacket and the three-quarter length coat. It is a fingertip length and has a boyish collar caught with the ends of the fur. Fairly straight in line, Frances wears this wrapped over in front and unbelted. It's a nice type for you who cling to your jackets.

Hollywood loves the white fur coat for daytime as well as evening. Any number of the stars wear them with their street clothes. Norma Shearer has had one for several seasons and so has Anita Louise. It is more appropriate for their winter days which often turn too warm for heavier and darker furs. Frieda Inescort, a stage star who made her screen debut in "The Dark Angel," has just such a coat in her personal wardrobe. I have shown it on page 50. It has a brief Johnny collar and very graceful sleeves that are bloused just above the wrists.

Aside from the furs which I have shown this month, there are several others which you will find much to your liking. The kidskins in many becoming costume shades, either swagger or belted types with slightly flared skirts and tunics of the Russian type, not to mention the longer, less extreme but very wearable styles that are standbys year after year.

An old favorite that is being revived is mole. Mole, like squirrel, is listed among the more perishable furs. They are not quite as hardy as the muskrats, the caraculs, seals and beavers but they are grand to wear and own if you can have an extra coat to save the wear and tear. Mary Astor has a smart moleskin swagger coat this season with a large matching muff made with an overflap in envelope style. The flap has a jeweled gadget for ornamentation.

Glenda Farrell has an auxiliary coat to her Persian lamb . . . squirrel with the skins put together diagonally, a treatment usually seen in ermine and mink. For sports coats, leopard and leopard cat are sturdy and so good looking whether they have a contrasting fur as trim or are self trimmed. Civet cat, mink and ermine gills together with a dozen or so unusual furs, give you a selection that ranges up and down the price scale, making it possible for everyone of you to own a warm, attractive fur coat which will give you more than a share of the Hollywood brand of glamor.

I can't think of furs, whether they are collars, whole coats, capes or separate scarfs, that I don't think of the giddy little hats you can have such fun wearing as toppers to these flattering furs.

THE other noon, I attended a luncheon at which Nicole, a famous French milliner, now having her main shop in New York, was the guest speaker. Mme. Nicole arrived with an enormous hatbox out of which she brought hats, like a magician brings rabbits. These weren't just ordinary hats, either, they were copies of chapeaux which she had designed for three well-known stars. There was a forward jutting black velvet with sharp black

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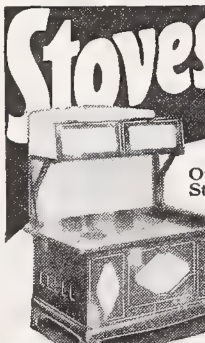

"I Couldn't Sit, Couldn't Stand,
Couldn't even Lie Down!

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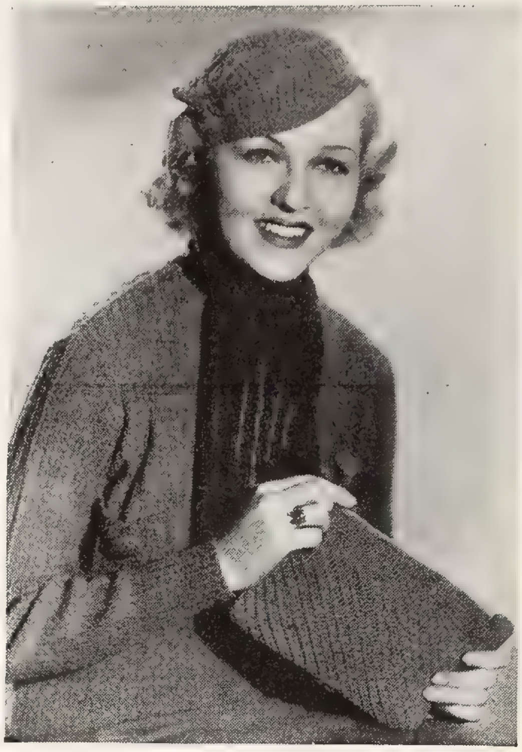
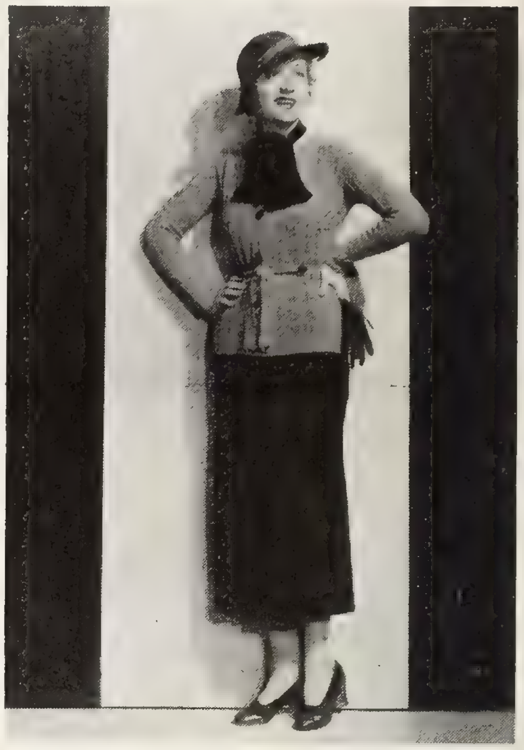


1—If you are afraid to start out on a whole costume, get into the swing by crocheting this charming beret and bag set. Patricia Ellis has made hers in red and gives you all her instructions for the writing in, as explained below.



2—A two-piece costume with smart scarf is Genevieve Tobin's example of her handiwork. You can knit it all, or just the sweater top. The skirt is brown and the top beige—but use your imagination for your own color scheme.

feathers sweeping out over the face and down to shadow one cheek. Guess who? Marlene Dietrich, of course. And perfect, too, for the lovely German. Another Dietrich number was the other extreme . . . a mannish velour with creased crown pierced by two bright quills, set at opposite angles. Marlene could remove these quills, replacing them with other colors to suit the costume.

A tiny turban with a great cascade of coq feathers down one side was a Claudette Colbert choice. While Adrienne Ames had picked a Venetian tricorne of almost fatal charm. Also, black, it had a great veil that swept down from its front point in a flaring triangular piece. This veil only half covered the face and was sprinkled with chenille dots that gave a wicked glint to the eye they half hid.

And, if you don't think veils are popular, try to resist buying at least one hat with one. I have pictured several here this month. Back to Mme. Nicole. There were other hats which she had designed for these three but the point which she stressed about each was this . . . she would not design a hat for anyone in Hollywood unless she felt that she could express her true personality in so doing. No business of just making pretty hats, these were hats that bespoke the character of the star. It is something to bear in mind as you pick your next hat . . . don't just pick one that Sally looks well in, choose one that you are *you* in!

If you can't find a becoming hat this winter, you never will. The majority are giddy and gay but for you, who can't face the light of day in a slightly mad concoction, there are plenty of conservative standbys, either brimmed, off-the-face or turbaned. And your pet old beret pops up time and again in as many disguises as an amateur sleuth. You can have an international flavor to your hats . . . Venetian tricornes, Italian military hats with coq feathers, Mussolini's fringed fez hat, African native turbans, Tyrolean sports hats, French gendarme caps. Anything you like, but wear only what really becomes you, remember!

KNIT YOUR COSTUMES! CROCHET YOUR ACCESSORIES! Get your needles and your yarn, girls. For several months, henceforth, I am going to give you a chance to get full instructions for some of the smart knitted things all Hollywood is making. Begin with the two featured above this month. They are easy to make, fun to work on and exciting to wear. Just designate by number and the name of the star, the instructions you want. Write directly to me. Adelia Bird, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. C. It's all free for the asking—just include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

A Tale of Two Cities

(*Continued from page 39*)

of a redoubtable woman—a very battleship of a woman—all starch and competence and bombazine, who flew at him, demanding, "What have you done to my ladybird?" Then flew at Lucie with tender croonings of dismay. Then flew to the door, shouting for cold water, burning feathers, vinegar, quick! And then flew back at poor Mr. Lorry, upbraiding him for a great oaf—and asking why had he told her whatever he *had* told her with such clumsiness. During the hubbub, Lucie opened her eyes.

"I'm all right, Miss Pross," she said to the battleship female. Then, to Mr. Lorry, her gentle voice firm, "I entreat you to tell me, sir—*where is my father?* You must take me to him at once!"

"I will," replied Mr. Lorry.

RECALLED TO LIFE

Later, Lucie and Mr. Lorry were being escorted by one Ernest Defarge up the filthy stairs of a still filthier rabbit-warren in one of the unhappiest quarters of Paris. A towering, taciturn bull of a man, Defarge. Had not the minds of the other two been so intent upon their mission and had they not had good cause to be grateful to Defarge, they might well have found it in their hearts to fear him. And that wife of his, down in the wineshop—taciturn like her husband, with a cold eye and a hard mouth. Seldom speaking. Knitting, knitting, all day. A vast web which proved, upon examination, to have the coat of arms of many a noble French house worked into its folds.

And the men who frequented the wineshop—what men! Garbed in rags—for there were no clothes in Paris for the poor. Thin, for there was no food in Paris to feed them. Silent, for what topic could men discuss in those days, except the ever-present one of injustice and cruelty? And if the wrong ears overheard such talk, a man found himself behind bars. Even the tragedy that had occurred that afternoon was not discussed too openly. The tragedy—scarcely worth mentioning, for such things happened so often—was the murder of their friend Gaspard's little boy. The child had been clumsy enough to get himself run over by the coach of the Marquis D'Evremonde. Very vexing—to the Marquis, who had had to stop when his horses plunged and reared. Standing there on the step of his elegant carriage, a delicate frown on his high-bred features, he had given a moment of his precious time to rebuke the father for not taking better care of the child—and had tossed a gold louis in the road to show that, after all, he bore no permanent ill will toward the wretch who crouched there, so silent, with the limp bundle in his arms.

But there, as we have said, such things were not worth mentioning—except, perhaps, in whispers. And there *had* been some whispering in Defarge's wineshop—a whispering between groups of equally ragged and starved-looking men who seemed, all of them, to have the same name. At least, each called his fellow "Jacques" and was in turn called "Jacques" himself. Surely, it could not be that these scarecrow mortals had still enough levity in their souls to play a sort of game?

The arrival of Lucie and Mr. Lorry had put an end to all this. Mr. Lorry's signal, "Recalled to life," had met with a recognizing nod from Defarge. It was all very sinister and mysterious. Lucie remembered things afterward—long afterward.

At the very top of the crazy building, Defarge stopped. Across a grated door, he pulled a rusty key. "Must you lock him in?" asked Mr. Lorry.

A shrug of the huge Defarge shoulders. "He's lived so long that way, an open door would . . ."

"Is it possible!"

"All things are possible in France today!" The deep voice shook as though with secret fury. "Just as all things will be possible later!" And Ernest Defarge unlocked the door.

DR. MANETTE'S STORY

Eighteen years before the time of our tale, the iron gates of the Bastille had closed upon Alexandre Manette. His crime had been this: he had been summoned to give medical care to a young girl—summoned too late, for she had died. From her tearful mother and sister he had pieced out the sad little story. The girl, young and pretty, had found favor in the eyes of the Marquis on whose estate her family lived. The fact that she had loathed his attentions only whetted the nobleman's desire and, of course, the laws of France stated that all things on his lands were his. So, what was not given willingly was taken by force.

A common enough story. The only uncommon part about it was that a clever and respected surgeon bothered to go to the mighty Marquis—the same bored and elegant Marquis whose progress through the Quarter had been upheld that very day—and register a protest. That, indeed, was uncommon—unheard of. And it was quite to be expected that D'Evremonde's guards should, shortly thereafter, have entered the doctor's home—torn him from the embrace of his golden-haired wife and the sight of his little daughter—and taken him to prison. A trial? Any sort of hearing? Naïve questions!

For eighteen years, Dr. Manette remained in the Bastille. "105 North Tower"—he came to think that that was his name. But on a piece of paper he wrote other names—the names of every member of D'Evremonde's house. Wrote with pencillings of soot and grime from the floor of his cell and with blood squeezed from his ragged body. And he buried that list under a loosened brick in the floor.

After months—eons—had passed, to save what remained of his sanity, he begged permission to learn a trade and it was granted. He learned to make shoes—and for the rest of the eighteen years, he made shoes. All day. Every day.

D'Evremonde had, naturally, long since forgotten the trivial case of the impudent doctor. But there was one who had not forgotten—the sister of the girl who died. When she grew up, she married a wine merchant named Ernest Defarge. And through some tortuous, secret means known to themselves, they had been able to snatch one victim from the Bastille. One victim "recalled to life."

It scarcely seemed, however, that the pathetic, trembling ghost whom Lucie and Mr. Lorry saw before them could have any life left in him. He could not understand that it would be quite all right for him to leave that room. He clasped his rough shoemaker's tools to his ravaged

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body. At last, Lucie's gentle insistence seemed to awaken some dim remembrance in his mind. But there was one other thing which troubled him. "The list? Where is it?" and he felt pitifully along the floor for the loosened brick—the brick that must be there.

"Something he left in his cell," rumbled Defarge. "Get him out of France!" he went on. "Get him to England! For his sake—and for the sake of the Jacquerie who rescued him!"

CONCERNING THREE LIVES—AND TWO LOVES

In stuffy little London chambers, two men shared lodgings—Mr. Stryver and Mr. Carton, King's Counsellors. An oddly paired duo. People often said they couldn't understand why that nice Mr. Stryver—such a gentleman!—put up with that very peculiar, if extraordinarily handsome, Sydney Carton. Mr. Carton drank, they said. He had no manners. It seemed too bad that Mr. Stryver kept up his schoolfellow association with one who, obviously, was little better than a pensioner.

That's what they said—hitting the truth just about as accurately as they usually do.

"Really! Not working yet, Carton?" Stryver entered the littered apartment, to find his friend sprawling morosely in a chair, a bottle before him. "This is too much. You've got to put your mind on this case. They've got this, this Charles Darnay up for treason."

"I don't know Charles Darnay," in sardonic accents from Carton. "I hate treason and I hate Frenchmen. For that matter, I hate Englishmen, too."

"Yes, all very well, but Lorry sent this case to us with a special request for all our consideration."

"You don't need me to help you," replied Sydney bitterly. "You're becoming a great man in the law courts these days."

"I use my brains."

"You mean you use mine," said Sydney.

"Well, if I do, I pay you for it."

To this, Sydney replied that the money wasn't sufficient to make up for the continual interference with his drinking. And he poured another drink. Somehow, Stryver managed to set the brief before him and make him glance at it. "I tell you, Darnay is lost," he said despairingly—meaning that the case was lost, of course, "unless we can do something to counteract the evidence of these witnesses, Barsad and Cly."

"Barsad and Cly. Barsad and Cly," mumbled Sydney. "Cly and Barsad. Why, the case could be tried on the mere sound . . . From the very syllables of their names, they are manifestly villains. Barsad—Barsad. Seems I've heard that name before. Now, the other fellow. Charles Darnay, is, from his syllables, man'f'stly a gen'lem'n." This sudden thickness of the tongue—annoying! He took another drink to relieve it, clapped on his hat at a crazy angle, and prepared to leave. To the protesting and puffing Stryver, he answered merely that he thought he knew where Barsad did his drinking. "That means I can pursue this case in a congenial atmosphere. You're in luck, Stryver. I'll lay you a wager I'll drink you a victory."

AND so it came about, because the handsome, melancholy, clever and disillusioned Sydney Carton did not like the name Barsad and did like the name Darnay, that one life was saved and the threads of three lives were woven together in a bond that nothing but death could break.

In the dock at Old Bailey Court, young Charles Darnay stood—pale, resolute and handsome—with hope quite lost. He knew, too well, the one across the Channel who had engineered this trumped-up treason charge. And the power of that one.

Some months ago, he had come to the long-pondered conclusion that his manner of living was, through no direct fault of his own, wicked and wrong. He existed, common sense and common humanity told him, on the sweat and blood of other men. The delicate food he ate, the well-cut clothes he wore, the chateau which was his home—all were paid for and kept up because the peasants of France were taxed to the breaking point. But the real power to make the slightest change in the French *ancien regime* was not his. Conversations and pleadings with his uncle, the Marquis D'Evremonde, had brought him to the bitter conviction that D'Evremonde was not only a cold and indifferent man, but an evil one as well. And so Charles Darnay had forfeited his noble name, divided his inheritance among his people, adopted the simple appellation of *monsieur* and journeyed to England.

When he had informed his uncle of his resolve, sneers had been the response. Some hot words had passed between them. Sorrowfully bidding farewell to his old tutor, Gabelle, a faithful D'Evremonde retainer, he had set out for England.

He had not seen the calculating look in the Marquis' eyes, bent upon him. He could not know that the Marquis' gold louis had purchased the services of a certain Joseph Barsad, informer *par excellence*, who had always been able to secure evidence on anybody, provided there was a cash profit involved.

AND so Charles Darnay stood in the dock and looked, with his heart in his eyes, upon the sweetest face in England. Lucie, Lucie, that heart cried. Life is hard—I have found you, only to lose you so soon. The gentle girl and her father he had met on the Channel packet. They had been summoned as witnesses in his case. Forced to comply, they hadn't known that Lucie's most diffident statements would be used against the young Frenchman. Oh, so he had commented—and adversely?—upon England's treatment of her American colonies? No, no, the gentleman had merely said . . . If you mean the prisoner, madame, kindly say the prisoner. But—. Witness dismissed! And Mr. Barsad, you are quite certain this list of officers in His Majesty's army had been prepared by the prisoner? Quite, yer honor! And the crowd outside Old Bailey waited to see the miserable French spy hung, drawn and quartered . . .

Hours later, these vultures went away, cheated and grumbling. The clever Mr. Attorney Stryver, it seems (to whom Mr. Attorney Carton had been passing notes throughout the trial) had nullified the evidence of Joseph Barsad. In fact, at one point in the proceedings, Mr. Barsad had turned an odd shade of green and shaken as if with the ague. That was when Mr. Carton had looked up from the papers on which he kept scribbling and stared Mr. Barsad straight in the face. Mr. Barsad had taken back almost every statement he had made. And Charles Darnay had been acquitted. (Oh, the light in Lucie's eyes!)

Yes, Sydney Carton had drunk Mr. Stryver a victory. How? Oh, a little matter of many bottles at the tavern where Barsad did his drinking. A little boasting about certain fictional misdeeds of his own which, in turn, had prompted Barsad to do some boasting, too, for there are men who love to boast of their misdeeds. And how could Barsad have known that the roistering rake in the tavern would turn up next day at Old Bailey, gowned and wigged for the defense?

Was Sydney elated over his victory. Not at all. He was glummer than ever. Life was a savorless, lonely affair, with no one to share its joys and sorrows. There

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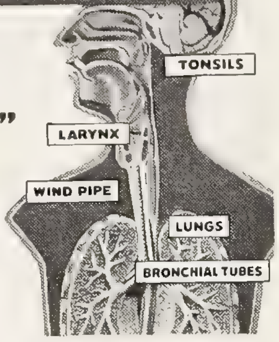

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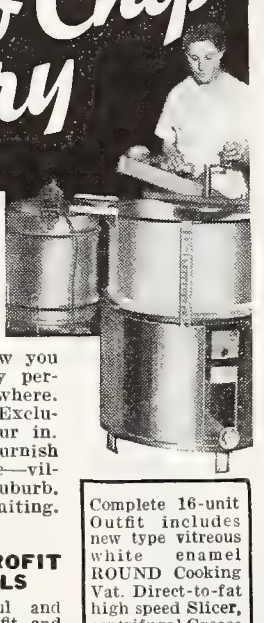

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never had been anyone. . . . Today, when he, too, had gazed upon Lucie Manette's sweet face, he had thought, "If there was one who would look upon me like that!" And the look, and Lucie's face, had remained in his mind all day.

Late that night, he stared moodily at his unkempt reflection in a tavern mirror. He had dined with Darnay and the young Frenchman's courtesy had had an uphill struggle against Carton's taciturn reserve.

"Why did you treat the man like that?" Sydney asked his image. "Is it because he shows you what you have fallen away from and what you might have been? Change places with him, and would you have been looked at by those blue eyes as he was? Come on, Carton, you're jealous! Have it out in plain words: you hate the fellow!"

SOME YEARS ELAPSE

It was plain, of course, to the veriest duffer, that there could be only one ending to the love story that had begun on the Channel packet. Lucie and Charles Darnay were married and Charles took a position in Tellson's bank. He had frankly told everything to Dr. Manette, now much restored in mental and physical health. When the doctor heard the name D'Evremonde, his face had gone haggard and some of his old vagueness had returned for a moment. But for the sake of the daughter he loved, above everyone else in the world, he had smothered his own feelings and given his blessing, only cautioning Darnay not to worry Lucie with a needless repetition of his past story. Affairs in France were unsettled—it might distress her. Satisfied with this reason, Darnay consented to keep his secret.

They were married, and in due time, there was a little Lucie, as fair and sweet as her mother. Miss Pross now had an entire household to bully and fuss over. At Lucie's behest, Sydney Carton became a frequent visitor in their home. His life, sweetened and warmed by that home's influence, became a little less bleak. Content to be near Lucie, he kept his love for her locked in his heart. At her pleading, he drank less, became a little less moody.

"I feel you still have such possibilities, Sydney," Lucie often said.

"They will never be realized," Sydney would reply lightly. "Think of me as one who died young."

"I'll never give up my hopes for you," Lucie insisted.

"I know better. But this I know, too. I would embrace any sacrifice for you and for those dear to you. Think of me as a man who would give his life to keep a life you love beside you."

"Thank you, Sydney. God grant it shall never be necessary."

"IS HE NOT A D'EVREMONDE ALSO?"

1792! The Revolution—a plant sown years before, nourished by oppression, tended by misery, reached its full harvest in that year and flowered under the hot breath of fanaticism. French aristos, hundreds of them, fled to England—those who were lucky enough to escape. An edict passed by Citizen Danton confiscated their property and made their return to France punishable by death at the hands of Madame La Guillotine. The sharp-toothed madame claimed many victims those days. After the flimsiest hearings before self-appointed judges, hundreds were hurried through the bloody streets to appease her appetite. Some, like the Marquis D'Evremonde, were not accorded this honor. It saved time when one of the Jacquerie (could it have been Gaspard, father of the murdered child?) knifed the Marquis in his luxurious bed. The Chateau D'Evremonde was razed to the ground and the still-faithful Gabelle taken prisoner by the mob—he might be useful later!

On the historic day when the populace stormed the Bastille, chanting their ghoulish cry for liberty, fraternity and equality, the huge figure of Ernest Defarge and the grim face of his wife could be seen in the lead. They had a little private mission to attend to in 105 North Tower. Under a loosened brick in the cell floor, they found Dr. Manette's list, the names of all those in the house of D'Evremonde. The public tribunal could find a use for this!

Dr. Manette's hands trembled so that he could hardly hold the letter. It was from his son-in-law—and very brief. Darnay wrote merely that he had heard his old friend, Gabelle, had been seized by the

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Revolutionaries and that he would be released only upon the verification of Darnay. For this reason he had gone to Paris. There was no need to alarm Lucie. Would the doctor simply tell her that business had summoned her husband away?

No need to alarm Lucie! Ah, now, for a surety, there was need for all to be alarmed!

What to do first? He must tell Lucie her husband's secret—he had no right to keep it from her now. Mr. Lorry was in Paris, on business for Tellson's—he would be able to help, perhaps. And Dr. Manette felt sure that his own past history would have some weight. He would seek out Ernest Defarge.

So Lucie was told and with hope and fear alternately sending their hearts up and down, they set forth. Miss Pross, staunch female, would not hear to letting her Ladybird go without her—nor would she leave little Lucie behind. She poohpoohed the entire Revolution and Lucie, too distraught to know what was wisest to do, let her have her way.

Inquiries in Paris quickly unfolded the bleak situation. Gabelle's letter to Darnay had, of course, been a hoax. The hapless tutor had been murdered, after cruel torture had forced him to reveal the whereabouts of his former young master. Charles Darnay—his noble origins twice disclosed, once by Gabelle and once, so ironically, by Dr. Manette's own revengeful list in 105 North Tower—had been seized, upon his arrival in Paris, and incarcerated in La Force Prison.

Dr. Manette pushed his frail strength to the utmost in trying to gain a reprieve for his son-in-law. He had counted so earnestly on the help of the Defarges. But they, inflamed and insane with the blood-thirstiness of the times, gave him little satisfaction. "You, Citizen Manette, have suffered with us. But Darnay, is he not a D'Evremonde also?" It seemed hopeless—it was hopeless. Charles Darnay was condemned to die at the hands of La Guillotine.

"GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN"

The gaoler outside No. 23 in La Force prison was remarking that you never could tell about these accursed aristos. Why, the women played games with their children and did fancy work. And here was a D'Evremonde in 23 who did nothing but write letters. His companion—the one they called the English spy—replied absently in abominable French that that was so. The English spy, who seemed to have something on his mind, waited until the gaoler had gone on his rounds. Then he beckoned down the dark corridor. A figure appeared. Stealthily, the English spy slipped a key into the lock of No. 23. And the other figure passed within. "Thank you, Barsad," it said.

"I'm afraid we won't pull this off, Mr. Carton," whispered the "spy."

"Do as you're told and we will."

"There's got to be a No. 23 in the morning."

"There will be. No, look here—return before the gaoler comes back to take Mr. Carton—*Mr. Carton,* understand?—to his coach."

"Lor, you couldn't pay me to do what you're doin', Mr. Carton," and a look that was almost reverence passed for a moment over the villainous Cockney face.

"Oh," Sydney Carton replied lightly, "I daresay you'd have your price even for this, Barsad."

Speechless, Darnay stared at the man who, once before, had saved his life and who had come now to—what had he come to do?

Apparently, he had come to dictate a letter—a letter which Darnay obediently wrote, but which he could not comprehend. It said, "I ask you to recall the words that passed between us on a certain occasion. I am grateful the time has come when I can prove them. . . ."

Darnay looked up. "What occasion? What is that queer smell? I feel faint . . ." Carton was waving something back and forth in his hand. Darnay leaped up to stop him, but Carton, too quick, felled him with a blow. Then with feverish haste, he took off the young Frenchman's clothes—dressed the inert form quickly in his own and himself donned Darnay's attire. He pulled his own hat far down over Darnay's unconscious face—called Barsad.

The next morning, the prisoner in No. 23 looked out of the murky little cell window. His eyes were shining, his heart full of a deep peace. When a grating noise sounded at his cell door, he turned eagerly, as one who welcomes a guest. The time had come then? Good.

BUT it was not the gaoler—it was a bigger, burlier man—who was speaking to someone without. "For the doctor's sake—this last interview. It's all I can do, but if it is discovered, it's all over with me. Remember—keep faith."

"I will, I will!' And thank you—bless you, Defarge!" said Lucie's voice. She entered the cell, spoke a name. "Charles!" Quickly, Sydney Carton snuffed out the candle on the rough table. Lucie came forward—seemed to sense something—stopped.

"Lucie, my darling, it was brave of you to come," Sydney spoke in a whisper, but with the haste of one who wards off another's speech. "There is nothing you can do—*nothing,* but say good-bye." Comprehension dawned in the blue eyes, so bright with unshed tears, that were raised to his. With an almost superhuman effort, he went on. "Remember, all that I have given you, I give freely. Say good-bye quickly, my dear. To stay, to make any protest—would be to endanger the others—all the others, even little Lucie." With a stifled sob, Lucie flung herself in his arms. A look that was mingled agony and ecstasy passed over Sydney Carton's face. "Charles is safe. Say good-bye for me," he murmured, gently loosening her arms. "Say good-bye to me!"

For a long time, she gazed at him. Then she drew his face down to hers and kissed him.

"Your time is up, Citizeness," said a gruff voice at the door.

Later that afternoon, the mob around the guillotine howled and shrieked as one noble head after another was severed by Madame's blow. Sixteen! Seventeen! Eighteen! Nineteen—an effete viscount, who thanked the headsman graciously for terminating a life which had become a burden. Twenty and Twenty-one—the Duc and Duchesse of—what did it matter? Twenty-two! A little seamstress—oh, a dangerous traitor. She had been heard to express sympathy for an enemy of the Republic who had been knifed the day before. Her face was pale to ghostliness. Her step faltered. She struggled to gain a little courage—turned to No. 23 behind her.

"You're not afraid! The others are pretending—but you—you really aren't afraid. It's almost as if you welcomed it!"

The mob howled for the accursed D'Evremonde—see, he hides his face! Haste, haste, headsman—the light is dying.

Sydney Carton spoke to the little seamstress. "Believe me, it is a far, far better thing I do than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest I go to than I have ever known."

Sydney Carton's hand rested for a moment on the shoulder of the little seamstress, as though in a blessing. The peace and glory that had come to his soul that morning was glorified a thousandfold.

The Men Who Make Your Movies

(*Continued from page 47*)

to Negri to Dietrich—he's known them all. He has worked on big musical productions in which Hollywood's most beautiful chorus girls have appeared in costumes consisting of—well, a little of this and a little of that and a couple of beads. And musical productions bore Earl to death.

WOMEN stars, with a few exceptions, bore him, too. His favorite stars—and he's seen them all—are Dick Arlen, Randy Scott and Gary Cooper. The one woman about whom he is wildly enthusiastic is Tallulah Bankhead, because "she always thanks you when you do her a favor." And what favor, you ask, could an electrician do Tallulah? Well, he can rig up an impromptu dressing-table with the lights placed at just the right angles around the mirror. Or he can attach a small electric heater on cold days. These things do not come under the head of regular duties. They are just little side jobs, small courtesies. And it seems pretty bad if the star neglects to thank the electrician.

An electrician's duties are so many that it is a favor when he takes time out from his other tasks. The electrical crew arrives on the set before any of the other workers. The night before, the "best boy," as he is called, has looked over the set and decided what lights are necessary for the next day and has requisitioned these from the electrical department. Before the other workers arrive the "gaffer," the floorman (or "best boy") and the operators (or crew) do a little stunt called "roughing in" which means setting the lights so that the set will be well flooded and all the generators will be at advantageous points. When the cameraman arrives the "juicer" or electrician is under orders from him. It is the cameraman who tells where he wants the spotlights placed. "And," Earl told me, "cameramen can be more temperamental than the stars when they want to be."

THE toughest set Earl (who is a "best boy") ever had to light was the Algerian town in "Devil and the Deep." The electricians worked for two days on that location before the company showed up, for, in order to light the street, platforms had to be built for the lamps. There were five portable generators, 150 lamps, 20 sun arcs and a lot of other things—all of which generated about 20,000 amperes. Twenty electricians were used.

Just to give you a slight idea of the amount of lights used, even an ordinary set would cost you about sixty dollars an hour, if it were on your electric bill. The studios, of course, make their own juice.

No, the electrician's job is not an easy one. Although the biggest work consists of the morning's "roughing in," the lights must all be moved and changed for each different scene, or set-up. And every hour brings some new problem.

For instance, when you're watching a scene in which an actor walks into a room and snaps on the light you probably don't stop to realize what a difficult job that is to photograph. He can't, for instance, walk into the room in pitch black darkness, else you wouldn't see him. There must be some light right at first. Then, when he snaps the switch there must be a great deal more. It takes the electrical crew just about forty-five minutes to rig up the lights so that you will see this effect on the screen.

Although they get overtime, the electricians hours are long and tedious. The longest stretch Earl ever worked was from six A. M. Sunday to 10:30 Monday night. In telling me of this he said, "And the rest of the crew worked on until midnight."

I asked, "Why did you leave at ten-thirty?" Very simply he answered. "Well, they telephoned onto the set that our baby had just been born." And there, gentle reader, is a little drama for you. For forty and a half hours he had been pulling lights around in front of actors' faces, knowing that his wife was at the hospital having a baby. But he could not desert the fake drama for the real thing.

WHEN he was just a kid, Earl ran away from home and got a job as a laborer at Universal City in the studio mill. From there he went to a quickie company as an assistant cameraman. Then he learned the electrical business and has, as I've told, been at Paramount for ten years, working darned hard every minute. "Some days," he told me, "I hate the studio. And then I like it. No, it isn't a thrill any more. I don't exactly know what it is."

Neither do I, but since I've experienced the same sensation myself I can guess. It is, somehow, being so intimate a part of the life of the drama. Work it is, but it is invariably exciting, stimulating work.

For instance Earl has lots of fun watching new actors and actresses in their first roles. He makes little bets with himself about whether they will make the stardom grade or not. And he has seen so many come and go, that he is usually right. He prophesied, to himself, of course—for who thinks that an electrician knows anything about art?—that Mary Brian would last longer than Betty Bronson. That was when he watched the two of them work together in "Peter Pan." Mary is still in pictures. And Betty? Where is she?

He thinks Mary Brian is a swell kid, by the way. Helen Mack he admires, too. She is sweet like Mary.

He has wonderful times kidding around the set with Dick, Randy and Gary—his three favorites. He also is very fond of Kent Taylor and Cary Grant. They, he'll tell you, are regular fellows—and that's a relief. In some films he has no interest at all and doesn't care to see them on the screen. But others he watches carefully in the making, they're usually the outdoor, he-men pictures. Later he takes his wife and kids to see them, when they play at the neighborhood theatre. He is always interested in watching how his lighting effects show up and tries to explain about it to his wife. But she's more interested in knowing what Claudette Colbert is *really* like.

Then on the days when important visitors come on the set it's fun. It's work, too, of course, because he has to make a new electrical set-up so that the still men can take photographs of the visitors for the newspapers. He has seen probably every important person of this generation. Royalty doesn't interest him at all. He wouldn't waste a second look on them. But the football stars, ah, they're great and usually all of them are swell fellows.

HE glowed with interest when he told me about them. And suddenly, he turned to me. "Guess who I saw on the set one day?" His voice was low. He was truly impressed. This was to be a name with which to conjure. But keep in

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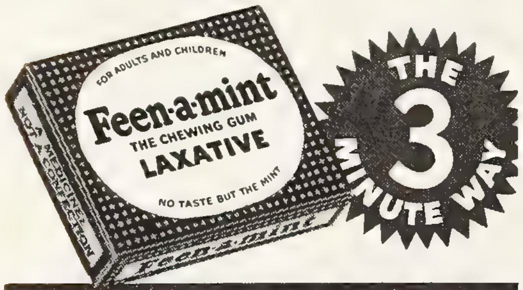

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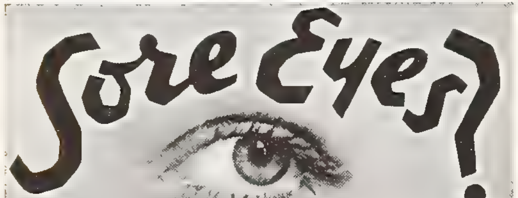

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mind that Earl has seen all of Hollywood's biggest stars, has worked with them daily. And here he was saying, thrilled, "Guess who I saw on the set one day? I saw Arthur Brisbane!"

No, Earl wouldn't turn around to see Marlene Dietrich in the altogether. But it was a big day when he actually saw Arthur Brisbane. It is a matter, I suppose, of whom one's heroes are.

The gaffer called him. They were talking a strange language—"save 'em," "put a silk on that broad and kill the baby," "get it hotter," "bring it up," "put a screen on that." It was a language you and I couldn't understand. They were in the secret world of their trade. Earl was busy now putting those curious words into action. As I was leaving he broke away long enough to say, "This afternoon I'll be over on the test set. I like making tests. It's swell seeing the new kids. And, funny thing, sometimes they're more at ease than the old-timers."

"Do you ever give the new ones tips about acting?" I asked.

"I would if they asked me to," he said earnestly.

And he could, too. For he's seen the best and the worst acting of his generation; he knows the difference. And maybe it's the realization of this knowledge that has kept him so many years at the studio.

In spite of the work, the long hours, the grief, the pandering to temperaments—the electrician's job has its compensations.

Pons & Co. Invade Hollywood

(*Continued from page 44*)

English she hastened to explain that she had been practicing the "Bell Song" from "Lakme" since the early hours of the morning.

"If I do not keep up constant practice," she accompanied herself with Frenchy gestures, "in one month it is difficult for me to reach a high note. A voice must be watched even more carefully than a child. Only no amount of pampering can spoil a voice. A mother lives for her child, a singer for her voice. Such is the leisure life of an opera star."

BUT you are in the movies now," I reminded her. "That means that at last you will have some time for play. Once a song is recorded, it's recorded, and that's that."

"I'm afraid I have not much time for play," she answered, carefully searching for words with which to make herself clearly understood. "You see, I have a schedule by which I must work in Hollywood, the same as in Paris or New York. Here everything is new to me, and it is the same as a baby learning to walk. *N'est-ce pas?* In the mornings I practice my operatic selections. In the afternoons, I must change my technique of rendition to rehearse the songs I am to sing in the picture. To mix the two would be dangerous. The vocal cords would rebel. My teacher is here with me to see that I do nothing to injure my voice. After all, I must go back to the Metropolitan next season."

The doors of the music room swung open and Miss Pons' celebrated teacher, Signor Alberti de Gorostiaga; a shy, meek little Italian with the quietly twinkling eyes of a Pekingese, came in to join us. Miss Pons hurriedly explained to him, in his native tongue, my mission. Signor de Gorostiaga, evidently pleased, bowed and bowed and bowed. Such graciousness have these Continentals!

"If it were not for Signor Gorostiaga, I would not be in Hollywood today." She looked proudly at the little music master as she spoke. "It was his belief in my future that made my musical career possible."

Signor Teacher broke into a ripple of smiles that bespoke approval and, although he understood not a word of the English she was trying to speak, he knew the significance of the words, and nodded and nodded and nodded. I, too, found myself nodding.

"Signor Gorostiaga has been my teacher from the very first," she pointed out. "I myself never dreamed I could ever be a singer worthy of the Metropolitan. Once, long before I knew my teacher, I played the music halls of Paris, but I did not sing a note in the act. I was merely a comedienne in a skit. As you say over here, I was a stooge."

Another door opened. (There were at least a half dozen leading into the large reception room where our interview was under way.) A sleek, dark young man walked in, and was introduced as Lehman Byck, Miss Pons' director on her radio programs of last winter. He, too, had made the migration across the continent to assist the diminutive diva in her movie début. Upon his foreign features was written the look of a thick accent. When he opened his mouth he actually spoke English!

Then suddenly from another door, a tall, blonde woman appeared, followed by a handsome, olive-complexioned middle-aged lady bearing a striking resemblance to the most renowned of the "Lakme" interpretors. The dark one, Mr. Byck introduced as Miss Pons' mother, and the other as her secretary. Like the good Signor Gorostiaga, they, too, could not speak English. After bowing, nodding, and bowing some more, we all sat down in a little family circle to continue the interview. The scene had suddenly taken on the feeling of the dénouement in the last act of a play. All the leading characters were on the stage and very soon a climax must be reached.

Mr. Byck, jittery about something, rose suddenly, explained that he must be off to the studio, where the sound department was waiting to discuss the best method of presenting the Pons voice to the movie microphones. As he disappeared the one person besides myself who could understand English, was gone—like the final flicker of a candle. As for my French, it would be worse than their English. I looked hopefully towards dear Signor Gorostiaga. He was still nodding.

The interview must go on. "Did you ever think of becoming a movie star before you went into Grand Opera?" I promptly asked Miss Pons.

HER eyes brightened with animation. She understood! Signor Gorostiaga seemed to understand, too, for there was a new gleam in his eyes. Also the mother and the secretary. I expected them all to answer at once. Words hung on their lips. But it was Miss Pons who replied.

"Never could I imagine that I would some day be a movie star," Mademoiselle Pons confessed. "You see, I was not a pretty child, my family disapproved of a professional life, and Hollywood was so far away. But," she chuckled with the memory, "I was such a movie fan!"

"You mean like those people who stand around begging for autographs and writing fan letters?" I probed relentlessly, giving gesture for gesture.

"Only worse," Miss Pons answered. "As a little girl in France, I adored movie stars. Thomas Meighan was my favorite. I used to collect his pictures avidly, out of newspapers, magazines, and keep them pasted in a book. Once I went backstage in a little provincial theatre and stole his photographs off a wall of the dressing-room."

"I presume you are still a movie fan." I addressed Miss Pons, but it was Signor Gorostiaga who bent forward and clung to every word. "Who is your favorite star now?"

For a moment she digested my question, wavering between diplomacy and honesty—then promptly confessed, "Wallace Beery. I never miss his pictures. Oh, I loved 'Viva Villa!'"

On the subject of men, I garnered courage and ventured into more dangerous territory.

"Why did you divorce your husband?" I asked right out loud, emitting the words so quickly that it would be impossible to recall them. Then, holding my breath, I waited for the explosion of Parisian temperament.

MLLE. PONS stiffened. Embarrassment fluttered across her face. She opened her large eyes even wider, and looked at me in delicious dilemma. Even the Signor understood the word 'husband' giving him his cue. He, too, stiffened, in rhythm with the emotion of his famous pupil—and for once he did not nod—but only stared, helpless and pathetically forlorn, like one suspended in mid-air. Mamma Pons and the secretary looked at one another as if I had just asked them to join a nudist colony. I tried smiling even more sweetly than Maestro Gorostiaga.

Miss Pons broke into one of her little chuckles, clearing the atmosphere of the electricity with which my question had charged it.

"I had to choose between marriage and a career." She perked her head up defiantly. "So I chose a career.

"You see," she went on to explain, "I was so young when I married. I did not realize then what this career meant to me. I have given years to my studies. My teacher," she looked fondly across at the beaming little Italian, who looked at that moment like a romantic puppet vendor on the canals of Venice, "my dear, dear Alberti, believed so much in my talent that he gave years of his time to devote to my training. When the great opportunity came to go into Opera, I could not walk out on him in repayment for his devotion and faith."

As if sensing that he was the subject of Miss Pons' long impassioned speech, Gorostiaga permitted his eyes to blink with modesty, and had he had a puppy dog tail he would have wagged it.

"After I married I tried to continue with my career," she went on to vindicate her matrimonial misadventure. "Each week found me in a different Opera House in a different country. I was no longer just a woman. I no longer belonged to myself. My husband followed me with such tender thoughtfulness from one city to another, to be near me always. But I soon realized he had become only a part of my entourage. It was unfair to a man so very deserving of domestic happiness. So I divorced."

However, after her divorce, Lily found romance again. It was a shipboard romance with Dr. Fritz von der Becke. She met and fell in love with him during a return trip from South America. They announced their engagement, but later it was broken by mutual consent. The ship's doctor and the star could not make their separate lives merge to the happiness of both. It meant that one must give up a career and neither felt such a sacrifice was fair.

On being queried about her recent romance and rumored marriage to Andre Kostelanetz, orchestra leader on the prima donna's radio programs, she denied that there was anything to it.

"Well, anyhow," I laughed nervously, noting the glint of iron in the secretary's eyes, "how do you like Hollywood?"

"It is fascinating," she replied at once, then immediately interpreted my question for the three listeners. They all agreed it was fascinating, and broke into a symphony of nods and smiles. Yes, yes indeed, it was fascinating. Everyone nodded. Everyone acceded. All was bliss and harmony again.

"Everyone is so friendly." She went on to relate how thoughtful were the studio executives, how polite the electricians, how gracious the stagehands, how generous the press. Each time she handed out a bouquet, good Signor Gorostiaga's chin mechanically pressed down on his chest in agreeable affirmation.

"Hollywood is making some wonderful predictions for your future in pictures," I assured her.

She glowed for a moment with the excitement of the information, then quickly relayed it to her teacher. He promptly got up, and bending himself in two, bowed to me. What could I do but bow back.

The secretary glanced at her wrist watch. In French, she reminded Miss Pons it was time to go to the studio. The interview was at an end. Thanking me, the vest-pocket-edition prima donna bid me adieu. The last glimpse I caught of her, she was bounding up the wide stairs to her bedroom, two leaps at a time, like a little girl who must get dressed in a hurry because she is about to be taken to a party. She was crooning "Minnie the Moocher"!

Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 58*)

"The Mysterious Mr. Wong" spent a "Night of Terror" at the "International House" after "The Return of Chandu." "The Whispering Shadow" was satisfied that the "Black Cat" received "The Mark of the Vampire" for chasing "The Raven" because he knew that "The Best Man Wins."—Hope Lininger, Johnstown, Pa.

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Plenty Mad

Something should be done about these smart-aleck reviewers. Often I see a picture and enjoy it thoroughly, but when the reviews are printed, one would think the photoplay that I had enjoyed was a menace to society. If there's any criticizing to be done, it should be about the way good American talent is being wasted in favor of Continental importations. Lilian Harvey was perhaps the most colossal flop of them all and Anna Sten has been released from her contract. Yet, they spend millions to bring them over to America and gamble on their success while such talent as Blondell, Dvorak, Brady, and many others are wasted on one poor picture after another.

My last complaint is about Hollywood's prize ham actress—Constance Bennett, of the mad, mad Bennetts. I nearly went mad when I saw "After Office Hours." The way she posed with a cigarette in one hand and hot air in the other, was disgusting. Connie promised to retire from the cinema last year but I knew it sounded too good to be true.—Kenneth Gilbert, San Diego, Calif.

Talent Unnoticed?

Frankie Darro is one boy actor who deserves more praise than he has been receiving. He has everything, good looks, fine voice, acting ability and a personality no one can resist.

Even in tough, unsympathetic parts he adds a certain humanness that makes his role an outstanding portrayal in any production. He makes one forget he is acting and I don't know of a greater achievement. A juvenile actor who troupes like a veteran, and who wrings tears and laughter from his audience with equal ease.—A. Cooper, Arlington, N. J.

Big Things Ahead

Luise Rainer has something that no other star in Hollywood has. Her beauty is rarely to be found and the tone of her voice is beautiful. I wish her all kinds of success and I have a feeling that she will some day reach the top. Such a personality!—Jane Jurgens, Philadelphia, Pa.

Too Much Nudism

Have you noticed the insane mania of late to show men, as well as women, in bathroom scenes, displaying every part of the anatomy they can get away with? Recently we saw William Powell as a detective who seemed to conduct most of his work showing his naked body or consuming enormous quantities of liquor—much of the picture was taken of him in the bath, scrubbing and soaping his hulk. Powell started out to be a good actor, but he has become so darned conceited and puffed up that he is fast spoiling what chance he did have to draw the public. He got his start as a drawing card in "The Thin Man," but now that he has put on weight (apparently muchly in the head) he seems to have lost his love for "thin men" and wants to display his manly form.—John Luter, Los Angeles, Calif.

Down with Double Features

Speaking as Miss American Movie Fan I want to condemn the double feature policy. Because of it I am missing a lot of good entertainment, for I won't go to a movie like "Sequoia" if I have to sit through a "quickie" like "The Winning Ticket." Why can't the studios re-release film successes of recent years to be used to fill in? As I see it, it would save the studios the expense of producing inconsequential pictures, give our old favorites more prestige, make our hours in the theatre more enjoyable and increase box office returns since more people would flock to the theatres. I don't think anyone would object to seeing "Public Enemy," "Scarface," "Bill of Divorcement," "Hell's Angels," "Wings," "Anna Christie," "The Sign of the Cross" again.—Frances Miller, Seneca Falls, New York.

Star Stuff

Why not star Rosalind Russell? She's got that certain snap and vigor in her manner. She "picture steals" in every role she receives — "China Seas," "Casino Murder Case," etc. Give her a break—star her.—Edith Johns, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Who's to Blame?

What has become of Shirley Temple's once unaffected acting? She seems to have lost the childish innocence she so wonderfully displayed in her first few productions. Her acting has become dull and over-affected. Perhaps she has been too generously praised and admired. Outside the gates of movieland await children whose talent and wholehearted acting would far surpass Shirley's.—A Fan, Providence, R. I.

On Stardom and Privacy

The last few interviews I've read, granted by the stars, have been practically identical. They all moan about their lack of privacy and how they want to keep their personal affairs to themselves. This, of course, is very natural but it seems to me that by now the stars should know that stardom and privacy don't mix. Why not make their interviews different once in a while?—Betty Sue Molloy, Berryville, Ark.

Wray-Lindsay Booster

If anything could be said that would further the careers of Fay Wray (pictured) and Margaret Lindsay, I would say it. They are doing well enough for two so young, I suppose, but I would like to see them co-starred with really great male stars, such as Fredric March and Clark Gable. They are both very beautiful and they look an awful lot like sisters, and twins at that! I like to boost the people not yet at the top, because with what they have to work with they usually do as good a job as the so-called stars of the picture.—E. Staley, Indianapolis, Indiana.

The Modern Hostess

(*Continued from page 61*)

through combining it with other things and supplying a great deal of rich, meat-flavored gravy to add zest to the foods with which it is combined.

Take the Pork Chops, Hawaiian, in this article, for instance. The delicious gravy for the rice and the accompanying bananas will make father forget that with pork in the luxury class these days, he will have to content himself with one small pork chop instead of the two big ones he used to demand. The same is true of the Chopped Meat Casserole which you will learn how to make by getting your copy of the leaflet. The top round of beef called for in this recipe is not the most inexpensive of beef cuts by any means but there is absolutely no waste in fat or bones and besides here again rice is used as an "extender"—permeated as it is with the flavor of meat and rich tomato sauce.

FOR the Lamb Stew you will notice Mrs. Woods recommends meat cut from the shoulder of the animal. You will find this is slightly higher in price than some of the other cuts (notably the neck which is fine for stewing purposes and is exceedingly cheap) but you will also find that there is more meat and less bone to the pound if you purchase shoulder lamb.

You will be delighted with this recipe I am confident, for this is no pale, soupy stew but rather a brown, flavorsome combination of well-seasoned meat and meat-seasoned vegetables. I urge you to try this recipe and the Pork Chops, Hawaiian, that also appears here. Don't ever overlook the recipes that appear in the magazine itself—for they are as carefully tested and fully as good as the ones in the leaflet and they certainly deserve to be added to your collection, together with the ones that the coupon brings you.

I know that if you try these two recipes you'll surely want to have the leaflet containing more of Donald Woods' meat suggestions and I surely want you to have these recipes, for they include such delicious things as Hungarian Goulash, English Beef and Kidney Pie, Chopped Meat Casserole and Stuffed Veal Birds.

Just wait 'til you see how easy these recipes are to follow! Just wait 'til you discover how great an improvement they are over the meats you generally serve! Just wait 'til you hear the kind things your family will have to say about your new culinary achievements! But *don't* wait to send in the coupon or you may forget—and then you'll have reason to be sorry. For this is the time of year, you know, when meats should be featured because they furnish heat and energy to the body for chilly days ahead—besides being high in proteins. And then too with the Holidays coming soon, now is the time when you will surely welcome the economical features of these recipes.

PORK CHOPS, HAWAIIAN

4 lean pork chops (1 pound)
1 teaspoon salt
A few grains pepper
2 tablespoons butter
½ cup water
1 tablespoon brown sugar
½ cup pineapple juice
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 tablespoon flour
¼ cup seedless raisins

Sprinkle chops with salt and pepper, dust lightly with a little flour. Brown chops on both sides in butter in hot skillet. Add water, cover and simmer until chops are tender. Remove chops to hot platter. Add brown sugar, pineapple juice and lemon juice to liquid in pan. Stir until blended. Thicken gravy with 1 tablespoon flour moistened to a smooth paste with a little water. Add raisins and simmer for a few minutes. Pour gravy over chops. Surround chops with mounds of boiled brown rice and halved, spiced bananas.

SPICED BANANAS

¾ cup vinegar
⅔ cup sugar
18 whole cloves
1 small stick cinnamon
4 small bananas

Boil together vinegar, sugar, cloves and cinnamon until sugar is dissolved and the bubbles begin to look thick. Peel bananas, cut in halves crosswise. Drop banana halves into the hot syrup. Boil hard for two minutes. Remove from syrup carefully to pork chop platter.

SAVORY LAMB STEW

2 pounds shoulder lamb, cut in small pieces for stewing
salt, pepper, flour
salt pork or bacon fat
2 cups boiling water
2 stalks celery, minced fine
1 bay leaf
¼ cup chili sauce
6 small carrots
6 small white onions
6 small potatoes

Dip the lamb pieces into boiling water, drain, sprinkle with salt and pepper and roll in a little flour. Melt pork or bacon fat in heavy pan or dutch oven. Brown meat in this fat, turning frequently so as not to burn. When meat is thoroughly browned on all sides add boiling water, minced celery, bay leaf and chili sauce. Cover closely and cook gently for an hour. After an hour add carrots, scraped and cut in halves lengthwise, peeled onions and peeled potatoes. Cover stew closely and simmer gently for one hour longer or until meat and vegetables are tender. Taste gravy before serving, adding more salt and pepper if desired. If you wish you may thicken gravy slightly with a little flour moistened with water to a smooth paste.

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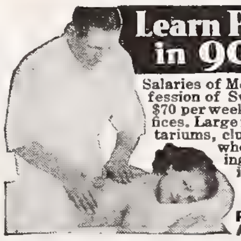

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Reviews

(*Continued from page 11*)

★★★ The Virginia Judge

(Paramount)

Walter C. Kelly, who toured the vaudeville boards for years with a sketch entitled "The Virginia Judge," now brings his character to the screen in a pleasant, homey type of picture which you'll enjoy considerably, if you're in the mood for that sort of entertainment. Its setting is a small town in the South, where Mr. Kelly is the local judge. There are several hilarious courtroom scenes involving local rivalry between Stepin Fetchit and another ebony-hued gentleman, but the story itself is built around a juvenile love triangle involving the judge's son, the town banker's son, and, of course, the gal. Robert Cummings, the judge's offspring, is jealous of Johnny Down's car and his ample spending money and believes they are the reason Marsha Hunt has transferred her affections to the wealthy youth. All of which gets pretty involved, but the youngsters are pleasant and the comedy, as handled by Stepin Fetchit, is both spontaneous and funny.

★★★★ The Dark Angel

(Samuel Goldwyn)

Back in the days when silence was golden (or was it Goldwyn?) it may be recalled that "The Dark Angel," as played by Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky, was an entertainment full of charm, romance and a certain haunting beauty. For those of you who can think back that far it will be good news to learn that the talking version retains all of these qualities and distinguishes itself as the Number One tear-jerker of the season. It is perhaps unnecessary to remind anyone that this is a story of a girl who is in love with two brothers, and that she chooses one of them on the eve of their departure for the war. When he doesn't return she believes he has been killed, and is about to marry the other brother when the man of her choice is discovered living in a nearby community. Blinded by the war, he is too full of remorse to return to his home. Fredric March portrays the blind war hero with his customary competence, Herbert Marshall does well with the sacrificing brother, and Merle Oberon is completely natural as the heroine. Fay Chaldecott and Cora Sue Collins are fine in their roles.

★★★The Bishop Misbehaves

(M-G-M)

What the bishop does may not actually be in the misbehaving department, but you might say his activities are a bit bizarre for a man of the cloth. An avid follower of detective stories, he beams with almost unholy glee when he accidentally bumps into what looks like a first-class crime. After a bit of expert snooping he discovers the crime is a robbery perpetrated by Norman Foster and Maureen O'Sullivan. It seems Reginald Owen had cheated Maureen's father out of the rights to an invention, and Maureen enlists Norman to help her obtain the papers that prove it. The robbery is completed in a roadside pub, by special arrangement with the proprietor, a neighborly chap who hopes to be cut in on the proceeds. The papers and the jools are carefully tucked away, and Owen and his wife, Lilian Bond, are properly bound and gagged in an ante-room of the pub when the bishop and his sister happen in and complicate things. Since it's a mystery picture, we won't spoil it for you by telling what happens, but we can say that it's a lively and pleasant affair worth your attention. Both Edmund Gwenn and Lucile Watson, as the bishop and the sister, are excellent, and an engaging bit is performed by Lilian Bond, who oughta be in more pictures.

★★★★ The Big Broadcast of 1936

(Paramount)

Paramount's annual round-up of the radio stars is with us again, and it is our pleasure to announce that this year's gathering is the most entertaining and the most successful of them all. It may be recalled that in the past a rather flimsy story was tacked around the offerings of the radio celebrities. This season the plot is actually credible; you could send the radio stars home and still enjoy a good comedy. Concerned in the plot department are Jack Oakie, Henry Wadsworth, Burns and Allen, Lyda Roberti and Wendy Barrie. Jack and Henry own a radio station, but they're on their uppers until George Burns and Gracie Allen drop in with an invention which can tune in on anything in the world, be it broadcast or be it not. They try to sell it to Lyda Roberti, a mysterious countess, but she falls in love with the

This pretty, smiling gal is Phil Reed's real heart. She's Molly Lamont and here they are at the preview of "Top Hat."

boys instead of their machine and carts them off to her island castle. It's goofy, but it's fun, and injected into it are numbers by such names as Bill Robinson, Amos 'n' Andy, Ray Noble and his band, Bing Crosby, Ethel Merman, Mary Boland, Charlie Ruggles, and the Nicholas Brothers.

★★★ Two Fisted
(Paramount)

This is your picture if you like 'em with a punch. Lee Tracy delivers some fast verbal ones and Roscoe Karns the upper lefts. Young Billy Lee stages a garage boxing-match with some pals which beats many a professional one we've seen. Gail Patrick is an attractive feminine foil as the wife of Gordon Westcott who's ruthless as they come and bent on kidnapping their son. There are a few mascara-messing moments when he succeeds, but all is saved at the crucial moment, including the rain checks. The Tracy brainpower is responsible for this heroic rescue and for straightening up Gail's alcoholic brother, Kent Taylor. But when it comes to managing Roscoe Karns, Lee has to take a back seat. For two years he's given his all to make a fighter out of him, but it's the pretty nurse-maid, Grace Bradley, who inspires Roscoe to win his first fight. The cast is competent and though the plot has its weak moments, you'll be too helpless from laughing to care.

★★ Red Salute
(Reliance)

Barbara Stanwyck, whose celluloid likeness we haven't seen in several months, returns to the screen in a drama which contains some good comedy, some first-rate acting and quite a bit of unnecessary flag-waving. Barbara, the daughter of an army general, is in love with a violent young college man who spends most of his campus hours making speeches. He is what some newspapers would call a Red Menace. The general, realizing his daughter's imminent danger, sends her off to Mexico to forget. Barbara immediately re-crosses the border with the help of a young American soldier, Robert Young. You practically know what's going to happen from there on. It is, perhaps, sufficient to say that the screenplay is in the modern manner, which calls for the hero and heroine to hurl insults at each other for several reels, all of which is a tip-off to movie-wise audiences that they are madly in love. As mild comedy-drama, "Red Salute" is amusing because of the efforts of the co-stars and Cliff Edwards in a supporting role, but as propaganda for the U. S. Army it falls short of its mark.

★★ The Little Big Shot
(Warners)

Dished up from a formula that's almost as old as the Hollywood hills, this little number emerges as a combination tough-guy—tear-jerker which really belongs back in the gangster cycle of several years ago, although it has its entertaining moments. Everybody knows, of course, that there are no more gangster pictures, so the machine guns which blast away in this film are probably some the boys had left over from "G-Men." Getting to the story, it seems that Robert Armstrong and Edward Everett Horton, a pair of Broadway phonies who hawk fake watches on street corners, fall heir to little Sybil Jason, whose daddy has been rubbed out for an unexplained reason. When the boys enlist Sybil to aid them in peddling their watches they incur the honest wrath of

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Although we make every effort to insure the accuracy of this index, we take no responsibility for an occasional omission or inadvertent error.

Glenda Farrell, a hat check girl who secretly loves Bob. At that point the machine gun boys pin a murder on Bob and kidnap Sybil, but the cops arrive just in time, and our Robert wins himself a reward and everybody settles down in the country, where clean living predominates.

★★ King Solomon of Broadway (Universal)

For some reason or other, this seems to be revival month for gangster pictures. With its kidnapping and its gunplay, and its actors who talk out of the side of their mouths, King Solomon of Broadway joins the parade. Not that Edmund Lowe, who as King Solomon owns Broadway's biggest dine and dance palace, is actually a gangster himself—he merely has connections. One of his connections, a gentleman called "Ice" Larson, and a menace if ever we saw one, owns a piece of the joint. Eddie, who wants no part of "Ice," arranges with a beautiful and wealthy client to buy him out. The client is Louise Henry and she's in love with Eddie. Eddie, however, is in love with Dorothy Page, an entertainer at his dance palace. However, before Eddie can swing his deal, an opposition mob buys out "Ice's" share of the establishment, and even goes so far as to kidnap Miss Henry. This sort of thing irks Eddie no end. It makes him just mad enough, in fact, to go out and rescue Miss Henry, and that lovely lady is so grateful she talks her father into backing Eddie in a terrific new enterprise. At that point Mr. Lowe fools us all by going right out and telling Miss Page he loves her. "King Solomon" of Broadway has a couple of swingy tunes, some good lines, and Pinky Tomlin.

★★★ O'Shaughnessy's Boy (M-G-M)

Here is what might be termed a two-man show, for almost all the footage is given over to the histrionics of those two established pals, Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper. You knew them, man and boy, in "The Champ," and you wept quite a bit over them. Let the weeping now begin anew, for they're back together again in another of those father-son epics which promises to be even more lachrymose than their former effort. Beery, in the sort of role he seems to relish, is a circus animal trainer, big and bluff but just a boy at heart. His son, who is his pride and joy, is Jackie Cooper, except in the earlier sequences when it's Spanky McFarland, who plays Jackie as a youth. (Can you remember way back when old Mr. Cooper was a mere lad himself?) The boy is taken away from his father by a mean sister-in-law who puts him in military school. Several years later Wallace gets custody of his son, but the boy's mind has been poisoned against him. Time and a dramatic climax bring these two old pals back together.

★ Music Is Magic (Fox)

If you've ever been smitten with the urge to crash pictures, see this one and learn how *not* to do it. Alice Faye is the blondined brunette in this case who believes that all is fair in love, war and Hollywood. The results aren't so good but the laughs are. Ray Walker does a good job as Alice's agent—that is, he does a good job of the acting. The best he can do to further his client's career when they first land in Hollywood is to get her work in a laundry. Mitchell and Durant do some of their noisy cutting up, but the real laughs come from Luis Alberni's characterization of an Italian waiter. Bebe Daniels plays the role of a movie star who's seen better and younger days, but won't admit it. Her deft impersonation should cause many a lady about town to wince. Rosina Lawrence is attractive as Miss Daniel's daughter, whom she is trying to pan off as a sister.

★★ The Last Outpost (Paramount)

This one is actually a western thriller done up in soldier suits. It has all the action and every bit of the hokum which used to mark the horse operas of William S. Hart and Tom Mix, even down to the scene where the hero, armed with one revolver, holds off an entire band of Indians. In this case, the hero is Cary Grant, and his trusty six-shooter holds back an oncoming tide of native Africans armed with rifles, spears and arrows. Just at the moment Cary begins to get the feeling he is slightly outnumbered, he looks back over his shoulder and discovers, happily, that the British army is about to join him. Needless to say, these stalwarts make short work of Cary's opponents. A first-rate cast, including Grant, Gertrude Michael and Claude Rains, is wasted on an outmoded story.

★ Two for Tonight (Paramount)

Even the best of studios make mistakes. If you're courageous enough to have this statement proven, a visit to this little opus will convince you. Built around an impossible story, with situations always bordering on slapstick and lines that are supposed to be funny falling with a thud that can almost be heard on the sound track, this is one long headache for a number of people, including Bing Crosby and the audience. Bing, according to the plot-makers, is a song writer who becomes acquainted with Joan Bennett, a producer's secretary. It seems she has crashed into Bing with her airplane (how a $30-a-week secretary can afford a plane is not explained), so in order to make retribution she attempts to sell the producer a musical by Bing.

★★ The Case of the Lucky Legs (Warners)

If a pair of lovely legs can cause all this trouble, we'll take elephantiasis. Patricia Ellis is the owner of the lucky limbs in this case, which take her into all kinds of trouble—broken hearts, homes and a murder, to mention a few. But it all gives Warren William, as her lawyer, something to think about besides sloe-gin. If Mr. William is any example, no lawyer should pass more than one bar without stopping, for he manages to unravel mysteries that would stump any denatured brain. Genevieve Tobin is equally amazing as a secretary who's both beautiful and bright. Lyle Talbot plays Mr. Talbot with his usual sure touch and Peggy Shannon is capable in a small role.

Left, George O'Brien and his wife, Marguerite Churchill, seem to be having a big laugh at someone else's expense at the Kings Club. Doesn't Marguerite look well and happy since the arrival of her new daughter? And how do you like her Algerian turban? And to the right you see two jovial gents at the Cafe Lamaze—Fred Astaire and Randolph Scott. Randy's sideburns are a "So Red the Rose" hangover!

Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

WAS SHE IN LOVE WITH AN OUTLAW...?

Upon the admission of California to the Union, bands of outlaws invaded the state, and, claiming the old Spanish land-grants, fell upon the property of the original owners. Beautiful Rosita Castro, daughter of a proud old Spanish family, found herself falling in love with a man whom she believed to be a member of a dangerous gang of land-jumpers who were trying to seize her father's estate. Caught between two tides—her love and loyalty for her father and her family tradition against her new love for one who represented everything she had been taught to despise—how did she decide? ... Who was this handsome stranger who rode into the life of proud Rosita Castro? ... What was the outcome of their stormy romance?

Read "ROSE OF THE RANCHO," the story of Paramount's outdoor musical, with Gladys Swarthout, lovely star of opera and radio, and golden-voiced John Boles. Complete story in the December issue now on sale at all newsstands.

18
MOVIE HITS
IN
STORY FORM

Other complete stories in December will include: "Mutiny on the Bounty" with Clark Gable, Charles Laughton and Franchot Tone . . . "Love Song" starring Lily Pons with Henry Fonda . . . "Magnificent Obsession" with Irene Dunne and Robert Taylor . . . William Powell with Rosalind Russell in "Black Chamber" . . . Barbara Stanwyck with Preston Foster in "Annie Oakley" . . . "A Night at the Opera" starring the Marx Brothers with Kitty Carlisle . . . "Spanish Cape Mystery" with Helen Twelvetrees and Donald Cook ... James Cagney and Margaret Lindsey in "Frisco Kid."

SCREEN ROMANCES

THE LOVE STORY MAGAZINE OF THE SCREEN

THANKS—
I'D RATHER HAVE
A LUCKY
They're easy on
my throat
LUCKY STRIKE
There are no finer tobaccos than those used in Luckies
and Luckies' exclusive process is your throat protection
against irritation - against cough.

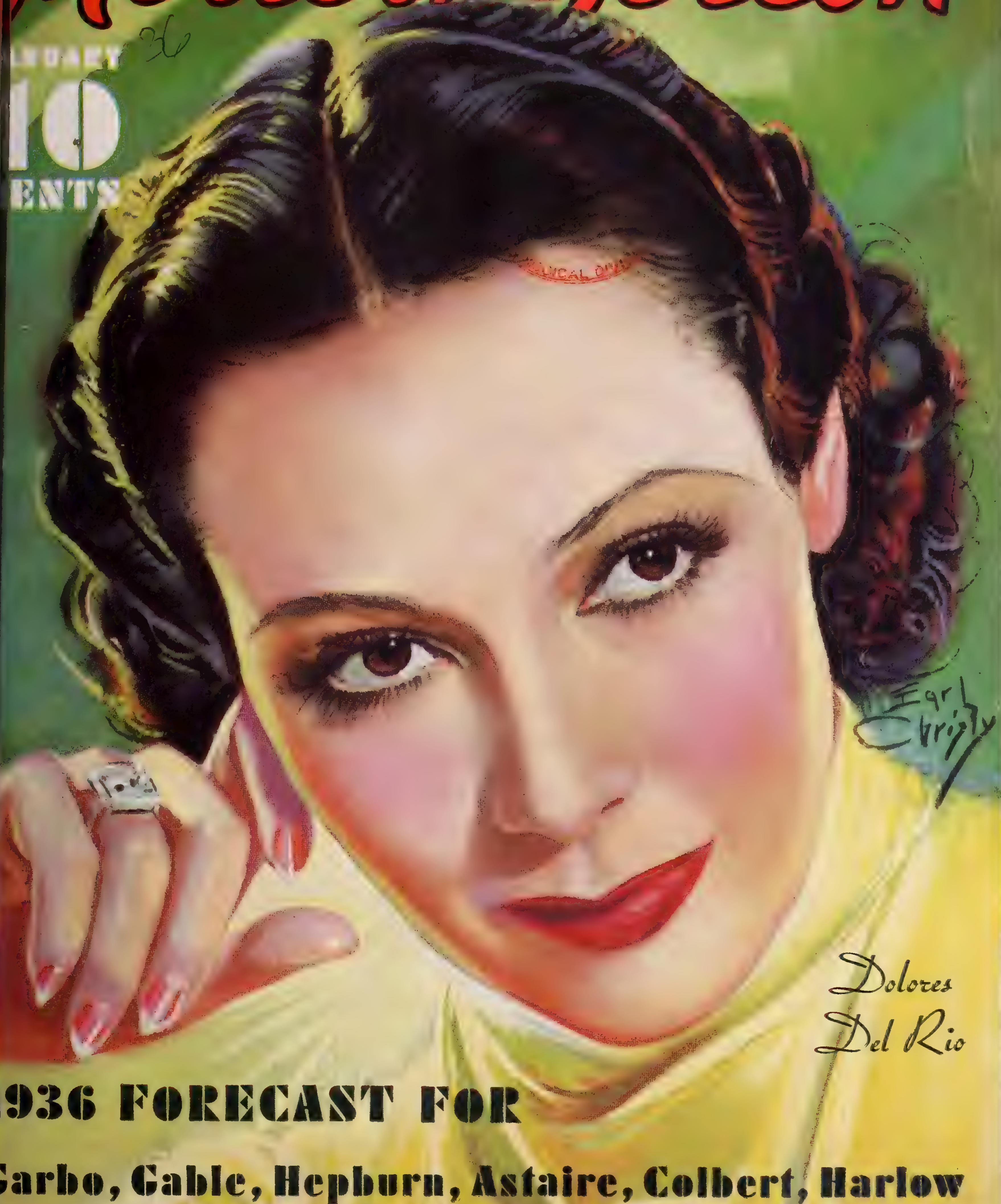
Modern Screen

NUARY

10

ENTS

36



Earl Christy

ICAL O

Dolores Del Rio

1936 FORECAST FOR

Garbo, Gable, Hepburn, Astaire, Colbert, Harlow

IN LOVE WITH HER SLAVE

. . . What happened when beautiful aristocratic Arabella Bishop became the captive of the man she had once purchased at the slave block for ten pounds?

Admiration for his proudly insolent manner and for his refusal to be humbled by those supposed to be his masters, coupled with a strange inner feeling, had prompted her to bid ten pounds for this man when he was auctioned off. And although his manner toward this girl, who had bought him as she would buy a horse, was one of scorn, Peter Blood could not dismiss the face of Arabella from his mind. . . . Even the hardship and torture of a slave's life could not do this. . . .

You will enjoy reading the thrilling romance of Captain Blood—an exciting story of slavery and piracy in the Caribbean. The complete story of "Captain Blood," Warner's new picture, starring Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland, appears in the January issue of SCREEN ROMANCES.

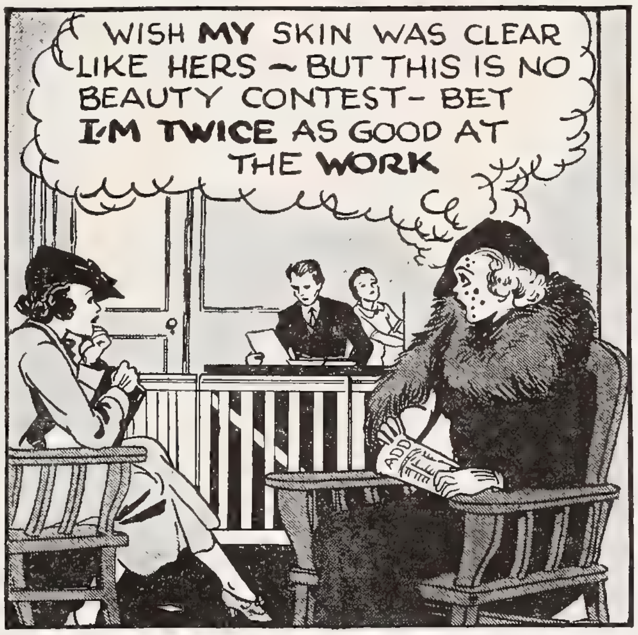
Other complete stories in this issue include "Riffraff," with Jean Harlow and Spencer Tracy. . . . Jack Oakie, Joe Penner and Frances Langford in "Collegiate." . . . Paul Muni in "Enemy of Man." . . . Gene Raymond in "Seven Keys to Baldpate." . . . Also previews of "Hands Across the Table," with Carole Lombard. . . . Shirley Temple in "The Littlest Rebel." . . . "Mary Burns, Fugitive" with Sylvia Sidney. . . . "Transatlantic Tunnel" with Richard Dix and Madge Evans.

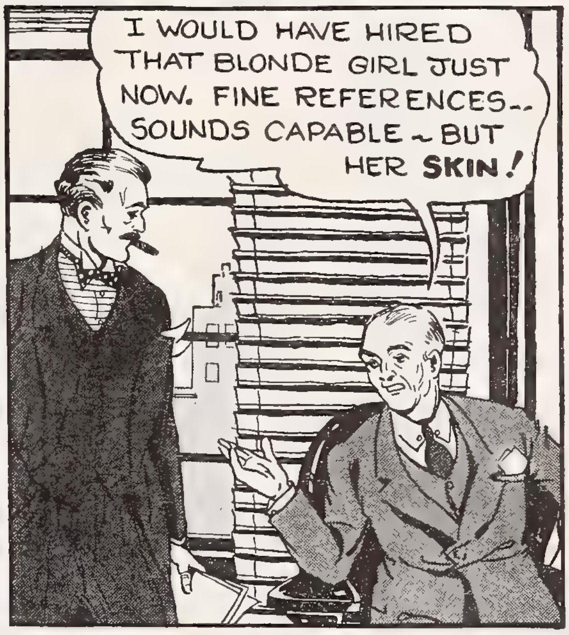
THE LOVE STORY MAGAZINE OF THE SCREEN • JANUARY ISSUE NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE

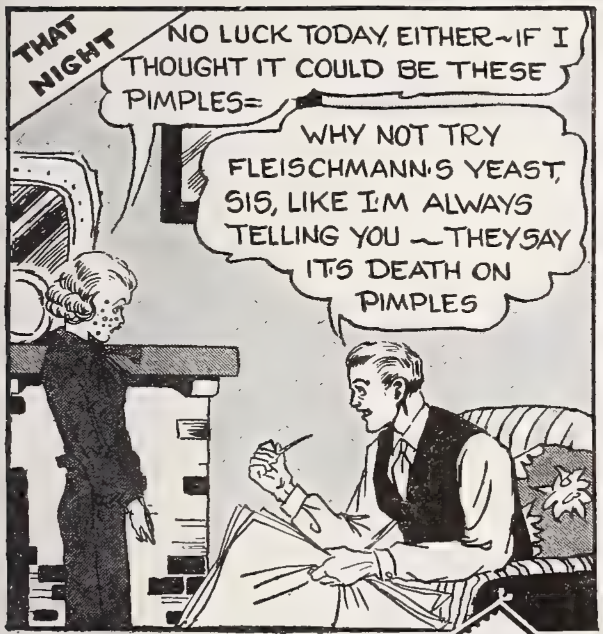
SCREEN ROMANCES

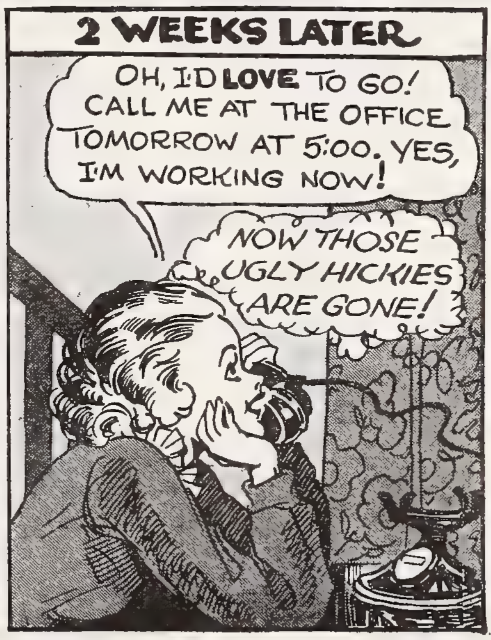
JUST LIKE A MAN–TO CHOOSE A PRETTY FACE

Yet in her heart she knew her bad skin was no asset for any job


WISH MY SKIN WAS CLEAR LIKE HERS – BUT THIS IS NO BEAUTY CONTEST – BET I'M TWICE AS GOOD AT THE WORK


I WOULD HAVE HIRED THAT BLONDE GIRL JUST NOW. FINE REFERENCES – SOUNDS CAPABLE – BUT HER SKIN!


THAT NIGHT
NO LUCK TODAY, EITHER – IF I THOUGHT IT COULD BE THESE PIMPLES =
WHY NOT TRY FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST, SIS, LIKE I'M ALWAYS TELLING YOU – THEY SAY IT'S DEATH ON PIMPLES


2 WEEKS LATER
OH, I'D LOVE TO GO! CALL ME AT THE OFFICE TOMORROW AT 5:00. YES, I'M WORKING NOW!
NOW THOSE UGLY HICKIES ARE GONE!

Don't let adolescent pimples keep YOU out of a job!

Between the ages 13 and 25, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin —and pimples are the result.

For the treatment of these adolescent pimples, doctors prescribe Fleischmann's Yeast. This fresh yeast clears the blood of the skin irritants that cause pimples.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until your skin is entirely clear.

Supplies Vitamins A B D G
FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST
Eat 3 cakes daily before meals

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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MODERN SCREEN
NOW SHOWING
TODAY

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THE FUNNIEST PICTURE SINCE CHAPLIN'S "SHOULDER ARMS"

And that—
If your memory is good . . .
Was way back yonder!

* * *

We've gone a long way back
We admit.
But then, consider what
"A NIGHT AT THE OPERA" has—
And you'll see why
We feel safe
In making
This comparison.

* * *

It has
The Marx Brothers—
Groucho . . . Chico
And Harpo—
Every one of them a comic genius,
And together the funniest trio
That ever played on stage or screen
In this
Or any other country.

* * *

And it was written by
Two famous comedy dramatists—
George Kaufman
And Morrie Ryskind
(George is the fellow who wrote
"Once in a Lifetime,"
"Merrily We Roll Along,"
And Morrie collaborated
With George on
"Of Thee I Sing" and other hits).
This is their first joint job
Of movie writing.
Their stage successes were
Laugh riots—
Imagine what they do
With the wider range
Of the screen—
And three master comics
To do their stuff.

* * *

Then Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Put $1,000,000 into
Making this picture.
Yes, sir! One million dollars
For ninety consecutive minutes
Of entertainment.
Which,
So our Certified
Public Accountant says,
Is $12,000 worth of laughs
Per minute (and that, we think,
Is an all-time high).

* * *

And lest we forget,
That new song—"Alone"
By Nacio Herb Brown
And Arthur Freed
(The tunesmiths who gave you
Five happy hit numbers in
"Broadway Melody of 1936")—
And there's lots of
Music and romance
For instance
Allan Jones' rendition
Of "Il Trovatore"
(Watch this boy, he's
A new singing star)
And watch
Kitty Carlisle—
She is something
To watch!

"A NIGHT AT THE OPERA"

Starring the

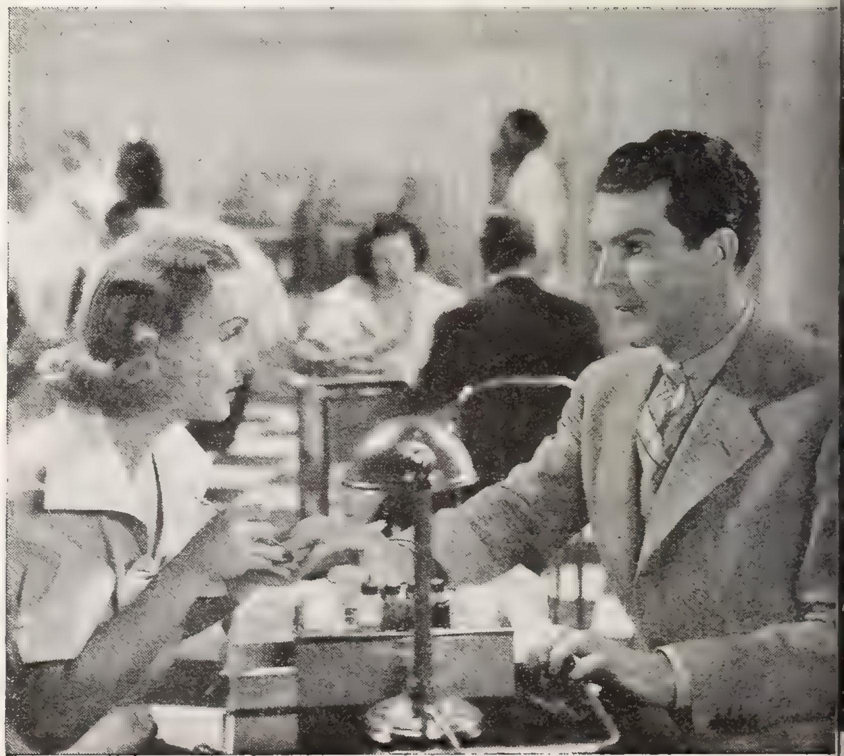
MARX BROTHERS

with KITTY CARLISLE and ALLAN JONES • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Directed by Sam Wood • Story by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind

Reviews

A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES

By Leo Townsend



(Right, above) Walter Abel (as D'Artagnan), Heather Angel and Ralph Forbes in a tense scene from "The Three Musketeers." Remember Doug Fairbanks in the silent version? (Center) There's some fine entertainment in this Ronald Colman-Joan Bennett opus, "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo." (Bottom) Carole Lombard gives her best performance to date in "Hands Across the Table," with Fred MacMurray.

★★★ The Three Musketeers (RKO-Radio)

Possessing all the charm and dash of the old silent version which starred Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., "The Three Musketeers," with sound effects, is a welcome addition to the new season's playbill. The story, familiar to everyone, has undergone few changes, and scenarist Dudley Nichols (who wrote the screen play for "The Informer") has done a swell job in keeping it swiftly paced and well stocked with humor. As D'Artagnan, Walter Abel gives his character all the life and vigor the script calls for. Movie patrons with memories may prefer the more swashbuckling D'Artagnan of the elder Fairbanks, but Abel's performance is excellent and should make this recruit from the Broadway stage a permanent guest in Hollywood. The musketeers are played by Moroni Olsen, Paul Lukas and Onslow Stevens, and they're in capable hands. Others seen about are Margot Grahame, Heather Angel, Ian Keith and Ralph Forbes. If you like your entertainment dished up in the virile manner, this film has everything you're looking for.

Preview Postscripts

"The Three Musketeers" talk at last. Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., made the silent version several years ago, and followed it with "The Iron Mask," which took up the adventures of the Dumas gangs twenty years later. Extensive research was made for this more elaborate version and the costs were tripled on the former pictures. Faithful reproductions were made of old French scenes and architecture. The grilled iron gates of an old palace outside of Paris were imported for one scene, as were sixty-five fine steel rapiers from a French museum and many old costumes from which duplicates were patterned. The court ladies look elegant on the screen, but they didn't feel that way. Every gown had steel ribs holding in the bodice and some of the skirts were lined with wooden slats to give that modish flare. . . . This is Walter Abel's first picture, but not his first movie contract by any means. He was signed up two years ago after one of his many Broadway successes. Hopefully, he came to Hollywood and, optimistically, he hung around the studios. The pay checks came regularly, but not a sign of work. Somewhat disillusioned about this new art, Mr. Abel returned to Broadway. A year later he was recalled and decided to give the studio another chance to see him work. Again the weeks drifted by, and just as he was boarding a plane to New York a producer rushed up with an assignment to play in this flicker. Mrs. Abel was able to give her husband some pointers on playing D'Artagnan. She once played that gentleman's role in an ultra-performance staged by the girls of Bryn Mawr. In those days she was Mary Anna Bitters, with fond hopes of seeing that name in the electric lights. She thinks her present name looks just as good in lights, though. . . . Moroni Olsen, that first name notwithstanding, is of Norwegian descent. He's anyone's idea of a Viking, with six-feet-four and two hundred and twenty-five pounds to his credit. This is Mr. Olsen's first celluloid appearance, too. But now he's busy with two pictures at the same time out on the RKO lot. He'll be Buffalo Bill in one of them. On Broadway, Olsen played with the Theatre Guild and with Miss Katherine Cornell for several seasons, besides having his own repertory theatre for a time. . . . Onslow Stevens is a Pasadena product. The entire Stevens family is stage-struck. In a recent play at the Pasadena Community Theatre, Papa Stevens, Mama S. and three of their sons took part. Onslow's the only professional. The rest of the family just participate for the fun of it. . . . Heather Angel and Ralph Forbes fell in love with a couple of other people while making this picture. But it was just to please the director. This was their first picture together since their marriage of a year ago. . . . No one has arrived in Hollywood recently with more ballyhoo and hullabaloo than Rosamond Pinchot. She was given space in the Social Register because her father is Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania. But she was given the coveted role of the nun in "The Miracle" because she had proved herself an actress of talent and beauty. Hollywood, however, hemmed and hawed about a role for Miss Pinchot several months before giving her this one.

★★★ Hands Across the Table (Paramount)

Here's a grand picker-upper for all the woikin' gals out battling the world and the New Deal for a living. For Miss Lombard plays a poor but pure—oh, very—manicurist, who lands a millionaire playboy for her very own. The fact that he turns out to be just the playboy without a million doesn't spoil it either, since Fred MacMurray is our hero. But don't think Carole didn't have a chance to be in the money. She spurns the bonafide bankroll of Ralph Bellamy for love in a cottage. Further proof that money isn't everything—to Carole—is the fact that she looks lovelier in her starched beautician's uniform than she's ever looked hung with diamond bracelets and Travis Banton's creations. Marie Prevost does a grand comeback in this picture as Carole's plumpish pal. Fred MacMurray and Ralph Bellamy are excellent in their respective roles. And Miss Lombard tops a whole list of good performances with this one.

Preview Postscripts

Training to be a barber and finding yourself in the movies is apt to be a shock. So don't worry about that startled look on the faces of the dozen young men in the barber shop sequences. Paramount sent a rush call to the Los Angeles Barber College one day for twelve of their prize students and then kept them on the studio payroll for a couple months. Miss Lombard had a surprise, too. She found herself transplanted from the studio to a Boulevard beauty shop, where she had to give manicures for a whole day, following some intensive instruction in the art. The next day she appeared on the lot with her two dachshunds on a leash. Both were sporting brilliant ruby red claws. Carole had been doing her homework. . . . This marks Fred MacMurray's first starring role in pictures, thanks to Miss Lombard's insistence and persistence with the powers that be. Fred has leaped to fame in the cinema. But then, he's a speedy young man, having literally blown through college. He played a saxophone in the orchestra. Carroll College is his alma mammy, which school also boasts of Alfred Lunt—now. Fred's soulful saxophoning attracted the attention of a Chicago orchestra leader and he was offered a job. The pay wasn't much, but there was a possibility of the band having a free trip to California in the summer. So Mr. MacMurray joined forces. The next two years were spent traveling between Hollywood and New York with various orchestras. When in Hollywood, Fred took any extra roles he could get, but always returned to his first love. While in New York with the California Collegians, a comedy stage band, he was suddenly offered a dramatic role in "Roberta." In this he was "spotted" by a cinema sleuth and woke up one morning back in Hollywood. . . . Director Mitchell Leisen used to be a set dresser for Cecil DeMille in the good old days of silents. He still has an eye for the artistic and made it a rule to appear on the set every day in a different suit with some dazzling combination of handkerchief, tie and socks. Bets ran high among the cast as to whether Mitchell's miraculous wardrobe would hold out for two weeks. The thirteenth day Director Leisen showed up in shorts and sweat shirt—sockless, shoeless and hankyless. He admitted he was beaten.

★★★ A Night at the Opera (M-G-M)

The title of this one is really too modest. It should have been tagged "What a Night at the Opera!" for it stars the Three Marx Brothers. Some of you patriarchs may recall that there once were Four Marx Brothers, but Zeppo, one of the silent partners, has since retired and gone straight. Groucho, Chico and Harpo carry on, however, and uphold the fair name of Marx in excellent fashion. Groucho is Otis J. Driftwood, and he uses his abundance of sex appeal to lure Margaret Dumont into contributing heavily to an opera company which supports the romantic leads, Kitty Carlisle and Allan Jones. Mr. Jones, incidentally, has a voice and a personality which should get him places. The action shifts from Italy to a transatlantic liner to the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, where Harpo and Chico break up the performance with a series of backstage antics. All in all, it's one of the Marx's maddest jamborees, and our only complaint is that we could have used more of Groucho. To us he is the funniest of the brothers, and his every leer is loaded with drama, sex, and just a touch of hysteria.

Preview Postscripts

Director Sam Wood lost fifteen pounds worrying over the Marx Brothers during the filming of this picture. Those boys just never run down. No one on the set was safe from their practical and impractical jokes. Instead of the usual camp chairs with their names printed on them for use on the set, the brothers Marx had large beds moved to the lot, with their names printed across the foot. Their musical instruments were placed on an adjoining table, so at a sign from poor Mr. Woods the boys could just reach over, get their instruments, and tune up. When they weren't (*Continued on page 88*)

Thrills and laughs galore in "Rendezvous," from "The Black Chamber," with Binnie Barnes, Bill Powell and Rosalind Russell.

Kay Francis, Paul Lukas and Ian Keith head the cast of "I Found Stella Parrish." Little Sybil Jason is in it, too.

THE BEERYS' CHRISTMAS FEAST IS CHOCK FULL OF CULINARY SURPRISES

By Marjorie Deen

The Modern Hostess

CHRISTMAS at the Wallace Beerys is a page from Dickens. Excitement reigns from the amusement room, decked in tinsel and holly, to the steaming kitchen where Blanche, the cook, and Mrs. Beery (when she's not unwrapping gifts before the tree) superintend the making of goodies that will tempt the vast number of relatives who are invited for the eventful day.

Recipes handed down from Mrs. Beery's mother, from Wally's mother and his mother's mother produce Christmas culinary surprises for the delectation of their guests. And just wait until you hear more about the Hollywood holiday foods that Reta Gilman Beery, wife of the screen's best-loved character actor, has for you, too! Ruby-colored, shimmering cranberry jellies and sauces . . . turkey stuffing made of shredded wheat biscuit (imagine that!) and rich with chestnuts and oysters . . . a wholesome fruit concoction that is good for children . . . a Yuletide pumpkin pie with walnuts scattered over its broad golden expanse . . . these and other delicacies will make their proud appearance at the Beerys' Christmas feast.

During the entire week preceding Christmas, the low, sprawling, Spanish plaster house is a seething center of planned activity. Wally's beloved and lovely adopted daughter, Carol Ann, hustles about with mysterious packages—presents purchased by the hoarding of pennies and nickels from her twenty-five-cents-a-week allowance. Wally himself is secretively busy in the amusement room—a tabooed spot for Carol Ann until December 25th! And for the whole week before Christmas the tree is in place so that Wally can have the fun of hanging ornaments and decorations by the dozens on its friendly green arms.

"I don't know who is more excited, Carol Ann or Wally," pretty blonde Reta Beery told me. "Both are up at the crack of dawn on Christmas morning and down they go to the amusement room to see what Santa Claus has brought them. Carol Ann is a firm believer in Santa.

Pumpkin pie, sprinkled with walnuts, is one of the many delicacies which Mrs. Beery will serve Wally and little Carol Ann on Christmas Day.

As for the tree it takes days for Wally to decorate it to suit his fancy. He puts ornaments here and there, then changes them, like an artist, to get a better effect. Really I am just as excited as they are, for we all love gifts and celebrations."

Good-natured, big-hearted Wally is at his expansive best as Yuletide host, surrounded by relatives big and little, old and young. Doubtless as he looks at the smiling faces about him he recalls his own pitiful, cheerless Christmases as a child in Kansas City where his father's patrolman's wages barely supplied the needs of life and left very little for frivolity. At fourteen broad-shouldered, muscular, young Wallace joined up with a circus, you know; became successively elephant trainer, New York chorus boy (his brother, Noah was one also) and thus entered show business where he remained with short excursions into hobo-ing and banking for contrast! Not until Wallace Beery reached manhood did he ever have a bang-up Christmas celebration. Small wonder, therefore, that Beery, today, assembles as many as fifty or sixty relatives and friends in his Beverly Hills home and plays Santa Claus to them all.

AND such food as they serve in Wallace Beery's household when Christmas dinner-time comes around! Of course, the turkey, as everyone knows, is the *pièce de résistance* and the rite of its preparation is one that engages Reta Beery's own personal attention. The bird should be dressed the day before, she says, and salt and pepper sprinkled inside it—after which it should be allowed to stand and season over night. In the morning the bird is stuffed with the special stuffing already mentioned, placed in a slow oven and roasted for the required amount of time, allowing twenty-five minutes a pound for cooking. Reta cautions that the turkey must be cooked slowly and basted every fifteen minutes.

"Turkey to reach its peak of perfection must be juicy, yet well done," says Wally's wife, "and still further deliciousness is added to this popular bird by a well seasoned stuffing." The turkey stuffing Reta uses is perfectly elegant and entirely novel. The coupon that will bring you a copy of her recipe accompanies this article, but of that more anon.

Of course, turkey without cranberries is practically unthinkable, so Reta Beery next introduces you to her cranberry recipes. You may prefer the red berries with their crunchy shells left in, as a sauce; or smooth and clear as a jelly, so I'm giving you Reta's (*Continued on page 67*)

Take your Laxative the CHOCOLATE way

Ex-Lax is so pleasant to take . . . so gentle—so effective

YOU can, if you want to, swallow some nasty-tasting stuff while your whole self rebels against it. You can strain your system with some violent harsh cathartic. But . . . why?

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GUARD AGAINST COLDS! . . . Remember these common-sense rules for fighting colds —get enough sleep, eat sensibly, dress warmly, keep out of drafts, keep your feet dry, and *keep regular*—with Ex-Lax, the delicious chocolated laxative.

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Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y. MM16
Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name ....

Address ....

(*If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., 736 Notre Dame St. W., Montreal*)

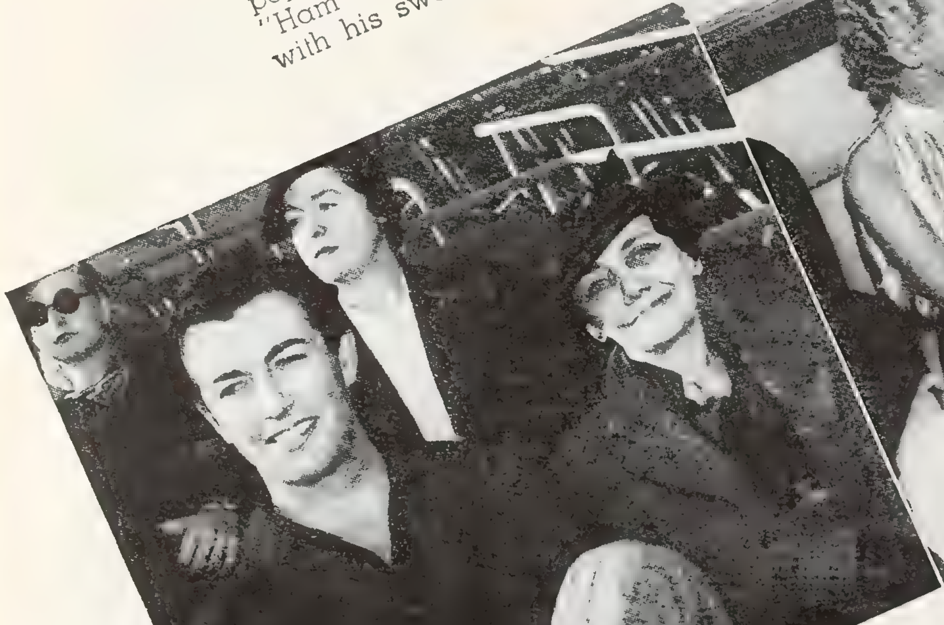
When Nature forgets—remember
EX-LAX
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Tune in on "Strange as it Seems", new Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time.

polo *and* parties

Meet one of Cinematown's more fickle young gals, Miss Wendy Barrie. Maybe Wendy's broken troth to young Donahue made her cagey, but the fact remains that she gets about town with a vast assortment of swains. Here, at left, you see her being squired by that rising young actor, Louis Hayward, at a polo meet.

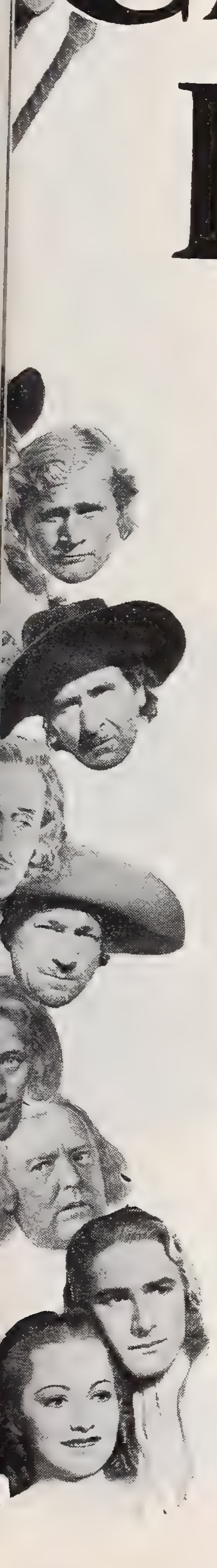
Mr. and Mrs. Harmon Nelson step out at the Roosevelt Blossom Room, above right. In case you don't recognize Mrs. N., it's your old pal, Bette Davis. Bette tries to keep Harmon from being called Mr. Davis—so they make few appearances at the popular night spots. "Ham" keeps busy with his swell band.



Above left, Bob Taylor puts one over on the rumor hounds by taking his mother, Mrs. Ruth Brough, to the polo matches. Bob's romance with Irene Hervey seems to be on once more. And right, the opening of a new night spot finds this gay looking trio—Eadie Adams, singer at the new Cinegrill, C. Henry Gordon and Una Merkel.

Come Adventuring with "CAPTAIN BLOOD"

The buccaneers are coming! . . . in Warner Bros.' vivid picturization of Rafael Sabatini's immortal story of the 17th century sea rovers.



After two years of preparation and, according to reliable Hollywood sources, the expenditure of a million dollars, "Captain Blood" is ready to furnish America with its big holiday screen thrill.

What with great ships, 250 feet in length, crashing in combat, with more than 1000 players in rip-roaring fight scenes – with an entire town destroyed by gunfire – this drama of unrepressed hates and loves, the story of a man driven by treachery into becoming the scourge of the seas, is superb beyon any screen parallel.

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

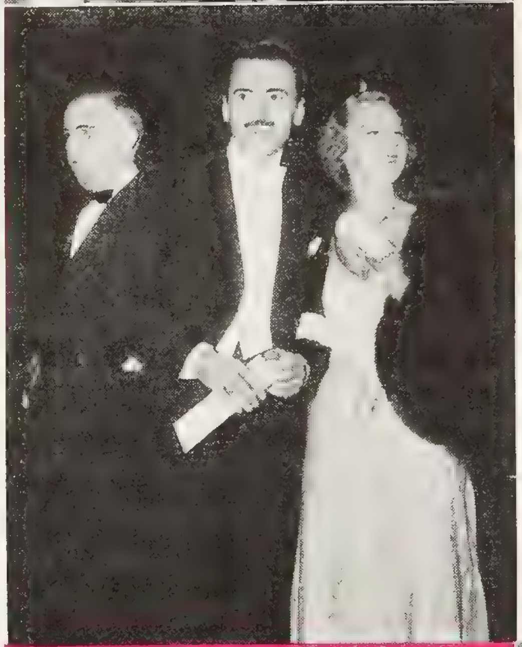
And the cast is just as exciting as the production First there's a brand-new star, handsome *Errol Flynn* captured from the Londo stage for the title role; an lovely *Olivia de Havillan* who brilliantly repeats the success she scored in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" Others in a long list of famous names are Lionel Atwill, Basil Rathbone, Ros Alexander, Guy Kibbee, Henry Stephenson, Robert Barrat, and Hobart Cavanaugh with Michael Curtiz directing for First National Pictures.

To do justice with words to the fascination of "Captain Blood" is impossible. Se it! It's easily the month's grandest entertainment. And Warner Bros. deserve ou thanks for so brilliantly bringing alive a great epoch and a great story!

GOOD NEWS

OUR SMOOTHIE REPORTER JOTS NOTES ON HIS DRESS SHIRT

by LEO TOWNSEND



No rest for boiled shirts and white ties this month in Hollywood—such goings-on! At right, Myrna Loy autographs a fan's book while Arthur Hornblow grins—at "Hands Across the Table" preview. Grace Moore hanging on to hubby, Valentin Parera, at the "Dream" premiere. Gracie's always good for the dazzling smile and so's Val.

When you see "Klondike Lou," Mae West's latest, you may observe that La Belle West is the best-dressed woman in the cast—and there's a reason. Seems that Lucille Gleason was signed for an important role in the picture, and Travis Banton designed a few nifty costumes for her. They were so nice, in fact, that our Mae walked off the set when she saw them, refusing to return to the studio on the following day. However, into the breach stepped Ernst Lubitsch, Paramount's new big boss, and a heavy conference ensued. Following it everyone kissed, made up and returned to work. The dove of peace flapped again, albeit somewhat nervously, over the "Klondike Lou" set.

■ ■ ■

The big splurge of the social season, thus far, was the premiere of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," for which everyone dug the ermines out of the moth balls and tucked away ordinary preview costumes in favor of white ties and tails. The occasion was so gala that it took three-quarters of an hour to move from the corner of the theatre, which was in the middle of the block. The traffic was so tied up, despite—or maybe it was because of—the presence of a police delegation, that the picture started an hour late. Everyone saw Shakespeare, heard speeches, applauded members of the cast and girded themselves for the hard fight getting out to their respective cars. And thus was a new social season born.

■ ■ ■

Following the premiere, some 500 guests journeyed out to Marion Davies' Santa Monica beach home—we were going to say "cottage" but it hardly seems a proper title for a 30-room domicile—where Miss D. once more proved herself the undisputed champion hostess of Hollywood. It would be

Those Wylers, tsk, tsk! Maggie Sullavan and Willie do a tandem on their new cycle. A new way to prove marital compatability.

impossible to list all the celebrities present, for almost anyone you could name was there. A specially-built dance floor covered the space usually occupied by a few swimming pools and a couple of tennis courts, and a blue canopy sheltered the entire area. Two orchestras furnished the music—and most of the fancy dancing was supplied by the hostess and one of her escorts of the evening, George Brent.

* * *

The most amusing single incident connected with the opening was the advertisement in a Hollywood trade paper. You probably don't know it, but when a picture is completed everyone from the director to prop boy, advertises in the trade papers to announce his part in the completed task. In this manner, producers, noting their accomplishments, hire them for new pictures from which the boys often make enough money to pay for the ads on the last one. Anyhow, a day before the opening, and after much hullaballoo about the genius of Reinhardt and the courage of the Warner Brothers, there appeared a half-page ad in one of the trade papers which simply said: "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM—original story by William Shakespeare."

* * *

Last month we told you that Jean Harlow and Bill Powell had taken back their deposit on the orange blossoms and decided to be just pals, instead of Mr. and Mrs. That it was a friendly break-up has appeared to be correct, but there is one little dissenting voice of rumor that puts a new light on the sitchee-ashun. It seems that the cause of the break was no less a beguiling lass than Rosalind Russell, his co-star in "Rendezvous." So Jean steps out of an evening with her "Riff Raff" director, Walter Ruben—or with Harry Richman, who seems to be the gent to dab a hankie in the eye of many a distressed damsel!

* * *

The Grant-Bruce twosome is passê, for Virginia has switched her affections to Cesar Romero, the Latin from far-off Manhattan. Having been seen out together three nights in a row they are, according to the rumor-makers, all set for a march to the altar. When you take a girl out three nights in a row in Hollywood, your fourth day finds you flooded with wires from the air lines offering attractive round-trip rates to Yuma with a quiet wedding thrown in for a small additional charge. And on the fifth day you start getting information on the rates to Reno.

* * *

Questions without answers department: What very good-looking young star, who recently gave the heavy boy friend the air, now finds herself in the same boat, so to speak? Making a picture on location, she fell considerably in love with a handsome male star, but when they returned to Hollywood the gentleman decided home and fireside was the best place, after all. So now the young lady is enjoying a mild breakdown. Wasn't it Wordsworth who once said of a girl like this, "She can dish it out, but she can't take it"?

* * *

Hollywood is doing considerable buzzing about the Barbara Stanwyck-Frank Fay divorce. The "I told you sos" are having a field day, but a few of the more observant natives are almost willing to bet that the divorce will lead to a reconciliation. For one thing, it must have done something to Frank, for he has gone back to work in a big way. Once one of the smartest comedians on Broadway, Frank went into almost complete retirement after his marriage. Since the marriage fell apart he has finished a role in "Stars Over Broadway."

* * *

Item number two on the Michael accident: Gertrude was rushed to the hospital in a semi-conscious state, and during the examination an interne, gathering information, asked her her name. Gertrude knew she was in pictures, but she couldn't quite place herself. The interne must have had the same idea, for he said, "You're in pictures, aren't you?" "Yes," replied Gertrude, with what she thought was the light dawning on her, "I'm Grace Moore."

Now that Gertrude has fully recovered from her automobile accident, this little item can be told. When Gertrude was thrown from her car, a group of Mexicans, who saw the accident, immediately phoned the hospital and took care of her until the ambulance arrived. After seeing Gertrude safely into the ambulance they left—with her purse, her wrist-watch and her shoes.

* * *

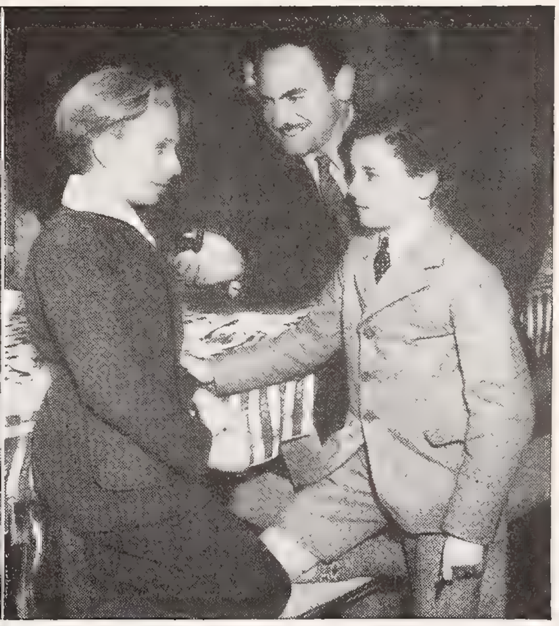
Another nice-gesture-of-the-month is that made by Fred Stone. When Will Rogers died, his stand-in, Leonard Traynor, was left jobless. He was, that is, until Fred heard of his plight. Now Traynor is Fred's stand-in, and just to be sure he always gets the job, Stone had a clause to that effect inserted into his contracts with RKO and Paramount.

* * *

Probably the most social-minded of our younger gentlemen, hereabouts, is Tom

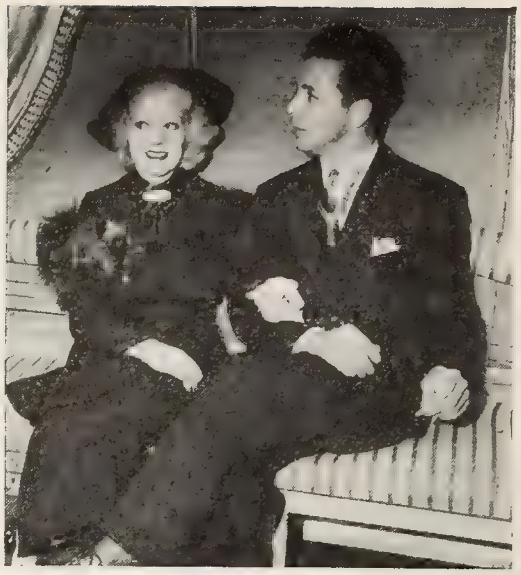
More "Dream" premiere-trotters. All Alma Mammy Warner Brothers, too. Pat Ellis, the Warren Williams, Lyle Talbot and Paula Stone.

Leslie Howard and Norma Shearer in earnest confab at the very elaborate Marion Davies party after the "Dream" premiere.

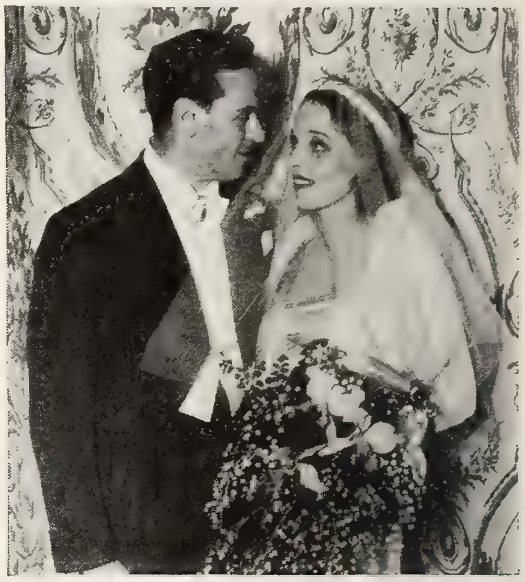


These Britishers! George Breakston and his Dad talk things over with Freddie Bartholomew at a Father and Son get-together breakfast.

FRONT AS HE RACES THROUGH FLICKERTOWN'S SOCIAL WHIRL!



Above, left to right, a telling little trio of snaps that shows you love's thorny path in Hollywood! Joan Blondell, looking very wistful, dates Dick Powell, looking very gay. Next evening Joan, all smiles, steps out with ex-hubby George Barnes. The same evening, Alice Faye, putting on the big gay act, dates a wistful looking gent named Powell! And so, my pets, that to the Powell-Blondell romance rumors! To the right and down, bride Sally Blane looks adoringly at her new husband, Norman Foster. Hermia arrives for her Hollywood debut in "Midsummer Night's Dream"—Olivia de Havilland, looking more like Juliet, has a tussle with her train while Ernest Mendel-Hall looks on. Olivia received bravos on her fine performance in the Shakespeare-Reinhardt special. And last, gaze on Cinematown's sizzling romance of the month—Cesar Romero with that blonde charmer, Virginia Bruce, at the "Metropolitan" preview.



Brown. Almost all of his appearances, however, are with Jane Frances Mullen, socialite of Los Angeles.

Young Mr. Brown, by the way, is fast becoming a very popular guy with the young lady fans, if what we saw at a football game last month is any indication. It was at the outside gate, and a group of young things were crowded about a lass who was exhibiting a Tom Brown autograph she had just obtained. As we passed she was in the process of rejecting a trade-in offer of a genuine Dick Powell. Of course, the young lady with the genuine Dick Powell may have had a couple more at home.

* * *

And what's this about Joan Blondell? When she obtained her divorce from George Barnes everyone thought she was a gal who divorced for keeps. Well, on a Monday night she was seen out with Dick Powell, which proved everyone's prediction—until Wednesday, when she attended the premiere. The gent whose arm she clung to was none other than ex-hubby George Barnes, and they looked sooo devoted, which certainly put everyone on the ropes!

* * *

We're a little late announcing it, but Katharine Hepburn recently posted an offer of $100, and it went begging. It happened this way: just before her last jaunt to New York she was stopped in front of a Hollywood cafe by a photographer who wanted a picture with her escort, Leland Heyward. Katie refused, and paused long enough to announce that anyone agile enough to snap her between here and New York would be handed a hundred bucks. Miss H. still has the money.

When you read about the lavishness of the stars—how they spend fortunes wiring their swimming pools for sound and so forth—it's nice to know that there are a few residents out here who know the value of a dollar. Take Ruth Chatterton, for instance. Ruthie is no pauper—she has a lovely home, cars, and flies her own plane, but she can skimp when she has to. Just recently, for example, she sent a basket of flowers to a friend in honor of an anniversary. With it was her card, a pretty sentiment on one side, and on the other, in neat engraving, *Mrs. George Brent.*

* * *

Simone Simon, 20th Century-Fox's French import, who couldn't speak a word of English when she arrived in this country, is doing all right with her language these days, judging from a recent conversation we had with her. The little lady announced she was about to buy a car, and when she was asked what brand she had in mind she replied: "Oh, just a little Packard!" Being able to say "Packard" after only two weeks in these parts comes under the head of nice going.

* * *

Speaking of autograph fiends, Evelyn Venable has just met the tops in that field. Recently Evelyn was stopped on the street by a little girl who handed her a sheet with two carbon copies and asked for her signature. Evelyn inquired about the carbon copies and the little lady said, "Well, I sell the original, give the second copy to one of my friends, and I usually keep the third copy for myself." P. S. Need we add that she didn't get the autograph!

Left and down, Marion Davies with George Brent at "Midsummer Night's Dream" preview—Marion threw a huge and very exclusive party after this. Glenda Farrell with her big heart throb, Addison Randall, at the opening of a new night spot, the Roosevelt Cinegrill. John Boles and Gladys Swarthout take a radio duet very seriously. Lower row, left to right, Cary Grant still goes places with Betty Furness. Here they are on a recent evening at the Trocadero. And next, that young smoothie, Tom Brown, beaming on Toby Wing. Tom told Scotty to say that he hadn't given la Wing his class pin yet—the wag! Incidentally, Tom seems to be taking lessons in variety from some of the town's more seasoned Lotharios. Gary Cooper and wife, Sandra, take in a preview of "Hands Across the Table." Somehow the Coopers always look so glum about their public appearances. Could it be that they don't like photographers?

If any of youse guys have ever gone six months without a haircut you'll have a rough idea of how nice a barber chair looked to Donald Woods recently. It wasn't that Donald couldn't afford a haircut, it just seemed that his art forced him to let his hair down. Parts in "Frisco Kid," "Enemy of Men" and "A Tale of Two Cities" all called for long tresses, but after six months of it all three roles were finished and Mr. W. sat himself down at his favorite tonsorial parlor. Five minutes later a frantic phone call told him to hold everything—he was needed for retakes on "A Tale of Two Cities." Donald rushed to the studio and did his scenes entirely in profile, for the barber had finished half of his job and only one side of the Woods' head was Dickens.

■ ■ ■

Now that Christmas is approaching it might be well to know what your favorite stars want in the way of gifts. We haven't got around to many of them so far, but a heart to heart talk with Edith Fellows reveals that she's counting on Santa Claus to bring her a monkey. Anyone possessing a monkey, even if it's a slightly used one, can have Edith's address for the asking. We think, though, that Shirley Temple's request tops them all. Shirley doesn't want toys and she doesn't want dolls. She merely wants the Dionne quintuplets!

■ ■ ■

Lyle Talbot is going to stop being nice to kiddies. Mr. T. is one of Hollywood's most accommodating gents—he's even nice to autograph hounds. The other night a group of youngsters surrounded him and, after he had autographed all their books, he gave one of the lads a fatherly pat on the head. As he turned to leave he heard the little guy's voice booming out. "Say," said the kid, "who is that guy?"

■ ■ ■

Hollywood has gone terpsichorean, and you can blame it all on Fred Astaire. After seeing Fred's nimble footwork in "Top Hat," the young ladies of the town have taken to dropping uncomplimentary remarks about the dancing of their male friends. Remarks, you know, like "I didn't say you were clumsy, dear, I merely asked if you had seen the way Fred Astaire did it." Soooooo, after a series of nasty looks from their young men, the gals have banded together and formed a dancing class. Charter members are Patricia Ellis, Grace and Gertrude Durkin and Paula Stone.

■ ■ ■

It may not be a new idea, but Dolores Del Rio says it is, and who are we to doubt Dolores? Her idea is to equip her wardrobe for each picture with gowns of the same shade. If you saw her in "In Caliente" you probably noted that everything Dolores wore was white, from unmentionables on up. In her next, "Meet the Duchess," black will get the call, and those who have seen some of her creations say they're swell.

■ ■ ■

Now that Jan Kiepura has arrived to make a picture, Hollywood seems like the old days once more. Mr. Kiepura is the Polish tenor whose pictures are so sensational in Europe, and Mr. K. is also extremely (*Continued on page 58*)

Beauty Advice

A DRESSING-TABLE PREVIEW OF "GETTING READY FOR A PARTY"

By Mary Biddle

SO YOU'RE going to a party! Well, here's our own little private preview of "Party Glamor" (produced and directed by Mary Biddle—ahem!). Olivia de Havilland is the star, and we might re-title it "A Midwinter Night's Dream."

Olivia de Havilland's mother named her after the Olivia in Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," and perhaps the name itself has touched her with magic. At any rate, her fresh beauty has stirred even Hollywood to enthusiasm . . . and for her, the dream has come true. She has suddenly awakened to find herself all that she had ever dreamed of being, a Reinhardt protegee in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" . . . a Hollywood discovery . . . a sought-after actress.

Now, all of us have different dreams about what we want to be and what we want to have happen to us, but I imagine we're all alike in having shared the dream of being "the belle of the ball," with all the Gables and Montgomerys beseeching us for just one little dance. And the one particular heartbeat would be fuming and glaring from the sidelines in savage jealousy over our being so popular, and all the women would be murmuring not too sweetly, "What *has* Mary done to herself . . . she's a positive sensation." Isn't that a pretty good crystal reading of your own cherished dream?

Let's analyze this business of being the belle of the ball, before we sit down at our dressing tables. Think of the most popular girls you've ever known. Did you ever know a popular girl who didn't have a gay face and a gay manner at parties, a sort of party face and party manner? Miriam Hopkins, for example, is a grand party belle. She has a certain radiance about her, an outward reflection of her inner gaiety. The most effective beauty aid in the world is a happy mental state.

Sometimes girls write me and say, "I dread going to parties. I never have a good time." Well, there they are handicapping themselves right at the start. They work themselves into a glum, gloomy state of mind even before they get to the party. Have you ever watched children's faces when you say the word "party" to them? They light up with an eager anticipation over the magic word. If you could just work up a little more of that spirit, too, you would be surprised at what an effective beauty aid it would be.

A famous artist once said that the most (*Continued on page 72*)

With the holiday partying season in full swing, Olivia de Havilland illustrates some tricks to give new life to the hair. Sprinkle a little brilliantine and a dash of perfume on your hairbrush and brush vigorously. This gives the hair an even sheen, rather than the smeary, plastered effect that results when brilliantine is applied with the hands. Try it!

Joan and Franchot's wedding as you imagined it, not the simple affair it really was!

Here Comes the Bride!

JOAN TONE DISCUSSES HER MARRIAGE WITH HER CLOSEST FRIEND

By Katherine Albert

I CAN tell you that what the Crawford-Tone wedding lacked in orange blossoms and Lohengrin, it made up for in to-do from press and public. For weeks Joan and Franchot had been playing a matrimonial hounds-and-hares with the poor, benighted newspapermen. They were married . . . they weren't married . . . they might be married. And so it went until, finally, Joan and Franchot slipped away to a little New Jersey town and were quietly wed by a local judge. Joan had consistently, even tearfully, denied even to me that she would marry Franchot. Franchot, like a gentleman, refused to say whether or not he was sitting on the fence waiting for her answer.

And the question that you will ask is, "Why did Joan change her mind?"

Ever since the day that Joan divorced young Doug, she had stoutly maintained that she was through with marriage forever. She said that it had no place in her scheme of things.

THE DAY after her marriage I asked her what had changed her mind.

"Franchot," she said. "Franchot and all that he is as a person made me change my mind. I had wanted to marry for months but Franchot (*Continued on page 70*)

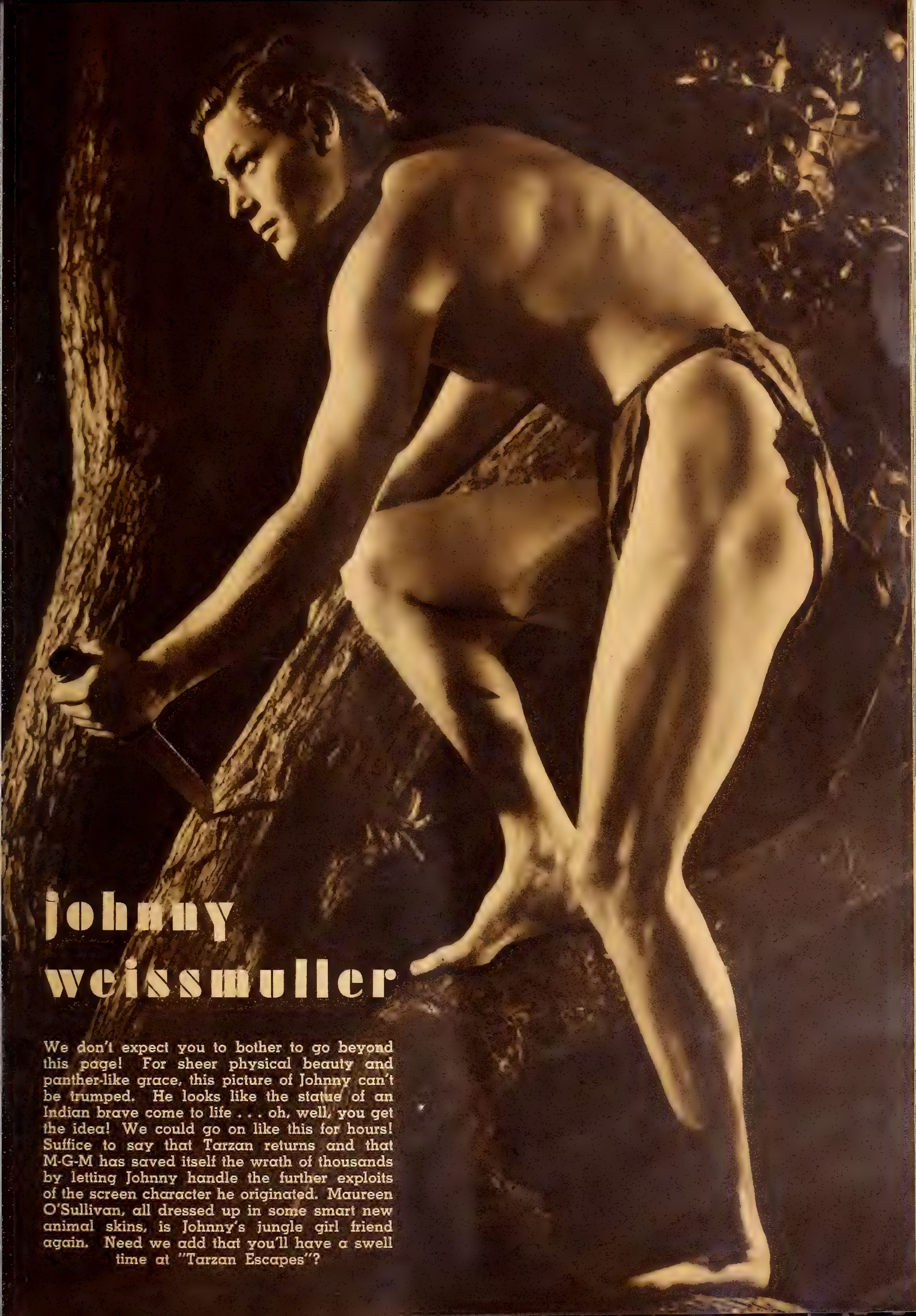
A GIRL YOU KNOW

might have been trapped by this new underworld terror!

Like the girl next door . . . or at your office . . . the Loretta of this story never dreams that crime will strike her . . . until one cruel night she is hurled into the machine-gun fury of a nation-wide manhunt . . . her loved ones threatened . . . her life endangered!
Frantically, these people struggle. And YOUR heart beats to THEIR horror, THEIR hopes . . . for suddenly you realize, "This can happen not only to a girl I know . . . THIS CAN HAPPEN TO ME!"

SHOW THEM NO MERCY!
20th CENTURY FOX

A
DARRYL F. ZANUCK
TWENTIETH CENTURY PRODUCTION
PRESENTED BY JOSEPH M. SCHENCK
with
ROCHELLE HUDSON
CESAR ROMERO • BRUCE CABOT
EDWARD NORRIS



johnny weissmuller

We don't expect you to bother to go beyond this page! For sheer physical beauty and panther-like grace, this picture of Johnny can't be trumped. He looks like the statue of an Indian brave come to life . . . oh, well, you get the idea! We could go on like this for hours! Suffice to say that Tarzan returns and that M-G-M has saved itself the wrath of thousands by letting Johnny handle the further exploits of the screen character he originated. Maureen O'Sullivan, all dressed up in some smart new animal skins, is Johnny's jungle girl friend again. Need we add that you'll have a swell time at "Tarzan Escapes"?

jean harlow

A grand gal, Jean, and one of Hollywood's real "toiling tillies." So much so, in fact, that it must seem strange to her to find no immediate picture scheduled after "Riff Raff" and an eastern vacation trip a reality. "Riff Raff," incidentally, gives Jean a new team-mate in the form of Spencer Tracy. Spence, an exponent of the Gable-Beery virility school and a grand actor, with Harlow, should give you fans a new combination to cheer.

ronald colman

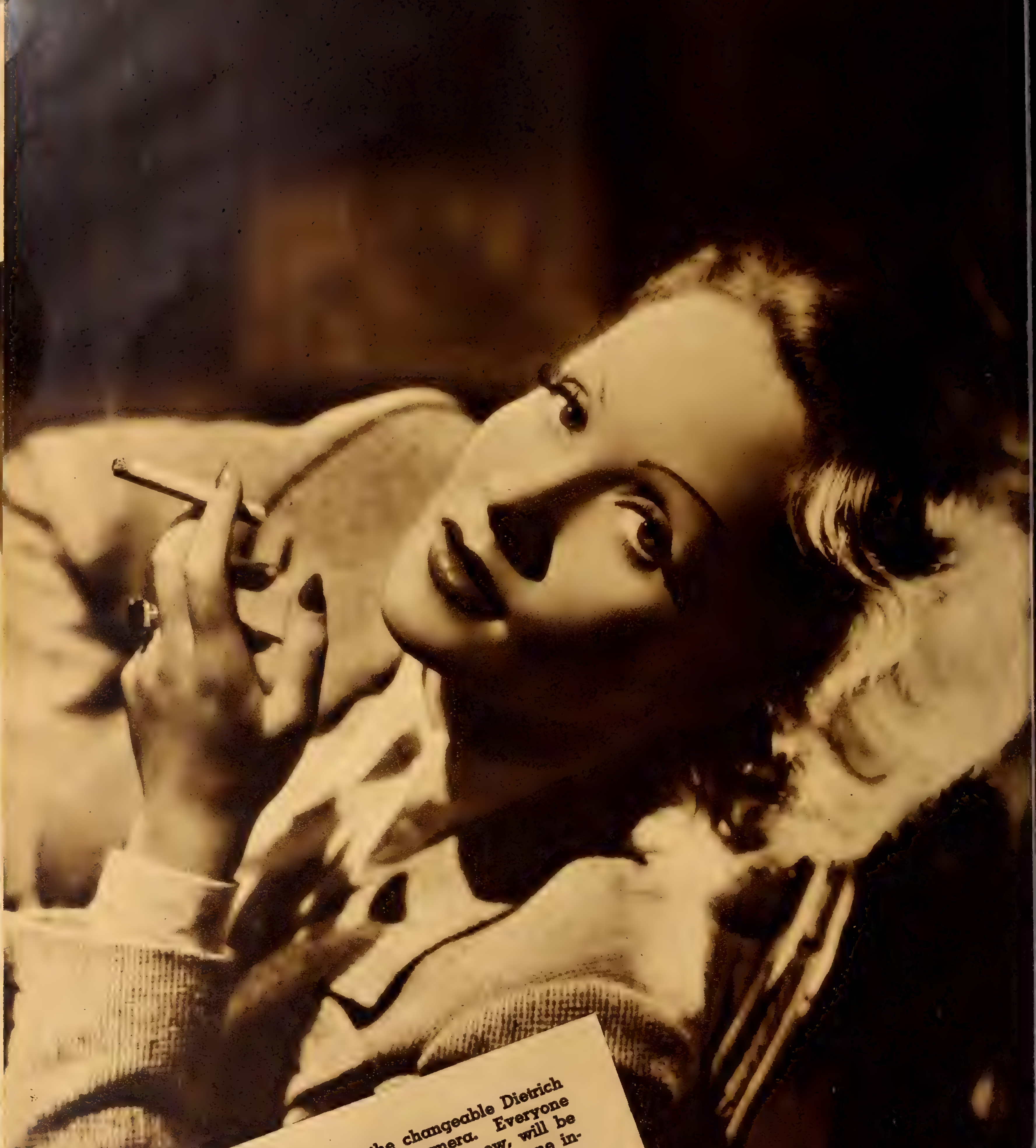
It's homey to see Ronald Colman with an upper lip decoration again and back in one of those suave roles that he tosses off with such aplomb. After the unkempt Darnton of "A Tale of Two Cities," it must feel good to be washed up for the sleek part of "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo." Joan Bennett returns, too, as his fair partner in this famous gambling saga.

cary grant

Here's a chap that isn't taking any dust on his way up to the topnotch leading man rank. Cary gave a nice performance in that very masculine opus, "The Last Outpost," and now he's with Hepburn in "Sylvia Scarlett." Off-screen, he's a favorite Hollywood beau-about-town.

rochelle hudson

It looks as if dark-haired, hazel-eyed Rochelle is stepping right into the star shoes of Janet Gaynor. Since illness forced the Gaynor to quit the "Way Down East" cast and Rochelle so capably took her role over, 20th Century-Fox has been busy looking over scripts suitable to the Hudson talents. Rochelle is fragile and young looking, but she's a poised, intelligent gal when it comes to planning a bright future. "Show Them No Mercy" is her next picture, then comes "Ramona" with John Boles.



All the elusive fascination of the changeable Dietrich seems to be caught here by the camera. Everyone wonders about "Desire" which, as you know, will be without the Von Sternberg guiding hand. But one interesting fact stands out, Marlene has the same leading man that she had in that great success years ago, "Morocco"—Gary Cooper! Perhaps with Gary she'll recapture that subtle screen charm which seems to have been swaddled in the elaborate costume pictures.

marlene dietrich

Blithe, young Anita Louise gaily admits that she isn't old enough to wangle a mink coat from her mother, but the Brothers Warner consider her quite enough of a dramatic veteran to handle some of their neatest supporting roles! She's had great breaks of late what with falling under Max Reinhardt's tutelage in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and now to be cast with that fine actor, Paul Muni, in "Enemy of Man." She laughs off rumors of her romance with Nino Martini, the newest screen vocalizing charmer.

anita louise

Threats?

Divorce?

Marriage?

Accident?

what will happen

What Dareos Prophesied

1. Death for three of the screen's best-loved players.
2. No Pickford-Fairbanks reconciliation despite talk. Mary to make success at writing.
3. Emotional uncertainty for Constance Bennett—beginning of career decline.
4. Chaplin to complete picture—fact of his marriage to Paulette Goddard accepted.
5. Garbo to go to Sweden; her mother to die; career to decline; no marriage.
6. Leslie Howard divorce whispers untrue; scandal threat; screen and stage in London.
7. Marriage either in '35 or '36 for Loretta Young; breakdown late in year, which will stop work.
8. Barbara Stanwyck on verge of divorcing Frank Fay but will make up. Adopt child.
9. Claudette Colbert to be victim of violence. Threat of scandal. "Will do a Garbo."
10. Miriam Hopkins to have big screen year. No marriage.
11. Katharine Hepburn to marry.
12. Big professional year for Ronnie Colman. No marriage despite rumors.

THE PLANETS for 1936 frown balefully on Hollywood and many of its best-beloved stars . . . !

They say:

—there is more woe ahead for Harlow! Danger of life or limb menaces Gable! A serious motor crash lies directly in John Boles' path! It'll be a "bad year" for Bing Crosby, and an even worse one for Constance Bennett! Kidnappers have their eyes on many Hollywood children! Gangsters threaten Mae West! Dolores Del Rio faces heart unhappiness! Many other stars enter the year in the shadow of accident, scandal, sickness, even possible death. The break-up of several stars' homes is indicated. For Hollywood itself—internal strife and subsequent upheaval.

But there is good, too, to balance the bad in the year's astrological aspect . . . the public will thrill to torrid ro-

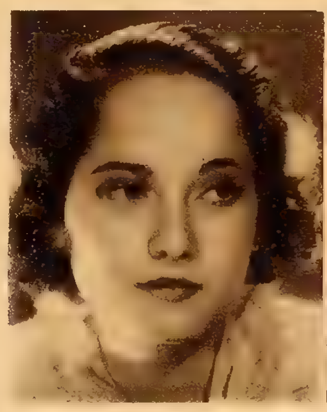
EIGHTY PER CENT CORRECT IN HIS 1935 PROPHECIES, DAREOS

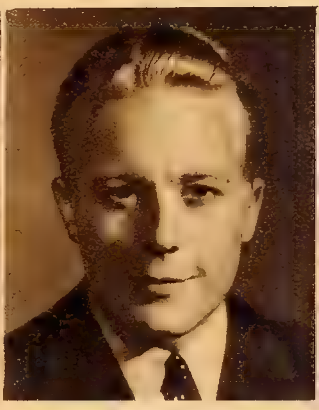
FLOHERTY JR

DAREOS' ANNUAL FORECAST

AS TOLD TO HARRY LANG

ILLUSTRATION BY FLOHERTY, JR.


Love?


Success?

Unhappiness?

to them in 1936 ?

mances in the lives of Garbo, Myrna Loy, Gene Raymond, Dick Powell, Janet Gaynor! And marriage—*happy* marriage — is probable for Merle Oberon, Claudette Colbert and Loretta Young. Bright futures lie ahead for Shirley Temple and Freddie Bartholomew, the child-wonders of the past year. There'll be new babies in Hollywood homes—the Jolsons will probably adopt another child, perhaps even twins. And there's a likelihood of twins being born to the Fred Astaires! The Paul Munis, the planets say, may adopt a child, too. For Hollywood, generally, it will be a big financial year, despite what internal woes the industry may have. At least one great film will be produced, during the year, that will amaze the world.

All these events are in the 1936 forecast of Dareos, that world-renowned *(Continued on page 74)*

What Happened

1. Death of Will Rogers, Junior Durkin and Sam Hardy.
2. Correct on both prophecies. Doug and Mary are divorced. Mary's three books are selling well.
3. Connie's emotional life none too serene. Career definitely on wane, after year of free-lancing.
4. Picture completed and Hollywood does accept marital status with Paulette.
5. Did go to Sweden; mother still lives; her career waning; no marriage.
6. Right about divorce talk; no known scandal. Did successful London screen and stage work.
7. No marriage as yet in '35 but Dareos says to watch '36. Breakdown now keeping her from work.
8. As this is written Barbara and Frank are separated. They adopted a boy.
9. No known violence but scandal whispers concerning her Mexican divorce. Now hiding from questioners.
10. Right-o, Dareos! Miriam's career on the up but no marriage.
11. She denies it but Hollywod says *yes.*
12. Correct. Colman has had splendid pictures but no marriage despite romance rumors.

TELLS HOLLYWOOD STARS WHAT TO EXPECT IN '36!

Garbo's GLAMOR?

By Helen Louise Walker

Hepburn—artist or imitator?

WHAT GOES into the making of a successful actress? What are the *ingredients* of screen success and how do you mix them and at what temperature do you bake them? Wouldn't a lot of people, including you and I, like to know the answer to that one!

Someone, at a party not long ago, described Katharine Hepburn as an "assembled" star. Asked to explain, she said, "Katie uses her hands like Nazimova, walks like Hope Williams, talks like Garbo . . ." and so on through quite a lengthy list of characteristics, the implication being that Miss Hepburn's borrowed attributes had been important factors in her truly spectacular success. And I don't use "spectacular success" with any reservations since the amazing dramatic right-about-face Katie did in "Alice Adams." From one of the worst slumps any actress ever experienced to a new high in fine acting, she certainly deserves the tag of "spectacular" without contention. Katie's "Alice" made you feel that she had undreamed of dramatic potentialities and it makes the question of whether she is an "assembled" star worth the analyzing at this point in her career.

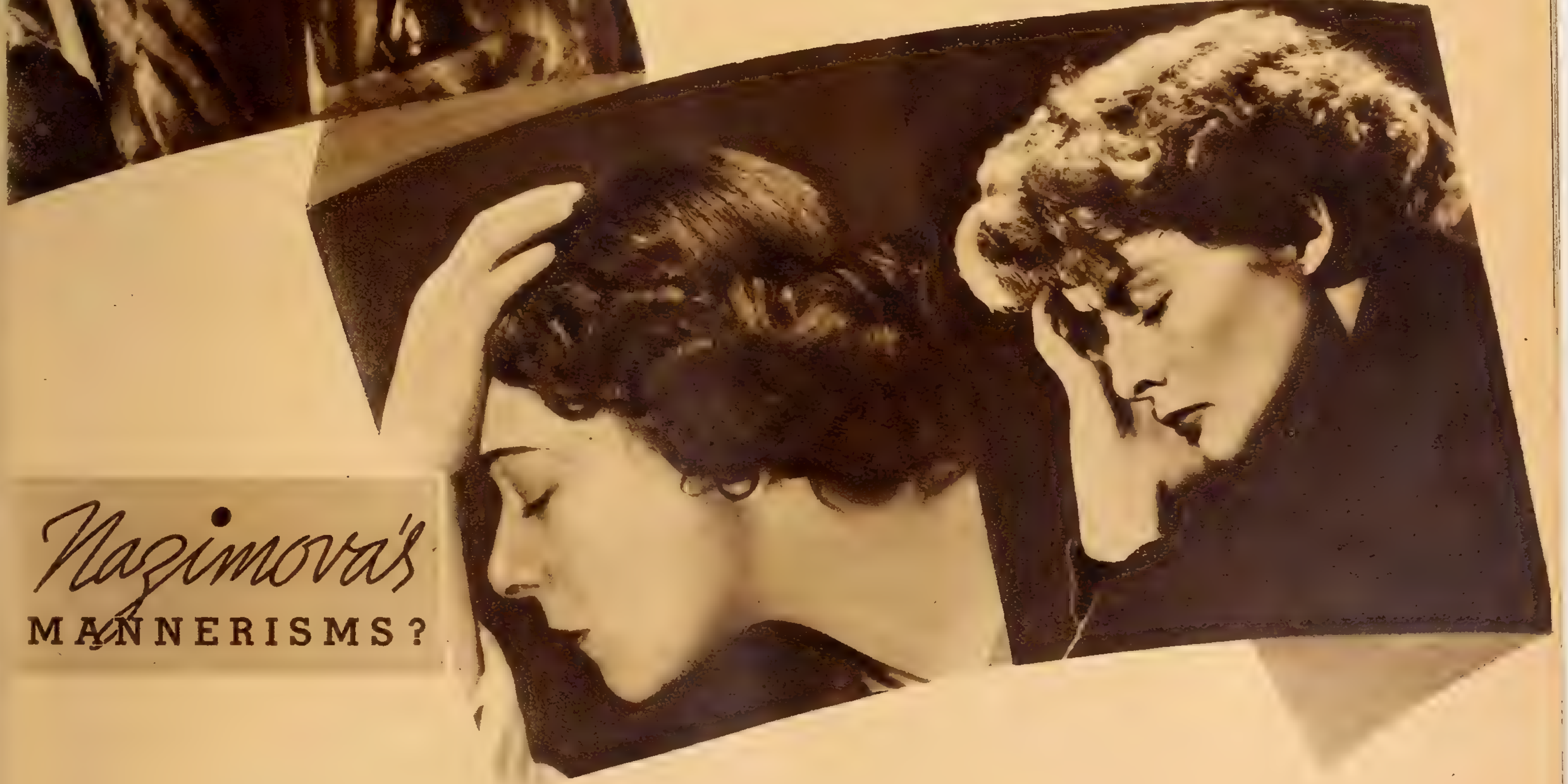
LET'S GO 'way back for a moment. In the first place Katharine Hepburn has been one of the most assiduous, the shrewdest, the most successful borrowers of stage or screen. She has always been a person who knew what she wanted yet who has recognized her own limitations. When she was a small, red-haired girl in Connecticut, she knew that she wanted to be an actress. In fact, she was convinced that she *was* an actress because she had discovered that the tears and the heart-rending sobs, which she could produce at will, were very useful

THERE ARE THOSE WHO CLAIM KATIE'S A COPYCAT! IF SHE IS, HER BORROWING IS REMODELED INTO A BRIGHT NEW FORM OF GENIUS

in getting her what she wanted. She sobbed at her father until he built her a small theatre of her own in the back yard where she could practise her lachrymose histrionics to her heart's content.

Then and there, Katharine began to "borrow." There was a little girl in the "company" who was, it seemed to Katie, a more convincing cry-er than was Katie, herself. She insisted upon knowing how the other child did it.

Hope Williams'
BOYISHNESS?



She studied, imitated, analyzed this superior art of sobbing until she had made the secret her own. Even as a young and spoilt child she developed the knack of benefitting from what other people had learned.

Later, having profited in school dramatics not only from the instructors but from talented amateur colleagues, Katharine, in the face of violent family objections, went to Baltimore and demanded to be allowed to become a member of Edwin Knopf's stock company. She was, she informed Mr. Knopf, an actress. When he viewed her gangling figure and youthful enthusiasm with obvious amusement, she *acted* for him. She did it with such fiery and bad-tempered verve that he engaged her, despite her awkward lankiness. And Katie began to learn . . . or borrow . . . some more. That was what she was there for.

She detected some discontent with her delivery of lines . . . and no one in the company had time to coach the newcomer. So, when Kenneth McKenna joined the company briefly as a visiting star, she asked him, point blank, what was wrong with her. He told her, bluntly that there were a great many things wrong. Chiefly her timing. She spoke too rapidly, her bodily poise simply wasn't, she did not know how to time gestures to suit action.

Katharine listened . . . and when the season closed she betook herself to New York, engaged a voice and diction teacher and then besought Mordkin, of the Russian Ballet, to help her to overcome her long-legged awkwardness. She *haunted* that ballet at performances and rehearsals and, if the Hepburn of today undulates in poetic fashion across the screen, it is partially due to that persistent haunting.

But there is more about that now-famous walk of Hepburn's. After a number of devastating disappointments (the gal had both backbone and determination!), she finally was engaged to understudy Hope Williams in the stage play, "Holiday."

Now, Hope Williams was a young woman with an arresting and dynamic talent, a boyish figure and a sort of ball-bearing walk which she had developed to conceal the fact that her legs were a leetle mite too long for ideal symmetry. She was at that moment one of New York's sensations.

Hepburn was, in a trice, letter perfect in the role. She rehearsed it, she stood in the wings during performances . . . months of successful

(Continued on page 81)

who will be

Petite Lily Pons, the most individual of the prima donnas, met with approval in "I Dream Too Much," her first film.

Will "Rose Marie," Jeanette MacDonald's next singing effort, send her stock higher?

THE BATTLE OF THE SONGBIRDS IS ON—WITH MOORE, MACDONALD,

hollywood's jenny lind?

By RAMON ROMERO

Grace Moore has "One Night of Love" and "Love Me Forever" to her credit. Can she top these performances?

Moore and Pons have a real rival in Gladys Swarthout, whose rare beauty and dulcet tones are thrilling audiences with "Rose of the Rancho."

VOICES PITTED one against the other. A war with song as the ammunition. A rhythmic conflict which no League of Nations can stop, for in the end the best voice must win. Victory means popularity. Screen immortality. An everlasting niche in the Hall of Fame. Gladys Swarthout versus Grace Moore! Lily Pons against Jeanette MacDonald! Marta Eggerth challenging Mary Ellis. And in the reserve forces, behind this vanguard of golden-voiced nightingales, Marion Talley, Jeritza, Irene Dunne, Jane Froman, names that have won their spurs wherever melody is loved. Musical comedy queens, Grand Opera stars, movie prima donnas—all mixed up in a musical melee, the like of which has never been seen in all moviedom. All out to capture the exalted title of "The Jenny Lind of the Movies."

The first shot fired from the melodious first-line trenches transpired a little over a year ago when Grace Moore appeared in "One Night of Love," scoring such a tremendous hit that Jeanette MacDonald's laurel wreath was blown right off her pretty head, forcing her into immediate retreat while preparing a counter-attack.

JEANETTE MACDONALD'S answer to the enemy was "Naughty Marietta," which has proved to be her most successful picture. It has recovered for her much of the lost prestige she had conceded to her victor. The combat between these two songstresses has become so personal that the battlefield has narrowed down to a lyrical prize-ring. Behind the ropes in this corner, ladies and gentlemen, you have Miss Grace Moore (applause), and in this corner Miss Jeanette MacDonald (more applause). You, the Public, are the referee. When the gong goes off and these two lovely ladies start pulling notes out of each other's throats, all for your amusement, it will be your audience reaction that will decide the championship.

M-G-M's star prima donna has just won a coup over her rival by being awarded the most coveted musical role of the year, the title part in "Rose Marie," in which Nelson Eddy is once again her co-starring partner. If you remember, Miss Moore, who is under contract to make one picture for Miss MacDonald's employers, was originally announced for the same picture. Miss MacDonald is said to have insisted on having the part. Now it is reported Grace Moore will *(Continued on page 68)*

PONS AND SWARTHOUT AS CONTENDERS! WHO WILL BE THE VICTOR?

. . . why men fall for miriam hopkins

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, IT'S NOT DUE TO GLAMOR, NOR BEAUTY—BUT SOMETHING THIS CHARMING STAR SAYS YOU, TOO, CAN ACHIEVE

By Robert Eichberg

EVEN HER best press agents wouldn't call Miriam Hopkins "glamorous." Nor would any artist choose her as one of the "Ten Most Beautiful Women in America."

Yet there is hardly a man who knows her who doesn't swear that she is one of the most fascinating girls he ever met. Many of them, indeed, are more than a little in love with her.

So I decided to find the reason for Miss Hopkins' astonishing charm.

Consequently, I rang the bell, not long ago, at the door of the little house she occupies when in New York. A butler showed me upstairs, and into the library. It was a cheerful room—not very big—with a log fire burning to take the chill off. The walls were covered with books. They weren't de luxe editions; they were just a miscellaneous collection of volumes that she had read and liked well enough to keep for re-reading. (The others, she told me later, go to the Salvation Army, the Old Sailors' Home, and so forth.) There were no dressy, flashy chairs, made to be seen rather than sat in—simply two huge, soft armchairs and a long, low davenport with a coffee table before it.

Maybe that's the first of her charm secrets. She knows how to make a home *livable*. She doesn't make it just a "front" for a movie actress; it's the sort of room every man wishes his wife would give him.

I sat and waited. In a moment I heard quick, light footsteps running down the stairs from the third floor and in came Miriam, wearing a trim little gray tweed suit, a gay neckerchief, a wide smile and practically no make-up. Her lips were pink instead of bright red, her cheeks were powdered but unrouged, and her fair, curly hair floated around her face. She looked scrubbed and wide awake and gay. Maybe it isn't a compliment to

Men who know Miriam find her completely fascinating, many are more than a little in love with her. What makes her so captivating is a lesson to every girl who yearns for popularity and the admiration of men. As it happens, the big heartthrob in Miriam's life, since her divorce from Austin Parker, is that blond fellow, Michael Hopkins, her young adopted son! At the extreme left you see her in a scene with Joel McCrea from "Splendor." Joel just finished winning the gal in "Barbary Coast," too. "Lucky duffer," did we hear all the gents in the audience say?

say that a young woman looks "wholesome," but there it is. There wasn't even the faintest trace of glamor; she just looked clean, healthy and full of life.

AND maybe that's another reason why men fall for her. Maybe glamor is just a little frightening to most men.

Now, I had heard that Miriam was a holy terror. I had heard the story about the time she was to be guest of honor at a week-end party on a yacht, and how, after the first day, she got bored and made the host head back for port. They say he was so broken up about it that he had to stay in bed for two days.

And I had heard about the time an old friend of hers in New York, phoned across the continent to her one night to say that he had just sold his first play to the movies, only to be asked, "Why bother me about it?" So I decided to see this alleged "holy terror" in action, and proceeded to ask her the dumbest, most infuriating question I could. I said, "Say, Miss Hopkins, how do you go about getting men to fall for you?" And then I waited for the storm to break. Instead of flying into a rage or even simpering coyly she burst out laughing, promptly looking about eighteen years old. Her eyes twinkled as she changed the subject by suggesting that we discuss something that she "knew something about." No false modesty—she just didn't want to talk about her amazing charm. But in the conversation that followed, she revealed many sides of her multi-faceted personality.

As we sat down to breakfast (yes, she'd been thoughtful enough to order *two* of everything) she said, "I'm sorry I kept you waiting, but I had to broadcast last night, and after that some friends came over here with me and we scrambled eggs, played the phonograph and talked 'til after three."

"How are you as an egg scrambler?" I asked.

"Oh, I didn't really scramble them," she confessed. "One of the men did that. I just looked on and ate them and told him how good they were. But I can cook and sew if I have to. I take care of the baby when the nurse is out, and he seems to like it. Wait a minute, I've got to show you some pictures that I took of him a few weeks ago."

She jumped up and went to the desk, caught up a handful of snapshots and came back. "Here," she said, sitting close beside me, so that she could point things out, "this one's Michael. He's the one making the face. Don't you think he looks strong? And he's only three! Now look at this one. Here he's . . . "

And in these few minutes she had unwittingly disclosed several more reasons why she appeals to men. First, she's punctual—apologizes for being less than two minutes late. She's good-natured, (*Continued on page 66*)

FROM THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK, RUBY KEELER AND PATSY KELLY

ILLUSTRATED BY
JAMES KELLY

Above, Patsy Kelly, queen of comedians, knows Ruby Keeler (left) as no one else does and so she gives the lowdown on her friend.

By William French

four dancing

FOUR AMBITIOUS little feet, tapping gaily on the echoing floors of Jack Blue's dancing school. Four tired, hot feet, with aching toes and blistered soles, shuffling over the last few blocks of scorching sidewalk from 51st and Broadway to 70th Street and Third Avenue. Four flashing, nimble, educated feet, climbing steadily upward.

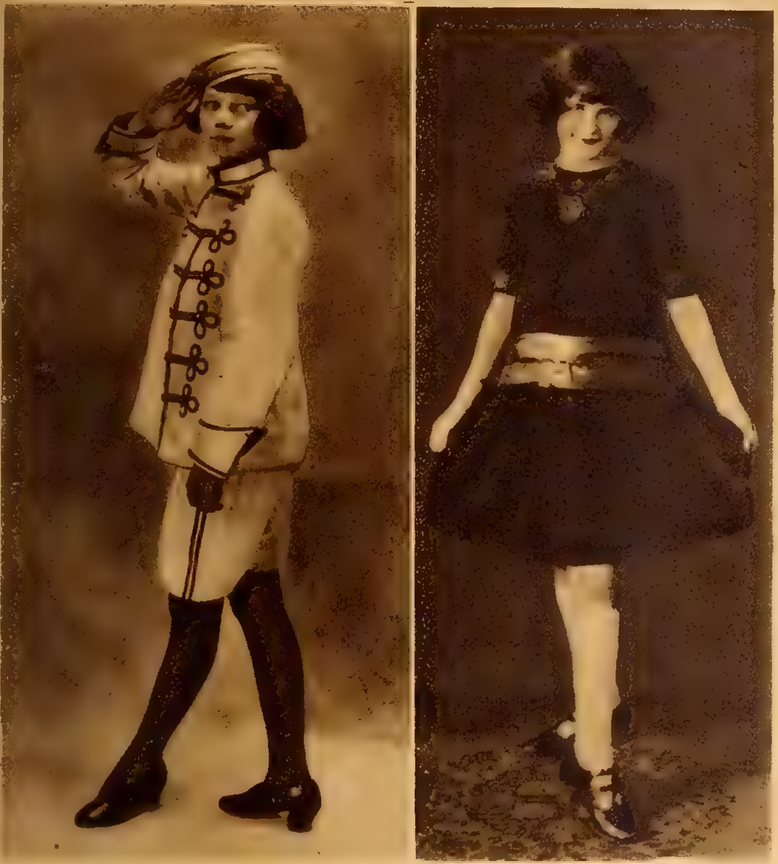
And now, two of these four feet, encased in comfortable slippers and propped against a camera dolly, are resting between scenes on the Twentieth Century-Fox set and Patsy Kelly, fresh from a boudoir scene with Dick Powell in "Thanks A Million," is spilling the lowdown on Ruby Keeler. And if there's anything about Ruby that Patsy doesn't know, it's because it hasn't happened yet.

"Don't let that gal fool you," Patsy was saying, "she's always had a system. She may have stood in the background and never tried to sponge up any credit for anything, but she was little Miss Efficiency all the time, and she had a way with her. She was so darned sweet, she made giving easy. And don't ever make the mistake of thinking it was luck that got Ruby where she is. It was system and efficiency.

"WE WERE about ten, I guess, when I got my bicycle. A friend of the family gave it to me, glory be. And somebody else had given Ruby a pair of roller skates, glory be again.

"As I remember them they weren't anything like the roller-bearing skates of today. One, I think, had an egg-shaped wheel on it. Either that, or those old New York

TAPPED THEIR WAY TOGETHER TO HOLLYWOOD AND SUCCESS



Big-time stuff! At the age of ten years young, Patsy (left) and Ruby all set for a doting audience at one of Jack Blue's syncopation soirees.

feet . .

sidewalks had goose flesh. Anyhow, one foot always felt like it was on a miniature bump-the-bumps.

"I don't know how wonderful Ruby thought those skates were, but I'll never forget how well she sold them to me. Before she got through I was convinced that I was the luckiest kid along Third Avenue to be able to use them while she rode my bike. When I look back at it now, I sometimes suspect those skates had grown to my feet.

"ANYWAY, Ruby was the prettiest girl I'd ever seen, and I used to love to watch her ride the bicycle. Maybe it was because she looked like I ached to look, way down deep in my heart.

"I remember the first day (*Continued on page 71*)

ride a hobby to happiness

UNLUCKY? DISCONTENTED? SO WAS JEAN MUIR! BUT SHE FOUND A WAY OUT AND YOU CAN, TOO

By Caroline Somers Hoyt

WHAT'S HAPPENED to Jean Muir? Two years ago she was one of the unhappiest girls in Hollywood. Today, I would venture to say that she is one of the gayest. And what caused this amazing change is a story from which you can take a lesson in the achievement of true contentment.

To tell this story properly, I must go back to Jean's childhood. She told me that her earliest remembrance is something both sensitive and lovely. One day she was rolling her doll buggy, when suddenly a drop of rain fell upon her hand. Looking down, she was filled with a curious wonder at the miraculous beauty of that raindrop, trembling there before evaporating. And Jean believes that it was this first emotional reaction to loveliness which has made her seek it, unconsciously, throughout her life.

As a child, she outwardly refuted this inward sensitiveness. She was wildly rebellious, invariably putting her worst foot forward. Once she was sent home from school because she would not pledge allegiance to the flag. She was to stay expelled until she would take the simple oath the other children so willingly gave. But she never did. No one bothered to explain to her why loyalty to flag and country was expected of every citizen. Therefore, she couldn't attach any significance to a piece of striped and starred bunting. And, when she was told the story of George Washington and the cherry tree, she refused to believe that he couldn't lie. Jean went on the theory that everybody told fibs and that the Father of His Country was no exception! In fact, Jean should have been born in this decade of progressive schools. She would have basked in the careful explanations that are part of modern child education and psychology today.

So different was Jean from the pack, so ready was she to question and doubt, so intolerant of those who did not share her doubts, that it is not surprising that the other children disliked her. Children are quick to sense the misfit. Jean was definitely a misfit and so they punished her for her nonconformity by chasing her with sticks and stones. She used to walk backwards so that she could keep her eye on her persecutors and then, when she was only a couple of blocks from home, she would break into a run and throw herself, weeping and terrified, upon the floor.

BUT TEARS were reserved only for the times when she was alone. She faced the world rebelliously and the world was her enemy. Her maladjustment followed her through adolescence. She was big, awkward and gauche and boys did not like her. At dances no one cut in.

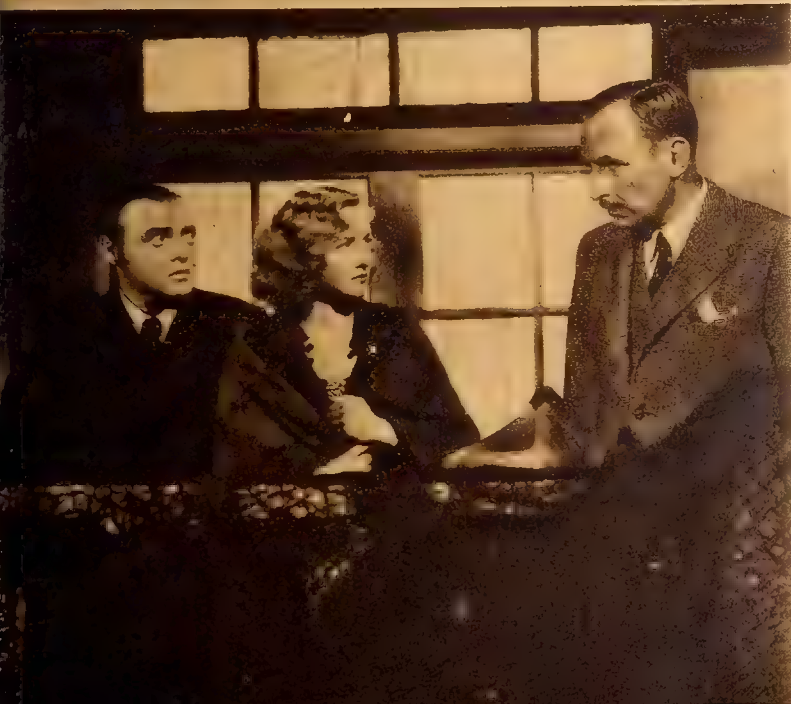
So she dramatized herself and escaped from reality. And, from dramatizing herself, she stepped quite naturally at school, to dramatizing in plays.

A wise teacher allowed her to have her way in her classes and for the first time in her life Jean achieved a little personal happiness. Here (*Continued on page 74*)

Her desire to set herself apart from the crowd has caused Jean misery and loneliness. Those wallflower days are over now since handsome George Wolcott is her constant companion.

Peter Lorre in person, so truly mild that it's fantastic that he could play vicious criminals. And below with Mrs. Lorre, a Viennese actress.

Below, Peter Lorre, Marian Marsh and Douglas Dumbrille in "Crime and Punishment." Peter's in nearly every scene and it promises to be great.



he'd rather act than Eat

TALENT +, TEMPERAMENT —, AND A PRANKSTER, TOO—THAT'S LORRE

By Hilary Lynn

"LORRE haunted the studio like a sick kitten during all those months of waiting for the right role to turn up," one of Columbia's executives commented. "He's miserable unless he's acting fourteen hours a day. Honestly, I believe it nourishes his body as well as his soul."

Yet one of the first things he asked me, stopping for a moment in his steady locomotion back and forth across his dressing room, was—

"Doesn't it strike you as just a little funny when you think of us actors eternally putting on and taking off make-up and spending the best part of our days and nights making funny faces? When you look at it from a grown-up point of view, acting is the most childish of professions, isn't it?" He eyed me seriously.

"The way I justify it to myself is that with me acting is like a drug and I am an incurable addict. I can't get along without it. I can't throw it off. I *must* act!"

THAT *MUST* was a still, small voice which prompted him when there seemed no earthly possibility of fulfilling his craving for the stage! Heaven knows, he didn't have the sort of face one associates with an actor. Like Cyrano de Bergerac his beauty was an inner thing. Not even the woman in love with him can call Peter Lorre remotely handsome.

The extreme poverty and narrow Puritanism in his family closed the doors of all show houses to him, even after his family had moved from the small Carpathian mountain village to Vienna. So that Peter Lorre has the distinction of being the only actor in Hollywood who had his first taste of the theatre, not from a seat in the gallery, but from a walk-on part on the stage! The first time he entered this "house of the devil," as his family probably termed it, he came in by the stage entrance. And he's been going in that way ever since!

He walked on to his first stage without a word to say (his original three-line part having been cut because he played it like Lady Macbeth in

(*Continued on page 77*)

INTIMATE!

the private diary

MONDAY:

Mornings are all the same. I wake. I wonder why I never go to bed until the dawn comes up like thunder. I can't decide.

My mouth feels like the flannel underpinnings of a moth.

I ring for orange juice. Before it arrives, I open my door to look for the morning papers. I hope they will not be there. So that, item, I can find something to kick about. And, item, so that I won't have to read them. They are always there.

The orange juice arrives. I contemplate it skeptically. I don't know whether it will go—or rather, stay. I achieve it. I then settle myself against my three-cornered reading pillow (a Christmas present) and read the movie columns.

I rise and totter to the shower.

I go out of doors.

I survey my lawns with melancholy pleasure. I decide that I was just as happy in more modest diggings. I figure that it's all right, though, if only communists don't crawl under the wall—or tax-collectors over it—or termites into the house itself.

The other day a young lady, with healthy interests, asked me how one knows when one's house has termites. My answer scientifically was sound. I record it. I said, "If you should fall from your bedroom through to the

Photo by Abril Lamarque

AMUSING! SPICY! As given to Gladys Hall

# of bill powell . .

cellar, that would be a definite termite symptom."

She said, "Oh, *rully?*"

I went to the swimming pool and shivered. I looked across to the Barthelmess estate. I wondered where Dick might be. I've had a gate cut through the wall connecting our two properties to save Dick walking all around the block. He came along presently. He asked me how I felt. I told him lousy. I said it was the last three. He seemed to understand. I asked him how he felt and he said swell. That made me feel like licking him on the courts so we played a few sets—but I didn't!

I felt that some liquid refreshment was indicated. I went to look for my keys—any keys. The keys to the locker by the pool. Or the locker in the game-room. Or the one in the dining-room. I never find them. Dick asked me if I ever knew where I put them, and I said that I didn't.

After luncheon I had an interview. I was on the stage for years and I've been asked all the questions so I only give interviews because I like some of the interviewers, and don't want to seem snarky.

The young woman asked me what I think of love. I said, "You are twenty years too late." She wanted to know what I meant by that. I told her that, when I was twenty I knew all about love, how its works went around. I could have talked about it for (*Continued on page* 80)

Retirement for Janet? Or will she turn from youthful roles to more mature ones such as "The Farmer Takes a Wife" with Henry Fonda? Right above, Al Scott, a recent beau, not a serious one.

what's ahead for

MOVIETOWN IS BAFFLED, FOR FAR MORE IS KNOWN

THE QUEEN is dead! Long live the Queen!

Are "They" saying that about Janet Gaynor?

For "They"—the shadowy, invisible host known as "They"—are muttering and mumbling, that is certain. "They" say that Janet no longer reigns as sovereign on the Fox lot. "They" say that young Rochelle Hudson is being groomed for the stellar place once held, undisputed, by Janet. When Janet stepped out of the cast of "Way Down East," all kinds of rumors reared their serpent heads. "They" muttered that Janet wasn't really as ill as the public was being led to believe. "They" theorized, knowing nothing, about the change of studio policy, when Mr. Sheehan stepped out and Mr. Zanuck stepped in. "They" said that they had heard "on good authority . . . that it was believed . . . that someone close to Janet had said. . . ." Just what it was that "They" had heard or that was believed or that had been said was somewhat incoherent.

And there hasn't been anyone close to Janet. No one save her mother and one or two very old, tried and tested friends who wouldn't misquote Janet if they were drawn and quartered for it. For Janet has kept her counsel well. She has gone ahead with her work and with her play, giving no confidences. More, far more is known about Garbo, here in Hollywood, than is known about Janet Gaynor. Like most girls of her type, she has been shy and secretive—and very clever.

Is the Queen dead—or isn't it merely that she stands with reluctant—or unreluctant—feet where the brook and river meet? The brook which was her shining girlhood. The river which begins to carry her to an uncharted womanhood?

Years ago a Golden Girl made her dainty debut before the screen public. She was called "America's Sweetheart." The whole world loved her. Elderly men, watching her, felt the pangs of nostalgia for their days which were no more. Elderly women watched her and they, too, felt the grip of that nostalgia for their own vanished yesterdays. Young men watched her and felt within their skeptical young hearts the stirring of an olden chivalry. Young girls watched her and faced their mirrored selves uneasily—lipstick and jazz and petting parties. They wondered whether . . . perhaps . . . perhaps not.

Her name is Mary Pickford.

Time and tide caught up with her. America's

By Faith Service

janet gaynor ?

ABOUT GARBO THAN ABOUT THIS RETICENT STAR

Sweetheart matured. Her white nostalgic star went into eclipse.

AND THEN another America's Sweetheart was smiling winsomely from the screen. Again men and women, girls and boys, vibrated to youth, wearing the white flower of innocence. When "Seventh Heaven" flashed its lyrical loveliness before our eyes, another white star was born and we watched it and said, "Yes, this is the way youth should be . . . and love . . . and life."

She is called Janet Gaynor.

No two girls on the screen have ever so captured the public—heart, imagination and box office—as have Mary and Janet. For they were youth when the world was young and the hearts of men gallant and the hearts of women pure. And we loved them for reminding us.

But youth is a dream and dreams fade and new dreams rise up to replace the old. And is it because they feel, uneasily, the dimming of that young dream that they murmur, uneasily, about Janet?

For a good many years Janet held the high at the box office. Month after month statistical ratings gave her top place. Then, a couple of years ago, the beloved Will Rogers caught up with her and they were teammates at the top—the winsome girl and the kindly man.

At this writing, Janet's box office has dropped one to two points. That is all. If she no longer appears at the apex, she never drops below third place. I believe that Clark Gable is one of the two to top her at this writing.

It may be because the Tree of Movie Life has so spread its branches that new ways, new faces, new enthusiasms occasionally force their lusty young life to the top. It may be lack of perfect story material —no second "Seventh Heaven."

But it is my belief that the change, if any, is simply that Janet has grown up. And Janet, the woman, is beginning to assert herself. When the mature woman steps in and takes the star personality, which is herself, in hand, some changes are bound to occur. If the studio backs her up as she enters upon a new phase, then a new lease of life should be guaranteed. In Janet's case, and just at this possible juncture in her life, a new studio regime came in. Unsettled conditions

(Continued on page 84)

little man, what next?

Freddie Bartholomew's promotion to stardom didn't ruffle him a bit since his allowance remains 5 cents a day.

By Franc Dillon

FREDDIE'S FUTURE LOOKS EVEN BRIGHTER THAN HIS STARRING CONTRACT

"WELL, young man, you're a star now," Louis B. Mayer announced to eleven-year-old Freddie Bartholomew.

"What does that mean?" Freddie asked.

"Why, it means you're important to us," the older man explained. "It means you will get more money, for one thing."

"You mean I'll get more than five cents a day to spend?" the child asked eagerly, for to him money is important only insofar as it affects his spending money. When informed that his allowance would remain at its present figure, the value of stardom took an immediate slump in Freddie's mind, but remained at par in the minds of the M-G-M executives, who consider this child one of their most important stars.

For Freddie was not made a star at the expense of money and years of time. He earned the title and all that goes with it in one picture by his portrayal of David Copperfield. Since then he has received more fan mail than *"even* Clark Gable," a wide-eyed girl in the fan-mail department reported.

Popular demand made him a star, a star with equal rights to those of Jean Harlow, Nelson Eddy, Wally Beery and other top-notchers. You saw him with Garbo in "Anna Karenina," and after that *he* will be the star of any picture in which he appears.

"How do you like the idea of supporting a mere child, who has made but one or two pictures?" I asked an actor who has been one of America's finest, both on stage and screen, for forty years or more.

"I CAN'T say I like it," the actor replied honestly. "But in all fairness, I must say Freddie deserves it. He had a great break—a break that comes to one out of hundreds of actors—but he was more than lucky. He was able to make good. He is not only a great artist, but a charming, unspoiled boy."

Now actors are known to have what is called "professional jealousy"—which is really no different from the common, garden variety of jealousy—and such an honest tribute from a fellow-actor is as rare as it is greatly to be desired. Freddie is a genuine favorite at the studio where he works. His contemporaries are constantly bringing him gifts, doing him little favors, vying with each other for his affection.

Recently Constance Collier, the famous English actress, presented him with a cocker spaniel, "a relative of Flush," Freddie will tell you proudly, which he promptly named Concoll. "Con for Constance and coll for Collier, see?" he explains.

Miss Collier (*Continued on page 64*)

The Mad Marx Brothers, Chico, Harpo and Groucho, in "A Night at the Opera."

By Nanette Kutner

AUDIENCES HAVE HYSTERICS, WHILE WIVES BECOME HYSTERICAL!

don't marry a marx brother!

THIS IS a story about some crazy people. In other words, the Marx Brothers, who treat everybody with equal and impartial disrespect. Whether he be executive, co-worker or relative, each is in line for a practical joke at one time or another.

The Marxes are natural comedians. They never quit. That same erratic brand of tomfoolery which has successfully, year after year, sent audiences into delighted hysterics, is applied around the house. So, at home, they can be a trial.

Recently, Ruth, Groucho's wife, gave an elaborate dinner party. Among the guests were two whom Groucho had never met.

Prior to their arrival, Ruth warned him concerning his behavior. "I want to make a nice impression. They're very important people," admonished Mrs. Groucho Marx.

She really should have known better. Such a remark addressed to any of the Marx clan, will, with unfailing certainty, defeat its purpose. Dignity to them is like raw human flesh to hungry cannibals. They devour it whole.

Unaware of an impending bomb, Mrs. Groucho dressed for the party. And she put on an outfit, which, from Hollywood reports, was considered the latest fashion—lounging-dinner pajamas. Except for their wide trousered legs they resembled an evening gown—silver cloth and satin with a low-cut back.

AFTER SPINNING about for her husband's approval, and admonishing him to "Please hurry up and dress; they'll all be here any minute!", she left him to greet the company.

An half hour later, Groucho made his appearance. At the moment Ruth was in the pantry, supervising the cocktails. She heard sudden and loud laughter. No one needed to tell her. A Marx was up to his tricks.

She ran into the living-room. There she saw Groucho confronting their guests, attired in a short smoking jacket, and the blue-and-white striped trousers of his sleeping pajamas.

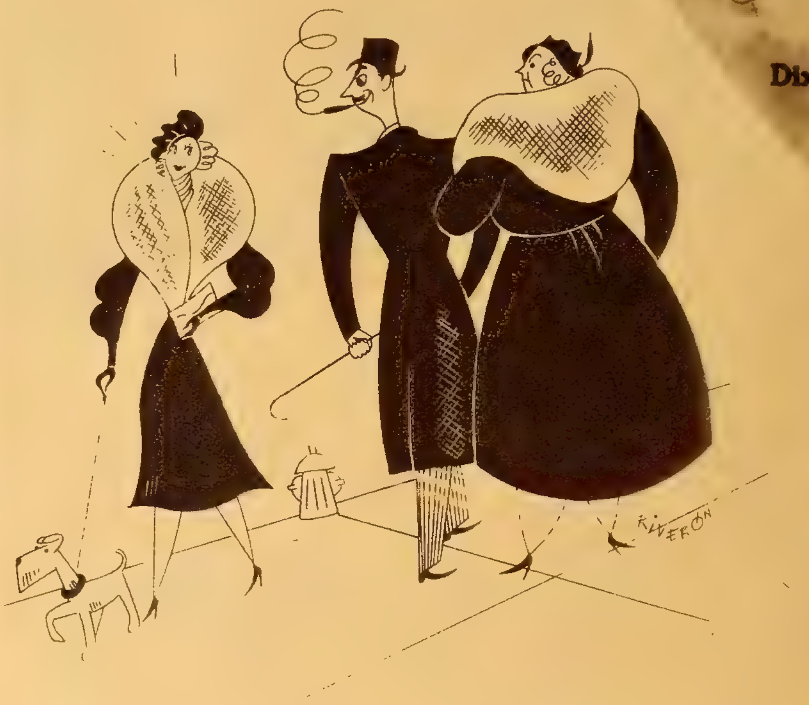
"Hello," he blandly called. "If you can wear your pajamas, I guess I can wear mine!"

For the remainder of that evening, he did so.

Episodes of like dizziness are no uncommon events. When they motored to Agua Caliente, Ruth, who loves to dance, and claims Groucho (*Continued on page 69*)

how to hold your husband

Dixie Lee Crosby



BY MADAME SYLVIA

EVERY WOMAN can hold her husband! But not every woman knows *how* to do it, nor does she realize that it's as much of a career as any nine to five job in an office. Instead of the business woman's eight hours a day, a wife's job is twenty-four hours long.

You know the old adage used to be, "The way to a man's heart is through his stomach." That's still a bit of wisdom to bear in mind—but, while you give him what he wants to eat and plenty of it, be sure that he isn't allowed to become sluggish or grouchy. And you be smart about your diet, too. Don't eat your head off, stuffing on sweets and starches, so that, before you realize it, *you* are the one who looks fat and acts sluggish. If you do, be forewarned now, you don't stand a chance in competition with the slimmer gals he will meet in his daily contacts.

There is nothing so wonderful as being a pal to your husband. It's the perfect relationship in any marriage. But no man wants a pal, if she weighs a ton. And you can't be a real pal when overweight limits your activities—you have to be alert in body as well as mind.

KEEP YOUR husband making love to you! Isn't that what all of you hope you can do the day you marry? But how many of you can honestly say that it is true today? What's wrong then? Have you let him keep his individuality or have you tried to remodel him? Don't tell him how he *ought* to be. Remember that you fell in love with him as he was. And he fell in love with you, as you were (probably a cute, slim baby) so before you start making him over, take a long look at yourself, and be that slim baby again. Don't nag at him, nag at yourself so hard that you stick to diets and keep at those exercises of Sylvia's!

Above all else, be regular. Once, I read a lot of nonsense about holding your husband by the simple—and I mean simple in the sappy sense—trick of waking up in the morning, applying fresh make-up, slipping back into bed and waiting for your husband to awake and murmur, "Ah, how ravishing!" Such bunk, as if any man wouldn't realize what a hoax it all was. You don't need any such slim dodges if you stay slender, keep your skin clear and fresh with health, your hair glossy from constant, careful

DON'T LET A SLIMMER GAL GET YOUR HUSBAND WHEN YOU CAN

Irene Dunne Griffin

Joan Bennett Markey

grooming. You can't help looking grand, without benefit of make-up, if you follow such a regime.

Don't listen to that rubbish about "preserving" the illusion of slimness. It can't be done. Don't even *try* for an illusion, make it a *reality* and you'll get along better.

Look at your Hollywood favorites. Nine times out of ten, a star can hold her husband as long as she wants him, all because she's learned the art of staying attractive. Of course, every time I mention a happily married Hollywood couple I keep my fingers crossed and watch for the first divorce rumors! It's hard to stay happy in Hollywood where everybody butts into your private life. But it's hard to stay happily married in Jones Center for the identical reason.

I'll risk a chance on saying that Joan Bennett can hold Gene Markey's love as long as she likes. Why? Well, look at her picture. She's cute, she's slender. And you couldn't find a fault with her gleaming hair, brushed to a trim cap. She looks regular—nothing artificial about her. Her eyes are, above all, beautiful but they are something more than that—they look at you honestly, unwavering. Look at her lovely hands, her perfectly groomed nails. She's exciting to look at, think how wonderful she must seem to the man who has been her husband for over four years.

JOAN'S a real pal. Gene adores her. You'll often find him visiting her set when she's working. He brings her silly little gifts. They are a family combination as well as careerists—don't forget Melinda and Diana—but they preserve romance by laughing and playing together. They're both the matrimonial tops with me.

Then there's Irene Dunne. Do you think you could handle your marriage as smartly as she has with three thousand miles separating you most of the time? Irene has a husband whose dental profession keeps him in New York, her work ties her to Hollywood. Yet neither of them has asked the other to give up his or her work. Instead, each keeps from interfering with the other and they look forward eagerly to their frequent reunions. When they meet it's like another honeymoon. I wouldn't recommend this except for *(Continued on page 83)*

DIET AND EXERCISE BACK THAT GIRLISH FIGURE YOU ONCE HAD

Every extra makes up as carefully for a scene as the star, herself.

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

Confessions of an extra girl

AND, IN CLOSING, OUR EXTRA GIRL TELLS WHAT SCREEN CHANCES AWAIT YOU IN HOLLYWOOD

CONCLUSION

FIVE YEARS ago, when I came to Hollywood so full of hope and ambition, you will recall the pledge that I scribbled upon a piece of paper. That pledge, to myself, was to the effect that within a year, if I had not become a leading woman, I would return to my home. Today, as I conclude this chapter of my career, I am still in Hollywood, still an extra and with little hope of becoming anything more important in even another five years! The pledge is lost. My mother has died, my father re-married. Now Hollywood is my only home. Even Bradley, the man who begged me to give up my idea of a career to marry him, has gone to New York. No doubt he has lost faith in me and I have lost a finer career than Hollywood will ever offer—that of a wife and mother.

As I jot down these depressing facts, telling myself over and over again that I am only an extra among thousands of extras, a hope still lurks in my heart. And there you have the real tragedy of Hollywood—false hope. For, although five years of bitter experience should have convinced me that my case is hopeless, still I have the fixed idea that some day, some time, I'll get the chance to show I can act! I continue to grasp at that will-o-the-wisp, fame! Nor must you think that I am unique in this—there are thousands like me right here in Hollywood. Girls who struggle on, barely making a living, eating the crumbs from the fat loaf while hoping that the whole loaf will be theirs some day.

I promised that in this concluding chapter I would tell you girls how much opportunity I think there is for you in Hollywood. Therefore, let me analyze the situation for you (*Continued on page 79*)

don't take advice!

Helen Vinson, luckily for her, followed her instincts.

Paul Muni takes the do-as-I-please attitude always.

Myrna Loy's first hunch proved right in her recent studio fracas.

Remember Cagney's rebellious days? But he's tops now.

LEARN A PROFITABLE LESSON FROM STARS WHO SHUNNED IT

By Mary E. Parks

THE OTHER day on a movie set I saw a little newcomer, who had just signed her first contract, sitting at the feet of an elderly actress, eagerly listening to her.

When she arose and came over to me her eyes were shining. "She's so marvelous," the girl said, indicating the actress, "and she has been giving me such wonderful advice."

I smiled at this touching tribute, but what I wanted to shout was, "Don't take it, if you want to get ahead. Whatever you do, don't take it!" For I have seen "good advice" ruin hundreds of Hollywood careers. And I believe statistics will bear me out that the people with the biggest box-office appeal are those who have thrown suggestions and rules to the California winds.

The point is, I believe, that the sort of person who must go to others for guidance hasn't the force, the vitality, or the courage, to face the rigorous demands made by life and careers. And there is within great artists some innate intuition which makes the small voices of their own souls the only ones worth heeding. Let's take a look!

Remember when Jimmy (*Continued on page 82*)

Four ideas that run high in fashion but low in cost. Billie Burke's attractive rhinestones with a new way to place your hair clip. Anne Darling's red bead and rhinestone set. Billie again in a lamé jacket and flowers bunched at the neck. Virginia Bruce's simple felt hat with fetching veil.

Star Stuff on a shoestring

ANY YOUNG, ambitious extra in Hollywood today can tell you that it takes wit, perseverance and more than a share of close figuring to dress like a star on a spasmodic income of a few dollars and fewer cents a month. You girls with your weekly pay envelopes, no matter what amount they contain, are far better off than they—you know how much you can plan on, they never know! They may work three days one week and only one the next.

And there's hardly a big star today who won't break down and confide the rigid economies she had to carry out in order to feed and clothe herself well during those first long steps toward stardom. Many a time a few yards of a good fabric, bought in a remnant sale, were sewed into a dress that helped keep up a smart face during the grilling round of the casting offices. Just such an economy was resorted to by Merle Oberon only a few short years ago. She told me that she used to wait for sales of fine fabrics and then would buy enough for a dress but would have to wait for a season or so to roll by before the fabric was seasonable again to make into a dress. She would buy woolens and velvets toward spring, then save them to make up in the fall—and in turn, she would buy cottons in the summer sales and wait until the next spring to sew them into dresses.

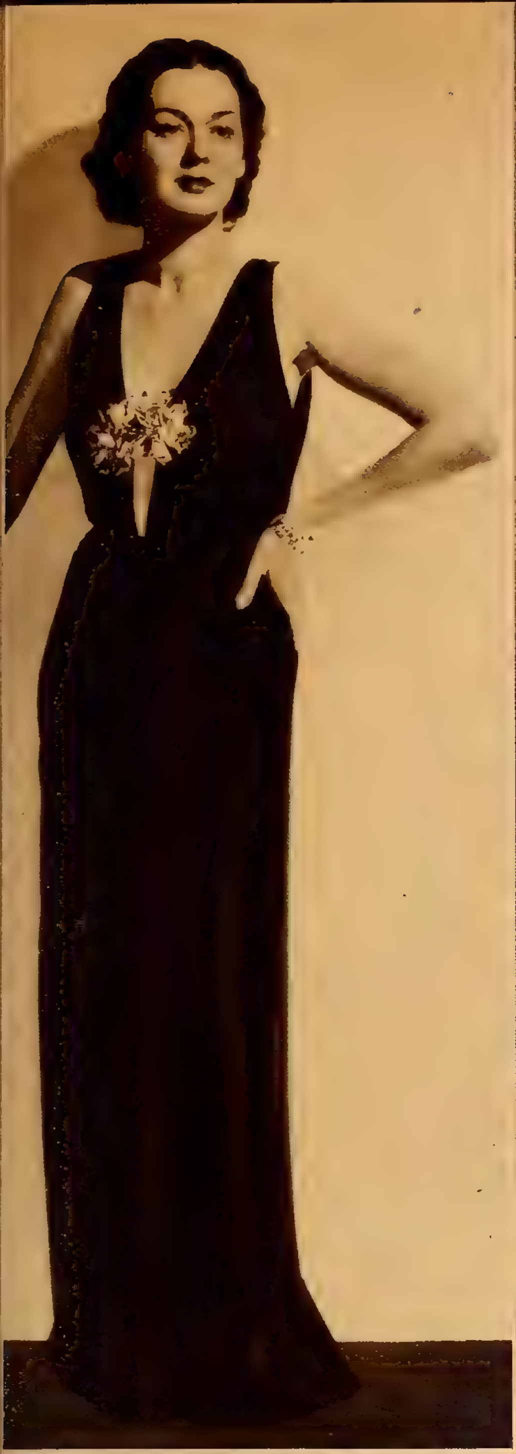
Frances Drake likes to design her own clothes even now because she got in the habit of making charming clothes before she could buy them. And there are many more who get a kick out of remembering the penny-saving dodges they practised in leaner times.

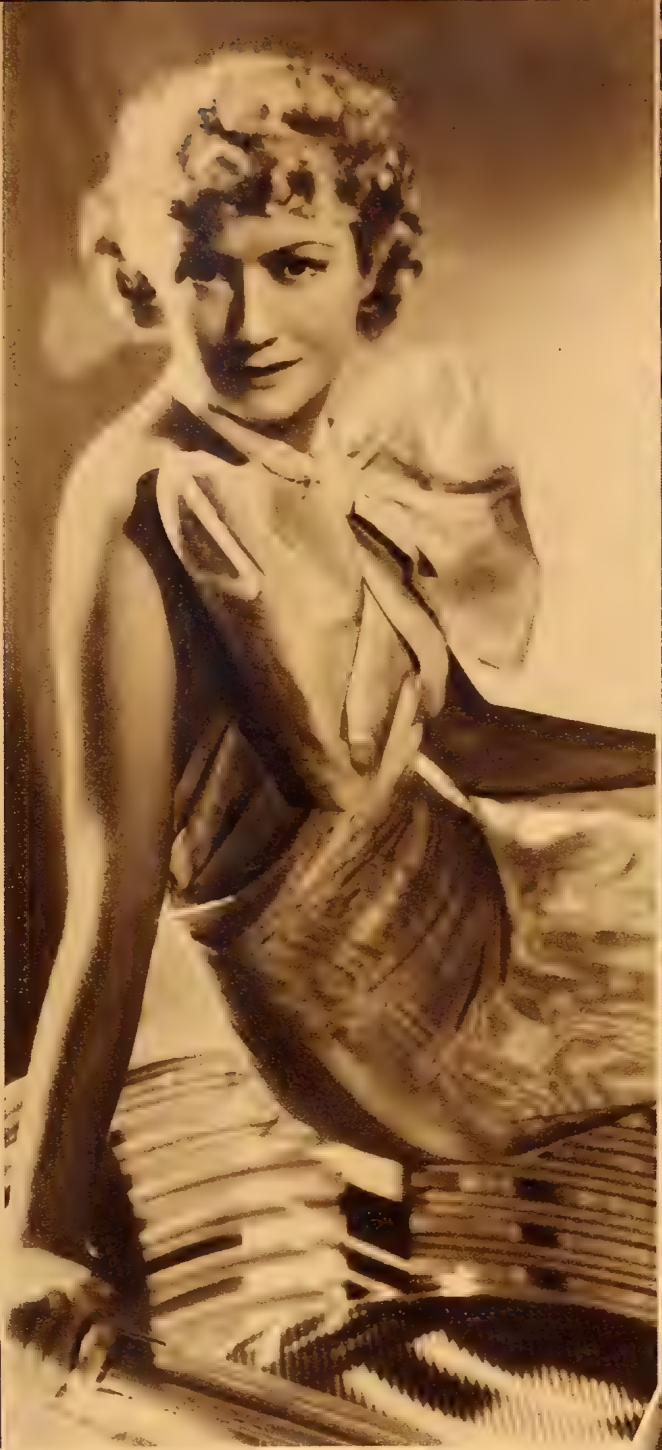
Dressing well with a firm hand on the purse zipper is like going on a diet—you have to pass up the pastries of the fashion output for the more homely vegetables!

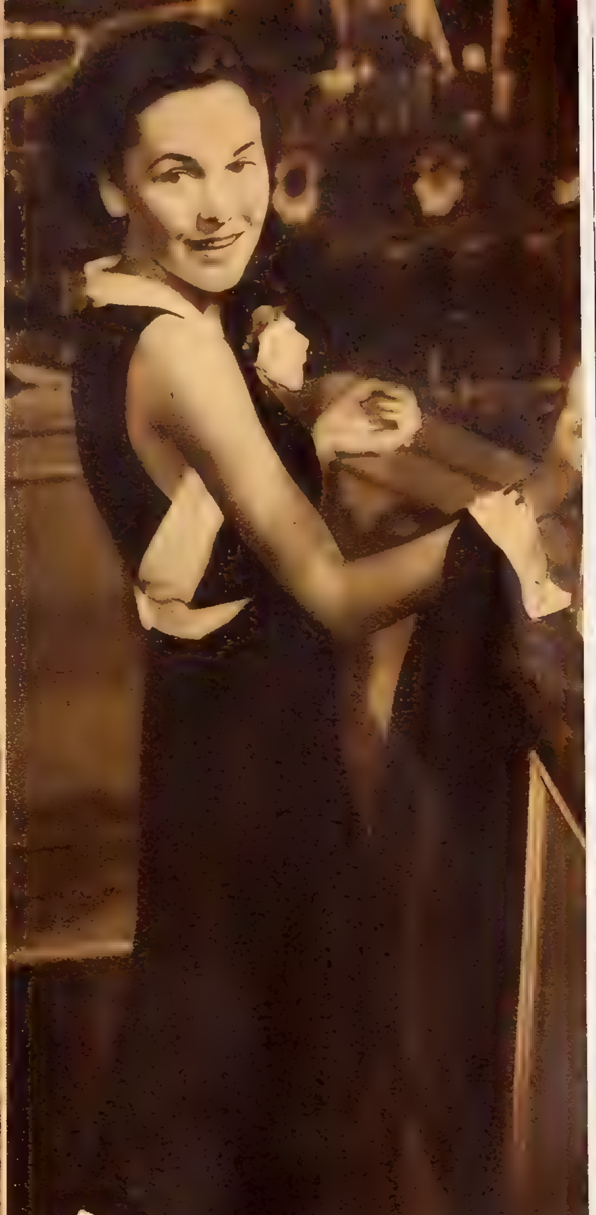
FOR SOME time now, with this article in mind, I have asked every star I met to tell me what rules she considered important in trying to dress on a shoestring. And so I give you the ideas of some of the cleverest and smartest of the cinema gals—everyone questioned was a former member of that large sorority of sisters who live on next to nothing a year!

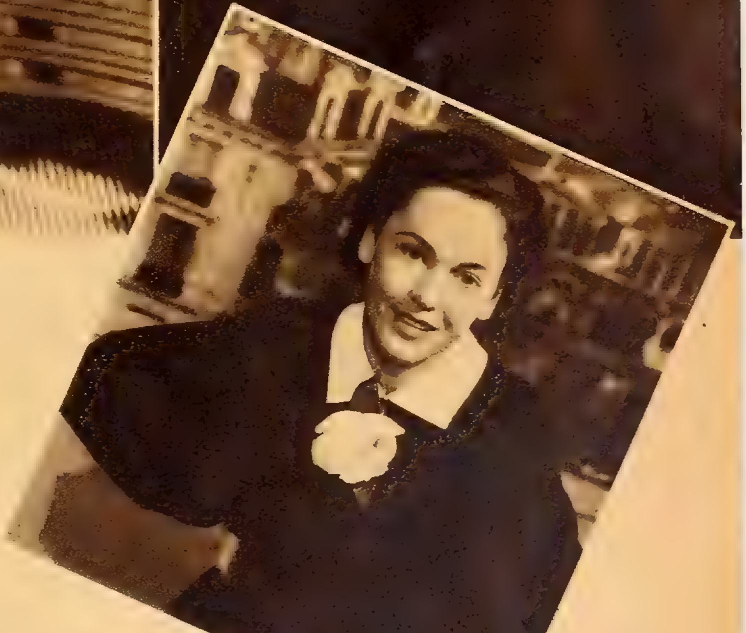
From sophisticated Claudette Colbert to young Anita Louise, eight stars out of ten put a tailored suit as a *must* on their budget lists. Not just any tailored suit, either, but one that is tops in fabric and tailoring. 'Scrimp somewhere else,' they all chorus, but don't try to spend your

HOLLYWOOD SHOWS YOU HOW TO MAKE ECONOMIZING QUITE









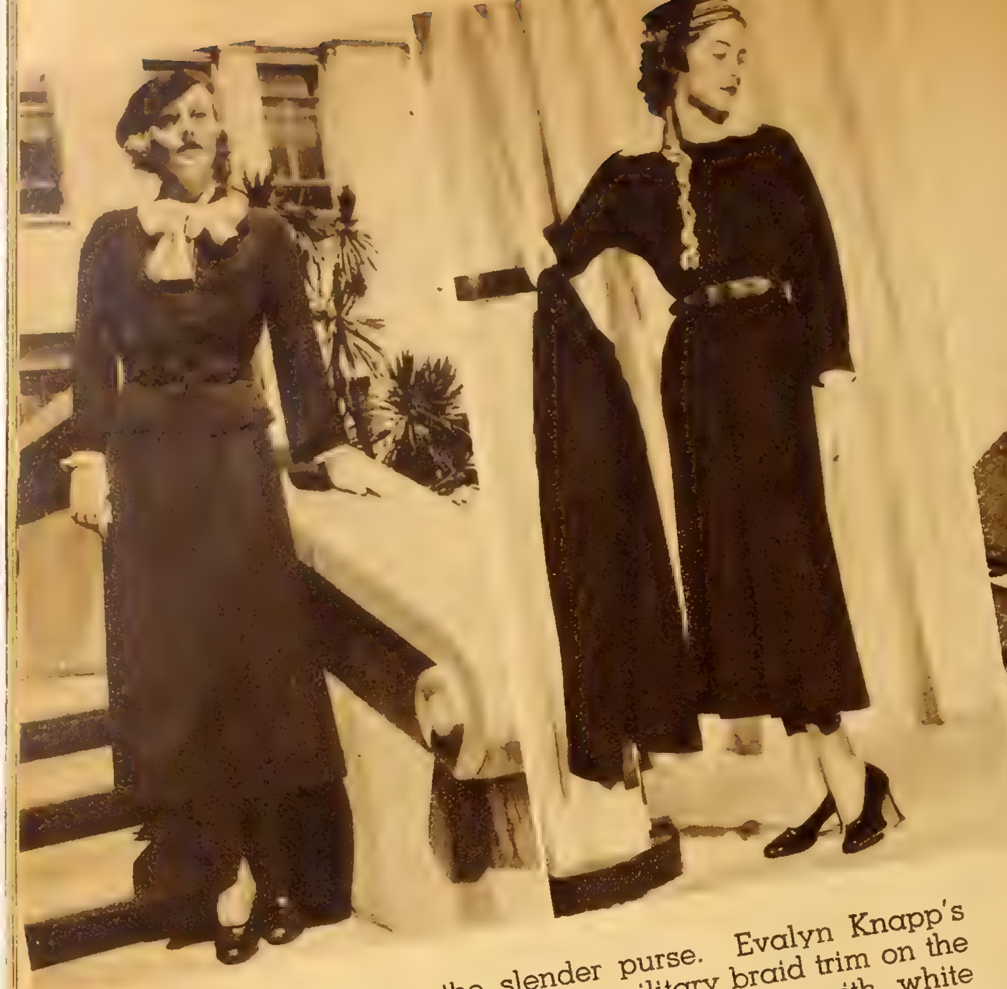
When you can't have several evening dresses Rosalind Russell recommends one simple black one like hers, above, which can be infinitely varied by changing accessories. Black crepe with gold leather gardenias, very graceful but devoid of fussy details. And for an all year 'round evening gown, as smart in summer as in winter, Miriam Hopkins suggests white moire taffeta with only a huge self fabric bow for trimming. Maureen O'Sullivan's practical thought is a dual personality frock. Black crepe trimmed with white which can be formal without its jacket and just right for a Sunday evening supper or cocktail gathering with its wide-sleeved, split-down-the-back jacket.

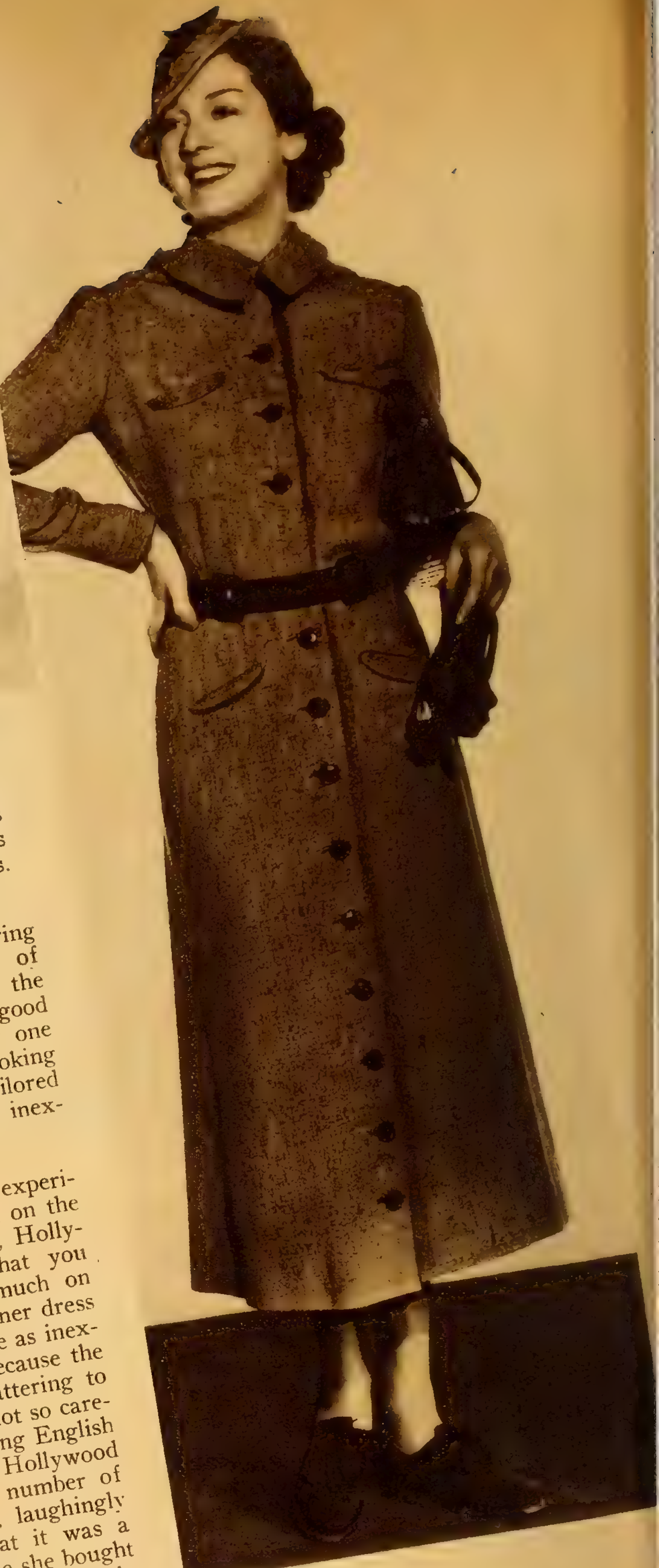
fewest dollars on your suit. They unanimously select the semi-mannish style, in a good worsted, that is so popular in Hollywood. A suit that is neither sporty, nor elaborate but one that by its very simplicity can change its personality by a dozen little accessory tricks such as a bright scarf, a new piece of costume jewelry, a flower boutonniere and an infinite interchange of inexpensive blouses, sweaters and vestees. That's the frugal Hollywood suit that goes right through the day and often into an informal evening date. And it's a suit that goes right around the year with you from spring through the cool days of summer, through fall and then slyly slips under your winter coat and kids the innocent bystander that it's a brand new outfit in each appearance!

Just as you can't scrimp on your suit, you must follow the same rule about your accessories, according to the Hollywood budgeters. One good set a season in a shade that will harmonize with everything in your closet is a sound investment. Good shoes, a nice handbag and one good hat—a trio that will reincarnate any ancient dud and

PAINLESS WITH A DOZEN OR SO SMART IDEAS!

By Adelia Bird





Three daytime gems for the slender purse. Evalyn Knapp's two-piece silk crepe jacket dress with military braid trim on the jacket. Marsha Hunt's one-piece black woolen with white accents and a cape that can be worn in milder weather but is not essential to the costume's chic. And Rosalind Russell's tailored gray woolen which permits many accessory changes.

add that all important new look to this year's wardrobe gem.

HAUNT THE between-season sales is another star pointer. Often you can pick up a perfect beauty of a dress for five dollars. It may be a little soiled or a little shopworn but it still looks like the original price tag—the cleaning and retacking is a mere item of your own labor. And you have the fun of knowing that you have a gown that you never could have contemplated at its original pricing.

You may not be able to save pennies then on suits or the basic accessories but — and here's where Hollywood stars are canny—you can make it up on the following items. Fabric gloves, rather than kid or suede ones. A dollar will buy you a really finely made fabric glove and several cents under a dollar will purchase serviceable ones. Hose is next, it's nice to ogle the sheerest of chiffons but long wear and economy sit upon the service sheer counters. Glove silk and rayon undies are well styled and very practical these days. They minimize the laundry bills and they wear marvelously. For every day they are one of our shoestring economies with a nice set of silk ones thrown in for the dress-up costumes. One good hat can be augmented by one of those school-girl looking felts that suits your tailored clothes and gives you an inexpensive jauntiness.

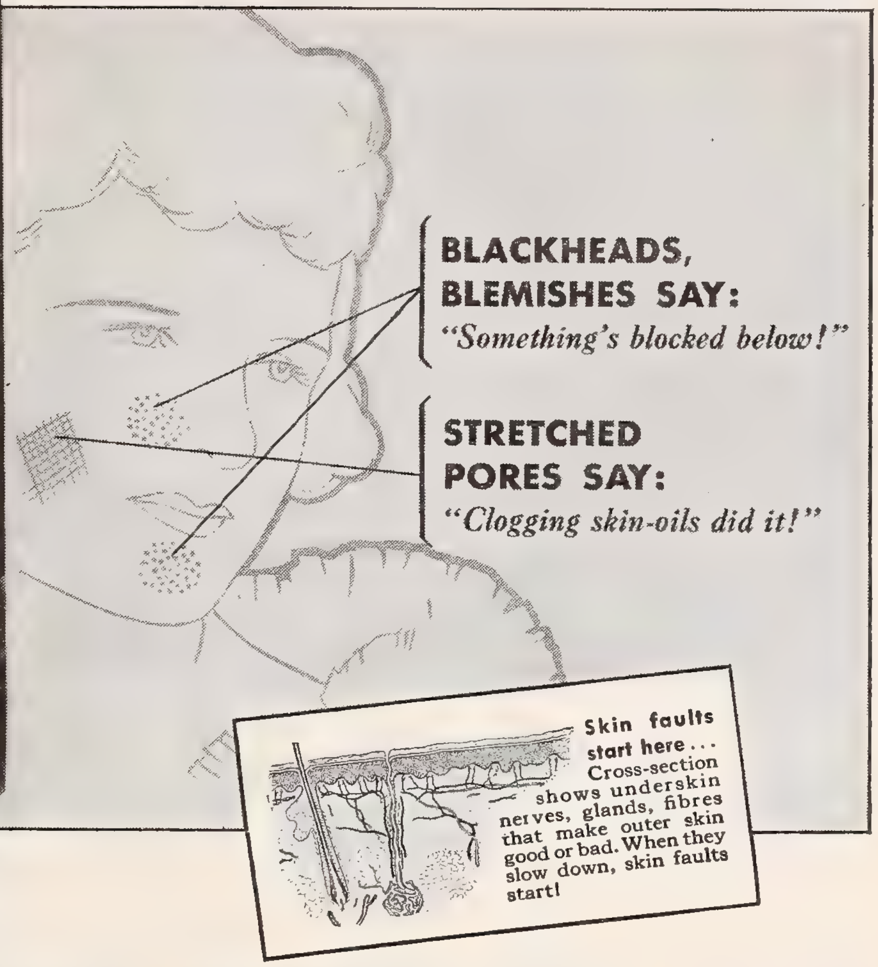
AND OUT of long experience of needing to turn on the glamor in the evening, Hollywood will tell you that you don't have to spend much on formal clothes. A dinner dress or a party gown can be as inexpensive as you like because the evening lights are flattering to cheaper fabrics and not so careful sewing. One young English star, who amazed Hollywood by the variety and number of her evening gowns, laughingly admitted to me that it was a terrific hoax because she bought the most inexpensive little dresses—six of which would barely cost what one of Colbert's or Shearer's would. Evening accessories can be cheap, too. A bit of glitter in an evening bag will cover up its economical pricing. And even the most lavish spender would not consider buying very expensive evening slippers. You have to have too many and the hazards of being stepped upon are too great!

One important item must not be forgotten—and that is the winter coat. It is a bugaboo in every budget. However, one good coat every two or *(Continued on page 78)*

See knitting offer on page 52.

"BAD SKIN" means—A Lazy Under Skin

Miss Helen Mitchell Stedman, of an old Boston family, says: "Pond's Cold Cream makes my skin much finer. Pores don't show!"


BLACKHEADS, BLEMISHES SAY:
"Something's blocked below!"
STRETCHED PORES SAY:
"Clogging skin-oils did it!"
Skin faults start here . . . Cross-section shows underskin nerves, glands, fibres that make outer skin good or bad. When they slow down, skin faults start!

Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel III

Not a single flaw in the skin of this beautiful young Society woman! She says: "The last thing before bed—every morning, too—I use Pond's Cold Cream. It stimulates and tones up my skin . . . Blackheads and blemishes just never come!"

Underlying glands, nerves, fibres . . . need rousing with this deep-skin cream

TODAY, stand close to some girl you know. Gaze right at the skin on her nose, on her chin. Isn't it awful?—the way coarse pores and blackheads stand out!

Your own face gets the same "third degree" every time you're at arm's length. People think, Why don't you *do something* about your skin?

Yet it's not the skin they see that's at fault. It's your lazy *underskin!* Tiny glands are overtaxed . . . The oil they give off is thick . . . clogs the pores on its way out. What follow are the blackheads, coarse pores that ruin your good looks!

Even heartbreaking lines and sagging contours are just the outward signs of an underskin "let-down"!

Stop Skin Faults . . .

But you can quicken that underskin—rouse it, set it to work. Yes, you can!—with this deep-skin cream of Pond's.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils which go straight to the underskin. Even as you smooth it on, you see it go in, come out—thickened with grayish dirt, stale make-up. Now your skin is clean. Clear to its depths! Now smooth on more Pond's Cold Cream. Pat it in sharply with firm finger tips. This way you rouse that lazy underskin. Nerves, glands and fibres "step lively" . . . flush your skin with new fault-fighting vigor! Keep this up. See how quickly bad skin becomes "a good complexion."

Tip-ends of blackheads loosen. Deep-lodged matter comes out . . . fine texture takes the place of every blemish. Even critical eyes can't find anything wrong!

For a Beautiful Skin

Every Night, pat in Pond's Cold Cream. Watch it bring out dirt, make-up, secretions. Wipe off. Pat in more cream briskly. Your underskin *feels* it . . . gets awakened. Your outer skin *shows* it . . . blooms fresh, unblemished!

Every Morning, and always before make-up, renew this newly-won freshness with Pond's Cold Cream. See it brighten your skin—soften it. Now powder can't possibly catch or flake!

Try this cream without delay. Pond's Cold Cream is pure. Germs cannot live in it.

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and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

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Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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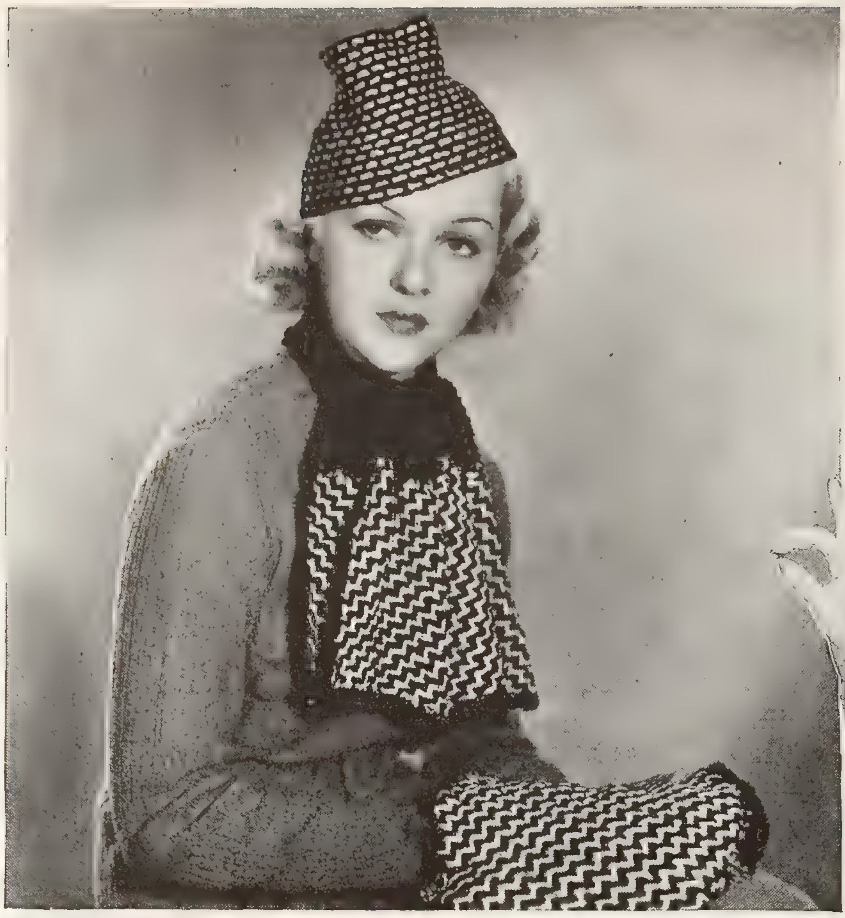
YOU DON'T HAVE TO KNOW HOW TO KNIT, WE TEACH YOU!



3.

Patricia Ellis (3) and Genevieve Tobin (4) model these attractive articles which they have made. Pat shows you a crocheted hat, scarf and bag set. Genevieve models a stunning one-piece green dress.

it's thrifty to knit your clothes

THE KNITTING craze has taken Hollywood by storm. When you walk onto a set it isn't the click-click of the camera you hear—it's the click-click of knitting needles!

It's the smart thing to do, but more than that it's the thrifty thing, too. After all, any of you can buy a dress, but to look really stunning in something you've made yourself for next to nothing—that's a thrill. It's a sad star these days who cannot boast of at least one or two knit things that "I've done myself, my dear!"

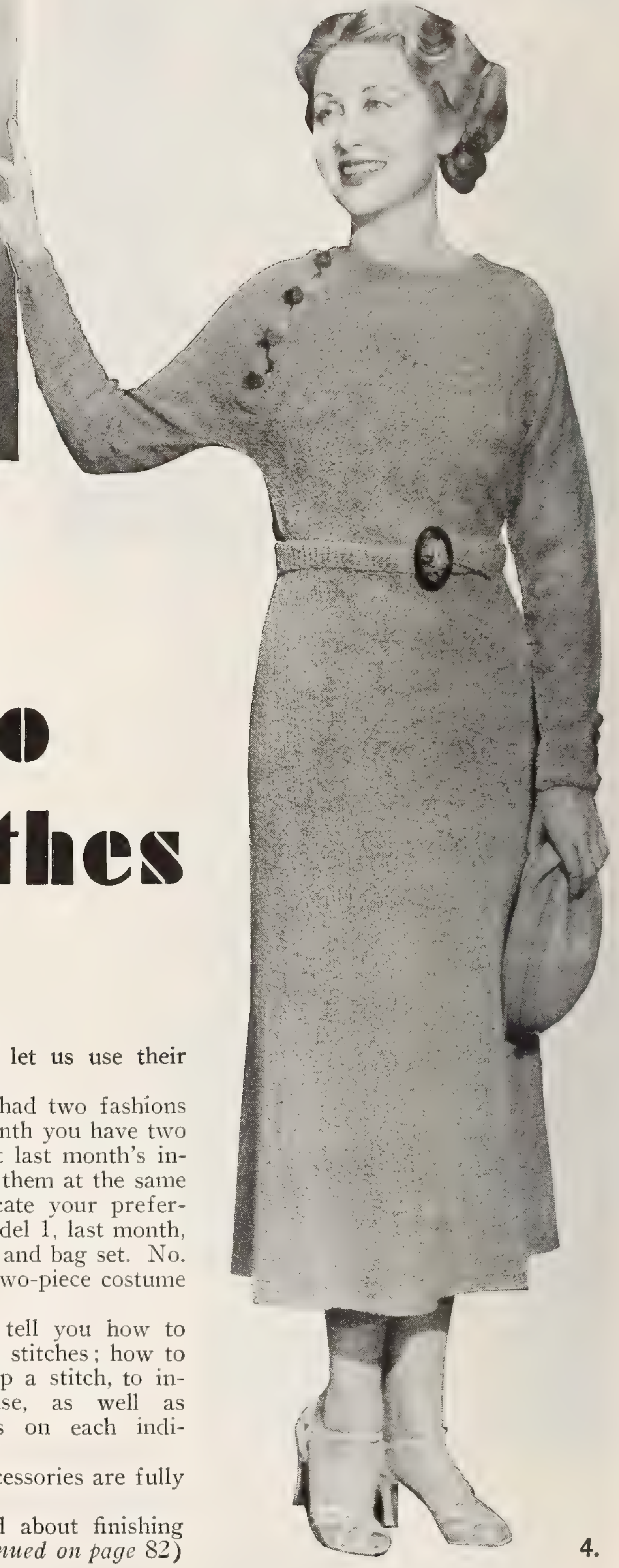
Because we suspected that you would want to join the Hollywood knitting bee and would like to make duplicates of some of the star knitting fashions, we have asked Patricia Ellis and Genevieve Tobin, two of the most skillful knitters in the film colony, to let us use their directions.

Last month you had two fashions to send for, this month you have two more. If you want last month's instructions, send for them at the same time that you indicate your preferences for these. Model 1, last month, was Patricia's beret and bag set. No. 2 was Genevieve's two-piece costume with scarf.

Our instructions tell you how to cast on and cast off stitches; how to purl, to knit, to slip a stitch, to increase and decrease, as well as specific instructions on each individual garment.

The crocheted accessories are fully explained, also.

And just a word about finishing your knitted (*Continued on page* 82)



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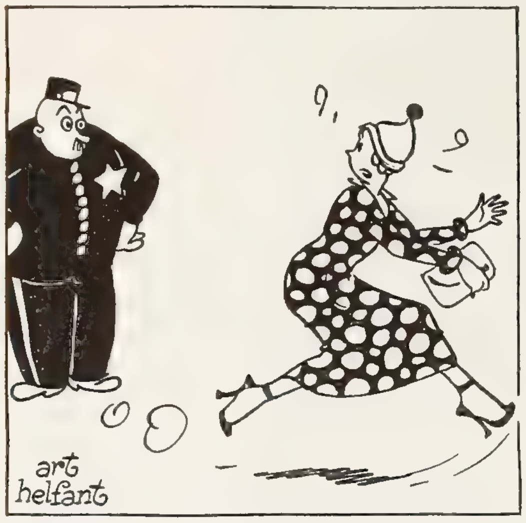
between you and me

LIVELY, ENLIGHTENING LETTERS FROM FANS TO INTEREST EVERYONE



Movie-set rules are not made to be broken, as this fan learned on her first visit to a studio.

BARRED FOR LIFE!

I've just returned from the Coast where it was my pleasure (?) to visit a major movie studio set. Here are some of the rules a visitor must observe:

Don't look at the actors, they hate being stared at. Don't attempt to get autographs, stars resent being asked. Don't snoop onto sets, somebody might get suspicious of you. Don't make any noises, a sneeze at the wrong moment may cost the studio thousands. Don't open your mouth, someone may think you're about to speak and get nervous prostration. Don't lean against a building, it may be made of cardboard and topple over. Don't stay in one place too long, you may be formulating a plan to cut off Harlow's platinum locks or shave off Menjou's continental moustachio.

Confusing? It was to me, too, but, being a sort of devil at heart, I decided to break one of the strictest rules. I spotted Clark Gable and had a brief conversation with him. I was somewhat averse to approaching him, his pirate make-up for "Mutiny on the Bounty" looked so fierce, but he was very kind and agreeable. But I had hardly said "How do you do?" when I saw the evil eye of a studio official nearly pop out of its socket and I ran as fast as I could for the studio gates. I'm barred for life!—Hollywood Visitor.

RAFT NOT A CREAMPUFF

Every time I see my idea of a man and not a "creampuff" my heart melts. I have not missed one of George Raft's pictures and never will. Many people call him "a barrel of vaseline," but by saying that they are merely acknowledging their ignorance. He is in my opinion the one and only good actor on the screen and I don't think anyone can top him as far as acting is concerned.—Beatrice Sarafian, Detroit, Mich.

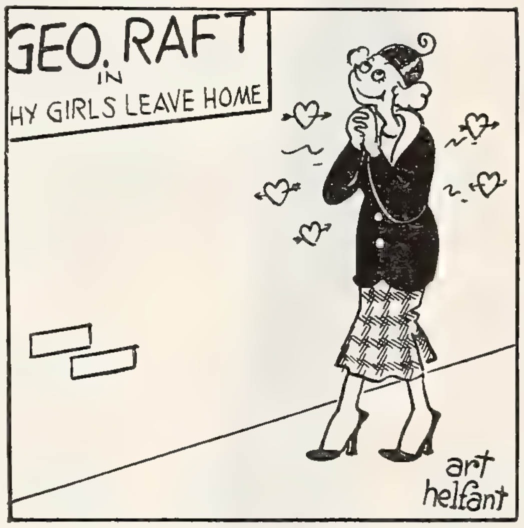
STARVED-APPEARING STARS

It is surprising how the personality of the movie stars diminishes with poundage. Dieting creates a poor decoy of the original. Trimmed and sheared within an inch of the bone, the picture players are moulded into mechanical robots of fashion. The camera adds pounds to the physique. Wonder how some of the movie idols appear in real life.

In "Top Hat," Ginger Rogers resembled a tinker toy, dancing away on long spindling legs. The curving figure of Pat Ellis has melted away into stereotyped loveliness. Charles Bickford used to be hardy, robust, strong, typically a man's man. Have you seen him lately? Thinner, of course, but also haggard and pale, with eyes circled. The spice is gone. Even that splendid actor, Charles Laughton, has not escaped the frenzied fad. He was a type and his weight helped to make him so. Recently he's lost over 50 pounds. The result is disastrous. He's positively meek!

Bony, flat chests, skinny necks, sharp elbows, and shapeless legs are not pleasing. Does the public really like it? Or have the moguls of the movies established this type of beauty, and are the women of America killing themselves, depriving themselves, to compete with the starved-appearing slickness of the stars?

Personally, give me brawn and bravery in the heroes, and plenty of dimples and curves in the heroines.—Harriet Bossard, Lynbrook, N. Y.



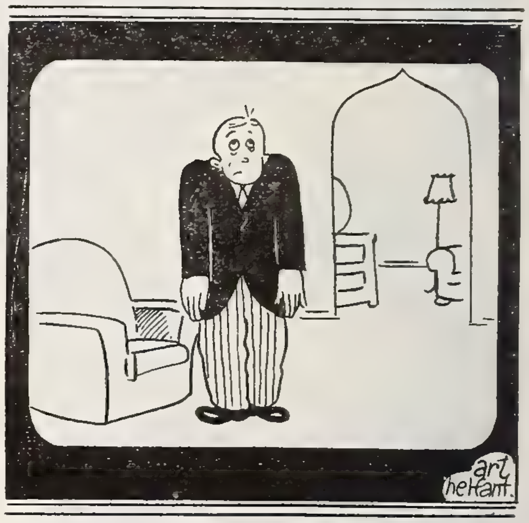
To millions of thrill-seeking gals, George Raft is head man on the star list.

Your opinions on movies and movie personalities are important! Here's your chance to voice them. What have you got to say? Speak frankly to your fellow fans through these columns. Address: Between You and Me, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, New York.

LIFELESS PERSONALITIES KILLING MOVIES!

There is a group of actresses in Hollywood today who are getting more than their just dues. Hangovers from the silent days, when the chief requisites of a movie queen were a set of good-looking facial expressions and the ability to pantomime gracefully, these players have made no attempt to adapt themselves to the swifter tempo of the talkies. With the biggest roles, bolstered up by desirable leading men, the best directors and given vast publicity, they continue to slither and slink across the sound stages, apparently indifferent and independent, with their huge salaries.

Are the producers blind to the truth that numbers of films in recent years, which should have been highly successful, were shunned simply because of loss of interest in these lifeless personalities of Ann Harding, Garbo, Constance Bennett, Del Rio, Dietrich and Loretta Young? In justice to the cash customers, does it not follow that these former stars should withdraw and make way for the vibrant, personality-packed young moderns for whom the public clamors?—Isabel Jarsk.



Dieting has changed many a star's personality and Laughton's a sad victim, says a fan.

NEW STAR

I'm wondering why the millions of Gable, Montgomery, Harlow and Garbo fans don't leave those aloof stars in their personal heavens and boost and encourage a lesser star who is, without doubt, worth all of it. I'm referring to Peter Lorre. Never before have I seen such superb acting as Lorre's in "M," "The Man Who Knew Too Much" and "Mad Love." Now you big-star fans, let's pay more attention to this steadily rising man who needs our coöperation. — Mildred Johnson, Fort Worth, Texas. (*Continued on page 61*)

WIN A CASH PRIZE FOR YOUR LETTER! ANNOUNCEMENT NEXT MONTH!

STUDIO ADDRESSES

Columbia Studios, 1438 N. Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.
Samuel Goldwyn Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
Mascot Studios, 6001 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.
Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif.
Republic-Monogram Studios, 9336 W. Washington Blvd., Culver City, Calif.
RKO-Radio Studios, 780 N. Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.
20th Century-Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.
Warner Bros.-First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

ABEL, WALTER: RKO-Radio.
AHERNE, BRIAN: M-G-M.
ALBERNI, LUIS: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
ALBERTSGN, FRANK: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
ALBRIGHT, HARDIE: Free lance. Write him at Mascot.
ALEXANDER, KATHERINE: Free lance. Write her at M-G-M.
ALEXANDER, ROSS: Warner Bros.
ALLAN, ELIZABETH: M-G-M.
ALLEN, GRACIE: Paramount.
ALLEN, JUDITH: Paramount.
ALLEN, ROBERT: Columbia.
ALLWYN, ASTRID: 20th Century-Fox.
AMES, ADRIENNE: Free lance. Write her at Paramount.
AMES, ROSEMARY: 20th Century-Fox.
ANGEL, HEATHER: RKO-Radio.
ARLEDGE, JOHN: RKO-Radio.
ARLEN, RICHARD: Free lance. Write him at Columbia.
ARLISS, GEORGE: United Artists.
ARMETTA, HENRY: Universal.
ARMSTRONG, ROBERT: Warner Bros.
ARNOLD, EDWARD: Universal.
ARTHUR, JEAN: Columbia.
ASTAIRE, FRED: RKO-Radio.
ASTHER, NILS: RKO-Radio.
ASTOR, MARY: Warner Bros.
ATWILL, LIONEL: Paramount.
AUTRY, GENE: Republic.
AYRES, LEW: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
BAKER, BENNY: Paramount.
BANCROFT, GEORGE. Free lance. Write him at Columbia.
BARBIER, GEORGE: Paramount.
BARNES, BINNIE: Universal.
BARNETT, VINCE: Universal.
BARRAT, ROBERT: Warner Bros.
BARRIE, MONA: 20th Century-Fox.
BARRIE, WENDY: Paramount.
BARRYMORE, JOHN: M-G-M.
BARRYMORE, LIONEL: M-G-M.
BARTHELMESS, RICHARD: Warner Bros.
BARTHOLOMEW, FREDDIE: M-G-M.
BARTLETT, MICHAEL: Columbia.
BAXTER, JANE: United Artists.
BAXTER, WARNER: 20th Century-Fox.
BEAL, JOHN: RKO-Radio.
BECK THOMAS: 20th Century-Fox.
BEECHER, JANET: Paramount.
BEERY, NOAH, JR.: Universal.
BEERY, WALLACE: M-G-M.
BELLAMY, MADGE: 20th Century-Fox.
BELLAMY, RALPH: Free lance. Write him at Columbia.
BENCHLEY, ROBERT: M-G-M.
BENEDICT, WILLIAM: 20th Century-Fox.
BENNETT, CONSTANCE: M-G-M.
BENNETT, JOAN: Paramount.
BENNY, JACK: M-G-M.
BERGNER, ELISABETH: United Artists.
BERNIE, BEN: Paramount.
BICKFORD, CHARLES: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
BIRELL, TALA: Columbia.
BLACKMER, SIDNEY: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
BLAKELEY, JAMES: Columbia.
BLANE, SALLY: Columbia.
BLONDELL, JOAN: Warner Bros.
BLORE, ERIC: RKO-Radio.
BLUE, MONTE: Free lance. Write him at M-G-M.
BOLAND, MARY: Paramount.
BOLES, GLEN: Warner Bros.
BOLES, JOHN: 20th Century-Fox.
BOYER, CHARLES: Paramount.
BRADLEY, GRACE: Paramount.
BRADY, ALICE: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
BREAKSTON, GEORGE: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
BRENDEL, EL: Warner Bros.
BRENT, EVELYN: Free lance. Write her at Paramount.
BRENT, GEORGE: Warner Bros.
BREWSTER, JUNE: RKO-Radio.
BRIAN, MARY: Free lance. Write her at 20th Century-Fox.
BRISSON, CARL: Paramount.
BRODERICK, HELEN: RKO-Radio.
BROOK, CLIVE: 20th Century-Fox.
BROWN, JOE E.: Warner Bros.
BROWN, JOHN MACK: Columbia.
BROWN, TOM: RKO-Radio.
BRUCE, NIGEL: 20th Century-Fox.

(Continued on page 86)

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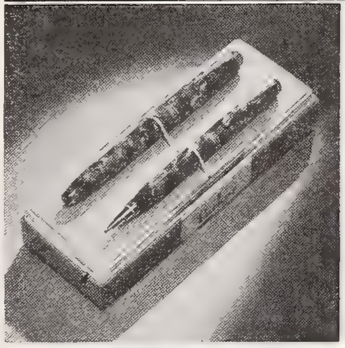

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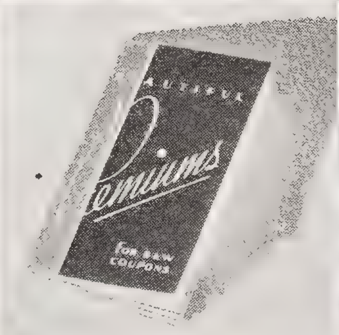

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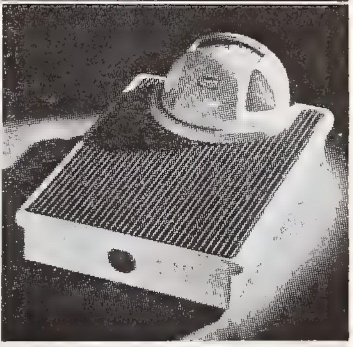

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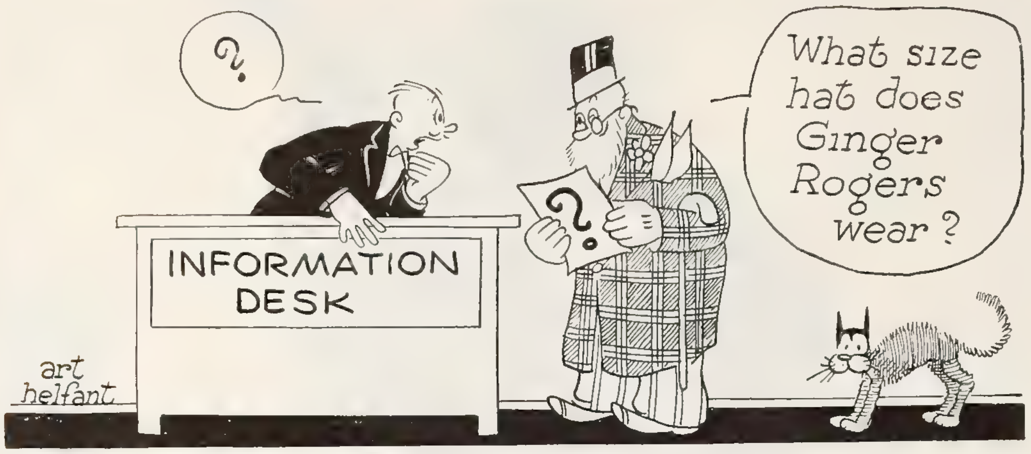
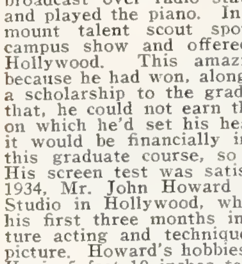

?
What size hat does Ginger Rogers wear ?
INFORMATION DESK
?
art helfant

If you would like to see a brief synopsis of your favorite's life in this department, fill in and send us the coupon on page 57. General questions, of course, will be answered here, too. Those asked most frequently and the most interesting ones receive first preference. And not too many at a time please. Address: The Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

ASK A QUESTION— GET AN ANSWER

John Howard

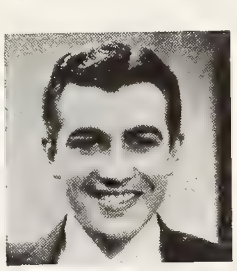
MARIE WHEELER, Willimantic, Conn.; JANE SILL, Ozone Park, N. Y.; GWEN, Omaha, Neb.; FLORENCE BERRELL, Trenton, N. J.; LORRAINE ZVONAR, Newark, N. J.; MORRY, Binghamton, N. Y.; PHYLLIS COHEN, Leavenworth, Kans.; JOSEPHINE GREGORY, LETTY GIBNEY, Bronx, N. Y.; I. BULLWINKEL, Bloomfield, N. J.; KAREN STONER, Hagerstown, Md.—Hear ye! Hear ye! Let it be known that the very attractive young man who played the part of Duncan Haley, Tom Brown's older brother, in "Annapolis Farewell," is none other than JOHN HOWARD. Mr. Howard is a comparative new-comer to the screen, his first picture being "Car 99" in which he used John Cox as his screen name. Now it's back to Howard, but don't ask why. Born in Cleveland, Ohio, on April 14, 1913, John is the son of Mr. and Mrs. John R. Howard. Educated in the public schools of East Cleveland, he was an excellent student and won a scholarship to Western Reserve University. There he held more honors than is believable. Was president of the University Players and the Student Council; senior manager of the basketball team; member of the National Collegiate Players, of the Y.M.C.A. Cabinet, the University Choir and the Thalian Club; won a Phi Beta Kappa Key, a W.R.U. Honor Key, a scholarship for work in English and a couple of essay prizes. Moreover he was chosen as the most outstanding man in the Senior Class. His school activity was divided between dramatics and sports and he found time to broadcast over radio station WHK where he sang and played the piano. In the spring of 1934 a Paramount talent scout spotted young Howard in a campus show and offered him a chance to go to Hollywood. This amazing young man refused—because he had won, along with all the other things, a scholarship to the graduate school. And without that, he could not earn the professorship in English on which he'd set his heart. Soon he learned that it would be financially impossible for him to take this graduate course, so he reconsidered the offer. His screen test was satisfactory and in September, 1934, Mr. John Howard reported at the Paramount Studio in Hollywood, where he proceeded to spend his first three months in the study of motion picture acting and technique, before he was put in a picture. Howard's hobbies are drawing and painting. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 150 pounds, and has blue eyes and brown hair. "Millions in the Air" is his third picture, following which he will appear in "Soak the Rich."


Dick Powell

NOTE: Because there are over 350 requests for biographies of the following players, it will be impossible to print the names and addresses this month. Please consider yourself included.

DICK POWELL—Born in Mountain View, Ark., on November 14, 1904, Richard E. Powell (his genuine name) was just another country boy until he attained the age of 12 years. At this time his father, mother and two brothers, Howard and Luther, transplanted themselves to Little Rock where young Dick attended school and college. During this time Dick began to annoy the neighbors by learning to play the saxophone, clarinet and cornet. In between times he sang in the church choir and for weddings and funerals. And besides that, organized an orchestra. In St. Louis he took a crack at vaudeville but hurried home where he knew he'd be appreciated. At this time Mildred Maund became his wife. Things were bad until a visiting orchestra, the Royal Peacocks, gave him a contract and took him on tour. He had various positions after that, finally ending up as master of ceremonies in a Pittsburgh theatre, where he remained for three years. Luck finally turned up in the form of a talent scout who offered him a screen test and a contract with Warners. In 1932 he made his first picture, "Blessed Event." Outside of film work his interests lie in music, flying, golf, swimming, horseback riding, bridge and football games. His hobbies are collecting musical instruments and making homemade movies. Dick is 6 feet tall, weighs 172 pounds, has blue eyes and auburn hair. He's no longer married to Mildred Maund—they were divorced shortly after Dick reached Hollywood—and now is seemingly interested in the Blondell girls, Joan and sister Rose. "Shipmates Forever" and "Thanks a Million" are his most recent films. His next will probably be "Glorious" with Marion Davies. You can reach him at the Warner Brothers Studios, Burbank, Cal.

ROBERT TAYLOR—And now's for the low-down on the latest contender for male popularity honors. Son of the late Dr. S. A. Brough, Bob was born in Filley, Neb., but later moved to Beatrice, where he attended public school. Then to college at Doane, Neb., for two years, and finishing at Pomona. In the latter institution Bobby Brough was outstanding in dramatics and a star tennis player. Seen in a campus production of "Journey's End" by a studio scout, Bob was given a screen test and audition and promptly sent back to college. After completing his college course and earning his Liberal Arts degree, he was given another test and signed to a contract. He immediately went into training at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, which grooming has stood him in good stead. His favorite sports are tennis and horseback riding. He once accompanied his own songs with a cello for a period as a radio broadcast artist at Doane College, and is also an accomplished pianist. He owns a collie dog and his hobby is collecting different types and colors in sweaters. When it comes to black cats and ladders, Bob is just a bit superstitious, and he is a firm believer in hunches. His pet aversion is people who whistle. Six feet tall, he weighs 165 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. There is no Mrs. Taylor at present, but Irene Hervey seems the most likely candidate for that title at the moment. "Three Live Ghosts" will be his next picture and you may write him at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.


Robert Taylor

GENE RAYMOND—This young man is certainly holding his own with the female fans. But why not? Raymond Guion is his real name and New York City his birthplace. Although born on August 13, 1908, Gene has been anything but unlucky. For one who is of French descent Gene looks more like the typical American male than many descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers. At the age of 5, young Raymond made his stage debut, was educated in New York public and private schools while occasionally taking parts in plays. From 1922 to 1931 he appeared in a great many stage productions in important roles. His last play, "Young Sinners," was such a success that it ran from 1929 to 1931 and landed him a contract with Paramount. His first picture was opposite Nancy Carroll in "Personal Maid." After the expiration of his contract Gene took to free lancing, and made pictures for every major studio. Gene is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 150 pounds, has blue eyes and very blonde curly hair. He enjoys horseback riding, tennis and golf. His favorite delicacy is a thick juicy steak and he can prepare bacon and eggs expertly. He spends his leisure days on the desert, plays the piano well and enjoys travel. So far Gene has seemed to be a confirmed bachelor, but some day he'll probably change his mind. Now under contract to RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif., his next picture will be "Seven Keys to Baldpate," with three more tentatively scheduled for him.

George Raft

GEORGE RAFT—He is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 155 pounds. His hair is black and seal smooth, his eyes light brown. Like Jimmy Cagney he was born in Hell's Kitchen in New York (on 41st Street between 9th and 10th Avenues). September 27, 1904, was his birthdate and George Raft his real name, which is surprising for one of French, German and Italian descent. He attended Public School 169 and later St. Catherine's. After school and during vacations George worked as an electrician's helper for $4.00 a week, but that wasn't enough for him. At 15 he decided to enter the pugilist game as a bantamweight, and in the next 2 years fought 25 times, was knocked out 7 and quit the game after his last beating. Then came the baseball era, with Raft signing with the Springfield Club. His fielding was good but his batting bad, so he was dropped after 2 seasons. Baseball still remains his favorite sport and he likes to watch prize fights and the horses. Returning to New York, he became a professional gigolo at Churchill's where Rudolph Valentino held a like position. Rudy departed for the movies, later sending for Raft to be his double, but died before Raft was able to take the job. But he was doing well in his own line, dancing at the best known places all over the country, sometimes hoofing with Walter Winchell, later in shows as Elsie Pilcer's partner. Then he introduced the Charleston to New York and later to London, becoming an international sensation and appearing in all the capitals of Europe. Then back to New York, night clubs and vaudeville, finally ending up in Hollywood for his first picture "Quick Millions." He is separated from his wife, and Virginia Pine still seems to be the "head woman." You really shouldn't have missed him in "She Couldn't Take it," his latest. His address is Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Either "Concertina" or "It Had to Happen" will be his next flicker.

GINGER ROGERS—The Charleston did things for this gal, too. It was through her winning the Texas Charleston championship at the age of 15 that she obtained a vaudeville contract, sundry stage engagements and a featured role in "Top Speed"—all of which served as rungs to the ladder-top. Born Katherine Virginia McMath in Independence, Mo., on July 16, 1911, she later moved to Fort Worth, Tex., where she attended school. "Young Men of Manhattan" was her first picture, made in the East during the run of "Top Speed." Then came several other musicals, the last of which was "Girl Crazy" in which she was a tremendous hit Her first Hollywood picture, "The Tip Off," followed this in 1931. Ginger is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 110 pounds, has gold-red hair and blue eyes. Her hobby is dancing, she plays a fair game of tennis and is fond of riding, swimming and golf. She likes music and cooking and her favorite dish is ham and eggs. Edward Jackson Culpepper became her first husband when she was very young, and Lew Ayres her second on November 14, 1934. "In Person" with George Brent is Ginger's most recent opus and "Follow the Fleet," another Rogers-Astaire musical, is next. RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower St., Los Angeles, Cal., is her home studio where you may write her.

Ginger Rogers

JEAN PARKER—This one started out in life in Deer Lodge, Mont., on August 11, 1915, as Mae Green. Her education was received in Los Angeles and Pasadena, where she attended high school. Getting into the movies for her was literally a bed of roses. Riding on a float in a Pasadena Tournament of Roses she was seen by a movie executive, tested, and assigned a role in "Divorce in the Family" in 1931. Just like that! Jean is interested in a number of things: interpretive dancing, acting, painting, music and writing. She speaks French fluently and likes to dance and swim. Her favorite color is jade green, which goes beautifully with her dark brown hair and blue-green eyes. Her friends call her Robin—and no wonder, for she is only 5 feet 3 and weighs a mere 105 pounds. The lucky girl recently had herself a trip to England where she played opposite Robert Donat in "The Ghost Goes West," which you will be seeing anon. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal., claim her as their contract player.

NELSON EDDY—You'll probably be glad to see this, if the number of requests for it are any criterion! And not to keep you in suspense any longer—Nelson and Jeanette MacDonald will be thrilling you again shortly in "Rose Marie." Are ya glad, huh? Providence, R. I., has the honor of claiming Nelson as its home town boy. Born there on June 29, 1901, the son of Isobel Kendrick and William Darius Eddy, both excellent singers. Educated in grammar school at Rhode Island Normal, the remainder of his education was obtained in night school and from correspondence courses. His early ambition was to be either a doctor or a trap drummer, but his first job was as a telephone operator. Following that he worked in the shipping department of an iron works, in the art department of a Philadelphia newspaper, and for five years was reporter, copy reader, etc., for two other city papers, to say nothing of writing advertising copy. Although Nelson had sung in Providence churches as boy soprano, and after his voice had turned to baritone, only for his own enjoyment, he began to amuse himself at this time by singing with phonograph records. Suddenly it dawned on him that perhaps his voice might serve as a means of livelihood. So off to David Bispham, the great American baritone of his time, Nelson hied himself to take singing lessons. After Bispham's death a year later, Nelson drifted from teacher to teacher until he came to William V. Vilonat, with whom he studied in New York, Paris and Dresden. Soon after he made his anonymous stage debut in "The Marriage Tax" in 1921. Three years later he was singing for the Philadelphia Civic Opera Company. By 1931 he was ready for New York, where his debut was sensational. In 1933 he came to Los Angeles in a concert at the Philharmonic Auditorium and got 18 encores! Screen tests and an M-G-M contract resulted, with Nelson having a part in "Broadway to Hollywood." But none of his pictures really counted until "Naughty Marietta" came along. Eddy's parents were divorced when he was 14. His father has married again and Nelson has an eight-year-old half sister, Martha Virginia. Tall (6 feet), handsome and athletic, Eddy finds relaxation in swimming, motoring, tennis, dancing and sailing. He weighs 173 pounds and has blue eyes and blonde hair. This super-man sings 32 operatic roles: He sings in English, French, Italian, Spanish, Russian and Yiddish. So far no wife has claimed him, but how long will he be able to resist this feminine onslaught? If you'd like to write him, M-G-M Studios, Culver City, is the address.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE—On April 23, 1929, little Shirley Jane Temple made her first appearance in this wicked world in a hospital in Santa Monica, Cal. For Mr. and Mrs. George F. Temple the birth of a baby girl was a most happy addition to the small family which already included two small boys, John and George. When she was three, Shirley had her first dancing lesson, and it was at one of these classes that a studio scout discovered what a talented little dancer she was. Result—she was signed to appear in seven Baby Burlesk Comedies for Educational. Following her work in these comedies she played a small part in "Frolics of Youth" then went over to Paramount for an inconspicuous role in Randy Scott's "To the Last Man." Fox decided, at that point, that the Temple child was just what they needed for the singing and dancing role in "Stand Up and Cheer." That picture was the making of this Hollywood honey. This was followed by "Now I'll Tell," "Change of Heart," "Little Miss Marker," "Baby Take a Bow," "Now and Forever," "Bright Eyes," "Little Colonel," "Our Little Girl" and "Curly Top." All of which add up to a lot of work in two short years for one so young. Her next is "The Littlest Rebel" with John Boles and Karen Morley, and after that will come "Captain January." It is rather superfluous to tell you that La Temple's hair is blonde and very curly and that her eyes are blue. Of course she can't read very well yet, but she will be glad to receive letters from you at the 20th Century-Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

JANE WITHERS—And while we're on the subject of youngsters, we might as well give you Withers fans a break. Jane was also born in April—the 12th —but in 1926. Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Withers lived in Atlanta, Ga., at the time of Jane's birth, and at the age of four Miss Jane was Atlanta's child Garbo. Before the family moved to Los Angeles, she was featured in "The Toyland Review" and for two years was heard over the air waves on Station WGST. During this time she was learning French and Spanish and taking to horseback riding. In Hollywood the Withers searched in vain for seven months for a spot in the movies for their cheeild. Then came a bit in "Handle with Care," and a few other small parts at other studios. Nothing more came along, so Jane returned to radio work and was starred in KFWB's "Juvenile Review," in which she sang and gagged with the master of ceremonies. Her ability to do impersonations—she can do over forty—as well as her skill at singing, landed her the "brat" part in "Bright Eyes," and a contract. Off scene Jane is just a wholesome little girl, full of personality and mild devilment. She likes swimming and skating, and her love of pets has caused her to accumulate a small menagerie. She numbers a kitten, a rabbit, baby ducks, carrier pigeons and love birds in her collection. At present her ambition is to acquire a monkey. "Paddy O'Day" is Miss Withers' next picture and after that there will be "Gentle Julia." Unlike Shirley, she has dark brown hair and brown eyes. You can reach her, also, at the 20th Century-Fox Studios.

ROSS ALEXANDER—If you asked him, he would tell you that he had been an actor for 24 years—and he has, more or less. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., on July 27, 1907, young Alexander made his stage debut at the age of four when he played in a kindergarten production. From that day to the present he has devoted his major time to acting, though he did attend a number of schools as a duty and secondary interest. While still a student Ross joined a group of young players studying and acting under Hugh William Towne in his Little Theatre in Rochester. There he stayed for two years until he came back to New York to continue his studies at the Packard Theatrical Agency. In the very same week that he graduated, he reached the ripe old age of 18 and accepted the juvenile lead in Blanche Yurka's "Enter Madame." Since that time he had been on Broadway in hit shows until with the last one, "After Tomorrow," he was given a screen test and sent to Hollywood for a role with Claudette Colbert in "The Wiser Sex," in 1932. Since then he has risen rapidly, has acquired a long term contract with Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, Cal., and is being built up to stardom. He is married to a nonprofessional. Six feet 1¼ inches tall, he weighs 160 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. His hobbies are the theatre, swimming and soccer football. He has an important role in "Captain Blood."

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WHY MUST SUCH A BEAUTIFUL GIRL HAVE SUCH A BREATH!
POOR PEGGY—ANOTHER PARTY SPOILED
HE WAS HORRID TO ME—I HATE HIM! AND WHY DO YOU TALK ABOUT MY TEETH—YOU KNOW HOW CAREFULLY I BRUSH THEM!
JUST THE SAME, THEY SAY BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. IT WON'T HURT TO ASK DR. MOORE.
YES, MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. USE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM—ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THE CAUSE... AND MAKES THE TEETH BRIGHTER, TOO!
I'LL TRY IT, DOCTOR. I'LL GET SOME COLGATE DENTAL CREAM TODAY.
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..YOU SHOULD SEE PEGGY NOW
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GO 'WAY...THIS IS MINE!
THANK HEAVENS FOR COLGATE'S. I'LL NEVER BE CARELESS AGAIN!
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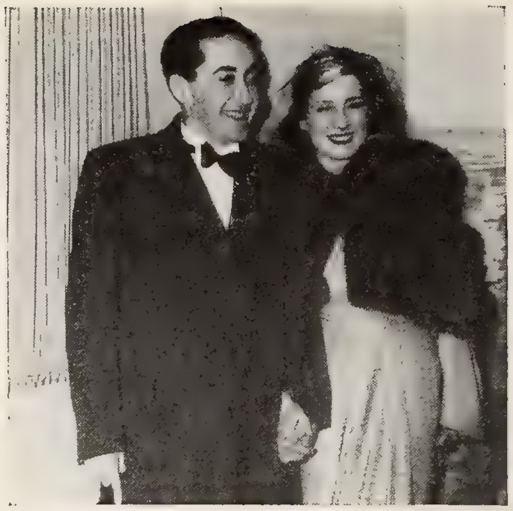
Jan Kiepura and Marta Eggerth. Hollywood thinks they're married.

Bride and groom. Sylvia Sidney with her new husband, Bennett Cerf.



Norma Shearer holding hands with hubby, Irving Thalberg, at a recent party.

(Continued from page 15)

temperamental. He knows what he wants, and he generally gets it. Right now everyone is wondering whether or not he's married to Marta Eggerth, the continental star who is now making a picture for Universal. Both Kiepura and Miss Eggerth deny the rumors, but 'tis said that Jan recently admitted to a writer that they were bride and groom. "However," he is reported to have said, "if you print it I'll sue you."

■ ■ ■

A fan of Paul Kelly's from East India sent Paul a talking minah bird. Paul's feathered friend arrived with a distinct accent, and Paul spent considerable time working on the creature's broad A. He feels he's been successful, too, for the other day the bird greeted him with, "Hello, Paul Kelly, Paul Kelly, Paul Kelly." "Have you had your breakfast, Charlie?" asked Paul, just trying to make conversation. Without a moment's hesitation the completely Americanized Charlie replied, "Hell, NO!"

■ ■ ■

More
GOOD
NEWS

You've practically got to climb the highest mountain if you want to see Edward Arnold these days, for he and his family have just moved into a house on one of the loftiest hilltops in these parts. There's a grand view, and the air is swell—in fact, everything is dandy until you look out one of the bedroom windows. There is a perpendicular drop of 325 feet. Eddie seems to like it, though. He says you'd be surprised how it cuts down the number of overnight guests.

■ ■ ■

There is, at least, one girl in Hollywood who doesn't want to be in pictures, and that's Katherine Alexander's very efficient cook. One day Katherine was rehearsing a difficult bit of dialogue at her home, and after trying it several times with little success, she wandered into the kitchen, where Bessie was laundering the woodwork. Exasperated, Miss A. said, "Bessie, let's change places. I'll scrub and you learn my lines for me." Without missing a stroke on the woodwork, Bessie replied, "No, ma'am. Ah knows when I'se sittin' pretty." Maybe she's right, but no one ever heard of a floor-scrubber being furnished a stand-in.

■ ■ ■

Autograph fiends have their most trying moments when they attempt to sign up the Marx Brothers, mainly due to the fact that these three zanies off the screen can hardly recognize themselves. Groucho, for instance, without the painted moustache and the eyebrows, is just Mr. Julius Marx of Great Neck, L. I. At the preview of "A Night At The Opera," we saw Groucho standing by himself while autograph seekers cluttered around Kitty Carlisle and Allan Jones. Trying to be a good Samaritan, we pointed out Groucho to one of the younger element, who took one skeptical glance and replied: "That guy? Nuts!"

■ ■ ■

Eddie Cantor's "Shoot the Chutes" barely had gone into production when one of the Goldwyn Girls announced she was on the way to the altar. Of late years, it seems the young ladies of the Goldwyn ensemble have taken the place of the Ziegfeld Follies' beauties in the racing-to-the-altar department. Anyway, the gal in question is Charlotte Russell, and the hubby is Richard Hamm, a Coast millionaire. It would probably spoil the story, though, to add that they've known each other for years and were going to get married even if Charlotte wasn't Glorified by Goldwyn.

■ ■ ■

The year's big event for Hollywood's younger set was Betty Grable's birthday party for Jackie Coogan. Betty hired a hotel ballroom for the affair, and practically all the juvenile leads in Hollywood turned out to honor Jackie's 21st birthday. Incidentally, on the same day Jackie came into a trust fund reported to total several million dollars. It just goes to show that education doesn't pay, for Jackie made most of his millions before he could read or write. Now that he's grown up and enjoying a college education he hasn't made a nickel. It's nice, though, to be able to knock off a couple million before you learn your ABC's. It sort of sees a guy through kindergarten.

■ ■ ■

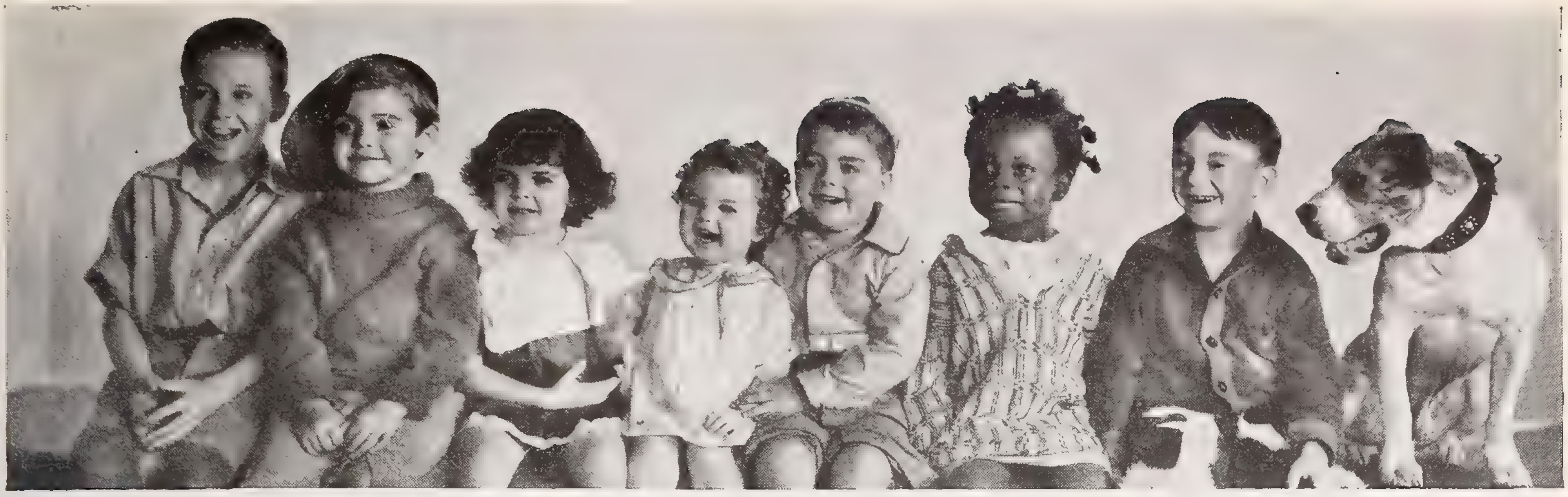
While we're discussing birthdays, perhaps the most pleasant of the month was Jean Arthur's. The Arthur gal was working on "If You Could Only Cook" on the Columbia lot when the big day arrived. She had just finished a scene, when producer Harry Cohen, accompanied by a full set of lackeys, presented her with a handsome bouquet and the announcement that she was to be given co-star billing on the picture with Herbert Marshall. Jean was so happy she almost gave out her right age.

■ ■ ■

Patricia Ziegfeld has scorned the screen for a career and will go in for higher education instead. She's registered at the University of California in Westwood and Mama Billie Burke says Patricia's in deadly earnest about her homework. But it may be just one of the Ziegfeld follies!

■ ■ ■

Hmmm, were those rumors just that and that's all about Paulette Goddard being Mrs. Charles Chaplin? Paulette, Charlie and Charlie's two small sons have been inseparable for over two years, until a month or so back when Paulette suddenly began appearing in late-spots with other cronies. The reason, she assured snoopers, being that Charlie was busy on "Modern Times," his new picture. But the picture's in the tin box, now, waiting release, and still the



"Our Gang" all lined up for inspection. Left to right, Harold Sweitzer, Scotty Beckett, Darla Hood, Baby Patsy, Spanky, Buckwheat, Alfalfa and Pete. Aren't they cute? Watch them carry on in "Our Gang Follies of 1936."

Goddard girl goes about minus Mr. Chaplin. So what? Is it a broken home or just a broken date?

* * *

Constance Bennett seems slightly party-minded these days. Recently she gave a homecoming party that was one of the gala events of the season. It was to honor her husband, Marquis Henri de la Falaise, who had just returned from a little world-jaunting. A few nights later Connie gave another celebration on an even grander scale. This was a farewell party, also for the Marquis Henri de la Falaise. Hank and his hangover headed for South America the next day, where he's planning to make another film of the wilds.

* * *

Sure, George Raft's wife will divorce him so's he can marry Virginia Pine. All those yarns you've been hearing about how difficult Mrs. Raft has been can just be checked up to idle chatter. She is really more than glad to oblige. Only one thing does she ask. That's the entire earnings from Georgie's Paramount contract for the next five years! What, not even Paramount Studios, Mrs. R.?

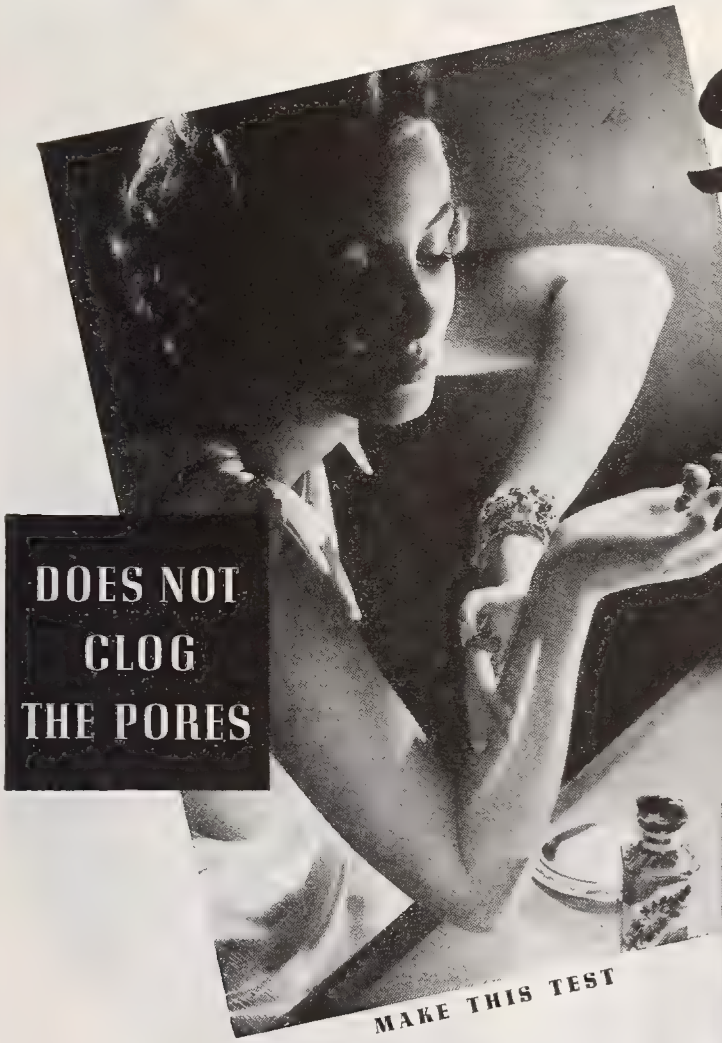
* * *

Wally Beery believes in doing everything in a big way. All his new swimming pool needs is a mountain peak to put Lake Louise to shame. Carol Ann, the Beery five-year-old, didn't think all that water should be wasted for swimming. Being more practical-minded, she thought it would be nice for boating and asked Papa for a yacht. Wally compromised on a small motor-boat, so Miss Beery is kept busy churning up the swimming pool.

* * *

If the censors don't stop this, you can enjoy a choice morsel with us about Miss Shirley Temple. She's

(Continued on page 96)



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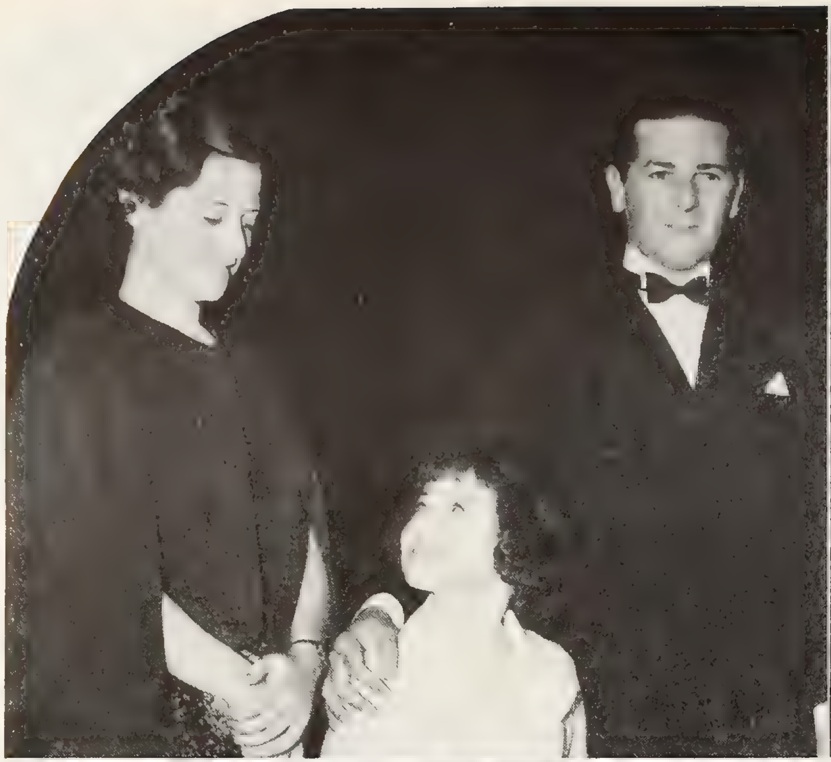
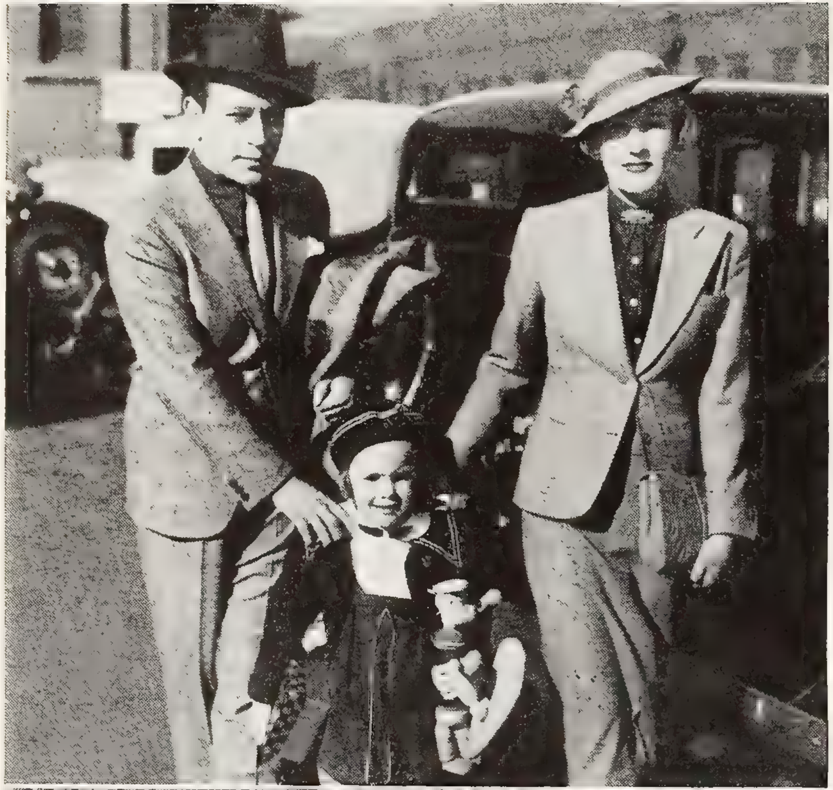


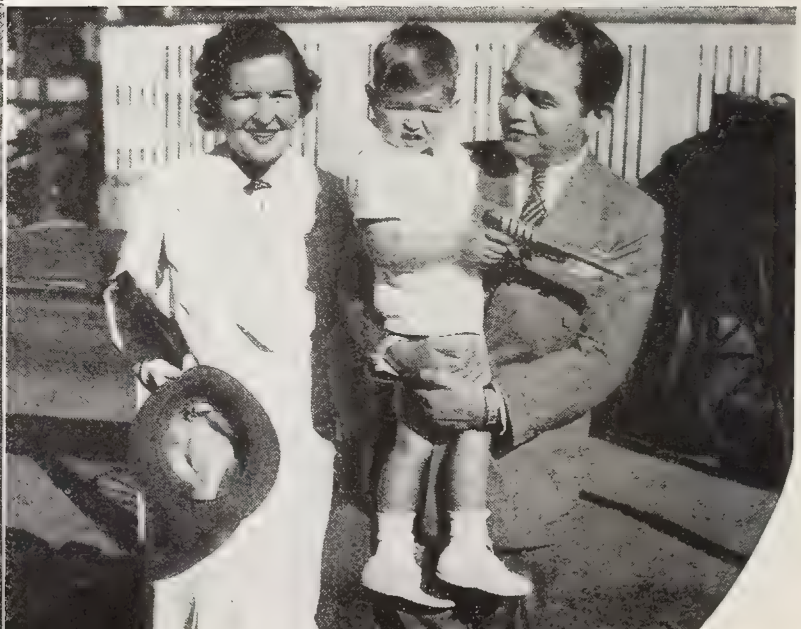


Above left and right, Warner's new child star, Sybil Jason, with her sister and uncle. And the smiling Bill Gargans at a preview.

scott shots

George Raft in a new role! He and Virginia Pine guide Virginia's daughter through traffic. Their marriage still waits on Raft's divorce.

Below, left, Anne Shirley, Jimmy Greer and Pat Ellis indulge in "record" autographing. Right, the Eddie Robinsons and their heir.



Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 54*)

BRAVO, MYRNA!

I am getting sick and tired of hearing all versions of why Myrna Loy walked out on "Escapade." If more actors and actresses would be as particular about the parts they play and a little more independent, we would all benefit by better pictures. Many times I have turned against favorites of mine simply because I saw them in pictures extremely unsuited to their talents. So I say to others in Hollywood, choose your rôles and give better performances—Beatrice Berman, Cincinnati, Ohio.

WATCH THIS NEWCOMER!

I wonder if any fan other than myself noticed the excellent work of John Howard as "Duncan Haley" in "Annapolis Farewell." I've read several reviews of the picture, but none of them mentioned Mr. Howard's performance. Never have I seen anyone more capable of expressing emotion facially and never have I seen anyone more charming on the screen. Here is a young man who is destined for a big movie career if the producers will give him a chance. What do you think, fellow fans?—William Eury, Nashville, Tenn.

TEMPLE vs. WITHERS

I've wanted to write just such a letter as Helen Lawrence wrote in your November columns regarding Mrs. Temple's resentment against Jane Wither's being in a film with Shirley. We all marveled at Jane's performance in "Bright Eyes," but after viewing "Ginger" everyone I talk to agrees with me that she is the greatest child actress on the screen. Fox ought to wake up to the fact that they have a miniature Marie Dressler in this child; the way she handles her roles, comedy and drama, with equal ease, is simply amazing. The studio seems to devote too much time to get just the right story for Shirley and overpublicizes her so much that every time you buy a movie book you know it will be full of Shirley befor you open it. There are many talented children in Hollywood but I'll place my bet on Jane, for since "Ginger" came to Houston she's the talk of the town—Waneda Simpson, Houston, Texas.

NEW TEAM MATE FOR ASTAIRE?

As a dancing partner, Ginger Rogers is not good enough for Fred Astaire. Why not star someone opposite him who can really tap dance on her own ability without having to have Fred Astaire dance with her to put her over. Eleanor Powell and he would be a tremendous sensation and certainly a treat for those who enjoy real tap dancing. I am sure it would be far more pleasing to see both dancers able to get up and dance individually, as well as together, than it is to see just one do all the work and the other one help to take the applause. I believe in giving a swell dancer like Fred Astaire a partner who can at least keep on the level with his own dancing qualities.—Yvonne Aston, Toronto, Canada.

ENOUGH IS ENOUGH

It seems to me that comedy inventors

(*Continued on page 63*)

Change Bread to Cake!

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Day-old white bread
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Coconut

Slice bread ¾ inch thick. Trim off crusts. Cut into strips ¾ inch by 2 inches long. Spread strips on all sides with Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, covering well. Then roll in dry shredded coconut, broken fine. Brown under low gas flame, or toast on fork over coals.

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Borden Quality

Father and son. Phillips Holmes with his dad, Taylor Holmes. Pop used to be a big star in silent days. This was snapped at a Fathers' and Sons' get-together.

modern screen movie scoreboard

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Accent on Youth (Paramount)	3★
Age of Indiscretion (M-G-M)	2★
Alias Bulldog Drummond (GB)	2★
Alias Mary Dow (Universal)	2★
Alibi Ike (Warners)	3★
Alice Adams (RKO)	4★
Anna Karenina (M-G-M)	4★
Annapolis Farewell (Paramount)	2½★
The Arizonian (RKO)	3★
Bad Boy (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Barbary Coast (United Artists)	3★
Becky Sharp (RKO)	3★
The Big Broadcast of 1936 (Para.)	3★
The Bishop Misbehaves (M-G-M)	3★
Black Fury (1st Nat'l.)	4★
Black Sheep (Fox)	2★
Break of Hearts (RKO)	3★
Brewster's Millions (United Artists)	2★
The Bride of Frankenstein (Univ.)	3★
Bright Lights (1st Nat'l.)	3★
Broadway Gondolier (Warners)	3★
BroadwayMelody of 1936(M-G-M)	4★
Call of the Wild (20th Century)	3★
Cardinal Richelieu (United Artists)	4★
Car 99 (Paramount)	3★
Case of the Curious Bride (1st Nat'l.)	3★
Charlie Chan in Egypt (Fox)	3★
Charlie Chan in Shanghai (20th-Fox)	2★
China Seas (M-G-M)	4★
The Clairvoyant (GB)	2★
Clive of India (20th Century)	4★
College Rhythm (Paramount)	3★
The Crusades (Paramount)	4★
Curly Top (Fox)	3★
Dante's Inferno (Fox)	2★
The Dark Angel (Sam Goldwyn)	4★
The Daring Young Man (Fox)	2★
David Copperfield (M-G-M)	5★
Diamond Jim (Universal)	3★
Don't Bet on Blondes (Warners)	2★
Doubting Thomas (Fox)	3★
Dr. Socrates (Warners)	2★
Escapade (M-G-M)	3★
Escape Me Never (United Artists)	3★
Every Night at Eight (Paramount)	2★
The Farmer Takes a Wife (Fox)	3★
A Feather in Her Hat (Columbia)	2★
The Flame Within (M-G-M)	2★
Forsaking All Others (M-G-M)	3★
Four Hours to Kill (Paramount)	3★
Front Page Woman (Warners)	3★
The Gay Deception (20th Cent.-Fox)	3★
G-Men (1st Nat'l.)	4★
The Gilded Lily (Paramount)	3★
Ginger (Fox)	3★
The Girl Friend (Columbia)	1★
The Girl from 10th Ave. (1st Nat'l.)	2★
The Glass Key (Paramount)	3★
Goin' to Town (Paramount)	3★
Go Into Your Dance (1st Nat'l.)	3★
The Good Fairy (Universal)	3★
Goose and the Gander (1st Nat'l.)	2★
Hard Rock Harrigan (Fox)	2★
Harmony Lane (Mascot)	2★
Here Comes Cookie (Paramount)	3★
Here Comes the Band (M-G-M)	1★
Here Is My Heart (Paramount)	4★
Here's to Romance (20th Cent.-Fox)	2★
Hold 'Em Yale (Paramount)	3★
Hooray for Love (RKO)	2★
I Live for Love (Warners)	2★
I Live My Life (M-G-M)	2★
I'll Love You Always (Columbia)	2★
In Caliente (1st Nat'l.)	3★
The Informer (RKO)	4★
The Irish in Us (1st Nat'l.)	3★
The Iron Duke (GB)	3★
It Happened in New York (Univ.)	3★
Jalna (RKO)	3★
Java Head (First Division)	2★
King Solomon of B'wy. (Universal)	1★
Laddie (RKO)	3★
Lady Tubbs (Universal)	2★
The Last Days of Pompeii (RKO)	4★
The Last Outpost (Paramount)	2★
Les Miserables (20th Century)	5★
Let 'Em Have It (United Artists)	3★
Let's Live Tonight (Columbia)	2★
Life Begins at Forty (Fox)	4★
Little Big Shot (Warners)	2★
The Little Colonel (Fox)	3★
Lives of a Bengal Lancer (Para.)	5★
Living on Velvet (Warners)	2★
Love in Bloom (Paramount)	2★
Love Me Forever (Columbia)	4★
Loves of a Dictator (GB)	3★
Mad Love (M-G-M)	2★
Manhattan Moon (Universal)	1★
The Man on the Flying Trapeze (Par.)	3★
The Man Who Knew Too Much (M-G-M)	3★
Mark of the Vampire (M-G-M)	2★
McFadden's Flats (Paramount)	2★
Men of Tomorrow (London Films)	1★
Men Without Names (Paramount)	3★
Metropolitan (20th Century-Fox)	4★
A Midsummer Night's Dream (Warners)	5★
Mississippi (Paramount)	3★
Mr. Dynamite (Universal)	2★
Murder in the Fleet (M-G-M)	2★
Murder Man (M-G-M)	2★
Naughty Marietta (M-G-M)	4★
Nell Gwyn (United Artists)	3★
A Night at the Ritz (Warners)	2★
No More Ladies (M-G-M)	3★
Oil for the Lamps of China (1st Nat'l.)	4★
One More Spring (Fox)	4★
Orchids to You (Fox)	2★
O'Shaughnessy's Boy (M-G-M)	3★
Our Little Girl (Fox)	2★
Page Miss Glory (Warners)	3★
Paris in Spring (Paramount)	3★
The People's Enemy (RKO)	2★
People Will Talk (Paramount)	2★
Princess O'Hara (Universal)	3★
Private Worlds (Paramount)	4★
Public Hero No. 1 (M-G-M)	3★
The Public Menace (Columbia)	1★
The Raven (Universal)	2★
Red Salute (Reliance-United Artists)	2★
Rendezvous (M-G-M)	3★
The Return of Peter Grimm (RKO)	3★
The Right to Live (Warners)	3★
Roberta (RKO)	5★
Ruggles of Red Gap (Paramount)	5★
Sanders of the River (United Artists)	2★
The Scarlet Pimpernel (U. Artists)	4★
The Secret Bride (Warners)	3★
Shadow of Doubt (M-G-M)	3★
Shanghai (Paramount)	2★
She (RKO)	2★
She Married Her Boss (Columbia)	4★
Shipmates Forever (1st Nat'l.)	3★
A Shot in the Dark (Chesterfield)	2★
Silk Hat Kid (Fox)	1★
Smart Girl (Paramount)	2★
Society Doctor (M-G-M)	3★
Special Agent (Warners)	2★
Star of Midnight (M-G-M)	3★
Steamboat Round the Bend (Fox)	3★
Stranded (Warners)	2★
Sweet Music (Warners)	3★
The 39 Steps (GB)	4★
This Is the Life (20th Century-Fox)	2★
The Three Musketeers (RKO)	3★
Thunder in the Night (Fox)	2★
Times Square Lady (M-G-M)	2★
Thunder Mountain (20th Cent.-Fox)	1★
Top Hat (RKO)	4★
Transatlantic Tunnel (GB)	3★
Transient Lady (Universal)	2★
Traveling Saleslady (1st Nat'l.)	2★
The Triumph of Sherlock Holmes(GB)	2★
Two for Tonight (Paramount)	1★
Under the Pampas Moon (Fox)	2★
Under Pressure (Fox)	3★
Vagabond Lady (M-G-M)	2★
Vanessa (M-G-M)	3★
Way Down East (20th Century-Fox)	2★
The Wedding Night (Sam Goldwyn)	4★
We're in the Money (Warners)	2★
The Werewolf of London (Universal)	2★
West Point of the Air (M-G-M)	3★
When a Man's a Man (Fox)	2★
The Whole Town's Talking (Col.)	4★
A Wicked Woman (M-G-M)	2★
Wings in the Dark (Paramount)	3★
The Woman in Red (Warners)	2★

Here is a condensed version of the Modern Screen Movie Scoreboard! You'll find it simple to follow and a valuable guide in choosing your film entertainment. Instead of giving you the individual ratings of Modern Screen and authoritative newspaper movie critics all over the country, we have struck an average of their ratings. You'll find this average under the heading, General Rating, beside each picture. Ratings, 5★, extraordinary; 4★, very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor.

Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 61*)

have long since worn out the idea of imitating the colored race. I am inclined to doubt if there ever was a time when it was a clever idea. Of course, in slavery days and immediately afterward, there may have been a reason for having a few laughs at the expense of the negro. But in 1935 the situation is entirely different. With freedom came intelligence and progress and pride. We would do well to consider a while before playing upon the pride of a whole race of people for the sake of cheap comedy. To me it is downright insulting. Enough of a thing is enough.—A Fan, Kimball, W. Va.

EXPERT EYEBROW LIFTER!

Some fans admire Gable's dimples, others marvel at Crawford's gowns, and some go in ecstasies over Colbert's eyes; now it's my turn to rave about the adorable way Russell Hardie lifts his eyebrows before he speaks. It's very distinctive and becoming to him.

Speaking of his eyebrows, why not let them charm some co-ed sometime instead of just being her brother. This brother stuff is all right, but we hope he'll graduate from these dull roles in time.—Fan, Portland, Maine.

IDEA FOR KIDDIE FILM

Why not have a film entirely acted by child artists? This would probably settle the question of the Queen Starlet. Imagine a screen play with Jane Withers and Jackie Searle as "mother and father." Shirley Temple, the "debutante daughter," wtih Freddie Bartholomew her "heart interest." Cora Sue Collins, George Breakston, Virginia Weidler, Sybil Jason, and Dickie Moore "supporting" and Baby Jane Quigley the "other girl."—Connie Cowell, Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

HOORAY FOR REGAN!

I sit through all of Phil Regan's pictures twice just to hear him sing! And he's so breathtakingly handsome, too! Bing Crosby and Nelson Eddy are not to be compared to sweet-voiced Phil. I'd rather have him sing to me than dance with Fred Astaire, go out with Clark Gable, dine with Greta Garbo, go up and see Mae West, or play house with Shirley Temple.—Nell Ljutic, Richmond, Calif.

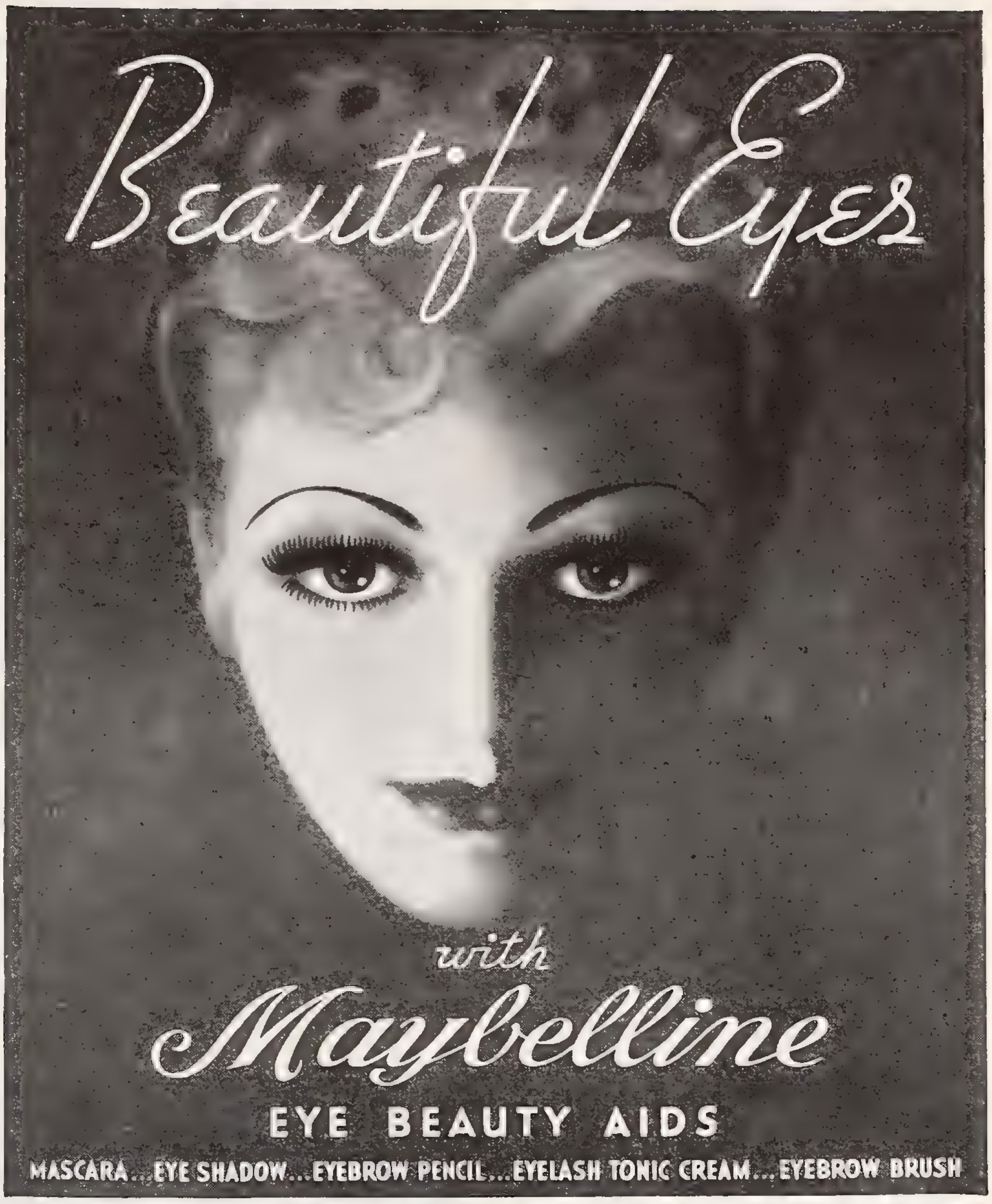
CRITICIZING CRAWFORD

We all appreciate the fact that Adrian means well by designing clothes such as those worn by Joan Crawford, but some of us do feel that those clothes are unattractive and that it is utterly impossible for clothes like that to be worn by people other than an actress.

I do not know how many people will agree with me when I denounce Crawford's way of wearing her hair and making her lips look very large. I think that her make-up is ugly and that it makes her look common. She not only looks common and ordinary, but she acts as if she had been brought up in the poorer districts of some city where cheapness and commonness are part of one's nature.

I strongly hope that Miss Crawford will either learn to act better, dress better, make up differently and get over being cheap and common, or leave the movies. —D.E.K., Pelham Manor, N. Y.

(*Continued on page 96*)


Beautiful Eyes
with
Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS
MASCARA... EYE SHADOW... EYEBROW PENCIL... EYELASH TONIC CREAM... EYEBROW BRUSH

A gay quartette snapped at the Sophie Tucker opening recently. Left to right, John Arledge, Una Merkel, Madge Evans and Tom Gallery.

Little Man, What Next?

(Continued from page 42)

probably never dreamed of the series of events which would be brought about by this gift, for Concoll proved to be a sort of turning point in Freddie's manner of living. Up to this time Freddie and his aunt had been content to live in a simple apartment, and they rode to the studio each day on the bus. But, as you must admit, any dog—particularly "a relative of Flush"—needs a yard in which to run, so Freddie and his aunt looked about for a house with a garden that would lend itself to the happiness of Concoll.

"And we found a very nice house," Freddie will tell you, in a manner that indicates it isn't at all important to him but is probably of great interest to you. "It has three bedrooms and two baths and a lot of other rooms and a two-car garage." But he admits with a sigh that Concoll didn't appreciate the yard. In fact, he proved himself most ungrateful by running away. Freddie was disconsolate and the studio was in a turmoil until the dog was found and returned a few days later. "But he hardly ever goes outdoors. He seems to like to be in the house better," Freddie added in a perplexed tone of voice.

THE next important event following the advent of the dog occurred on a sad day when the conductor on the bus refused to allow Concoll to ride. "It's against the law," he told Freddie, and that presented a major problem because, of course, Concoll had to go to the studio. How else could he be shown to all of Freddie's friends?

"So," Freddie recounted, "we just had to have a car to cart the dog around in."

It seems that this was a problem to be taken up with no one less important than L. B. Mayer, the head of the studio, so Freddie paid a call on Mr. Mayer. What happened next is best told in Freddie's own words.

"I told him that we had to have a car for the dog because he wasn't allowed to ride on the bus. No dogs are allowed to ride on the bus, you see. We couldn't bring the dog to the studio without a car.

"Mr. Mayer said he would attend to it right away," Freddie continued. "We had to wait a short while because they didn't have a black car. We wanted a black car. I think they're much nicer, don't you?"

It was agreed that a black car was much to be desired, but why did Freddie believe he could get a car by merely asking Mr. Mayer for one?

"Oh, I was sure Mr. Mayer would give us one. He's a charming gentleman and we're very good friends," Freddie explained airily.

This confidence was no doubt fostered by his experience, a few months previous, when he wanted very much to own a bicycle. His aunt, fearing an accident, refused to allow him to buy one. Freddie figured out in his own mind that if a bicycle were *given* to him, his battle would be more than half won, so he hinted to David Selznik that he "would like it extremely well" if he had a bicycle.

Unaware of Miss Bartholomew's objections, Mr. Selznick gave Freddie a bicycle and everything turned out as Freddie had hoped. It was no doubt a spirit of gratitude which prompted him, the next time he visited Mr. Selznick's office, to add his bit to a handsomely carved chair. This he did by cutting his initials on the largest polished surface he could find, right in the middle of the back of the chair.

All of which proves him just a normal, fun-loving boy, but doesn't answer any questions as to whether or not he has a chance to become a normal man. What lies before this attractive, unusual child, who is so clever as to be called a genius?

The studio has four or five pictures in mind as starring vehicles for him, all to be made within the next year. Besides, he has been loaned to 20th Century-Fox to do "Professional Soldier," with Victor McLaglen and then he will portray "Little Lord Fauntleroy" for United Artists—all good breaks, but what of the future? Even a contract that will, within a few years, make him a rich young man, can't stop Freddie from growing. And there is a strange lack of screen roles for a boy of adolescent age. Even when he reaches manhood there is no assurance that he will be as attractive a man as he is a child. Has he plans? Will he be prepared for whatever comes? I wondered, and I found out.

Freddie has a definite plan for his future. Although his new contract, which he has just signed, covers a seven-year period, he anticipates a time within a few years when there will be no roles for him and he is determined to utilize that time to further his education. His earnings are put into a trust fund which will provide for his advanced schooling as well as for his future. He wants a good, solid education—"Oxford and other good English schools"—because, he will tell you earnestly, "I want to write," and if you ask him what he wants to write he will say, confidently, "Oh, classics, like Shakespeare."

Freddie understands everything that is going on about him. He realizes his importance in the film world. But tennis, swimming, horseback riding and all the sports enjoyed by any normal boy, occupy his thoughts for the most part.

HE knows that articles are written about him in newspapers and magazines, but he isn't interested in reading them.

"Why should I?" he asks blandly. "I know all about myself."

He never reads the reviews of his pictures and, not without some logic, explains: "If they say nice things about me, I don't need to know that. If they criticize my work, it's too late to do anything about it. I did my best when I made the picture."

He hates to watch himself on the screen, preferring for amusement to see a good murder mystery or a western picture.

It is most difficult to remember, when talking to this boy, that he is but eleven years old because he is mentally so much older. He has an eager, curious mind that has grasped and retained everything he has ever heard. He has stored up knowledge far beyond his years, and his cultural background is one that the ma-

Meet Freddie Bartholomew's family. His sisters, Eileen and Hilda, his father and mother. They lost Freddie's guardianship to his Aunt Cis, who has taken care of him since he was three years old.

jority of grown people might envy. He is an omniverous reader, poring over and re-reading books that ordinarily would be considered far beyond the understanding of a boy who is in the eighth grade of grammar school.

HE talks of his roles with mature understanding. In speaking of the forthcoming "Oliver Twist," in which he will portray the title role, he remarked, "Oliver was *such* a sad little fellow. I'll try to be as much like him as I can, but I do hope I won't be that sad."

But don't get the impression that he is always serious. As a matter of fact, he is full of fun and loves nothing better than to tease or play a prank on someone. When he worked with Miss Garbo in "Anna Karenina," the two struck up a close friendship. He learned that he could make her laugh and cause her to break up a scene by talking Pig Latin in imitation of the difficult-to-pronounce Russian names. It took the combined efforts of the director, Freddie's tutor and his aunt to induce him to stop.

"She's sweet," he said, in speaking of Garbo. "I like her. We have so much in common. And do you know," he said, his eyes wide, "I can lift her? Really, I can. I lifted her this far from the floor," measuring six inches or so with his hands.

For no obvious reason this memory seemed to please the little man very much and he laughed heartily to himself. The joke, it was told me later, was a series of pranks he played on the great star all through the picture.

In addition to becoming a writer, Freddie's greatest ambition at the moment is to own a large ranch and a lot of horses. Recently he spent several weeks on a dude ranch in Arizona. He spent all the time he wasn't riding with the cowboys, saddling horses for the other guests to ride.

SINCE his visit to the ranch, his favorite cowboy visited Freddie at the studio and brought him a lariat. To the great consternation of everyone at the studio, Freddie learned to rope things. Until he tires of his rope, no one within reach of the weapon is safe, for Freddie is no respecter of persons.

He is so fond of this particular cowboy that he would like to keep him in the family. He figured out the easiest way would be for the cowboy to marry his Aunt Cis.

"Of course," he told her patronizingly, "as long as I'm around you won't need anyone else, but if anything should happen to me, it would be a good idea for you to marry him so he could take care of you."

"Taking care" of his aunt is a responsibility that Freddie doesn't take lightly. When she suggested that she would learn to drive the new car, Freddie objected.

"It's not a woman's work," he protested so vigorously that the idea was given up.

He not only takes care of his Aunt but his two sisters, Eileen and Hilda, as well. When a recent court order made his Aunt Cis his sole guardian, Freddie promised to contribute to the support of his sisters, who are living in England.

In spite of his tender years, he is doing a man's work in that he supports his relatives, and he feels his responsibilities keenly. His tutor declares him to be an excellent student and far ahead of the school standard fixed for a boy his age. It is safe to say that regardless of what profession he chooses after he is grown, he will be no ordinary man. In fact, right now he is a most remarkable fellow!

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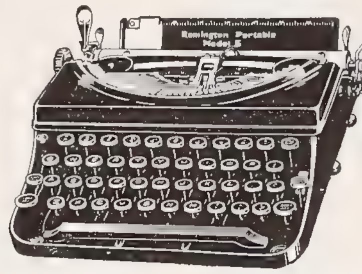

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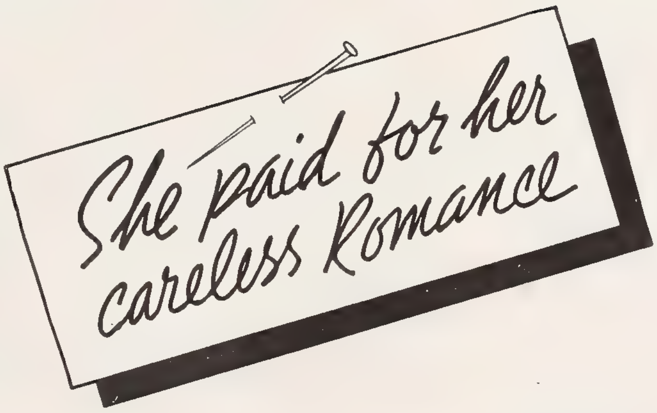

Her wedding eve! How could she know that one last fling could end in disaster for herself and all who loved her?

Iris, alone at last with Don, was suddenly terrified. His hand slid along the railing and rested upon her own. She drew hers away with a little cry, then laughed tremulously to hide her perturbation.

"Moonlight does tricks with one's emotions," he said huskily, as though he had not noticed her gesture.

Standing there beside him, so tall, so capable of carrying all her burdens, she felt an almost ungovernable desire to tell him the truth and let him decide what she must do.

Suddenly she was crying softly, tearlessly, held close in his arms. It swept over her just how glorious it could be if she dared relax, dared let herself be attracted by this man who so obviously was attracted to her. She closed her eyes to stifle the thought of the beauty of what might have been and what never could be now! What desperate thing stood between Iris and Don?

What dark secret of her past was forever to darken their lives, their love?

BEULAH POYNTER will tell you in her new novel

"FIND THAT WOMAN!"

Read it in the January Issue

SWEETHEART STORIES

Why Men Fall For Miriam Hopkins

(*Continued from page 33*)

easily amused. And she lets the menfolk putter around the kitchen, appealing to their vanity, if not their stomachs, by complimenting their efforts. She's frank—doesn't put on any act about "simply loving housework," but can do it when she has to. And makes a great appeal to the paternal instinct by her enthusiasm for her adopted son.

It was at this point that the butler brought in a messenger boy with a note for Miss Hopkins. When she had read it, the youngster asked, in a scared, awe-struck voice, "Wouldya mind writin' your name on the envelope for me, Miss?"

Miriam smiled and shook her head, "Oh, that's not good enough for *you,*" she said. "What's your name?"

"Joe," he said.

She went to the desk and hunted through it. "Sorry, but I can't find a photograph. Maybe this'll do. . . ." She took one of her letterheads and scribbled Joe a note on it, gave it to him.

The boy—he was about seventeen—was too happy to thank her. He grinned from ear to ear and kept saying, "Gee—oh, gee!" to himself as he stumbled out. Stumbled is the word, because he couldn't take his eyes off the note, and very nearly fell down the stairs. He was the happiest kid in the western hemisphere.

YOU see, Miriam doesn't divide people into two classes—those who can be of use to her and those who can't—as some stars do. She won't bother with a bore whose only recommendation is that he's a "big shot." Conversely, she never looks upon anyone as an "inferior" just because he happens to have a prosaic job. She and her colored maid hold long conversations, and the maid, together with her large brood of children, is permitted to live in the house while Miriam is in Hollywood.

Her French chef is another of her good friends. She even lets him teach her his native tongue, much to his delight. And Michael's nurse, an astrology fan, gets a couple of extra nights off every week to go star-gazing, after which Miss Hopkins practises horoscopy with her. Miriam gets a big kick out of casual conversation with taxi drivers and elevator men, too. "They're more interesting than some of my friends," she says. "I think anyone whose work brings him into contact with large numbers of people accumulates a lot of interesting conversation.

"For that matter, the quiet little fellow who sits in a corner by himself at a party is likely to be the most interesting man in the room. You don't have to be somebody who does important things to be interesting. The world needs people who appreciate art and music and literature and all those things, as well as people who create them.

"I like to talk to people, and I like to listen. No, I don't play bridge or golf. I haven't time for the practise they require. I like to walk, to read, to play tennis, to dance and to listen to music. I like parties, but I detest people who're the life of the party. They're a terrible strain on everyone else. I don't think much of parlor games and intelligence tests, either, because the dullest people usually seem to win. Show-offs of any sort are very trying.

"If I like people, I like them for themselves, not for what they've done or what they own. Most of my friends aren't in pictures—they're in all walks of life. People who are well informed and alert are always good company, no matter what their occupation is. They have something to say instead of just a lot of words. I loathe people who are deliberately 'arty'."

NOW, looking over this little speech of Miriam's, we can find a few more clews to her charm. She likes to listen as well as talk. She appreciates people for what they really are, and if she doesn't like them, she won't be bothered. Sure, she's frank about it; maybe that's how she got a reputation for being rude because plenty of people have told me that she can be most unpleasant upon occasion.

But rumors of that sort can spring from truly trivial incidents. For example, while I was with her she received a phone call from someone who wanted her to pose for a publicity picture, stepping into an airplane with a sleeping suit for Baby Michael under her arm. "No," she said into the transmitter, "he doesn't wear that sort of suit and it wouldn't be fair to make people think he does. I'm sorry, but I can't do it."

Probably the press agent whose request she refused will tell how he was high-hatted by the "snooty" Miss Hopkins. But you and I know better; we know that she wouldn't go for the stunt (which, incidentally, would have gotten her picture into lots of newspapers and magazines) because she didn't want to fool people. Sure, she's endorsed things. A leading brand of cigarettes, for instance. But when she smokes, which is seldom, that's the brand she really uses.

And men do like honesty in their women.

Just to check up and see whether the conversation was as revealing as I thought, I went to see three men who know her—men who have been her friends for several years. Their names don't matter, and I'm leaving them out because rumors concerning Hollywood stars' affections grow so rapidly, even when utterly unfounded.

Man Number One, a writer, said, "We've been friends for a mighty long time and still I don't know Miriam. She's unpredictable. You never know what she's going to say or do. I've never tried to analyze it before, but if I must pick one quality which has particularly fascinated me, it's that she's never tiresome."

Said Man Number Two, a business man, "She's sympathetic and understanding. She's always willing to listen to your troubles as well as to your triumphs. She's not just a fair weather friend, in fact, I think she's even nicer to people when they're having setbacks than just after they've experienced some particular success. After all, it's when you're in trouble that a woman's sympathy counts most."

(Maybe that's the "inside" on the story about the writer who is said to have been snubbed when he phoned to tell about selling his play.)

And Man Number Three, a movie director, added, "I like Miriam because she doesn't put on an act. She's always herself. Sometimes she may not be in as amiable a mood as at other times, but she's no hypocrite. She doesn't go temperamental, either—no scenes. If she's tired and wants to be left alone, she says so. The rest of the time, she's mighty good company."

(How does that fit in with the yacht ride story?)

So, ladies, if you're the Miriam Hopkins type, which means an average American girl, not especially beautiful, but no eyesore, either, you might take a few leaves from her book. It seems to work.

You don't need to have the disposition of an angel all the time. Apparently men get even more enthralled when they don't know whether you're going to be nice to them or not. Perhaps it's because they like to recall when somebody else couldn't get along with you that they get a big kick out of a few kind words.

Most of the heroines of literature had their whims and their moods—their spells of not wanting to bother with anybody and their pleasure in talking to the Charcoal Burner's third assistant.

Maybe it's because Miriam brings these fairy princesses to life that she has captivated almost every man who has met her.

Maybe it's because they never know how she's going to treat them.

Maybe it's because she's thoughtful of them, sometimes—maybe because she has a wide variety of interests—maybe because she seems to be brimming over with vitality.

They're all good ideas.

Why not try 'em and see how they work—for you?

Miriam Hopkins with two amused escorts. The one on the left is Max Ree, costume designer, and the other is Sam Wasson.

The Modern Hostess

(*Continued from page 9*)

recipes for both kinds.

CRANBERRY SAUCE

2 cups cranberries
1 cup sugar
½ cup boiling water

Pick over and wash cranberries carefully. Place sugar and water in saucepan and boil for ten minutes. Add cranberries and cook them gently in the syrup for twenty minutes longer. Store away in sterilized jars until ready to use.

CRANBERRY JELLY

4 cups cranberries
2 cups boiling water
2 cups sugar

Pick over and wash cranberries carefully. Place berries in saucepan, add water and boil twenty minutes. Press the berries through a sieve. Add sugar and cook gently 5 minutes longer. Pour into molds or jelly glasses. For a novel way of serving cranberry jelly cut molded jelly into thin slices, then cut slices into fancy shapes with cooky cutters.

While Reta Beery is busy in the kitchen with the turkey or cranberries, blonde Carol Ann (domestically attired in one of the little hand-embroidered peasant aprons that she and Wally bought in Germany on their recent European trip) busily takes care of her own small chores in a corner of the kitchen. Like all youngsters she loves to cut out cookies—hearts and diamonds, bunny rabbits, birds and Christmas trees! But on the day I visited there she was busy with blunt shears snipping marshmallows for the confection that the Beerys have named "Carol Ann Date Loaf" in her honor. It is a wholesome dainty which other children besides Carol Ann will love. Mothers will like it, too, for it involves not one bit of baking. Here is the recipe:

CAROL ANN DATE LOAF

15 graham crackers
20 marshmallows, cut into small pieces
1 package pasteurized, pitted dates, chopped fine
1 cup walnut meats, chopped fine
⅓ cup cream

Put crackers through food grinder or roll out to make fine crumbs. Reserve ¼ cup crumbs. Combine remaining crumbs with cut marshmallows, chopped dates and chopped walnuts. Moisten mixture with cream. Blend all together thoroughly. Form into a roll and cover with remaining ¼ cup crumbs. Wrap in wax paper and store in refrigerator several hours or over night. Serve in thin slices with whipped cream.

Of course the Beerys will have dozens and dozens of Christmas cookies besides those that Carol Ann has the patience to cut out herself. There will be the hard, spicy, brown, sugared *Pfeffernuesse*, made in strictest accordance with an old German recipe, and *Mandelkranze*—little cooky rings that all youngsters will adore. These are displayed on the Beerys' long buffet which is further loaded with fruits, nuts, candies and noggins of egg nog. You may have recipes for these cookies, you know, if you would like to have them.

Another Beery Holiday Special for the children of the party will be Honey Cake which originated in Hungary, but for which Reta Beery now has the recipe. You, too, can make this delicious nut and honey treat by sending for the leaflet.

On Christmas morning, big, bluff, Wally has his domestic stint to do, too, for someone has to make that traditional Christmas beverage, egg nog. So Wally, with the aid of the butler, summons up milk, cognac, rum, eggs and pulverized sugar and sets to work. Wouldn't we all love to be there to sample the results with him! However, if you have a man under your roof-tree perhaps you would like to have Wallace Beery's egg nog recipe so that your own lord and master can try his hand at making it. That recipe, also, is included in the leaflet.

Doubtless the most welcome of all the recipes, however, will be the one for Reta's Pumpkin Walnut Pie. Several of these pies will be safely stored away as the perfect Christmas dinner dessert, when the Beery's start their day of celebration by opening the packages under the tree. Even little Carol Ann is allowed to have a wee sliver of Pumpkin Walnut Pie on Christmas. And, of course, she'll have a generous piece of turkey for that is a delicacy which tickles her palate as well as Wally's. In fact on December 25th Carol Ann's usually simple eating schedule will be disregarded completely and she will be allowed to sample small portions of each and every item of the feast.

"I want a bag of toys, some easy little songs and a piano," she told Santa's emissary, Wallace Beery, the other day. She is a cute and wise little youngster, this little blonde darling who dominates the affections of the entire Beery household.

But on Christmas day all thoughts of careers will be forgotten in the delights of Reta Beery's bounteous dinner . . . the table fairly groaning under the weight of the succulent turkey with its steaming, nutty stuffing, the shimmering cranberry jelly, the mounds of vegetables, the plates of delicacies and finally the spicy golden pies, crowned with walnuts! While on the sideboard, squares of Honey Cake and plates heaped high with cookies will tempt flagging appetites. Mrs. Beery's recipes for the holiday fare I have described are so delicious that you, too, would enjoy sitting down at your own festive board to partake of one or all of her famous specialties.

You've already guessed, if you don't already know, that all you have to do to get copies of these recipes is to ask for them! The Beery recipe leaflet is absolutely *free* and the coupon will bring you your set promptly.

So here's wishing you all a Merry Christmas, with Reta Beery's recipes for Turkey Stuffing, Honey Cake, Egg Nog, Pumpkin Walnut Pie and two kinds of cookies to make it merrier!

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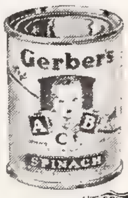

Who Will Be Hollywood's Jenny Lind?

(*Continued from page 31*)

star instead in "Maytime," which Jeanette MacDonald spurned. Thus the lovely golden-haired star has won another round from her opponent!

But Miss MacDonald's troubles are not yet over, for she now has a rival right on her home lot, in the person of young Marion Talley, Metropolitan soprano. When two prima donnas are under contract to one company there is bound to be fireworks and tight competition. For, eventually, the most popular one will get the choice singing parts. Miss MacDonald has no way of telling just how Miss Talley will strike the public's fancy. She does know that the young newcomer from opera is to be given a big build-up under Leo, the Lion's trademark, with her first picture, "Tales of Hoffman," already announced as the vehicle for her debut. It seems Miss MacDonald will have war not only outside of her own gates, but perhaps revolution at home.

And Miss Talley—new to Hollywood, inexperienced in the tricks of movie technique, at the mercy of the camera—surely realizes, too, that she will be compelled to vie with Jeanette MacDonald's popularity if she wishes to capture for herself the rich rewards of a permanent place in the Hollywood sun. In order to do so she must submit to the Hollywood machine, and make herself over from the buxom, wholesome lady that she is into a creature of celluloid, equally as enticing and glamorous as Jeanette MacDonald. She must learn from the beginning that not only must she be superior in voice, but in acting as well. The motion picture is a visual art. A vocal conquest is only half a victory. It is a lesson which even Miss MacDonald had to learn when she gave up Broadway for Hollywood to play in "The Vagabond Lover."

As the new season progresses the well established thrones of Jeanette MacDonald and Grace Moore totter while Hollywood waits to witness the initial motion picture appearances of Lily Pons and Gladys Swarthout, the two latest contenders for the queen's crown. Miss Swarthout's first picture, "Rose of the Rancho," a musical adaptation of the famous Belasco play, has just been released and Miss Pons' cinema operetta, "I Dream Too Much," also reaches movie audiences at the same time. They have been released almost simultaneously to an eagerly waiting public, already educated by the far reaching voice of radio to expect only the best from these two divas.

Swarthout and Pons are certain to put a dent in Grace Moore's spectacular success. Miss Moore, up until this time, has had the operatic field in pictures exclusively to herself, having been the first of the Metropolitan stars to transfer her talents to the screen. Already she has thrilled audiences the world over with her silver-sheet renditions of the best arias from "Madame Butterfly" and "La Boheme."

Miss Swarthout, like Miss Moore, is an American-born artiste. She brings to the screen a type of American beauty such as one might find in any community in the United States. Besides she has in her favor a more youthful appearance than her competitors, a singing voice said by music critics to be of the finest quality, and a physical make-up which will not limit her to a characteristic role. Photographically she is declared by her cameramen to be an almost perfect screen subject. Generally, she might be safely catalogued as being much like Grace Moore in temperament, personal history and talent. Comparisons between them will be inevitable.

The petite Pons on the other hand is as far removed from Grace Moore as Janet Gaynor is when compared with Garbo. Pons, in truth, is a veritable singing Gaynor. Her dainty loveliness, doll-like figure and dark comeliness made her the most individual prima donna in the world of opera, just as they will do in motion pictures. Added to the asset of possessing a tone quality proclaimed the world over for its bell-like clearness, she has also the aura of glamor. Swarthout and Pons may be considered rivals only vocally, but their screen personalities will set them worlds apart. Perhaps that is why they continue to be such good friends. On Lily Pons' arrival in Hollywood Gladys Swarthout threw an elaborate party in her honor at which Grace Moore was conspicuously absent.

Together, Moore, Swarthout and Pons are the symbols of the new transition that has come over opera in the last half decade. Their beauty, svelte figures, chic style and adaptability to the demands of modern audiences outdate and outmode such earlier favorites of the gilded Opera Houses as Melba, Mary Garden and Geraldine Farrar. Through the influence of Hollywood they have made avoirdupois an obsolete charm. Buxom Carmens are no longer tolerated. Audiences laugh at two-hundred-pound Manons and any Madame Butterfly who cannot fit into a kimono designed for a girlish figure is taboo, no matter how golden her voice.

Yet Jeritza (now the wife of the film chief, Winfield Sheehan), who is by no means a slight woman, looms upon the Hollywood horizon as the next great opera star to cast her lot with the cinema. Strangely enough, Madame Jeritza's chances for success in the new medium are more than favorable. It may be sacrilege and almost impudent to suggest, but the blonde Viennese songbird could easily be ballyhooed into a grand opera version of our own Mae West!

She has the same type of "Floradora" figure, the identical buxom lustiness, and a corresponding flair for buoyant portrayal. Even in coloring, they are enough alike to be unmistakably related to the same species of feminine beauty. Can you think of any other prima donna who could successfully suggest "Diamond Lil" if that infamous lady were suddenly made the chief heroine of a Grand Opera? Her success might be as phenomenal as Mae West's. There would be no question of competition, because in such characterizations, set to music, Jeritza would rule in a realm of her own, the undisputed queen of a new kind of operatic treatment.

Another lovely Viennese singer comes to us in the person of Marta Eggerth, who arrived on these shores recently to star in a series of Universal operettas. Miss Eggerth, originally from Budapest, has been prominent in Continental music circles since she was twelve. At twenty-five she comes to Hollywood a full-fledged star equipped to challenge the supremacy of all comers. Paris, London, Berlin, Budapest and Vienna have all acclaimed her. Now she is ready for the conquest of larger worlds via the far reaching magic of the screen. In this country she is chiefly noted for her work opposite Jan Kiepura (to whom she is rumored married), and for her splendid singing performance in the Schubert film, "Unfinished Symphony." While she may not achieve first place as the "Jenny Lind of Hollywood," it would be hard to find any singer better suited to play Lind on the screen. Eggerth is excitingly reminiscent of the Swedish Nightingale.

Meanwhile the Paramount lot has become sort of a camping ground for operatic divas. Gladys Swarthout, Mary Ellis and Kitty Carlisle are already parked there, with Helen Jepson moving in and Jeritza reported on her way. Any Paramount executive, six months from now, will be able to answer intelligently the question, "Are prima donnas temperamental?"

How do some of the lesser ladies of the high C's rate on the Hollywood stockboard of popularity? Mary Ellis, the original Broadway "Rose Marie," and a recruit from Covent Garden in London, has made two Paramount pictures, but so far has failed to cause Grace Moore or Jeanette MacDonald the least misgivings. Kitty Carlisle got off to a swell start, but failed to get the right roles. She deserves something better than a lead opposite Bing Crosby. Perhaps her role in the Marx Brothers' musical, "A Night at the Opera," in which she sings several operatic numbers straight, may give her the momentum she needs to make her a real competitor for first honors. Irene Dunne, who has used her singing voice too infrequently on the screen, will this year devote her talents almost exclusively to musical pictures. After "Magnificent Obsession" she will play Magnolia in "Show Boat," recreating the role which brought her into the limelight when the late Ziegfeld presented her in the same piece on Broadway. Some of the most beautiful and beloved American melodies are in this show. It should send Irene's stock soaring. Later this season Jessie Matthews will be over from London to make musicals for M-G-M. If she can repeat the success she achieved for herself abroad, she will be tops. Jane Froman of radio and Broadway musical comedy, is Warner Brothers' contribution to the contest.

At no time in the world's history has so much musical talent been gathered together in one place as there is in Hollywood this year—singers, composers, musical directors, music teachers of renown. Scheduled on producers' programs are films depicting the lives and careers of such great music masters as Victor Herbert, Beethoven, Wagner, Schubert, Chopin. Hollywood is to be turned into a gigantic music box.

Lovers of opera think of Gatti-Casazza, the grand old man of opera, who organized the Metropolitan and guided its destiny for thirty years, and shake their heads with pity. Poor Gatti-Casazza, no wonder he retired. They're canning opera now. You'll be able to see Grace Moore in "Girl of the Golden West" and Lawrence Tibbett in "Pagliacci" on a double bill for fifteen cents! But they are probably wrong. No doubt the old man's heart is filled with joy at the thought that at last these masterpieces have been made available for the great masses who could rarely afford a seat in the Opera House. He, too, is probably sitting back serenely in his study wondering which one of his children will become the Jenny Lind of the screen. Will it be Grace Moore, or Lily Pons, or Gladys Swarthout? Will it be the new Helen Jepson? Or will it be some unknown who has never even seen the inside of an Opera House?

Don't Marry a Marx Brother!

(*Continued from page 43*)

would be good at it, if he only tried, asked him to take her dancing. With an unusual display of willingness for one who habitually loathes such a pastime, Groucho consented.

But once seated on the edge of the dance floor, he refused to budge from the table. Fox-trot after fox-trot was played and he stubbornly stuck to his chair. However, when the orchestra struck up a tango, Groucho, who had never, in his life, danced one, jumped to his feet as he shouted, "Ah, *that's* what I've been waiting for!" and whirled an astonished mate about the room.

None of the other guests tangoed. To his joy, no one else rose. This rare opportunity for exhibitionism could not be overlooked, not by a Marx brother. Holding Ruth at arm's length, Groucho stared soulfully into her eyes as he performed a burlesque version of the dance. Mortified, she begged him to quit and quietly return to their table. His answer was a devilish grin. So, uncomfortably conscious of spectators convulsed by his antics, Ruth Marx was obliged to finish the number. She is convinced that it was the longest tango ever played.

GROUCHO fails to simplify the servant problem. Once, when their trunks arrived from the Coast, and a new maid, not knowing how much to tip, asked him what she should give the expressman, he airily suggested she give him the piano.

He answers the telephone himself, but disguises his voice, pretending to be a colored maid, and not a bright one. After discovering the caller's identity, Groucho, according to his mood, does one of three things: either he swears Mr. Marx fled the city, or he solemnly assures a shocked party that Mr. Marx just passed away; on occasion he becomes extremely polite, promises to fetch Mr. Marx, pauses, takes a deep breath, and then continues in his own voice. Servants do not like this. It gets them nervous.

The business of success makes it impossible for the Marxes to live in one locality. Actors out of work can loaf by the year on Forty-seventh Street, but box-office names must travel wherever their efforts send them. When the Marx Brothers had established themselves on Broadway, Groucho bought a house in Great Neck. No sooner did he settle his family there than Hollywood called. They leased the Great Neck residence and departed for California, where Groucho invested in another home. Then radio demands meant New York again, and now "A Night at the Opera" has swept them back to California.

In this picture the Marxes did something never attempted by Hollywood comedians. Before filming the production they took it on the road as a legitimate show. "Because," says Groucho, "no matter what we may think is funny, we can't really tell until we try it out. We let the audience decide upon our gags."

Supporting the Marxes in "A Night at the Opera" are those three Broadway singers, Alan Jones, Kitty Carlisle and Walter King. And, of course, Margaret Dumont, the perennial butt of their screen jokes. For the past nine years she has patiently stood for their on and off-stage humor. Groucho loves to pull chairs from under leading ladies. So Margaret Dumont can sympathize with the Marx friends and relatives.

Prior to the Great Neck days, the Marxes terrified their Broadway colleagues. It was a complicated job. One of them would date an unsuspecting friend. This being the prohibition era, another brother suggested visiting a speakeasy, and all drove down deserted streets to a warehouse near the East River. If the victim timidly inquired whether they knew where they were going, the Marxes quieted his fears. Arriving at the warehouse, they knocked at a door, flung open by a shirtless gentleman resembling Mr. Eugene O'Neill's "Hairy Ape." Matters were made more enticing by his right arm which brandished a thick club. As soon as he gruffly ushered them into a small ante-chamber, the lights went out, giving the Marxes opportunity to run into an adjoining room, where, from a transom, they could watch what happened.

Their friend was left alone with a supposedly crazy man, who shouted the police were coming, and waving the club, ordered

You've heard Eddie Duchin's orchestra on the radio many times but now you're going to see it, too. Here's Eddie with Bennie Bartlett as they appear in "Coronado."

BRIGHT EYE DEAS by Jane Heath

Is THERE some one for whose benefit you'd like to look especially lovely, evenings, in your lamp-lit living-room? Then this simple experiment may give you a brand-new idea on how to do it:

Just arrange your lamplight—make up your face as usual (omitting all eye make-up to start with). Then take your KURLASH and curl the lashes of one eye. Touch them with LASHTINT. And shade the same eyelid with a little SHADETTE. Now—inspect your face closely in a hand mirror, as the light falls across it. One side will seem softer, clearer, more subtly colored. Because the eye you have beautified looks larger, brighter, with longer, darker lashes. That's eye beauty! You'll never neglect it—or KURLASH—the little gadget that curls lashes without heat, cosmetics, or practice. ($1 at good stores.)

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him to make believe he was a lot of people. Shaking, the friend obeyed, dancing and singing until the Marxes were sufficiently amused and allowed him to escape.

Afterwards they would tell him the truth. The warehouse belonged to a man they knew, and, for his efforts, they paid the dramatic caretaker a salary which went towards sending his son through college!

AT a party given by Sam Harris, Groucho left the room and surreptitiously covered his fingers with burnt cork. Returning, he suggested an "original" game called, "Pinchy-Winchy."

"We all sit in a circle on the floor. And saying 'Pinchy-Winchy,' I pinch the cheeks of the man next to me. He, in turn, pinches the cheeks of the person next to him, and so on. Then we go to someone else's house, pick up more people, and do it again!" explained Groucho.

Of course, the man seated near Groucho unknowingly came away with a black face. When the group migrated to another house his face became blacker. And he could not understand why the rest kept laughing at what seemed to him a dull game.

During their first Hollywood sojourn, the Groucho Marxes planned a harmless evening at the movies, and they left, in their home, a guest, Arthur Sheekman, who was writing material for Groucho's radio programs.

Hardly had they gone when the telephone rang and a man, saying he represented "The Southern California Water Supply Company," informed Mr. Sheekman that, by morning, all water would be shut off, and suggested he fill the tubs. When Ruth and Groucho returned, Mr. Sheekman had gallantly filled every available vessel.

It was not until late the following day that they, along with other residents of the section, discovered this alarm had been one of Zeppo Marx's ideas.

The average in-law problems are nothing compared to the daily entanglements facing Ruth Marx. The brothers take turns telephoning her, and in falsetto tones, successfully imitate a despised lady cousin.

And while "The Cocoanuts" was running on Broadway, brother-in-law Chico put over one of his jokes. Ruth had sent a friend of hers, a dignified lady, backstage. Chico kindly offered to see that the visitor received a good orchestra seat. Writing something on the back of her card, and telling her to present it to the manager, he bowed graciously. The lady, never glancing at Chico's penciled scrawl, handed the card to the manager, who, upon reading it, furiously ordered her out of the theatre. It was months before she would speak to Ruth. Up to date, Chico has refused to reveal the contents of his message.

HARPO, whose silence has proved so golden, is the brother with but one trick. He performs it in his usual thorough fashion. He finds it difficult to remember names. Being a bachelor he has a series of lady friends, but whether the current sweetheart is American or foreign born, actress, writer or heiress, to Harpo, she is Miss Benson. And wherever he takes her, she is known as Miss Benson. This involves matters. Ruth, inviting him and his current girl-friend to a party, is obliged to introduce the guests to a Miss Benson, although, in that very month, she may have had them meet half a dozen ladies bearing the same name.

No doubt the Marxes inherit their gift for nonsense. Al Shean of that famous team "Gallagher and Shean," is an uncle. Their father too, was noted for his repartee.

I remember talking to the elder Marx, and commenting on the smartness of his attire. He winked in appreciation as he said, "Why shouldn't I look stylish! I have on Harpo's hat, Groucho's coat, Chico's gloves, and I'm carrying Zeppo's cane!"

Zeppo, who has given up the screen to turn his talents to being an author-and-actor agent, was the first Marx to meet Ruth. He invited her to watch their act. At the stage door she was introduced to Groucho, who carried a guitar plus numerous packages. Upon meeting Ruth, his initial words were, "I think I'll get married so I can have someone to carry my packages."

Ten weeks later they were married.

Groucho bought an automobile and they took a motor-trip honeymoon, driving from the west to keep a vaudeville engagement in the east. He neglected to inform his bride of one drawback. Until that moment he had never driven a car.

For awhile the jaunt went smoothly, but, reaching the mountains, Ruth held her breath as the auto, with uncontrollable speed scooted downhill. Her groom, not knowing what to do, had slipped the gears into neutral!

The car had no license plates. Groucho declared they would buy them when they reached New York. Enroute they were arrested and fined.

Groucho remained firm. "We'll get them in New York. We've been pinched once. It can't happen again."

But it did. The place was Canton, Ohio. Ruth waited outside while Groucho was hauled into the station house. She waited and waited, only to discover that the authorities had thrown her groom in jail.

Groucho loves to amuse his children. Just before bedtime he tells Miriam, the youngest, such mirth-provoking stories that, afterwards, Ruth has difficulty persuading her to sleep.

And when the Marxes were engaged for a chain broadcast Groucho wanted to try out the material at home. It was to this scheme that Ruth put a stop. Her argument was sound. "We couldn't listen to the same program all week, and on Sunday nights, too!"

But she must have smiled when she said that, for summing it up, she admits that the jokes and laughter of a husband and in-laws, although occasionally exasperating, are preferable to the troubles of the average complaining relative.

Here Comes the Bride!

(*Continued from page 17*)

and I did not want to do it until some of the excitement about our rumored secret marriage had quieted down.

"My desire was to do it as quietly as possible and the actual ceremony was quiet, despite all the fuss that had gone before."

The joy reflected in Joan's face is all you need to tell you what complete happiness is hers at last. As for Franchot, he goes about beaming on the world like the traditional bridegroom.

Both Joan and Franchot swore that there would be no interviews after their wedding. So this is not an official interview, but rather Joan's first chat with me, one of her closest friends, in an endeavor to sift rumor from fact. Here are the answers to those questions you have asked.

Question one, as to why Joan decided to risk marriage a second time, is answered.

Question two, concerning their future plans are about like this: Joan's home in Brentwood is being remodeled, once more, and they will live there together. Both have the feeling that this marriage is beautifully permanent because they have been in love so long. They have proven their enormous compatibility. For three years they have been friends and in three years a woman can test a man's loyalty and, in turn, will reveal her own heart and soul.

And now for the wedding itself. For months before it, the wildest rumors had been printed. No one was to be convinced that they were not married already. And no one would believe that (supposing they weren't married) definite plans had not been made.

BOTH of these rumors were wrong. They had, for the past year, discussed marriage—as two people as much in love as Joan and Franchot inevitably would do. But no plans were made. Vague plans for a wedding in New York, when both came to the city to broadcast over the radio, had been discussed.

Then the newspapers jumped in, making premature announcements. Joan was furious about this, since she had wanted to tell her own news, so—much to Franchot's sorrow—Joan said there would be no marriage for . . . well, she didn't know how long.

And then the gossip quieted down. The reporters gave up their little game of chasing Crawford—Franchot saw his opportunity and so on Friday, October 11, they were married in Englewood, N. J.

Nick Schenck, the producer, and Leo Friedman arranged the details and went with them. Joan wore a black suit, a red blouse and a little red hat.

At noon it was over and the very small wedding party drove back to New York, where they dropped the bride off at the Columbia Broadcasting station and she rehearsed all afternoon for the radio broadcast she gave the following Monday.

"I don't know how I ever got through that rehearsal," Joan told me. "Certainly my mind wasn't on the script from which I read. And somehow the words I said, for the character I played (Mary Turner in 'Within the Law') were absolutely meaningless. I had been terribly calm at the wedding, but at the rehearsal a sort of reaction set in. My knees shook and my voice trembled. And it kept up all afternoon. And when it was over, I was so tired that I hardly could keep my eyes open through dinner."

Not even Franchot's family knew of the wedding!

Strange—isn't it?—when you think of all the elaborate weddings that Joan has acted in pictures, with the bride all done up in hundreds of yards of Adrian wedding veils, with studio orchestras playing the Wedding March and with extra-girl bridesmaids thick as whipped cream . . . strange that her own wedding should have been so quiet, so simple and that, instead of going honeymooning in a yacht (as she usually does in pictures) she spent the afternoon at work.

And now they are married and their many fans wish them happiness.

Ruby Keeler is still enough of a kid to get a kick out of coasting, especially when she gets within shouting distance of some snow.

Four Dancing Feet . . .

(*Continued from page 35*)

we took that bike to school with us. We couldn't get out quickly enough. I held the bicycle while Ruby got on, and that's the last I saw of her until I finally reached her house, way up on 70th Street.

"Does that make it sound as if Ruby were selfish? I can answer that one, if anybody needs the answer. This girl somehow always found time to be doing things for someone else, even though she had her little sisters and brother to take care of. I told you Ruby had a system, a system that let her do housework, take care of the children, go to dancing school and always have plenty of time to play.

"Ruby was always doing things for the little kids of the neighborhood, and, by golly, there were a hundred of them within a cat's-throw of where she lived. There were so many they used to play out in the street in turns.

"Once in a while Ruby would get a dime for doing something extra nice for someone, and then we'd have a soda. And I mean *we*, because so many kids would have straws in the glass it would look like a pin cushion.

RUBY couldn't help being generous, with the dad she had. He was an iceman, with a chipping complex. We kids used to pile on his wagon during the hot days and eat the chipped ice. When he cut the big blocks of ice, he always did a lot more chipping than was necessary, so we could have our percentage.

"Ruby was awfully funny in school, in her quiet way. I remember once when we had to write an essay on some experience we would like to have, and Ruby wrote about going backstage and meeting a famous stage manager. She said his name was Mitchell, and that he thought her taps were simply wonderful. And, believe me, she put so much Irish palaver in it that some of us thought it had really happened.

"In those days Ruby and I would often go to her home after school. And walking from dancing school on 51st and Broadway to Ruby's tenement on 70th Street was no refreshing stroll. Of course, we bummed rides and 'flipped' trucks some of the time, and occasionally we went on the subway. But that was *occasionally*. Nickels were few and far between in the Keeler and Kelly families, and I guess our folks figured that if we had so much confidence in our feet, we could use them for transportation.

"But when we did ride on the subway I'd get a thrill out of how people, especially men, would turn and look at Ruby. She was such an attractive girl and she had such beautiful legs.

"You can't imagine how gorgeous she was as a very young girl. Her eyes were even more expressive than they are now. You'd feel you could almost see her heart through them. She had eyelashes you could use for bangs.

"Although she was the star pupil at

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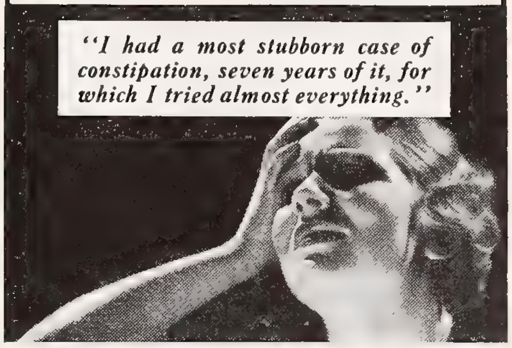

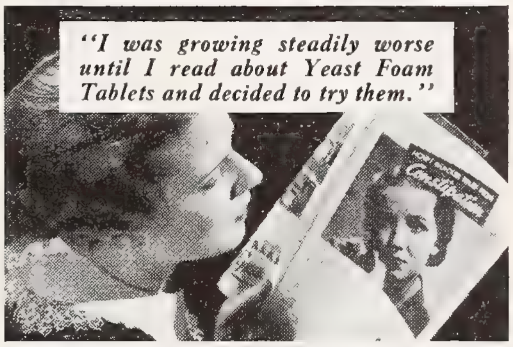

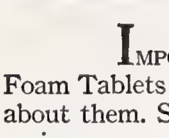

dancing school as a kid, and though she danced fifty per cent better than most of the men, she always hung back. In school we would all try to get her to dance, but she would beg off, saying one of the others could do it a lot better. You could always find her back in a corner, just a shy kid.

THEN I became instructor in tap dancing at Jack Blue's dancing school. I was only twelve, and naturally thought I was not so bad. I began getting ambitious until somebody coaxed Ruby out of the corner one day. I took one good look at her going to town, and then threw my dancing shoes out the window.

"Ruby and I appeared together in Jack Blue's Foolish Follies, and although we used to make only a few dollars a week, she always sent most of it to her family. She figured that while we were playing the towns around New York, going to such places as Asbury Park, and Atlantic City, we were having such a glorious picnic that the kids back home ought to get a break, too. Ruby's family always came before herself—and it still does.

"Then Ruby got a job in the chorus of George M. Cohan's 'The Rise of Rosy O'Reilly' and was making about fifty dollars a week, at the age of thirteen. At fourteen she was working on the Strand Roof. That's something for the kids of today to think about!

"Up to that time Ruby had been used to going without just about everything a girl would like, and I've seen her hungry more than once, though she was so quiet and game she'd never mention a word of it. But don't picture her as a timid, frightened little waif of the cruel streets. She was happy all the time. She loved her crowded home and the flocks of kids that lived all around her. She loved to dance, and at home they were always pulling her out of some corner or other, where she was practising steps when she should have been out in the fresh air.

"She was always a favorite at the night clubs, and smart Texas Guinan realized that this sweet kid, with her grave, innocent manner and her marvelous dancing ability, was going to be a gold mine for her. But if anybody had attempted to take liberties with Ruby, Tex would have swarmed all over him."

And that seems to be the history of Ruby Keeler's night club experience. She was always treated with the greatest consideration and she always had a perfectly wonderful time.

To have spoken out of turn to Ruby in the famous El Fey Club, the hottest night club and swankiest speakeasy in New York, was recognized by the wise ones as a short cut to disaster.

"Then," continued Patsy, "Ruby kept on climbing, but never changing. She got up into the five-hundred-dollar-a-week class and then married Al Jolson.

HOLLYWOOD came next, with '42nd Street' and then her great hit in 'The Gold Diggers.'

"All this time I was still in the east, working in this show and that. Of course, I hadn't written to her. It's like pulling teeth for me to write anyhow. Then it got so I was half afraid to write for, with such success, maybe, heaven forgive the thought, she had changed. And how I hated to think anything would spoil Ruby!

"Then came the opening of 'The Gold Diggers' and Ruby was the talk of New York. A few days later I happened to be walking down Broadway, near Forty-sixth Street. Suddenly I heard someone calling me from the other side of the street. I looked and saw Ruby waving to me and running across the street toward me.

"Boy, it was a relief to see her risking her neck in that traffic, and I felt a lump of shame come into my throat. For a minute I just couldn't say anything. Then I blurted:

"'Well, Ruby, things have certainly changed. I—I think you're swell.'

"She gave me a quick, understanding look and shrugged her shoulders. 'Don't be silly, I don't feel any different. Come on, let's get something to eat nearby.'

"So we went over to a tea room—no swanky restaurant for Ruby—and had a sandwich. We got talking about things in general, and Ruby was back in her old corner again, claiming that she simply had had some lucky breaks.

"What's happened since then I guess the movie fans know a lot better than I do, except perhaps they don't know that she is the same big-eyed Ethel Hilda Keeler that I first met when we were barely old enough to start school and she was experimenting with her first dance steps.

"At heart the Ruby Keeler I played with in 'Go Into Your Dance' is the same girl that I used to 'flip' trucks with back on Third Avenue when our feet got tired of trying to wear out the sidewalks."

And the much-in-demand new comedy queen of the movies, Patsy Kelly, half closed her eyes, looking back into the past. Seeing her at the moment you forget the swaggering, devil-may-care chorus gal who's had the biggest studios in filmdom bidding against one another for her services, and you see a woman lost in memories.

A half smile touched her lips, as she added, "Ruby hasn't changed and she never will."

Then two of those four feet from Broadway came to the floor with a thump, as an assistant director bellowed for Patsy to take her place in front of the camera beside Dick Powell.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The pictures of Patsy and Ruby as youngsters which appear in this story were loaned to us by Jack Blue. While talking to our Girl Friday, the dancing instructor had some enlightening bits of news about Patsy Kelly. He claims that while Ruby's dancing is excellent, if anyone could surpass it, it is none other than Patsy herself. And there is nothing he'd like better than to see Patsy do some real "stepping" before the cameras. He doesn't consider the little bit of tapping which she does in "Thanks A Million" sufficient to show what a fine dancer she is.

Beauty Advice

(*Continued from page 16*)

beautiful women who had modeled for him were those who had been lifted to the heights of beauty by their own desire to be beautiful. If you have a strong enough desire to make your dream come true, you'll make it come true. You'll work to make it possible. Belief in yourself, and belief in the magic that can happen, will accomplish wonders for you in giving you self-confidence . . . in giving you a party face and a party manner.

If you want a man to tell you that you "dance divinely," you'll have to learn to do just that. Eleanor Powell was "discovered" because she knew how to dance. You, too, in a lesser way, may be "discovered" by the man you want most to notice you, if you learn to dance divinely. Here are some hints if you want to be popular on the dance floor. Don't drape yourself around your partner like an old overcoat, with your arms limp, and your knees sagging. Remember that you can't dance with your feet alone, and your partner can't dance for you. Don't hold yourself stiff as a poker, or you'll remind your partner of trying to push a steamboat around on dry land. And don't, please don't, assume exaggerated postures. For good dancing the perfect position will always be erect and tipped a little forward. Always hold a man back of the shoulder with the left hand, lightly but firmly.

NOW THE hand that you slip into your partner's should be soft and smooth as velvet. There's certainly nothing romantic about a rough, scratchy hand. Use a hand lotion almost the last thing before you slip into your party dress. Smooth it on as you see Olivia de Havilland doing, much as though you were smoothing on those new long kid gloves you have. Keep a bottle of hand lotion on your dressing table in a prominent position so that it will be a constant reminder to you to keep your hands lovely. Then, of course, you'll want an extra bottle of lotion in the bathroom and right by the kitchen sink. Incidentally, you can get gloves that are chemically treated inside with a honey and almond lotion. They make a different sort of a gift. You might mention it to one of your friends.

You can make up your hands for a party, you know. You can rouge along the sides of your fingers and down the outside of your hands to reduce the apparent size of too plump hands. A little rouge on the finger tips will seem to shorten long fingers. A nice way to make up your hands is to use a liquid powder after your hand lotion application. I know just the liquid powder you'll want. Be sure, however, to wipe off all loose powder before you leave your dressing-table. There is nothing more provoking than white finger marks on a man's dark suit.

A smart way to lengthen the long-lasting qualities of a coat of liquid nail polish is to put on two layers. You can use a thin coat of colorless or light polish for the first layer. Then after this has thoroughly dried, you can apply a heavier coat of your chosen polish shade over it. This will give the lacquer more body and help to prevent it from chipping, praises be. If you don't have a good-looking manicure set you'll certainly want the new one I've discovered. It comes in a lovely simulated cloisonnê box in lavender, blue, or rust.

From fingertips to coiffures isn't such a long reach. A lot of fingers are busy with coiffures this holiday partying season. If you want a party hairdress that is full of sparkling highlights, you'll consider your hairbrush your best ally. Brush your hair every night. It's the only good resolution I'm going to ask you to make . . . until I think of another one! Brush it until it tingles with life, until your scalp feels ready to burst out into party exhuberance itself. Olivia de Havilland has a clever brush stunt to use on party nights. She sprays a little brilliantine on her brush, and then brushes her hair lightly. This gives the coiffure a well distributed sheen, instead of the smeary, plastered effect that sometimes results when you apply the brilliantine with your hands. Sometimes Olivia adds just a few drops of her favorite perfume to her brilliantine, too. If you haven't an atomizer, you can pour a bit of brilliantine into the palm of your hand, add a drop or two of perfume, and rub your brush through it.

Maybe you've discovered with horror that instead of gold highlights your hair is getting silver glints. Those first few gray hairs are depressing. Then again, maybe you have gray streaks in your hair which give the impression that you're older than you really are, and which discourage all your party spirit when you look into the mirror. There's a helpful touch-up pencil that will take care of those gray hairs in short order. It isn't a dye. And it's simple as pie (no rhyme intended) to use. It comes in stick form, and you simply dip the tip in water and stroke it over the portion you wish colored. Let it dry, and there you are . . . The coloring is harmless, and will wash off with the first shampoo. You can get the "pencil" in any one of eight hair-matching shades.

NOW you may want highlights in your hair, but you certainly don't want them on your nose. When you're going dancing, I think it's a good idea to use an astringent as your powder base, and then apply a pure, light, moisture-proof powder. You don't want your powder to mix with the natural moisture of your skin and form pasty-looking blotches, and I know the very powder to safeguard against this annoyance. Be sure to apply the powder lavishly, pressing it on with your puff, and then blending it in and removing the surplus with a soft powder brush.

Apply your lipstick before you powder. Don't purse up your mouth like a green persimmon when you're applying your lipstick. Smile! That is the advice of one of Hollywood's smartest make-up men. When you're attending a gay party, your lips are going to be busy talking, smiling (and smiling a lot, we hope), reflecting your various emotions. Look in the mirror now and watch your lips when you smile. If you have thin lips your smile may draw your upper lip into such a narrow line that you have scarcely any lips perceptible at the corners.

Mme. Schumann-Heink, beloved singer, arrives in New York to broadcast. She'll do a picture next with May Robson called "Gram."

After you apply your lipstick, press your lips to a piece of cleansing tissue to blot off any surplus. Then powder over your lips, pressing the puff to them lightly but firmly. The final step should be a light retouching with a fresh application of lipstick. Lipstick, tissue, powder, lipstick . . . these four steps give your lipstick substance, base, finish, and long-lasting qualities.

Eye make-up is ever so important, whether you're gazing into your dancing partner's eyes or the camera's eyes. There's a new eye beauty kit on the Christmas market which "has everything," —mascara, eyeshadow, eyebrow pencil, eyebrow brush, and eyelash tonic cream. It's a handy kit for the dressing table, and if you're going along to the photographer's to have your picture taken some fine day, better slip this eye make-up kit into your purse. Rochelle Hudson is the cameraman's delight because she always takes a good picture. Her eyes are two good reasons why.

DO you take a good picture? Some people just naturally do photograph much more flatteringly than others, it is true, but there are tricks to every trade . . . and especially the photographer's. If you've never taken a good picture, let's see if we can't "make up" for it now. A lot of you will be having your pictures taken for Christmas gifts . . . maybe a special Christmas gift for your best beau. Often when I pass by a photographer's studio, and look at the photographs on display in the window, I think to myself, "Now if that girl had just done so and so . . . used a bit of eyebrow pencil or worn a different neckline or had a different hair-do, she most certainly would have taken a better picture." In Hollywood, this posing for photographs is an art in itself. We need more of that attitude.

Do you know how to apply your make-up in order to take a good picture? Do you know what colors and what necklines are most flattering? Well, I've prepared a special bulletin for you that will tell you all those things and more. I've talked to some of the cleverest photographers in the business in order to work out a really helpful bulletin for you. Send in for it now, before you make your appointment at the photographer's. It costs nothing but a stamped, addressed envelope.

If you have any beauty heartaches that have made the Old Year discouraging, why not write me about them? There's always a New Year, and a New Chance to realize your dreams. I'm always anxious to help you . . . remember that! It is your letters to me that give me a composite picture of YOU, your problems, your discouragements, your difficulties. I would like to hear from more of you.

Mary Biddle
MODERN SCREEN
149 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y.

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Ride a Hobby to Happiness

(*Continued from page 36*)

was her escape, here was her chance to show others and herself that she could excel at something—the little fluffy, personality-plus girls did not have her acting ability.

And so the stage was her outlet. When she was given her first jobs on Broadway she inhaled deeply of the air of the theatre and said, "This is life."

The others in the theatre were earnest workers, that was all. And no demands except the demands of work were made upon her. There was no personality competition. The people she met in the theatre did not intrude upon her private life.

But when she was given a Hollywood contract, things were different. She was thrown into direct competition with the most beautiful and glamorous women in the world. Jean knew little and cared less about clothes and she found the girls with whom she worked the most clothes-conscious of all women.

Realizing that she was awkward and not the "clothes type," all the old rebellion, the intolerance and the desire to set herself apart from the crowd, all the old complexes of her childhood, returned. She would show Hollywood that she would be no part of the trumped-up glamor. As a child she had refused to pledge allegiance to the flag, so now she would pledge no allegiance to the personal fubdubbery of movie town.

Jean stalked about in any old outfit. She said startling, sometimes even shocking, things to interviewers. She was intolerant of everything and she wanted to show Hollywood that she didn't care.

HER reputation for eccentricity became widespread and so she became a wallflower. Men are basically such conventional souls that they resent and mistrust any girl who steps out of the set pattern. So, in spite of her simple beauty, her intelligence, her sincerity, she was completely without romance in a town whose very essence is romance.

She would, she decided, do as she had done in school—throw herself completely and whole-heartedly into her work.

Then there came to her the most startling disillusion of all. Her screen work left her unsatisfied. Jean discovered that compared to the theatre, the screen was hack work. So many of the characters she was given to play were so unreal that she could do nothing with them. Thus she felt bereft of both work and social contact.

It was during this trying time that I saw her first. It was then I discovered her to be one of the unhappiest girls I've ever seen. All of the things she wanted were seemingly denied her, so she was trying to fill her life with activities like knitting, weaving rugs and such, activities which keep the hands busy but do not occupy the mind.

Jean was resentful of Hollywood and all it stood for. She became intensely disliked at her studio because of her inability to conform. And people did not take the trouble to understand her. Undoubtedly you, if you are sensitive, know there is no misery as great as being misunderstood.

Then an idea came to her and suddenly her life became full again. Since her screen work, except for a role such as the one she played in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," took but half her attention and talents, she decided she would return to her real love, the theatre. Before she realized it her idea became a reality and she was the head of a flourishing little artistic business known as The Theatre Workshop Incorporated.

So with four other earnest artists she formed a small company, rented a little place on Santa Monica Boulevard and set to work. They now have ten pupils who love the theatre and do not cast envious eyes at the screen. These students pay a nominal fee for instruction and participate in the activities of the workshop. They make their scenery, design their costumes and their purpose is to produce the best plays available in a sincere and artistic manner.

This is, of course, a worthy and laudable undertaking but its importance to this story lies in the part it has played in Jean Muir's happiness.

Because she *is* happy now. All her inintensity, all her energy, all her love of beauty pours into The Theatre Workshop. That little building, and what it symbolizes, is her work, her friend and her child all rolled into one.

I wish you could see her eyes sparkle as she talks about it. Gone is the rebelliousness and the intolerance. She has a place, now. She fits into some vital scheme. She has found her square in the pattern.

And she even likes Hollywood now. Knowing Jean as she was a year ago, you realize that this is the most amazing pronouncement of all. Whereas her social life used to be very limited, now you will find her at the polo matches, tennis games, premieres and night clubs. Her constant companion is George Wolcott, who is keenly interested in the blonde Jean.

A person less complex than Jean Muir could have found happiness in the smaller tasks alloted to her. But Jean must love herself in a purpose in which she believes. She has found that purpose now and the finding has worked a miracle.

As she told me about the Workshop, I was tremendously impressed with the idea itself. It is a worthy cause when a group of people ban together in the interest of beauty. But I got more out of the recital of her plans than that. It suddenly occurred to me what a verity was contained in Jean's story. And I wished that all the lonely, unhappy people in the world would do what she has done. I wished that, instead of escaping reality by pitying and dramatizing themselves, they would give the sensitivity and energy they possess to some hobby.

It really doesn't matter, you see, what the hobby is. The more worthy the cause, of course, the more worthy the effort. The doing is what makes it good.

Yes, Jean Muir is happy now and her happiness reflects itself in her work in her new film, "Stars Over Broadway."

What Will Happen to Them in 1936?

(*Continued from page 27*)

astrologer-seer of Hollywood. Dareos, who for many years has been the confidant and consultant of some of Hollywood's greatest stars, producers and directors, herewith presents to the readers of MODERN SCREEN his fourth annual Hollywood prophecy in these pages. Little more need be said of the accuracy of his previous forecasts than the mathematical statement that previous forecasts turned out better than 80 per cent correct! Into the compilation of his annual predictions, Dareos pours, not only the fruits of his astrological and psychic powers, but also the "inside" dope he gets from the movie people who come to him with their confidences, as they would to their lawyers or their doctors.

And so here, tabloided, stripped of the difficult language of the science of astrology, are Dareos' specific predictions for 1936:

GENERAL: Over the heads of Hollywood's movie-makers, both before and behind the cameras, lies a pall of threatened disaster. Death will come to some of the best-known names of movieland—violent death. Air crashes, like that which took the life of Will Rogers in 1935, are foreshadowed for several stars.

"I advise the stars," says Dareos, "to avoid air travel as much as possible during the year."

There will be several separations and subsequent divorces for some of the biggest stars. On the other hand, there will be, at least, three marriages of "top" stars.

The coming year will not see, as yet, the general use of color on the screen, but in 1937, the screen quite suddenly will go 100 per cent color. Moreover, late in 1936, Hollywood will develop a new process to transmit successfully motion pictures by wireless.

Internal strife from labor sources lies ahead for the movie business. There will be many strikes but all will be settled amicably.

And now for the individual forecasts:

JOAN CRAWFORD and FRANCHOT TONE: "If anything happens to the Crawford-Tone marriage," says Dareos, "it will be Franchot's fault." There will be no children. Joan and Tone should avoid England and France, ill health menaces them if they go there.

For Joan, there is the threat of litigation that will go against her, and also scandal. April is a particularly bad month. Early in the summer, she will receive an European offer which she will accept in the hope of re-building her career.

Secret enemies will strike at Joan, and it is from this source that scandal threatens. "Joan is a dear friend of mine and seems capable of taking care of herself," says Dareos, who still carries the wallet she gave him as a present when he predicted the successful career that has been hers, although when Dareos told her, she was the unknown Lucille LeSeuer.

Franchot will do some fine things in pictures, but his real future is on the stage. The first months of 1936, and its Fall, are danger periods for him, especially from accident by horses. He will come into an inheritance.

JEAN HARLOW: "The stars predict

trouble ahead for Jean," says Dareos. The year will be the most unsettled of her life! It will be a year of physical danger, especially April and early Fall. "She is born under a planet which whips her in and out with unrest. If she goes to court, she will lose the litigation. Midsummer brings danger of a new scandal and talk that will hurt her. I advise her, by all means, to avoid marriage in 1936," says the seer.

WILLIAM POWELL: 1936 should be a happy year for him. His career is on the up-grade. He will do several remarkably fine pictures. No breath of scandal threatens him.

The year will continue Bill's and Jean's friendship, but they must guard it. If they come through the year's dangers, particularly those which threaten Jean's heart, physical self and happiness, then 1937 will be a magnificently grand year for both of them.

GARBO: In mid-summer, Garbo will experience a great love affair! The man will be someone whom she does not even know now! But the planets do not show a marriage ahead for her. Instead, in the Fall of 1936, there's the black prophecy of tragedy and sorrow for her through the death of a dearly loved one.

The aforementioned romance will be a great flaming one, but it will not bring her happiness of heart or soul. The year is one of unrest. Her health, too, is threatened. But if she carries on, she will again rocket to heights in 1937, and will carry through to set her name, in time, beside Bernhardt's.

CLARK GABLE: The year professionally will be great, but in his private and domestic life, it will be rocky. "I will not be surprised," says Dareos, "from what I read in the planets, if there is great unhappiness in his domestic life. I advise no divorce, however. Clark needs his wife."

More than any other star, Gable is in danger of a possible serious accident, even death, in 1936. Airplanes, automobiles and horses are the chief sources of his danger. November and December, 1936, are the blackest months in his year's prospect, with early Summer only slightly less menacing. If he watches his step, hurdles the 1936 threats, he will go on to even greater screen triumphs than in the past.

NORMA SHEARER: With the exception of two cloudy periods, April and December, 1936 glows with happiness and promise for Norma. Particularly bright are September and October, during which period she enters an astrological sequence that should bring her the grandest era of her life. April threatens unsettled professional conditions and friction; December carries the danger of scandal, unrest and friction from an elderly, married person, ill-disposed toward Norma.

For her wedded life, there is continued happiness in store, but Thalberg must look to his health.

Norma must guard her family. There are dangers from kidnap attempts, and from fire! She must be careful in employing new servants, lest some person, so taken into the household, brings danger. There is the shadow of an elderly person's death—someone close to her.

During the year, she will make her greatest picture, finer by far than anything she has done before.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE: For Shirley, 1936 and 1937 will be brilliant. Great as her popularity has been, it will be even greater in these two years—both in this country and abroad. But 1938 will see a lull in her career which comes as she emerges from infancy to girlhood. And in the future, if she re-enters the screen field, she will become a second Janet Gaynor, with all the winsome charm of Janet.

Particular precautions against kidnapping must be taken on Shirley's behalf. Threats have already been made and a kidnap attempt is almost certain. There is also danger of appendicitis, and a serious operation.

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW: Like little Shirley, Freddie faces a bright future. He is going on to unlimited success, and in the years to come, he will be one of the greatest actors of both stage and screen.

The year 1936 holds two threats for him. Like Shirley, he is menaced by kidnap attempts. There is also the shadow of hospitalization over him.

JANET GAYNOR: Despite the lull in her career, as this is told, Janet again will rise to screen heights in 1936. And despite whispers that she is "through," she will continue to star for years to come.

The year is a propitious one for romance in her life, and although Janet is more in love with her work than with love, the year will bring her a splendid romance.

GENE RAYMOND: Somewhere in Texas, there is a beautiful girl, an heiress. She and Gene will find themselves deeply in love. They will think of marriage, but the planets are indefinite as to whether this marriage will actually take place. Their signs are unfavorable. By that, Dareos means that he advises against marriage for Gene, lest it crash in unhappiness. Gene should remain single for at least two years more—marriage would interfere with a career that looks promising. Astrology says that he has a wonderful future, and an exceptionally long ride on the crest of screen popularity.

FRED ASTAIRE: Matrimonially, Fred and his wife will live in continued happiness, despite rumors of separation. "I would not be surprised, according to the signs, to see Fred Astaire the father of twins," says Dareos. The year's menaces are two—danger of an air accident and a great sorrow of undeterminable nature, in the Fall.

GINGER ROGERS: The year 1936 will see the professional separation of the Rogers-Astaire screen team. Ginger will go on to continued individual success. The planets are strangely silent as to her personal life.

MIRIAM HOPKINS: Romance lies all around Miriam in 1936, but her attitude will be "I can't be bothered!" Romance will rest in her work, according to her own ideas, despite the signs of heart happiness with some man. The year will be a financial success, with producers fighting for her, both here and abroad.

PAUL MUNI: His screen success is only beginning, and 1936 will see him transcend his previous magnificent work. Privately, his life will continue happily with Bella, his wife. No hint of scandal menaces them. There is the forecast of death for a dear one in his or his wife's family. During 1936, the Munis may adopt a child.

CESAR ROMERO: Contrary to indications, Cesar Romero does not appear likely, according to the planets, to become the "second Valentino." The year will bring early success, but it will turn to ashes, and there will be contract difficulties and a decline in his career.

Here Dareos makes a startling prediction. He utters the name of a youth, now unknown, and says he will be the greatest sensation of the screen since Valentino! Like Valentino, he comes of Italian blood, and from that ancestry comes his first name—Guglielmo. He will change this, and be known as "William Clark," on the screen.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT: Claudette is the "greatest bet" for the movie industry in 1936, says Dareos. Professionally, she will rise to undreamed-of heights.

Love and romance lie close to her

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throughout the year, and there is a fifty-fifty chance of marriage, according to the stars. "There is great romance for her with a medical man," says Dareos, "but I do hope she does not marry in 1936," but waits instead, until 1937. The planets say that marriage in 1937 will be happy, but in 1936, conflict with her career would menace its happiness, unless both she and her husband exert all their love and intelligence to surmount the hurdles.

MYRNA LOY: Great romance lies in 1936 for her—possibly a marriage. The man will be prominent and the romance will thrill the countless fans who worship her.

Professionally, she will continue to ride the crest of the wave and all her future seems bright, even beyond the next year or two. Scandal will never menace her. Her greatest danger in 1936 lies in a possible travel accident.

WARNER BAXTER: Although he will be the target, during 1936, for the attentions of a designing woman, Baxter will remain happily married. He will ward off the deliberate efforts of this woman to drag him into scandal.

Baxter's health and physical safety are threatened. Sickness hovers over his home.

Professionally, it will be a grand year, but in a short while he will turn from acting to writing.

JOHN BOLES: The year is gray for him—February, June, September carry the threat of a serious motor crash which may permanently incapacitate him. In April, litigation which would be bad for him, threatens.

However, his domestic happiness will go on. Born under the sign of Scorpio, Boles will always attract women, but he will never let this attraction intrude upon or threaten his own marriage. Professionally, the year will continue good for him, with the possibility of making a picture abroad.

MERLE OBERON: Professionally, Merle is on the up-grade and her screen career will last for many years. The year 1936 will see Merle Oberon marry an important motion picture producer. Dangers lie ahead both in her health, and in governmental difficulties pertaining to her passports and visas.

DICK POWELL: 1936 will bring a vivid romance into Dick's life, with a girl who is now unknown to Hollywood. But there'll be no marriage for Dick. All his love affairs will fade out; he is a bachelor at heart, and should remain so. Marriage would mean his collapse as a screen star.

Like Clark Gable, Dick Powell definitely faces intense physical danger in the year, with death not an impossibility, especially in the air or from the sea!

BING CROSBY: For Bing, 1936 is astrologically a "bad year." January and October bring dangers of domestic trouble through a false friend. He must be careful of admitting undesirables into his home; he must beware of "new friends."

An attempt may be made to kidnap his children; illness lies in their path, too. The year carries bad signs if he gambles or speculates, for loss is almost inevitable.

The autumn months bring signs of great changes for him. There will be advantageous contract offers, and he may go abroad for an indefinite period.

LUISE RAINER: She will never be a "second Garbo," although she will climb during the year. She faces great danger of a nervous breakdown.

GRACE MOORE: The coming year will bring her greater successes and continued happiness. Her future is so unruffled, so calm, so bright, that little can be said save that all is serene ahead for her, both domestically and professionally.

GARY COOPER: Gary must be careful in 1936. Over him hangs some dark menace, but the signs are so indefinite that it cannot be foretold from what source the danger may come. Secret enemies will attempt to cause trouble in his domestic life. There will be a death in his near family; it will mean inheritance for him. Beyond that, says Dareos, he can only warn Gary to watch his step, for some indefinable menace is there for him.

LORETTA YOUNG: It will be a strange, paradoxical year for Loretta. Despite the fact that her health will be in great danger, the year bristles with signs of great professional and heart happiness. It is the "marriage year" for her, but scandal lurks, too. A very well-known star will pay ardent attentions to her, and marriage is extremely likely. The following year—1937—will bring extraordinary screen success to Loretta.

MARLENE DIETRICH: Pay no attention to the Dietrich-John Gilbert love rumors. It's a sister-and-brother friendship, if the planets do not lie, and nothing like marriage could ever come of it. Marlene will go back to Germany, but will soon hasten to return to the United States and Hollywood, for she will find Europe turbulent. If she takes her movie earnings abroad with her, she faces danger of losing all, as Germany and France seem destined by the planets for a great financial debacle in 1936.

Professionally, Dietrich will go on without spectacular developments. There is no threat of kidnap or illness for her daughter.

JOHN BARRYMORE: "John could not help his love affair with Elaine Barrie," says Dareos, "for he was a victim of his planet Uranus, which simply sent him haywire!" There is a possibility that his break with Dolores may be healed, and reconciliation is NOT impossible in 1936, even though the divorce has been granted. John is still on the road to great screen work. But for his health and physical well being, the year brings danger, even to life, through accidents.

Al Goetz and Ethel Merman, whom rumor has it are Mr. and Mrs. How about it, Ethel? They look happy enough for bride and groom.

The year for Dolores will be a generally sad one. However, she will resume screen work successfully.

MAE WEST: No romance for Mae; all business. Her career will continue successfully. During the year, gangsters will make an attempt of some nature against her, but Mae will defeat them again as she did in 1935.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN and PAULETTE GODDARD: They will never part; Charlie has found the ideal love of his life. Paulette, as the result of her work in Charlie's new picture, will find screen success, but she must guard her health during the year.

For Charlie, governmental complications loom, because of citizenship and other factors, but he will remain a British subject. Next Fall will almost certainly see him go abroad where he will have new and further professional success. His new picture will be a financial success. Either in late 1936 or early 1937, someone near and dear will die.

His two boys will not follow in their father's footsteps to screen success; one of them will become a lawyer. They will go abroad with Charlie and Paulette in the Fall.

DOLORES DEL RIO: Strangely, the planets conflict. Heart unhappiness is indicated for Dolores, and yet the portents are that she will remain comfortable in her marriage. April and December are black months; August and September bright for her.

JAMES CAGNEY: Will continue unspectacularly successful both on the screen and as a husband. Danger in the air threatens.

KAY FRANCIS: Her work will remain at its usual level. There is the sign of a romance, but it will not bring her happiness. Toward the end of the year, she will consider retiring from the screen!

CONSTANCE BENNETT: For Connie, 1936 brings threats of evil proportions! The omens for her health are bad; illness stalks her, hospitalization looms. Domestically and in her private life, there are indications of violent upheavals—scandal, possible divorce, and a break of some nature not clear. It is a gloomy year ahead for her.

MARY PICKFORD: Mary will again appear on the screen! But it will not be a successful comeback. The year's signs augur well for success in business, both here and abroad, but particularly the latter.

Romance, despite her denials, hovers over her and Buddy Rogers. The signs spell marriage for them, but this is not utterly certain.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY: Horrible crash threatens him, but whether on land or in the air is not clear. His marriage will continue and his screen career go on unhindered.

ANN HARDING: The year will be an unsettled one for her. Spring will be a bad time both in her career and her private life. However, the rest of the year seems bright with romance, and even possibility of marriage looms. On the screen, toward the latter part of the year, she will do a great role.

LUPE VELEZ and JOHNNY WEISSMULLER: The year 1936 is their big "danger year!" Scandal is close. Health omens for Johnny are very bad. Some great crash is imminent but its nature remains hidden.

BETTE DAVIS: The coming year will be great for her on the screen. Somewhere in the future, despite the avowed happiness of her present marriage, the stars indicate another matrimonial venture for her!

He'd Rather Act Than Eat

(*Continued from page 37*)

the sleep-walking scene). Yet he gave the audience such a load of fun that he might have been billed as a comedian from then on if he hadn't decided that he wanted to give audiences something to do besides laugh.

FOR Peter Lorre of the round moon face, the strange prominent eyes, the short jolly stature which can rise to heights of tragic dignity—Peter Lorre, with the red cheeks and little boy's neck—Peter Lorre, who drinks raspberry vinegar mixed with coca cola, and has a mania for hand-woven shirts—actually endangered his life to become an actor.

He ran away from home the day he graduated from secondary school. For several years he dreamed his dreams on a park bench or on a bed of pine needles in the woods. For blankets he used the newspapers he couldn't sell. When he did sell them, he'd buy a goulash. And it's still his favorite dish, probably because he never got enough of it in his youth. The goulashes were so few and far between that he soon achieved another distinction not often enjoyed by actors. He developed scurvy from malnutrition!

But the scurvy, though it left him in delicate health for years after, didn't stop him any more than the cold or the hunger had.

"In Europe," Peter said, stopping for a moment in his perpetual pacing, "we have a saying: 'All roads lead to Rome.' No matter how twisted or roundabout they may look to be. I am a firm believer that the chance comes to every man—the main chance he's been waiting for. Only those do not succeed who have the fear in the back of their heads that it will not come, and therefore, divert their talents or energies to something else. It comes—I know. That is why I was willing to wait then, that is why I would be willing to wait again!" (He waited a year to play "Crime and Punishment," because he knew it was the role he should play next.)

But while he was waiting, in those earlier days, he succeeded in impressing the manager of a bank with his talents as a financier. He was engaged as a bank clerk. The job lasted until the cruel manager discovered that the cherubic Lorre with the docile eyes was coöperating with the timekeeper in a neat little racket. Every morning the supposedly industrious young bank clerk arrived on time, or even early, so anxious was he to further his banking career, according to the timekeeper's check! Whereas the young villain actually was rolling in between 11:30 and noon because he spent most of the night directing and acting in amateur plays!

PERHAPS it was this disappointing experience in a counting house which has given Lorre his rather un-American attitude toward money. Decidedly not a press agent's gag is the constant reiteration by Peter himself, and everyone at Columbia studios, that he doesn't give a tinker's dam for money. "He doesn't have to," say you and I, heaving an envious sigh, "with the salary he's drawing now."

We're mistaken. When he finally stopped starving and got his big chance in Berlin, where he had landed with ten marks in his pockets, he achieved such a raging success overnight with his first role—the part of a yearning adolescent youth—that he could have written his own ticket as far as money goes. He didn't. Then, as now, for him the play (and the role) was the thing. If he couldn't play the parts he wanted, very well, he'd starve again. He'd learned how to do that so well that it took no practise any longer. Which doesn't mean that he refuses to be typed. He's too clever for that.

"I played a murderer in 'M,' I play a murderer in 'Crime and Punishment.' But no two murders were ever alike!"

This particular psychopathic child murderer he portrayed in "M," made such an impression on the public that for months afterward it was impossible for Peter to enter a cafe or walk down the street without a noticeable speeding up of pedestrian traffic in the opposite direction. Mothers hastily hid their children under their skirts and susceptible young girls nearly fainted. It was exactly as if a boa-constrictor or one of Haile Selassie's lions had suddenly been seen sauntering down *Unter den Linden.*

For Peter doesn't only live to act—he *lives* his *act!* His performance was so realistic that people couldn't separate him from the role he had created. Which, if you know Peter in Hollywood, is quite fantastic.

Whereas in Berlin, where sophistication and gloom were the order of the day, Peter was the most sophisticated man in all Germany. In Hollywood, where it is better to be gay, Peter's the gayest of them all!—the life of every party. Never was there such a wonderful clown.

His mind is a cupboard full of devastatingly funny impersonations. The jittery man, for example. Or the man with the funny walk. Or the one-armed violinist. Or a night at a cabaret in Berlin. *Ad infinitum,* ad side-split 'em. All of which makes him in constant demand socially.

One week he went to fourteen parties in a row. At each one he gave an entirely different repertoire that the guests haven't stopped talking about yet.

EVEN such a serious and profoundly moving drama as "Crime and Punishment" gave Peter his opportunity for playing pranks. His head was shaved for the role. Now Hollywood is full of actors, and actors are full of superstitions. One of them being that it's good luck to rub the smooth crown of a bald-headed man. So when the first seeker of luck slithered by and hastily touched the shining Lorre pate, Peter caught him by the arm.

"Not so fast, my good man," said he. "That costs a nickel." Perhaps the head-rubber was more surprised than pleased. But he forked up the nickel. By the time Herr Lorre had acquired some bristles again, he had also collected nearly six dollars from unsuspecting victims!

His private clowning has put such pranksters as W. C. Fields and Jack Oakie out of the bright spot . . . almost! The only difference is that he isn't paid for this type of entertaining, preferring to accept the shining lucre for more meaty efforts. Such as, for instance, his new role in "Crime and Punishment" in which he not only gives a towering performance, but in which he appears in virtually every scene of the picture.

Probably no screen actor ever had, or ever will have, such a gratifying role again. And Peter makes the most of it. That man can do more to arouse pity, fear, loathing or sympathy, without an ounce of make-up on, than other actors do with two yards of beard, inch-deep beetling brows,

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Get set for the hockey season and William Bruner's *Double Cross-Check.*

WESTERN
Tom Curry takes us West with *Gun Rule,* the stirring story of Vince Hill, who risks his neck ferreting out outlaws' plans.

MYSTERY
While the police are trying to track him down as Public Enemy No. 1, Raymond Landon tries to solve the mystery of *Who Killed Gilbert Foster?*

ROMANCE
In *Vikings Go Alone,* Steve Ricker, an outcast, puts up a lone, valiant battle for a place in the sun of Lake Placid's winter sport activities.

Five Novels

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false noses, and wrinkles as wide as gullies. The use he makes of his own natural equipment—the twist of the wide mouth, the droop of a fleshy eyelid, the slump of his mobile body—can express anything from depraved criminality to the innocence of a youth's first calf love.

But temperament, he has none. He takes direction like a lamb. Does the scene over and over again without complaint. And working with Von Sternberg is no perpetual joy ride, as anyone but Peter—and perhaps Dietrich—will testify.

As to Peter's loves and hates: He loves a certain lady who is as tall and slim as he is short and stocky, as quiet and dignified as he is voluble and gay.

"She was known," he says with great pride in his voice, "as the last *lady* of the Viennese stage."

Celia Lvovsky, who gave up her own career as a prima donna to marry Peter last year (he took a half hour off between scenes to do so), is a lady in the ultimate European sense of the word. She has the polished elegance which comes from being steeped in the centuries-old tradition of the finest that breeding and culture offer. She has wit and understanding. She thinks Peter a god—which always makes for a happy marriage.

As to aversions, Peter is too mild, too wisely tolerant, to hate with much gusto. But there is one dislike which he will express with vehemence, his dislike of Bohemians. Not the ones who come from Prague, but the kind who live in Greenwich Village garrets.

"A Bohemian," says Peter, "is an unsuccessful bourgeois. He protests against conventions so much because he is really envious of those who succeed in life. He is like the atheist who rants against God because the thought of God continually exists in his mind. I'm always suspicious of people who protest too much.

"The great artist is neither a bourgeois nor a Bohemian. He is an individual and a human being."

Very clever, these Hungarians! And it is this subtle insight into human nature that makes Peter Lorre a truly great actor.

Star Stuff on a Shoestring

(*Continued from page 50*)

three years should cut the expenses down. A coat that either is furless or has a detachable fur trimming is the best bet. The furless coat can do duty in the spring and fall as well as in cold weather and it always allows the adding of scarfs in fur or fabric. The coat with detachable fur is equally as versatile and never makes you feel that everyone is thinking, "Oh, that same coat again!"

NOW we come to the silk dress that has to play a heavy part in any wardrobe scheme. It has to be a perfect Jekyll and Hyde. It goes to business by day and it has to look like an entirely different dress for evening dates. A well-known New York department store has come forth with the best solution to this problem. It offers in a recent series of ads a *basic* dress of either silk or wool. This dress is the last word in new lines and detailing—a fuller skirt with the flattering, stitched down pleats at the front, a well fitted bodice and straight but graceful sleeves, and a neckline with a clever collar that can be worn up or open. No ornamentation of any kind on this dress—just good line and fabric. But, here's the trick, along with the illustration of this dress is a series of smaller sketches showing little tricks that will change it from tailored severity to utter, dress-up femininity. Such things as tailored suede or kid belts to be interchanged, with a velvet or metal belt for greater formality. Jewelled clips or simple metal ones. A tricky braid collar as opposed to a bright but tailored Ascot scarf. And several types of flower trimmings with the tailored contrasting with the more elaborate. Why you don't have to have an ounce of imagination to see what a perfectly swell idea it is and how quickly you can take it unto yourselves. A dozen costumes out of one simple, not very costly dress.

My pictures this month give some extra ideas for you along our same pinch-penny theme. Rosalind Russell's very plain black crepe evening dress is one of those pets that can be changed by little decorations and thus appear at a whole winter's social gaieties without being pointed out as the dress you wore last time. A necklace, clips or a little capelet would exchange with the original gold kid flowers as details. The lines of this dress are good any time regardless of fashion flurries for Grecian robes or the more fussy gowns of various historical periods.

Miriam Hopkins' moire with the impertinent bow at the neck is one of those evening dresses that will look just as seasonable next summer as it does this winter. And incidentally, that giddy bow isn't a bad stunt to try on some evening dress that begins to look a little party weary. Done in velvet or taffeta it would be a triumph.

Maureen O'Sullivan has one of those grand jacket dresses that leads a dual, even a triple life. Black crepe is the fabric with contrasting white crepe for the flattering collar and bodice trimming. The decolletage is high in both back and front. A brief jacket, shown below the picture of the dress on page 49, has full elbow sleeves and a boyish little collar to match the trim on the dress. The jacket is slit all the way down the back. A single water lily of the crepe adds a nice detail to this costume.

ON page 48 are four frivolous but excellent suggestions that cost little but will mark you imaginative as well as practical. First Billie Burke shows what you can do with rhinestone jewelry. A hair clip is placed in a new spot at the part of the hair. Earrings and a clip can be worn together or alone. In another picture you see her wearing a metal jacket over a plain crepe dress. A large bunch of metallic and silk flowers fill in the neckline and provide sole trimming for the dress. A large chiffon handkerchief and a pearl bracelet provide added accessory notes. Billie wears this costume in "Splendor" and it shows you how you can transform any last year's evening gown by merely adding a new bunch of flowers and a jacket as she has. The flowers or the jacket alone would do the trick but the combination is irresistible.

A clip can be switched about from costume to hair—worn on a dress by day and doubling as an evening hair ornament after six! Anne Darling matches the clip in her hair with a small choker necklace of red beads and rhinestones which are tied with a velvet ribbon instead of held by the usual fastener. Since high necked dresses trimmed with pearls or other beads are so good this season, you can vary this idea with great effectiveness.

Incidentally, while on the subject of jewelry, do you know what the best jewelry investment is for the girl who can't indulge in passing whimsies of the costume jewelry counter? It's an inexpensive string of pearls which can be worn with everything from sports clothes to evening dresses and never be in poor taste no matter what you are wearing.

I added Virginia Bruce's hat to this assortment of ideas because it illustrates a good point. As you notice, Virginia is wearing a tailored suit with a very frilly feminine blouse, so she takes a plain felt of the Breton sailor type and dresses it up with a chenille dotted veil. Doesn't that give you an idea of how to change a tailored hat into a gay dress-up affair that will be able to look an elaborate velvet right in the face without feeling a shabby cousin?

ON page 50 are three wearable daytime dresses that, by changing accessories, also change their personalities. Evalyn Knapp's green crepe with a small embroidered dot has all the new elements to look for in this winter's dress. The skirt is short with the fullness gathered to the front, the short jacket affects a military swagger through the silk braid frog fastenings. When the jacket is removed, Evalyn has a trim one-piece dress with the soft white silk scarf tie. This tie can be varied with others, in color and different fabric. A metal one would make the dress formal enough for a cocktail party or an evening bridge gathering. It's the perfect silk dress I mentioned earlier that can go to business as well as out to parties. Evalyn's choice of a tricorne is a good tip, too. It looks tailored by day, but with the addition of a veil, it takes on all the airs of a formal hat.

Marsha Hunt's black woolen would be equally smart in silk crepe or satin. The full cut to the skirt with the front gathering is graceful. The white collar and vestee are perfect for daytime use but can be replaced by lace or contrasting velvet for dress-up wear. The cape, which she holds in her hand, is a grand topper to the dress for fall and spring days when a coat isn't needed, but the dress looks just as smart without it when worn under a heavy coat. Note Marsha's nice choice of simple accessories.

Now, don't turn away from Rosalind Russell's gray woolen because it looks too plain. It is one of the most useful dresses you can have, a variation of the classic button-down-the-front shirtwaist dress. Rosalind uses only a bright belt and bag to give it color but a handkerchief scarf tucked into the collar, or a white pique collar and cuff set, or a smart sports pin would all provide good variations in trimming. This type of dress is as good in silk as woolen—and infinitely useful.

Before signing off, I want to call your attention to what you can do for your budget by knitting accessories and costumes. Knitted fashions are very important and hand-knitted ones even more so. Now, just turn to page 52 for this month's two attractive knitted fashions.

Confessions of an Extra Girl

(*Continued from page 46*)

—and above all, please believe me when I say that I know whereof I speak.

You hear, I know, about girls being picked from the extra ranks and given important roles. This does happen occasionally. However, what is never stressed enough is the fact that it is one of the most unusual things that can occur in Hollywood. You don't hear about the hundreds and hundreds of extras—of which I am one—who are not picked. You go ahead, day after day, year after year, being nothing but extras.

AND it is that one chance in ten thousand that lures girls to Hollywood. I know. I said to myself before I came to Hollywood, "Yes, there is a lot of competition. There are thousands of beautiful and attractive girls in Hollywood, but I believe that I am as beautiful and as talented as they. I will be one of those one-in-ten-thousand girls." And, you see, I wasn't. Yet I stay here for two reasons: first, I have no other place to go and second—and this is the most important—I am a victim of hope.

Oh, it is really much better to sit at home with the dream that perhaps, had you tried, you could have become a great actress. It is better to have this illusion than to face the bitter reality of Hollywood.

When I first began my career, plenty of people told me how lucky I was. It was quite amazing the manner in which I received my first chance. It was—actually—lucky. And yet it was unlucky in a way, too. For if I had never had even one day's extra work, I would have remained in Hollywood only until my money ran out and then gone home. How much better off I would have been!

No, it is that first day's work that is so insidious.

There are two types of extras in Hollywood. One type is comparatively happy. They are the people who have no hope, no ambition (perhaps they once had, I don't know), who simply have found an easy way to make a haphazard living. Then there are those, like myself, who still foolishly dream of the day when we will be great stars. We are the unhappy ones.

I won't say I haven't had some fun during my five years as an extra. And if I am to be honest, I must say that there is still a tremendous amount of glamor in this business for me. I never step on a set without getting a thrill, without thinking, "Maybe this is the time."

I have made several very good friends as well as many enemies. My friends are those girls and boys, who, like myself, have ambition. The ones without ambition are very apt to kid those who have it.

SO many people talk about "getting the breaks." A "break," as they call it here in Hollywood, often means nothing at all. I had several good breaks and for awhile my hopes were sky high. But there was no follow up—and so, I am still an extra.

And now I must tell you about my life as it is today.

I go sometimes for as much as two weeks without a day's work. Then I will have a lucky week and work five days steadily. I average about twenty-five dollars a week which just keeps my head above water and gives me no chance to save any money.

There are various little tricks one can use to get more work. For instance, suppose one is on a ballroom set with many extras. It is a good idea to try to get a place as close to the star as possible. The star always will have close-ups and these usually are made after the majority of extras are dismissed. Since a large number of extras are expensive, they will shoot the long shots first with the extras all in the scene. That may take a day or two. Then they will go into the star's close-ups which will call for a return only of those extras who are near the star.

The easiest sets are those which show an audience watching a theatrical performance. That means that all you do is to sit all day and applaud at the right moments.

The most difficult scenes for "dress" extras are ballroom scenes. You are then kept dancing all day and it is no fun, I assure you.

I had a strange psychological shock the first time I went on a ballroom set. I was given a gorgeous evening dress to wear. I put on my make-up carefully and arranged my hair in a lovely effect. And yet, when I walked on the set, not a single person told me I looked nice.

When a girl puts on an evening dress to go out dancing with her best beau he invariably says, when she comes in the room, "You look lovely tonight. What a beautiful dress!" And most women expect this when they have gone to the trouble to look their best. You have no idea how flat you feel when no one notices either you or your gown.

I WONDER how many people notice the extras at all when they see a picture? Few do, I imagine. The extras are simply a background for the star, and yet, each extra dresses as carefully and makes up as well as if he or she were the star and all eyes were centered upon him.

Many extras read, sew or play bridge on the set. I always say that I do not play bridge when they ask me and I never take a book, or any sewing, because I want to watch the stars at work. I always am storing up little bits of knowledge.

Over and over again, I've seen stars fail to understand what the director wants. I know I could do the scene better, yet I must control myself to keep from crying out, "Let me do it. I know I can. Oh, please let me do it." This always discourages me.

Then I'll be watching and will see a star do a scene so brilliantly, so emotionally that I am discouraged because I know I could never rise to such heights. I've often gasped at seeing the simple, beautiful way in which Helen Hayes does her work. It is a pity that she says she is retiring from the screen.

Sometimes I just *know* I am not to be given the chance, that I am doomed forever to be an extra and that probably some day your children will be seeing me as one of those white-haired dowagers who are always in every "dress" set! Believe me, though, if I ever am a star, I will reveal my true identity and admit that I wrote these confessions. Will that day ever come!

No, girls, take a tip from me. Don't come to Hollywood. For the extra's life is heartbreaking and bitter. Instead of buying that ticket, stay at home with your dreams!

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IT'S no secret out in Hollywood that more than one famous star has lost her job because of constipation.

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The Private Diary of Bill Powell

(*Continued from page 39*)

days. Now I know nothing about it. I don't know what it is, I don't know how it comes, or goes.

She asked me whether I intend to marry again. I said that I didn't know. I may. Or I may not. She looked very unhappy about it.

Then I was asked whether I chew gum. If I'd said that I do, the Upper Crust would say, "Oh, the nasty mans!" If I'd said that I do not, the Lower Crust would say, "The big stuck-up—who does he think he is?"

I said that I didn't know. The young lady was disappointed in me. Her eyes told me so.

I thought, after she had gone, that she might have asked me about acting. But no one seems to care what I think about acting. It seems too bad—I have given so much time to it and I can discuss it quite intelligently.

Once I was asked how I became suave. When I want to try to be funny I pronounce suave like "salve," with a flat A! I talked about that. I said that when I first went to dramatic school in New York they told me I wouldn't do. They said I had ability, but was too yokel. They said I talked yokel. I thought I could fix that, so I played the sedulous ape to all suave actors. I went to the theatres where the English actors played and hung over the balcony rail and soaked it all in. The way they pronounced words, their manners. They seemed very pleasant to me. I thought I would like to be like them. Now I am *very* suave. Everyone says so. And to my face!

TUESDAY

I was taking a sun-bath in my solarium this afternoon. Suddenly I heard voices below. I draped a bath towel about me, and went down. Three women were passing from my living-room to my dining-room and thence to my game-room. They were animated and seemed very pleased with the house. I had never seen them before. I located my butler. He made inquiries. He came back and reported that they were tourists—fans. They had wanted to see a movie actor's home so they had been gracious enough to choose mine. They said that they knew I wouldn't mind. My butler, with an Eric Blore smile, conveyed to them that this is a private home. They seemed surprised, but said they had enjoyed every minute of it.

My Mother and Dad are now installed in the cottage built for them on the grounds. They are happier there than they would be in the house with me—more independent. My hours are so indefinite that I'd have servant problems and they'd have indigestion.

My mother still calls me "Willie." And thinks of me as her "baby." That's all right. I often hark back to those days of yore. I'd like to be a child again.

I think I tore down Hobart Bosworth's original house and built this new one, new from the ground up, so that I could play blocks again. Other adult experiences—love, marriage, fame—may be here today and gone tomorrow. Bricks, stones and mortar remain. As we grow older, things, just *things*, become more important to us.

I built this house for an investment—two ways. So that it would be easy to live in and easy to sell.

I never leave the place when I am not working. I can do everything I ever want to do right here—swim, play tennis, run pictures, hunt for my keys.

I usually cook my own dinners. Broil steaks over charcoal in the fire-place, or I roast whole chickens. I have all the gadgets. Then I run pictures. It's my hobby as well as my home, this house. Every tree has been planted for a special reason. Everything runs smoothly except for my keys.

WEDNESDAY

Some talk of my playing in a picture with Carole Lombard this year. I was asked, "Would you like it?" I said, "Sure, it would be swell." Why not? Carole and I go places occasionally again, now that Jean Harlow and I decided to—"just be friends."

Someone asked me the other day why I became an actor.

I said, "Don't be nasty."

They weren't being nasty, they said. So I told them. I said that I became an actor because I was acutely self-conscious as a kid. I used to spend hours, when I was going to a party, figuring how I would act, what I would say, what sort of an impression I would make. I always hoped that I would create the impression of being debonaire. I never did. And I never left a party that I didn't wonder and worry over what impression I really had made, whether I had appeared to advantage or not. I developed the habit of rehearsing before going out. I'd rehearse myself—in the role I thought I would appear in to the best advantage.

In other words, I was always putting on a performance. I forever was figuring out my exists and entrances, my lines. It was but a step from being an amateur to becoming a professional, which gives me the opporunity of appearing in a variety of agreeable roles, and *knowing* what impression I create.

That is why I am an actor. It may be the "why" of all of us. Perhaps actors are, fundamentally, more self-conscious than other men.

Rosalind Keith and Marsha Hunt at Hollywood's ice skating rink. Uh, huh, there is one!

THURSDAY

A friend said to me today, "Are you a business man or are you all temperament?"

I went to look for my keys.

I came back and said, "I am a business man at heart. I am a merchant with a commodity to sell. The commodity is myself."

My friend said that I was "killing."

I developed my train of thought. I said, "Instead of selling soup I sell my own personality. The studio bottles it for me, I act accordingly. I watch my fan mail. Why? Well, doesn't every good business man check up on his sales? Doesn't he have to know how his customers are receiving his cans of soup? The fans are my customers. They go to the box office and buy me or they do not. I want to know what they have to say about the man who is, in my case, both manufacturer *and* the product. I go on the premise that the customer is always right."

My friend said, absently, "Aren't you *killing?*"

I went on, talking to myself. I said that I've never been a juvenile leaping in the moonlight, not even when I *was* a juvenile leaping in the moonlight. I've never capitalized on youth—not on the screen. And suavity should be ageless. I figure that I can totter onto the screen when I am eighty and still get a palsied hand.

FRIDAY

Today my friend was here again, or possibly yet. We got to talking about actors again. He said, "But actors have more emotion than other men . . ."

"No," I said, 'we just show our emotions more. We know how."

My friend said, "But aren't there more temptations in Hollywood than elsewhere?"

"Oh," I said, *"that.* Sure," I went on suavely, "if you walk among a swarm of bees you are more apt to get stung than if you just meet up with *one* bee now and then."

My friend said, "but come now, don't you fall in love with all your leading women?"

I went to look for my keys. This time I found them—and used them!

I came back. I shut his mouth with my right hand.

I said, "I have a deep affection for Luise Rainer and for all of the other lovely ladies who have been in pictures with me. But it is *affection*—and nothing to do with the emotion called 'sex.' "

Disbelief was horrid in the eyes of my friend. I tripped him with my right foot, he toppled over into the pool. I left him there and addressed my remarks to the fish in the fish pool. Some ass had put bluestone in the water that morning, so the fish were dying anyway. A few more gasps of astonishment could neither harm nor help.

I said aloud, "I don't know anything about these things. I think that succumbing to temptation is an individual matter, as is nobly resisting it. Some of us are St. Anthonys here in Hollywood as we would be on the desert. Some of us are not. Each man behaves according to his last, like shoes. Some walk crooked, others stay on a straight and narrow line. Now and then the hand of the Potter shakes and the pot wobbles. Someone once said 'Character is fate.' I repeat it."

SATURDAY

My son Bill was here today—he is ten. He's developing into a fine swimmer. I think he's going to be a producer. He asks me all kinds of questions about the cost of pictures and what exhibitors pay for this one and that and about box office receipts and things.

Luncheon on blue linen and with white flowers for decoration. I didn't notice this, a guest did. I have a good cook—one of Life's major blessings. The kind of cook that does Asparagus Vinaigrette so you would say, "But is this vinaigrette or is it, even, *asparagus* . . .?"

We were talking. Dick and Jessica were here and Ronnie (Ronald Colman). I like to talk. I said that Hollywood has no traditions. It has no memories, except D. W. Griffith and Valentino. It's like a Gold Rush town, I said. Strangers from the four corners of the globe come here. No one knows anyone else's real name, nor where they come from. Nobody cares.

How *could* Hollywood have memories or tradition? Great-grandmother Garbo, for instance, never exchanged recipes with Great-grandmother Marlene Dietrich.

We can't say, "Do you remember?" and go back for more than a handful of years.

I've been asked whether actors are like other people. I always answer *yes, only more so.* Everything depends on the man behind the actor. There are actors, who marry, build homes, have children and lay up stocks and bonds, against their old age. There are other actors who become so fevered that they explode like Fourth of July pin-wheels and nothing can be seen of them but whirling sparks.

Scratch the average man and you'll find the actor. Scratch the actor and you'll find the average man. There are exceptions. But we'll leave them to Herr Freud and the psychopathic wards. Mostly, all people are of the same clay.

My friend of yesterday has not come up. I have answered the phone seventy-nine times by actual count. I have a phone with a long extension in every room in the house. But I mean *every*—

My keys disappeared.

I went to look for them—the keys.

There may be something symbolic in my constant search for my missing keys. For keys open doors, answer riddles, throw light upon the darkness . . .

Hepburn—Artist or Imitator?

(*Continued from page 29*)

performances . . . watched, listened and imitated Miss Williams. The Cinderella story did not come true. Miss Williams never, during that long run, failed to appear for a performance and thus allow her understudy to "save the show." But the understudy was thoroughly versed, at the end of the run, in all of Miss Williams' best physical stage tricks. They were, physically, so alike.

AFTER that Katie understudied Alla Nazimova in the Theatre Guild's "A Month in the Country." Now, Nazimova is an actress who *becomes,* for the time being, the character she is portraying. (I have heard this from people who have played with her . . . and they tell me that it is all very confusing when the lady is engaged in repertoire!) Hepburn, the minx, also became the character whom Alla was portraying. She became that character so thoroughly that it became a part of herself.

There are shots of her in "Alice Adams" which you would swear were shots of Nazimova. The hands-to-the-throat gesture, the flutter, the turning of the profile to the audience while the throat vibrates . . . all these are characteristic Nazimova tricks.

It all reminds me of a conversation with King Vidor, one of our most sensitive and important directors. "An artist should be like a sponge," he pronounced. "He should learn from everyone. Now, I want to be an artist and therefore I don't want to talk to you. . . . I want *you* to talk to *me.* There is always the possibility that you may know something which has bearing on my job, something which I may have overlooked!"

I don't know who taught Katharine to control her temper. That temper lost her a number of excellent opportunities in her early days in the theatre. It lost her, by an untimely flaring, a coveted role in "Death Takes a Holiday." She waited three months for a plummy role in "Animal Kingdom," opposite Leslie Howard, and then sacrificed it after five days of rehearsal because she had quarrelled with her director. There were a number of similar episodes, but there have not been, you will observe, any of the same sort since she entered pictures!

She may have been naughty to the Press but she has worked with her producers and directors with no noticeable difficulty.

THEN there were a couple of pretty obvious and profitable bits of borrowing from Garbo! Our Katie, like Greta, is a showman. Arrived in Hollywood, Katharine apparently looked about her inquiringly, to discover what actress had achieved the most valuable publicity and by what methods. A child of six could have answered that one. Garbo, of course. And the method? It consisted, merely, of appearing to wish to avoid publicity, while doing everything possible to attract attention.

So, Katie ran like everything from reporters and photographers . . . down the very same alleys that Garbo had been sprinting before her. (Hepburn was a bit hampered by the fact that she could run faster than Garbo!) Described by studio press agents as "exotic," la Hepburn rode to that studio in an expensive, imported car, complete with liveried chauffeur, herself wearing faded dungarees, tattered tennis shoes and a battered hat. Could it be that she had heard some mention somewhere of Garbo's elderly sweaters and tired canvas shoes?

There can be no doubt that she studied and profited from Garbo's voice, screen diction and general aura of glamor.

That is not all that she studied. After "Alice Adams" had been shot, she spent three days in the cutting room, watching assistant director Jane Loring edit the film. She has made the life of cameraman Robert de Grasse pretty complicated by demanding to peek through the finder at impending shots. She has got in the way of prop men and electricians, wanting to watch shots in her pictures which did not concern her in the least.

She says that she has learned more from director George Cukor than from anyone else in Hollywood . . . to which Mr. Cukor responds, gallantly, that he has learned a great deal from Miss Hepburn, too. But,

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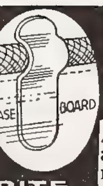

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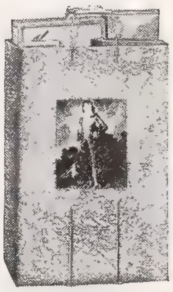

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do we detect something wry in Mr. Cukor's polite retort, something to do with the problem of the psychology of talented, red-haired actresses? Or are we bum detectors?

KATHARINE HEPBURN does not like meeting new people. This is not so much because she is shy as it is that she is restless and impatient. Impatient with the effort it requires to undertake the careful groundwork of getting to know a person . . . and impatient with the waste of time and energy you spend in silly talk. She will do without her lunch rather than go into the studio commissary alone. If she goes with someone, they can pretend to be engaged in serious and important conversation. Alone, she is required to answer two dozen friendly and well-meaning persons who pause at her table to inquire, "How's tricks?" or "What do you know?" Katie simply doesn't know the answers to those questions. She is possessed of no such give-and-take of small talk and it scares her to death.

That is probably why she never goes to Hollywood parties and why she appears so rarely at Hollywood restaurants. It is probably why, on those hurried plane trips to Connecticut to see her family, she withdraws so definitely from the friends with whom she went to school. Her friends will tell you that she is shy. I don't believe it. No really shy girl could have made her way with such stubborn determination through so many set-backs and fiery personal clashes in the difficult theatre world! Katharine Hepburn is not shy, but neither would I call her sociable nor cozy!

Time was when I thought that perhaps she was another flash in the pan, that her success might have been one of those accidents of personality, of strange, unconventional beauty, plus fortunate vehicles and directors. I thought she might be merely novel. But since "Alice Adams" . . . no, since the saccharine and old-fashioned "Little Minister," I have been sure that Hepburn was the stuff of which permanent success is made.

Undoubtedly, she will go right on "borrowing" tricks and traits from more mature and experienced troupers. I once heard the president of an important University pronounce, "Our really important students are not the ones who become letter perfect in their lessons and recite them like parrots. They are the boys who assimilate what they learn, make it their own and transmute it into something individual."

If Katharine has "borrowed" recognizable characteristics from other people, she has nevertheless transmuted them into something individual and artistically important. But gracious! If she goes on like this, she'll be practically an entire motion picture cast, all in one package!

Don't Take Advice!

(*Continued from page 47*)

Cagney was the rebel of Hollywood? He told his studio that he'd leave the picture business before he'd make the compromises demanded of him. He threw words of rebellion in their faces.

He was given advice. Golly, was that lad given advice! "You're being a fool, Jimmy," people said. "Now take my advice and patch this thing up. Why, the studio can ruin your career. You'd better see the producers. You had better compromise."

They painted a black picture—unless, of course, he took their shining advice. But Jimmy went his own way, he listened only to the dictates of his own rebellious heart. And today he is doing okay for himself. That wolf you heard wasn't howling at his door.

And now look at a victim of bad advice whose own vitality at last came through. I'm speaking of Myrna Loy.

You really can't blame her for heeding the advice-givers. It was pretty hard for her to sit back, with only an average contract, and realize that she was coining money for her studio while others, with not nearly so much box-office appeal, were better off than she.

True, when she signed that contract she had been a mediocre actress for years. True, it was the change in her style of work and a chance to show the talents that had so long been hidden by slithering, slit-eyed roles that turned her into a company money-maker. But no one knew that this was going to happen.

And so she was "advised." The hundreds of Hollywood advice-givers (honestly, they should form a union) told her she was foolish to sit by and make no more demands. So Myrna against her own better judgment upped and left the lot and an announcement was made that she was going with another studio.

Myrna's advice-givers should now be getting a royalty from Luise Rainer. Luise profited when she stepped into the Loy four-Bs. It may have been her own first hunch or the flashing success made by Rainer that determined Myrna to give up the outside studio idea. At any rate, she is back in the fold. And the lads who peddled the advice must feel pretty silly.

THERE are those who say Helen Vinson is the biggest potential bet on the screen. And every newcomer is meat for the advisors. How shocked they were when anyone so untried and insecure determined to break her contract and free lance! They were horrified when she dared to quarrel with Sam Goldwyn over how a scene in "The Wedding Night" was to be played.

SO they weren't surprised, they said, when she signed a contract to make a couple of pictures with Gaumont-British; it was all just a part of her general rebelliousness. And they told her, "You're making a big mistake to work in England. After all, in Hollywood it is 'Out of sight out of mind!' Besides people will get the idea that you're through here and won't want you any more."

So Helen made her two pictures in England, "King of the Damned" and "Transatlantic Tunnel"—both of which added credit to her fame as an actress—and has returned to Hollywood for another picture. And besides having more prestige, she also has a new husband, Fred Perry, the tennis player.

How right Helen was to listen to her own convictions! How wrong she would have been had she taken the free advice!

And man, oh man, the advice they gave Garbo. "You must be nice to the press," they told her. "You must be sweet and gracious and always see everyone. You must go to the important parties," they said. "It's good to mix with people and get to know the big shots. It will get you publicity."

So Garbo said, "I tank I go home" and got more publicity than press teas and smiles for every writer in Hollywood would have netted her.

THE first trip Paul Muni made to Hollywood was a succession of advice conferences. Not knowing the ways of Hollywood he said he felt like a man going through an African jungle. How stupid the man would be to attempt it without a guide. So he took along a lot of guides, who showed him just where to put his foot every step he made.

What happened? In just a few months Paul was out. He went back to the stage, a little sore at Hollywood.

And then, months later, he had another chance. This time he listened to no one but himself. He broke all the rules which Hollywood lays down for its newcomers. And the next thing you knew Paul Muni was a success in pictures.

It really all boils down to one truth—the people who dare to do, who have real rebellion in their souls, who refuse to walk along the accepted paths, are the ones with the courage and energy to put themselves across.

Haven't you seen it in families? Four children will be "mother's pride"—so sweet, so docile, so gentle. And the fifth will always be in trouble, never do what he is told. Nine times out of ten it is that very trying fifth child who makes his presence felt in the world.

And yet so bound are we by rules and regulations, so envious perhaps of those who have the courage to break them, that we predict dire disaster for them.

Carole Lombard and I were talking about that one day. "I never listen to anybody but myself," she said. "People say I'm just plain nuts. But at least they say it, they don't dismiss me with an evasive word or two."

I believe that if you will look over the Hollywood scene you will learn a lesson. And that lesson is, "Know what you want to do, have a picture of your goal in your mind and set out to get it *your* way, without taking advice from anybody!"

It's Thrifty to Knit

(*Continued from page 52*)

fashions. The finishing is very important. You can have your dress blocked by a professional if you like, but if you want to do it yourself, this is the way to go about it: Be very careful in sewing the seams together to have the rows matching. When your dress or sweater is completed, lay a thick pad on a table, then spread your dress out full length and width. Stretch it to your individual measurements. Get your correct length of sleeve, bust and hip measurement. Then pin it carefully to the pad about every inch, following above instructions. Lay a wet cloth over it and press until almost dry. Remove the pins. Lay the seams flat and press out the creases made by the pins.

There is no charge for our instructions—they're absolutely *free*. All you do is to signify the accessory set or costume you want by number and send it together with a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Adelia Bird, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

How to Hold Your Husband

(*Continued from page 45*)

unusual people, and Irene and her husband are that.

Now take a tip from Dixie Lee Crosby. Give your husband twins once in awhile! (Ha, Ha!) But seriously, Bing was the proudest man in Hollywood when those babies were born. Aside from his paternal pride, think what husbandly pride he must take in looking at Dixie, the mother of three lusty boys, and finding her the same slender, vivacious girl he married. Don't ever let your maternal interest in your new offspring dull your romantic one in your husband. Get after your figure the moment you are feeling tip-top again. Make your routine just as methodical as that of your baby's. You won't regret it, you'll thank me.

And now let *me* give you some tips. For goodness sake, don't harp on dieting and reducing. Husbands have a holy horror of those two words, mostly because they have seen too many women ruin their health and dispositions by stupid starvation diets and fantastic get-slim-quick ideas. A jittery, cranky woman can drive a man to more things than drink! Remember this, my system gives you *health* and *strength*—two essentials to beauty in any form. You must be healthy to be strong.

Now I'm going to give you a marvelous exercise for reducing the abdomen—it has never failed. It's an exercise wherein your husband can help you, if you can persuade him to.

LIE flat upon the floor, on your face, with your arms outstretched above your head. First, get your husband to grab you around your ankles (he's in a standing position). Now, have him slowly pull your ankles up off the floor. Your legs are in a semi-circle and it is as if he were going to make your toes touch your head and thus bring you into a complete circle. While he is doing this, you must stretch your stomach and arm muscles. Baby, you can feel the flesh rolling off. Keep at it. Have him raise and lower your ankles for about five minutes, daily. In a month you won't know your own figure. You won't know your husband, either, he'll be complimenting you so much.

And listen, baby, don't let your husband give you that old alibi, "I don't want you to reduce. I love you the way you are."

Sure, he probably does like you the way you are because you've become a habit—a comfortable sort of habit like his old smoking jacket or his bedroom slippers.

No matter how interested he still seems to be in the plump you, remember that he can become more interested in some slender atractive girl who happens along. By the time he's met a dozen slim, attractive girls —well, look out!

Have you ever noticed that when a group of married friends go dancing of an evening, how often the husband of a fat gal dances with his neighbor's slim wife? Need I say more?

He may say he likes you as you are but he would worship you, if you were youthful, slim and lovely looking. Life for both of you would be a thousand times more fascinating. We are progressing so fast today that pretty soon there will be no such thing as age, so be alert and eager enough to grasp all the benefits that science has to offer you.

Now I am going to give you a "How to Hold Your Husband" diet. It works both ways. It's a meal that will reduce you and will, at the same time, be so darn good that he'll yell for more. Don't laugh. It's a corned beef and cabbage dinner!

Cut off all the fat from corned beef. Put it in a kettle with a cup of cold water. To this add two onions, three bay leaves, twelve whole black pepper pods and a solid head of white cabbage, cut into quarters. Steam all this together for one hour and a half. Then peel and quarter (quarter them the long way) some Irish potatoes. Add them and steam the whole dish for another hour. You can eat the corned beef and cabbage but don't eat the

Which is which? Can you spot Mme. Sylvia's Joan Personette, whom she selected in our December issue as the girl most closely resembling Joan Crawford? The likeness is startling and when la Crawford visited New York recently, the girls got together. Here they are—at left, Joan Personette, at right, Joan Crawford.

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potatoes. The rest of the family will enjoy them.

With this meal serve a green salad and for dessert, have apples baked this way: Cut out both stems of the apples but do not core them. Stick a piece of lemon peel into the place where the stem was. Then squeeze the juice of the lemon over the raw apples. Bake them slowly, basting as you bake. Do not add any sugar. Serve them with a demi-tasse. A swell dessert.

And there you have a meal that is reducing, inexpensive and absolutely delicious. It's as good for your husband as it is for you. Just sit back and listen to him yell for more. And, when you tell him that it's a reducing meal, I'll bet he won't believe you!

So, in closing, remember, darling, a good man is hard to find—but once found, he's worth holding with every bit of imagination and allure you can conjure up.

Sylvia is glad to answer your letters. Send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Mme. Sylvia, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

She will discuss all of your personal problems with you. But remember to ask her just one question at a time. She can answer them more quickly that way.

What's Ahead for Janet Gaynor?

(*Continued from page 41*)

often produce very unsettled results.

But I believe that even these facts are comparatively insignificant and unimportant. I believe that the change, if there be a change, is due simply and wholly to the fact that the girl has become the woman and there is a normal break indicated between what she has done and what she may do in the future.

That, plus an accident which removed her from the starring role of "Way Down East." Of which, more later.

And it is also my belief that Janet will not go into the eclipse suffered by Mary Pickford. She will not undergo a similar fate just because she is entering a new phase—and knows it. That is the healthy omen, that she does know it. That is the omen which promises longevity for Janet, the star.

People say, "But if she grows up, will the fans accept her in anything but young and saccharine roles?"

IT seems to me that the past year or two answers that. And indicates, sharply, that Janet sees herself in an undistorted mirror. And demonstrates that the fans will keep step with her. For in "Carolina," she very definitely began to grow up. As the young mother of two small children she stepped into the adult class. In "Change of Heart," she played a quite mature, newspaper girl, a college graduate, no longer adolescent and wondering what it is all about. In "One More Spring," she was sophisticated, certainly not the sheltered, idealistic darling nor the pampered Faëry Queen. And while I understand that that picture, as a picture, was not an outstanding success, the report on the fan reaction to Janet herself was highly enthusiastic. In "The Farmer Takes a Wife," she gives an adult characterization and, more important, plays a character part which is an eye to the future or I am blind. And had she completed "Way Down East," she would have played a girl, unwed, who had experienced motherhood. And Janet had no objections to that role.

These are incontestable and easily checkupable facts, and seem to indicate, if not to prove, that Janet is not going to cling, blushing, to her sunbonnet blue and her Faëry Princess wands.

One fact should be clearly borne in mind when any discussion of Janet is before the house. And this fact is that she is, first and foremost, an excellent business woman. And excellent business women know when a product is dated. She is sound business woman enough to take to heart what happened to Mary Pickford, who never grew up, and to realize that there does come an end to the story of Peter Pan.

Janet is probably wealthier than nine out of ten of her fellow stars. She has no extravagances, neither financial nor emotional. Her head rules her heart and her check book and her contracts. She lives in a simple home. She keeps one servant. The average movie star's menage is staffed with anywhere from five to twenty-five. She never buys expensive cars. She has had the same one for years. She doesn't care for jewels. She never entertains more than six persons at any one time. She saves and invests her money. She buys inexpensive gowns. She doesn't make ridiculous mistakes. She consults her mother about everything. And so she will not, it is safe to assume, make the most ridiculous mistake of all—that of clinging to the ruffled skirts of girlhood once girlhood is gone, or ought to be gone.

People say "But *why* did she leave the cast of 'Way Down East'? I *hear*—Rochelle Hudson—I am told—don't try to tell *me*—" and so forth.

I don't know why I should try to tell anyone anything since we all believe what we want to believe, what there's the most kick in believing, and the devil take the truth.

And, for the matter of that, I can only tell you what I myself have been told by people who were eye and ear witnesses of the accident, people who were on location with the "Way Down East" company in Santa Cruz. And I have a naïve way of believing eye and ear witnesses as against the "they-sayers."

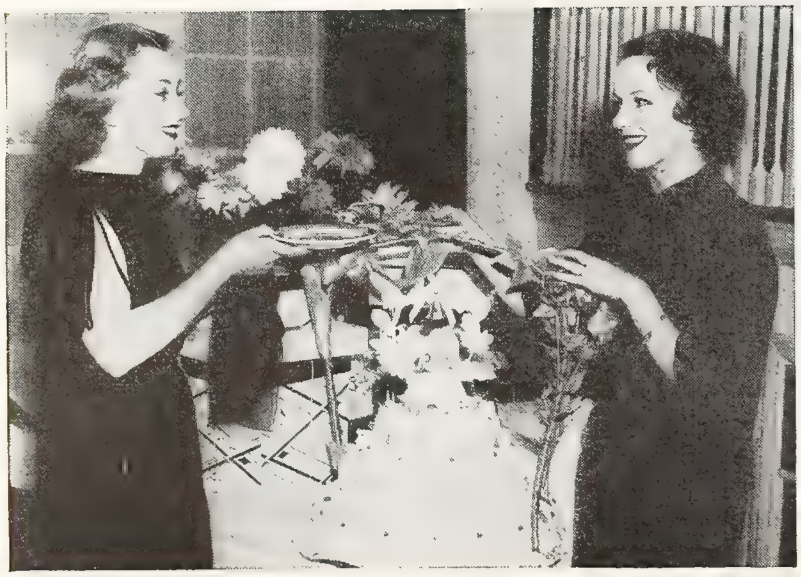
PEOPLE say, "It's all very curious." Well, if concussion of the brain and a dangerously low blood count is very curious, have it your own way. I can merely reiterate that I am told that Janet was badly hurt, and for that reason, and no other, she abdicated the part to Rochelle Hudson. She did collide with Henry Fonda when they were on location. She did see stars and she did fall over backwards, striking her head against a jagged piece of rock protruding from the field.

Mr. Henry King is a very vigorous director. When he directs the collision of two stars, one of them falls. Janet fell. And after the smash-up, a nasty one, she went on working, while her head hummed and ached. She returned to Hollywood that night. The next morning she went to the hairdresser's for a head massage, believing the treatment might relieve the pain in her head. She returned to the studio to work. She fainted in her dressing-room. Even then, she persisted. She worked for almost a week, taking osteopathic treatments meanwhile. At the end of the week she fainted again. This time she was compelled to go home. A doctor's examination disclosed concussion and a blood-count low enough to have put a prize fighter under a transfusion. She was told that she must remain in bed for at least two months. She was told that, of course, the scalp massage and the osteopathic treatments were the very worst things she could have done, under the circumstances. She was told that she really should not work for another six months.

People say, "But why isn't she working *now?* Isn't there something queer about that? Has Twentieth Century-Fox a story ready for her? If not, why not?"

No, nothing queer about it. Twentieth Century-Fox have not a story ready for her at this writing because, according to the terms of her contract, which call for three productions a year, she does not start work until January, 1936. "Way Down East," in spite of her having to leave the cast, is counted as one of her three for the year. Not being due to make another until January—having worked very hard and pushed her schedule ahead last year in the hope that she could make her long-dreamed-of world tour—she is up to scratch and that is the why of that. They are looking for material for her right now.

Her contract with Fox expires in June of this year. She will make her scheduled two pictures before that time. Barring an Act of God, and assuming that a studio is not staffed with practised fabricators, this



Ann Sothern helps to eat up Inez Courtney's wedding cake! Inez recently wed Luigi Filiasi, a Los Angeles wine merchant.

Season's greetings from Hollywood's problem child! Edith Fellows, who was such a bad girl in "She Married Her Boss," presents this doll-like picture, amid a galaxy of toys.

can be stated as fact.

When her contract expires, will she reign still, as Queen of the Fox lot? Well, "They" say that she will not re-sign. They say that they have heard that she will go with Mr. Sheehan. But where? Do "They" know that? Because, and I have this as coming from Janet herself, she does not know where she will go, if at all.

Such being the case, what can Janet say? It is certainly safe to assume that she will go wherever it is most advantageous for her to go, as any good business woman would. Naturally if Mr. Sheehan affiliates in such a way as to offer her better stories, larger opportunities, more money than she has now—then, quite reasonably, she would go with Mr. Sheehan, I should think. As she would go to M-G-M, RKO, Columbia, Warner Brothers—or remain where she is—according to the proposition involved.

I believe that this gives answers, however speculative, to most of the rumors, equally speculative. The box office drop of a mere one to two points. The assurance that she will make her two more scheduled pictures on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot. The assumption that if she does not re-sign with Fox it will only be because something more attractive presents itself. The information, which is as valid as eyes and ears can make it, that Janet left the cast of "Way Down East" because she was ill . . . difficult for skeptics to swallow, this idea that what they are told at headquarters is the truth. But as near to the truth as we have been able to come.

One more rumor. "They" have also been busy with romance rumors. One day report had it that a young dentist is the favored Romeo. I can tell you, pretty definitely, that the seriousness of that romance has been over and done with these many months. Love is an unknown quantity, of course, and any day my "pretty definite" statement may rise up to smite me in the teeth. But I think not. Another report nominated Gene Raymond as the Gaynor Gallant. Then Al Scott and so on, through the roll-call of eligible young men. Of whom there are not many.

In fact, I am told that Janet said, when questioned about Gene, "Whom else would a girl go out with in Hollywood?" And Janet's mother likes Gene, likes Janet to go out with him. Because Janet is not yet as strong as she might be and when Gene says that he will bring her home at eleven, he brings her home at eleven. I am further told that Janet has no matrimonial intentions whatsoever, or *whom*soever. She is, she says, "having a good time, playing the field." Every girl's birthright, or isn't it?

So, what's ahead for Janet Gaynor?

Somerset Maugham says, somewhere in his "Don Fernando" that ". . . if you chance to create a type he will go marching down the ages to the end of time. You gave him life and he holds you forever in the remembrance of men . . ."

Well, Janet and Mary created a type. They created the perfect type of youth when youth is innocent and dewy and lovely. The young Mary, the young Janet will remain forever, I feel sure, in the rosemary and remembrance of men.

But it is my conviction that Janet will not go down, embalmed in a memory—*one* memory. I believe that she will give us, not one of the Stages of Man, but possibly, all Seven Stages. She will go marching down the ages bequeathing us her idyllic youth and, as well, a mellow maturity, a silvery age, a poignant portrait gallery of which the girl will be only the pretty predecessor.

LITTLE JACK HORNER
SAT IN A CORNER
AFTER EATING A LARGE PIECE OF PIE . . .
HE STUCK IN HIS THUMB,
AND PULLED OUT A TUM,
(WHICH HE ALWAYS KEPT IN HIS VEST POCKET FOR JUST SUCH EMERGENCIES)

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MILLIONS now know the smart thing is to carry a roll of Tums, always. Heartburn, gas, and other symptoms of acid indigestion have a habit of occurring at unexpected times. You don't have to drench your stomach with harsh alkalies which physicians have long warned may make the tendency toward acid indigestion worse. Tums, a real scientific advancement, contain no soda or other alkalies, instead a wonderful antacid that simply neutralizes stomach acidity, the balance passing out of the body inert. Pleasant to eat as candy, only 10c a roll. Put a roll in your pocket now.

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Studio Addresses

(*Continued from page 55*)

BRUCE, VIRGINIA: M-G-M.
BUCK, FRANK: RKO-Radio.
BUCKLER, JOHN: Columbia.
BURGESS, DOROTHY: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
BURKE, BILLIE: Free lance. Write her at Columbia.
BURKE, KATHLEEN: Paramount.
BURNS, GEORGE: Paramount.
BUSHMAN, RALPH: M-G-M.
BUTLER, JIMMY: Paramount.
BUTTERWORTH, CHARLES: M-G-M.
CABOT, BRUCE: M-G-M.
CAGNEY, BILL: Republic.
CAGNEY, JAMES: Warner Bros.
CALLAHAN, MARGARET: RKO-Radio.
CALLEIA, JOSEPH: M-G-M.
CANSINO, RITA: 20th Century-Fox.
CANTOR, EDDIE: Samuel Goldwyn.
CARLISLE, KITTY: Paramount.
CARLISLE, MARY: M-G-M.
CARMINATI, TULLIO: Columbia.
CARRILLO, LEO: Columbia.
CARROLL, NANCY: Columbia.
CAVANAGH, PAUL: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
CHANDLER, CHICK: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
CHANDLER, HELEN: Free lance. Write her at United Artists.
CHAPLIN, CHARLES: United Artists.
CHATTERTON, RUTH: Columbia.
CHEVALIER, MAURICE: M-G-M.
CHRISTIANS, MADY: M-G-M.
CLARKE, MAE: M-G-M.
CLIVE, COLIN: Universal.
COLBERT, CLAUDETTE: Paramount.
COLLIER, CONSTANCE: M-G-M.
COLLINS, CORA SUE: M-G-M.
COLMAN, RONALD: United Artists.
CONNOLLY, WALTER: Columbia.
COOK, DONALD: Columbia.
COOPER, GARY: Paramount.
COOPER, JACKIE: M-G-M.
CORTEZ, RICARDO: Warner Bros.
COURTNEIDGE, CICELY: M-G-M.
COURTNEY, INEZ: Columbia.
CRABBE, LARRY: Paramount.
CRAWFORD, JOAN: M-G-M.
CROMWELL, RICHARD: Columbia.
CROSBY, BING: Paramount.
CROSMAN, HENRIETTA: 20th Century-Fox.
CUMMINGS, CONSTANCE: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
DANIELS, BEBE: Free lance. Write her at 20th Century-Fox.
DARE, DOROTHY: Warner Bros.
DARRO, FRANKIE: Free lance. Write him a Warner Bros.
DAVIES, MARION: Warner Bros.
DAVIS, BETTE: Warner Bros.
DEE, FRANCES: RKO-Radio.
DE HAVILLAND, OLIVIA: Warner Bros.
DEL RIO, DOLORES: Warner Bros.
DE MILLE, KATHERINE: Paramount.
DEVINE, ANDY: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
DIETRICH, MARLENE: Paramount.
DINEHART, ALAN: 20th Century-Fox.
DIX, RICHARD: RKO-Radio.
DODD, CLAIRE: Warner Bros.
DONAT, ROBERT: United Artists.
DONNELLY, RUTH: Warner Bros.
DOUGLAS, MELVYN: Columbia.
DOWNS, JOHNNY: Paramount.
DOYLE, MAXINE: Warner Bros.
DRAKE, FRANCES: Paramount.
DUMBRILLE, DOUGLAS: Columbia.
DUNA, STEFFI: RKO-Radio.
DUNN, JAMES: 20th Century-Fox.
DUNNE, IRENE: RKO-Radio.
DURANT, JACK: 20th Century-Fox.
DURANTE, JIMMY: M-G-M.
DVORAK, ANN: Warner Bros.
EDDY, NELSON: M-G-M.
EGGERTH, MARTA: Universal.
EILERS, SALLY: Universal.
ELDREDGE, JOHN: Warner Bros.
ELLIS, MARY: Paramount.
ELLIS, PATRICIA: Warner Bros.
ERROL, LEON: Free lance. Write him at Columbia.
ERWIN, STUART: M-G-M.
EVANS, MADGE: M-G-M.
EVANS, MURIEL: M-G-M.
FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS JR.: United Artists.
FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS SR.: United Artists.
FARRELL, CHARLES: Universal.
FARRELL, GLENDA: Warner Bros.
FAVERSHAM, PHILLIP: Warner Bros.
FAYE, ALICE: 20th Century-Fox.
FAZENDA, LOUISE: M-G-M.
FEARS, PEGGY: 20th Century-Fox.
FELLOWS, EDITH: Columbia.
FETCHIT, STEPIN: 20th Century-Fox.
FIELDS, W. C.: Paramount.
FLYNN, ERROL: Warner Bros.
FONDA, HENRY: Paramount.
FORAN, DICK: Warner Bros.
FORBES, HAZEL: RKO-Radio.
FORBES, RALPH: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
FORD, WALLACE: Free lance. Write him at Columbia.
FOSTER, NORMAN: 20th Century-Fox.
FOSTER, PRESTON: RKO-Radio.
FOX, SIDNEY: RKO-Radio.
FRANCIS, KAY: Warner Bros.
FRAWLEY, WILLIAM: Paramount.
FRITCHIE, BARBARA: Paramount.
FROOS, SYLVIA: 20th Century-Fox.
FULLER, FRANCES: Paramount.
FURNESS, BETTY: M-G-M.
GABLE, CLARK: M-G-M.
GAHAGAN, HELEN: RKO-Radio.
GALLAGHER, SKEETS: RKO-Radio.
GALLIAN, KETTI: 20th Century-Fox.
GARAT, HENRI: 20th Century-Fox.
GARBO, GRETA: M-G-M.
GARGAN, WILLIAM: Warner Bros.
GAYNOR, JANET: 20th Century-Fox.
GIBSON, WYNNE: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
GILBERT, JOHN: Free lance. Write him at Columbia.
GLEASON, JAMES: RKO-Radio.
GODDARD, PAULETTE: United Artists.
GOMBELL, MINNA: Free lance. Write her at 20th Century-Fox.
GORDON, C. HENRY: M-G-M.
GORDON, GAVIN: Columbia.
GRABLE, BETTY: RKO-Radio.
GRAHAME, MARGOT: RKO-Radio.
GRANT, CARY: Paramount.
GWENN, EDMUND: M-G-M.
HADEN, SARA: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
HAINES, WILLIAM: Mascot.
HALE, ALAN: RKO-Radio.
HALEY, JACK: 20th Century-Fox.
HALLIDAY, JOHN: Paramount.
HAMILTON, NEIL: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
HARDIE, RUSSELL: M-G-M.
HARDING, ANN: RKO-Radio.
HARDWICKE, SIR CEDRIC: United Artists.
HARDY, OLIVER: M-G-M.
HARLOW, JEAN: M-G-M.
HARVEY, FORRESTER: Free lance. Write him at M-G-M.
HARVEY, LILIAN: Free lance. Write her at Columbia.
HAYDON, JULIE: Paramount.
HAYES, HELEN: M-G-M.
HAYWARD, LOUIS: M-G-M.
HEALY, TED: M-G-M.
HENRY, CHARLOTTE: Republic.
HENRY, WILLIAM: M-G-M.
HEPBURN, KATHARINE: RKO-Radio.
HERSHOLT, JEAN: M-G-M.
HERVEY, IRENE: M-G-M.
HILLIARD, HARRIET: RKO-Radio.
HOBSON, VALERIE: Universal.
HOLLOWAY, STERLING: 20th Century-Fox.
HOLMES, PHILLIPS: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
HOLT, DAVID: Paramount.
HOLT, BETTY: Paramount.
HOLT, JACK: Columbia.
HOPKINS, MIRIAM: Samuel Goldwyn.
HORTON, EDWARD EVERETT: RKO-Radio.
HOWARD, JOHN: Paramount.
HOWARD, LESLIE: Warner Bros.
HUDSON, ROCHELLE: 20th Century-Fox.
HULL, HENRY: Universal.
HUME, BENITA: 20th Century-Fox.
HUNT, MARSHA: Paramount.
HUNTER, IAN: Warner Bros.
HUNTLEY, G. P. JR.: Universal.
HUSTON, WALTER: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
HUTCHINSON, JOSEPHINE: Warner Bros.
HYAMS, LEILA: Paramount.
JAGGER, DEAN: Paramount.
JARRETT, ARTHUR: RKO-Radio.
JASON, SYBIL: Warner Bros.
JENKINS, ALLEN: Warner Bros.
JEPSON, HELEN: Paramount.
JEWELL, ISABEL: M-G-M.
JOHNSON, KAY: RKO-Radio.
JOLSON, AL: Warner Bros.
JONES, BUCK: Universal.
JORY, VICTOR: Columbia.
JUDGE, ARLINE: 20th Century-Fox.
KAAREN, SUZANNE: Republic.
KARLOFF, BORIS: Universal.
KARNS, ROSCOE: Paramount.
KEATING, FRED: Columbia.

Watch this chap! He's John Howard and he made everyone sit up and ask his name after "Annapolis Farewell." Now he's on his way in "Millions in the Air." A genial gent and a swell actor.

KEELER, RUBY: Warner Bros.
KEENE, TOM: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
KEITH, ROSALIND: Paramount.
KELLY, PATSY: M-G-M.
KELLY, PAUL: 20th Century-Fox.
KELLY, WALTER C.: Paramount.
KELTON, PERT: RKO-Radio.
KENT, BARBARA: Columbia.
KENYON, DORIS: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
KIBBEE, GUY: Warner Bros.
KIEPURA, JAN: Paramount.
KING, WALTER: 20th Century-Fox.
KNIGHT, JUNE: M-G-M.
KRUGER, OTTO: Columbia.
LAMONT, MOLLY: RKO-Radio.
LANDI, ELISSA: Paramount.
LANGDON, HARRY: Columbia.
LANE, LOLA: Free lance. Write her at Mascot.
LANG, JUNE: 20th Century-Fox.
LANGFORD, FRANCES: M-G-M.
LA RUE, JACK: Free lance. Write him at United Artists.
LAUGHTON, CHARLES: Paramount.
LAUREL, STAN: M-G-M.
LAWRENCE, ROSINA: M-G-M.
LAWTON, FRANK: Universal.
LAYE, EVELYN: M-G-M.
LEDERER, FRANCIS: RKO-Radio.
LEE, BILLY: Paramount.
LEE, DIXIE: 20th Century-Fox.
LEE, DOROTHY: RKO-Radio.
LEROY, BABY: Paramount.
LEROY, HAL: Warner Bros.
LEYTON, DRUE: 20th Century-Fox.
LIGHT, ROBERT: Warner Bros.
LIGHTNER, WINNIE: Free lance. Write her at Columbia.
LINAKER, KAY: Warner Bros.
LINDEN, ERIC: M-G-M.
LINDSAY, MARGARET: Warner Bros.
LLOYD, HAROLD: Paramount.
LODGE, JOHN: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
LOMBARD, CAROLE: Paramount.
LORD, PAULINE: Columbia.
LORRE, PETER: Columbia.
LOUISE, ANITA: Warner Bros.
LOVE, MONTAGU: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
LOWE, EDMUND: Universal.
LOY, MYRNA: M-G-M.
LUGOSI, BELA: Universal.
LUKAS, PAUL: M-G-M.
LUND, LUCILLE: Mascot.
LUPINO, IDA: Paramount.
LYON, BEN: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
MacDONALD, JEANETTE: M-G-M.
MACK, HELEN: RKO-Radio.
MacMAHON, ALINE: M-G-M.
MacMURRAY, FRED: Paramount.
MALA: M-G-M.
MANNERS, DAVID: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
MANNORS, SHEILA: Columbia.
MARCH, FREDRIC: United Artists.
MARGO: Paramount.
MARSH, JOAN: RKO-Radio.
MARSH, MARIAN: Columbia.
MARSHALL, HERBERT: Paramount.
MARTINI, NINO: 20th Century-Fox.
MARX BROTHERS: M-G-M.
MAYNARD, KEN: Columbia.
McCOY, COL. TIM: Columbia.
McCREA, JOEL: Samuel Goldwyn.
McFARLAND, SPANKY: M-G-M.
McHUGH, FRANK: Warner Bros.
McKINNEY, FLORINE: Universal.
McLAGLEN, VICTOR: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
MEIGHAN, THOMAS: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
MELTON, FRANK: 20th Century-Fox.
MENJOU, ADOLPHE: Warner Bros.
MERCER, BERYL: Free lance. Write her Republic.
MERKEL, UNA: M-G-M.
MERMAN, ETHEL: Samuel Goldwyn.
MICHAEL, GERTRUDE: Paramount.
MILJAN, JOHN: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
MILLAND, RAY: Paramount.
MITCHELL, FRANK: 20th Century-Fox.
MITCHELL, GENEVA: Columbia.
MONTENEGRO: CONCHITA: 20th Century-Fox.
MONTGOMERY, DOUGLASS: Universal.
MONTGOMERY, ROBERT: M-G-M.
MOORE, COLLEEN: RKO-Radio.
MOORE, DICKIE: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
MOORE, ERIN O'BRIEN: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
MOORE, GRACE: Columbia.
MOORE, VICTOR: Universal.
MORAN, POLLY: M-G-M.
MORENO, ANTONIO: 20th Century-Fox.
MORGAN, FRANK: M-G-M.
MORGAN, RALPH: Free lance. Write him at Republic.
MORGAN, HELEN: Warner Bros.
MORLEY, KAREN: Warner Bros.
MORRIS, CHESTER: M-G-M.
MORRISON, JOE: Paramount.
MOWBRAY, ALAN: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
MUIR, JEAN: Warner Bros.
MULHALL, JACK: Free lance. Write him at Mascot.
MUNDIN, HERBERT: 20th Century-Fox.
MUNI, PAUL: Warner Bros.
MURPHY, GEORGE: Columbia.
MURPHY, MAURICE: 20th Century-Fox.
NAGEL, CONRAD: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
NEAGLE, ANNA: United Artists.
NIXON, MARIAN: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
NOLAN, LLOYD: Columbia.
NOVARRO, RAMON: M-G-M.
NUGENT, EDWARD: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
OAKIE, JACK: Paramount.
OBERON, MERLE: United Artists.
O'BRIEN, GEORGE: 20th Century-Fox.
O'BRIEN, PAT: Warner Bros.

It's not a beautiful Eskimo with Gregory Ratoff but Binnie Barnes all done up in one of those new, hooded fur capes.

OLAND, WARNER: 20th Century-Fox.
OLIVER, EDNA MAY: M-G-M.
OLSEN, MORONI: RKO-Radio.
O'NEILL, HENRY: Warner Bros.
O'SULLIVAN, MAUREEN: M-G-M.
OVERMAN, LYNN: Paramount.
OWEN, REGINALD: Free lance. Write him at M-G-M.
PALEY, NATALIE: RKO-Radio.
PALLETTE, EUGENE: Free lance. Write him at Warner Bros.
PARKER, CECILIA: M-G-M.
PARKER, JEAN: M-G-M.
PARRISH, GIGI: Republic.
PATERSON, PAT: 20th Century-Fox.
PATRICK, GAIL: Paramount.
PENDLETON, NAT: M-G-M.
PENNER, JOE: Paramount.
PICKFORD, MARY: United Artists.
PITTS, ZASU: Universal.
PONS, LILY: RKO-Radio.
POWELL, DICK: Warner Bros.
POWELL, ELEANOR: M-G-M.
POWELL, WILLIAM: M-G-M.
PRYOR, ROGER: Universal.
QUALEN, JOHN: 20th Century-Fox.
QUIGLEY, JUANITA: Universal.
QUILLAN, EDDIE: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
RAFT, GEORGE: Paramount.
RAINER, LUISE: M-G-M.
RALPH, JESSIE: RKO-Radio.
RAINS, CLAUDE: Universal.
RALSTON, ESTHER: Republic.
RAND, SALLY: Paramount.
RATOFF, GREGORY: RKO-Radio.
RAY, CHARLES: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
RAYMOND, GENE: RKO-Radio.
REED, PHILLIP: Warner Bros.
REGAN, PHIL: Warner Bros.
RHODES, ERIK: RKO-Radio.
RICE, FLORENCE: Columbia.
ROBBINS, BARBARA: RKO-Radio.
ROBERTI, LYDA: Paramount.
ROBERTSON, GUY: Republic.
ROBINSON, BILL: 20th Century-Fox.
ROBINSON, EDWARD G.: Warner Bros.
ROBSON, MAY: M-G-M.
ROGERS, CHARLES: RKO-Radio.
ROGERS, GINGER: RKO-Radio.
ROLAND, GILBERT: 20th Century-Fox.
ROMERO, CESAR: Paramount.
ROONEY, MICKEY: M-G-M.
ROSS, SHIRLEY: M-G-M.
ROULIEN, RAUL: 20th Century-Fox.
RUGGLES, CHARLES: Paramount.
RUSSELL, ROSALIND: M-G-M.
SABIN, CHARLES: Columbia.
SAVO, JIMMY: M-G-M.
SCHILDKRAUT, JOSEPH: Columbia.
SCHUBERT, MARINA: Paramount.
SCOTT, RANDOLPH: Paramount.
SEARLE, JACKIE: 20th Century-Fox.
SELLON, CHARLES: 20th Century-Fox.
SELWYN, RUTH: M-G-M.
SEWARD, BILLIE: Columbia.
SHANNON, PEGGY: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
SHAW, WINIFRED: Warner Bros.
SHEA, GLORIA: Columbia.
SHEARER, NORMA: M-G-M.
SHIELDS, FRANK: M-G-M.
SHIRLEY, ANNE: RKO-Radio.
SIDNEY, SYLVIA: Paramount.
SKIPWORTH, ALISON: Paramount.
SLEEPER, MARTHA: M-G-M.
SMITH, C. AUBREY: United Artists.
SMITH, QUEENIE: Paramount.
SOTHERN, ANN: Columbia.
SPARKS, NED: Warner Bros.
STANDING, SIR GUY: Paramount.
STANWYCK, BARBARA: RKO-Radio.
STARRETT, CHARLES: Warner Bros.
STELLING, WILLIAM: 20th Century-Fox.
STEN, ANNA: United Artists.
STEPHENS, HARVEY: M-G-M.
STEPHENSON, HENRY: M-G-M.
STEVENS, ONSLOW: Universal.
STONE, FRED: Paramount.
STONE, PAULA: Warner Bros.
STONE, LEWIS: M-G-M.
STUART, GLORIA: Universal.
SULLAVAN, MARGARET: Universal.
SUMMERVILLE, SLIM: Universal.
SWANSON, GLORIA: M-G-M.
SWARTHOUT, GLADYS: Paramount.
TALBOT, LYLE: Warner Bros.
TAYLOR, KENT: Paramount.
TAYLOR, ROBERT: M-G-M.
TEASDALE, VERREE: Warner Bros.
TEMPLE, SHIRLEY: 20th Century-Fox.
THOMAS, FRANKIE: RKO-Radio.
THOMAS, JAMESON: Republic.
TOBIN, GENEVIEVE: Warner Bros.
TODD, THELMA: M-G-M.
TOMLIN, PINKY: Universal.
TONE, FRANCHOT: M-G-M.
TORRENCE, DAVID: Free lance. Write him at M-G-M.
TRACY, LEE: Paramount.
TRACY, SPENCER: M-G-M.
TREE, DOROTHY: Warner Bros.
TREVOR, CLAIRE: 20th Century-Fox.
TURPIN, BEN: Free lance. Write him at Mascot.
TWELVETREES, HELEN: 20th Century-Fox.
VALLEE, RUDY: Warner Bros.
VELEZ, LUPE: M-G-M.
VENABLE, EVELYN: Paramount.
VINSON, HELEN: Free lance. Write her at Columbia.
WADSWORTH, HENRY: M-G-M.
WALBURN, RAYMOND: Columbia.
WALKER, JUNE: 20th Century-Fox.
WALKER, RAY: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
WALTHALL, H. B.: 20th Century-Fox.
WALTERS, POLLY: Universal.
WALTON, DOUGLAS: Samuel Goldwyn.
WARE, IRENE: Universal.
WATERS, ETHEL: Free lance. Write her Universal.
WAYNE, JOHN: Republic.
WEBB, CLIFTON: M-G-M.
WEIDLER, VIRGINIA: Paramount.
WEISSMULLER, JOHNNY: M-G-M.
WELLS, JACQUELINE: Free lance. Write her at Republic
WEST, MAE: Paramount.
WESTCOTT, GORDON: Warner Bros.
WESTLEY, HELEN: RKO-Radio.
WHEELER, BERT: RKO-Radio.
WHITE, ALICE: Free lance. Write her at Paramount.
WILCOXON, HENRY: Paramount.
WILLIAM, WARREN: Warner Bros.
WILLIAMS, CLARK: Universal.
WILLIAMS, HUGH: 20th Century-Fox.
WILSON, DOROTHY: Paramount.
WILSON, LOIS: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
WING, PAT: Warner Bros.
WING, TOBY: Paramount.
WINNINGER, CHARLES: 20th Century-Fox.
WITHERS, GRANT: Universal.
WITHERS, JANE: 20th Century-Fox.
WONG, ANNA MAY: Paramount.
WOODS, DONALD: Warner Bros.
WOOLSEY, BOB: RKO-Radio.
WRAY, FAY: Columbia.
WYATT, JANE: Universal.
WYNYARD, DIANA: M-G-M.
YOUNG, ELIZABETH: Universal.
YOUNG, LORETTA: M-G-M.
YOUNG, POLLY ANN: Free lance. Write her at 20th Century-Fox.
YOUNG, ROBERT: M-G-M.
YOUNG, ROLAND: United Artists.
YOUNG, TAMMANY: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.

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Reviews—A Tour of Today's Talkies

"Thanks a Million" is a knockout musical, with Ann Dvorak, Dick Powell and Patsy Kelly.

(*Continued from page 7*)

resting or cutting capers, the Marxes were busily engaged in trimming everyone in the cast who was foolish enough to join in one of their bridge games. Ely himself wouldn't have had a ghost of a show. . . . Kitty Carlisle was born down in New Orleans, but spent most of her life in Europe. She was educated in Switzerland and Paris with a social career in mind. But social butterflying palled on the Carlisle girl, so she began looking around for some place to market her voice. She didn't have any hopes of marketing her looks. But it was the Carlisle legs that landed her in Florenz Ziegfeld's "Rio Rita." Summer theatre work followed and the next season she had an offer to display her vocal and histrionic ability in "Champagne, Sec." Next stop, Hollywood. . . . Allan Jones longed to sing, too. But working in coal mines doesn't give a fellow much opportunity. He worked four years in the Pennsylvania undergrounds, until he'd saved up enough money to begin a musical education. His work with shovel and pickax was a rest cure compared to the work he did the next couple of years on his voice.

★★★ Thanks a Million

(20th Century-Fox)

Combining a political satire with a first-rate musical may sound like a difficult assignment, but 20th Century-Fox has done it with more than pleasing results. It might well be added, of course, that Dick Powell, Fred Allen, Ann Dvorak, Patsy Kelly, The Yacht Club Boys and Paul Whiteman's Band should be credited with expert assistance. Fred Allen, it seems, is stranded with a band of entertainers, so he sells them to the campaign managers of the Commonwealth Party, whose candidate for governor, Raymond Walburn, is having difficulty getting voters to listen to his speeches. Fred's entertainment packs the house, and the right-thinking citizens go so wild over Dick Powell's singing that he finds himself replacing the regular candidate, who is a non-crooner. The opposition hires Paul Whiteman's Band and the battle is on. It's swell entertainment all the way through, with Fred Allen and the Yacht Club Boys stealing the honors. Allen's dead pan comedy registers as well on the screen as it does on the air, which means you'll be seeing more of him.

Preview Postscripts

That $100,000 Stradivarius of Rubinoff's provided plenty of entertainment for the cast on this picture. But not for Mr. Rubinoff. He was on the verge of nervous prostration until the picture was completed and he and the famous fiddle were en route to New York. Every day someone would get hold of the violin and hide it safely away, 'til in despair Mr. R. called the Metropolitan Insurance Co. (advt.) and had a man sent to stand guard over the instrument. All the members of the cast became interested in insurance before that rain sequence was completed. Shooting lasted for a week and a half, so that a special heating system had to be installed to safeguard the health of the players. Pipes strung across the set cause those perfect rainfalls. A faucet controls the type of moisture. "Mist," "light shower" or "deluge" can be turned on at a moment's notice. A wind-machine is brought in for tornado effects. . . . Patsy Kelly was given a year to live three years ago. That was following the tragic accident in which Jean Malin was killed and she was temporarily paralyzed. The two dancers had appeared on a program at the "Ship Cafe" on a Santa Monica pier. Their car backed through a rail as they were leaving and was pitched twenty feet into the ocean. Patsy was finally extricated from the car in time, but her dancing days were supposed to be over. Now she practises eight hours a day and thinks nothing of it. Except the other day, when she and Ann Dvorak met at eight o'clock at the studio to practise their routine. They had worked continuously until one o'clock and mentioned it to Mr. Darryl Zanuck, who happened to be passing by. "That's fine," said Mr. Zanuck. "At that rate you should be pretty good by four or five and we can begin shooting."

★★★ Peter Ibbetson

(Paramount)

Produced with exceptional good taste and charm, "Peter Ibbetson" is a serene and beautiful example of the technical excellence which a motion picture can attain. Those very qualities may detract from its appeal to a number of audiences, for while it has a number of virtues, it lacks excitement. You may know the story. Briefly, it tells of the love of a boy and a girl, separated in childhood and reunited years later just long enough to discover that their devotion to each other is all that each has lived for. After their meeting they never see each other again, for the boy is serving a life term in prison, but their love brings them together nightly in their dreams until death carries them away together. The idyllic romance is ably portrayed by Ann Harding and Gary Cooper, although both seem somewhat stolid and matter-of-fact about the whole affair. One can hardly blame them, at that, for Fate really hasn't given them much to be gay about. John Halliday is splendid in a supporting role, and the lovers as children are superbly played by Dickie Moore and Virginia Weidler.

Gary Cooper and Ann Harding in the thrilling drama, "Peter Ibbetson."

May Robson, Frankie Darro, Charlotte Henry, William Benedict, Billy Burrud and Henry Armetta represent the cast of "Three Kids and a Queen."

Preview Postscripts

This classic story has been reproduced many times on the stage and for opera, but leave it to the movies to get the right effects right down to the last whisker. Expense means nothing compared to authenticity. The mild, unobstrusive lady sitting on the sets for this picture every day drew a pretty penny for being so authentic. Mme. Hilda Grenier is the name and her job means much more than just sitting in camp chairs. She has to pass on the design of every tapestry hung on the ancestral walls, every stitch of clothing worn by the players, every bit of dialogue, etc., to determine whether it would be appropriate to that time in history. Would a gentleman of 1830 smoke a clay pipe or paper cigar; would the duke carve a saddle of mutton or boiled peacocks; what cusswords, if any, would the gentlemen of that era be fond of? "Gadzooks" she insists went out before Washington and "blooming" didn't come in before Kipling. Twenty men toiled one solid month building an exact replica of the Pentonville gaol near London for Mr. Cooper to languish in. In 1840 it was called the "model prison," being equipped with all the latest in whipping-posts, stocks, ball-and-chains and other stimuli to good behavior. Queen Victoria's comment after visiting it was that it was "quite humanitarian"—underlining the quite. . . . Ann Hard-

"Frisco Kid," a fast-moving Barbary Coast tale, with Jimmy Cagney and Margaret Lindsay.

ing had a surprise birthday party while on this set. Gary Cooper and Director Hathaway ordered an elaborate cake with a reasonable amount of candles, gathered all the crew into Miss Harding's dressing room, and everyone had a good time. Everyone but Mr. Hathaway. One of the still photographers had left a few bulbs in a chair. Mr. H., his hands full of cake, sat down in this particular chair. Followed a tremendous pop, crackle and several words which Mme. Grenier would not have found strictly authentic. Mr. Hathaway, ever since the days of directing cowboys and redskins, has been noted for his virile taste in pictures. The sight of the husky director, frayed cigar in mouth, shapeless hat on the back of his head and in shirt-sleeves, directing this ethereal play was worth a ticket before the picture was anywhere near completed. Nothing, believes Hathaway, is more stale than yesterday's thrill, so he believes the public is ready to appreciate the spiritual values in this type of play. . . . Mme. Namara has long been associated with the Metropolitan Opera and the Paris Opera Comique. In spite of that fancy name, Mme. is an American, born in Cleveland, Ohio. She was born to the MacNamara's and christened Margaret. The youngest prima donna to make her début in Italy, is her proudest title.

★★★ Frisco Kid

(Warners)

If you like plenty of adventure in your plots, rough and ready characters and a goodly dash of heart-interest, you'll go for this celluloider in a big way. All those brawny men with hearts of gold inclined us to feel the picture bordered on the melodramatic, and the romance savored too much of sentimentality. But with San Francisco in the days of the Barbary Coast as a setting, we are willing to overlook all. If there's any locale more conducive to thrills than the old wharves, boats and dives along a waterfront, we've yet to see it. Anything can loom out of those murky darknesses, and in this story all kinds of baddies are abroad. The story starts off with a bang from the instant James Cagney set foot inside a Coast saloon. He scorns wine, women and singing, so one meanie thinks such virtue should be rewarded. He slugs our hero and relieves him of all the gold he's dug in them thar hills. There follows a merry round of shanghai-ing, battling and a general free-for-all, climaxed by the appearance of the Vigilantes. James Cagney is good in his role, Donald Woods is excellent as the young and radical crusader and Margaret Lindsay looks appealingly pretty in the gay gowns of that era.

Preview Postscripts

Not only was this picture exciting as to plot, but everyone on the set claimed it was the most adventurous one they'd ever been on. Something was always happening to keep up the excitement. All those waterfront scenes were taken right on a set at the Warner Brothers Burbank studio. There's a huge tank out there which was used for this purpose. That tank has been used for every purpose under the sun by the studio—even to using it for a swimming pool, and at one time there was a family of swans floating regally around on it. That grand fire scene in the picture actually happened on the set. About fifteen buildings were set on fire for the effect. The studio fire department was called out to stand guard, as well as the local fire departments in Burbank and San Fernando. . . . James Cagney and the other men in the picture, all claimed that this film did more for them than a physical culture class would have done. They could feel the muscles sprouting more every day. For all those fights that take place actually *did* happen. Between every scene there would be wild grappling and throwing around of various members of the set. Black eyes, bruises and limps were a sign you'd been in Frisco Kid."

★★★ Show Them No Mercy

(20th Century-Fox)

"Snatched" was the former title of this picture and is the theme. It is the grim tale of a flawlessly executed kidnapping by four gangsters; Cesar Romero, Bruce Cabot, Edward Brophy and Warren Hymer. The story is of intense interest, made doubly so by the realization that the ruthless methods employed are true to life. Justice, of course, wins, but there are many moments of stark terror before the gang gets wiped out. How the federal men lay their plans and gradually close in the net on the suspects is an engrossing part of the picture. The cast, in every case, is excellently chosen. Cesar Romero, as the "brains" of the gang, shows that he has something more than teeth in his head, while Bruce Cabot displays talents heretofore unsuspected as the most fiendish of the crooks. Edward Norris, a newcomer, and Rochelle Hudson provide the romantic interest with plenty of excitement when they are trapped in the kidnapper's lair with their child and dog. The wire-haired terrier, incidentally, practically steals the picture from the competent cast. He provides the only enlivening moments in a

"Show Them No Mercy," featuring Cesar Romero, Edward Norris and Rochelle Hudson.

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story fraught with the horror of what men will do when obsessed with greed.

Preview Postscripts

The studio arsenal department saw heavy duty during the filming of this play. A member from the department has to be on hand whenever a gun is carried and has to give plenty of instruction to the player before he can shoot it. Lew Witte, head of the arsenal department, personally took charge of Rochelle Hudson. It took him a couple weeks to teach her how to fire that machine gun which she handles so nonchalantly in the picture. Rochelle always closed her eyes tight before firing which had the habit of making the machine gun look rather silly. Miss Hudson is a local Oklahoman but was educated in Hollywood. Though she was born in Will Rogers' home state and brought up in his city and spent a year on the Fox lot, where Will was under contract, Rochelle didn't meet her favorite actor until she played with him in a picture. Her hobby is making hooked rugs. She already has thirty-five to her credit and a string of blue ribbons won at exhibits. . . . The marital status of Bruce Cabot and Adrienne Ames at present is rather unpredictable. They have announced a divorce, but they are seen together at night-clubs and premières. . . . Warren Hymer had great difficulty getting to work of a morning. Before he could make the set, it was necessary to wade through an army of process servers. Warren, anyone in Hollywood will tell you, is just too generous for his own good. . . . Cesar Romero is one of Hollywood's busiest gentlemen, come the evening. He has the telephone numbers of Marlene Dietrich, Claire Trevor, Betty Furness, Virginia Bruce and practically every blonde actress in town, which is practically every actress. . . . The subject of kidnapping as a screen plot has been carefully and longingly considered by every studio in town. But it was too delicate a subject to present without excellent script work and production to bolster it. Kubec Glasmon is the lad who wrote the original story and screen play for this one.

★★★ Metropolitan

(20th Century-Fox)

As a Tibbett song-fest "Metropolitan" is one of the most satisfying pictures of the year. As a story it's the old backstage musical comedy plot done with opera. In spite of the fact that it contains several highly amusing sequences, one has the feeling that it's all been done before. However, the magic voice of Tibbett, given excellent recording for the first time on the screen, more than makes up for any deficiency in the story department.

Lawrence Tibbett and Alice Brady in "Metropolitan," the delight of music lovers.

George Raft is at his best in "She Couldn't Take It," with Joan Bennett and Billie Burke.

Among the songs you'll hear are "De Glory Road," "On the Road to Mandalay" and the Toreador Song from "Carmen." Mr. Tibbett also sings the prologue from "Pagliacci," which marks a definite milestone in cinema history. To our knowledge this is absolutely the first time a singer has passed up the opportunity to sing the "Laugh, Clown" aria, and it will probably come as a distinct shock to a few movie-goers to learn that there is music other than "Ridi, Pagliacci," in that opera. Beautiful Virginia Bruce is the love interest, and others in the cast are Alice Brady, Cesar Romero, Luis Alberni and George Marion, Sr.

Preview Postscripts

Lawrence Tibbett is a Los Angeles boy who made good in record time. Not so long ago he graduated from a high school in this city and set out to make his mark in the world. He's made it so fast that even Mr. Tibbett is slightly surprised. The preview crowd jammed into the theatre for this one, since word had got about that it was a Tibbett picture and half the population in town felt a personal interest in the picture's hero. Sound recording has been perfected to such a remarkable extent since his first picture was made that Mr. Tibbett seems to have a rosy future ahead of him in the movies if he's interested. . . . Virginia Bruce, who's known as one of the loveliest women in the movie colony, came here from Fargo, North Dakota, via New York City and Ziegfeld's Follies. Instead of practising their singing as they should have been doing on the set, Miss Bruce and Lawrence Tibbett sneaked off every available moment to practise their golf strokes on a practise putting course they'd rigged up behind a set. Virginia's mother, Mrs. Margaret Briggs, used to be state champion golfer back in Dakota. In fact, she was champion for three years at a stretch. Virginia was one of the Mrs. Jack Gilberts until a year ago when she obtained a divorce from Mr. G. She has one daughter. . . . George Marion, Sr., is one of the old guard. He's been on the stage for years and in pictures during the silent days and from the beginning of the talkie era. His son, George Marion, Jr., is theatre-minded, too. But he'd rather write than act for it. The script for this play was written by him.

★★★ She Couldn't Take It

(Columbia)

Joan Bennett is the girl who couldn't stand the gaff. George Raft is the one who finally makes her take it and like it. Besides having something new in romantic combinations, this picture has a brand new plot. Through various peculiar circumstances, Mr. Raft finds himself at the head of a large family. And wotta family! Billie Burke is the mother of the outfit. She's one of those females who thinks anything common should be ignored —including sense. Her daughter, Joan Bennett, thinks the same thing. Her son, James Blakely, doesn't think at all. Mr. Raft, formerly of the rum-running profession, is up against the toughest proposition of his career. You'll enjoy every minute of his agony and find the antics of everyone in the cast highly entertaining. It's a good story, a good cast and a swell performance on the part of Mr. Raft.

Preview Postscripts

"Meet the years with a twinkle in your eye, without worry on your heart—and keep busy!" So advises Miss Billie Burke, who has remained one of the shining lights of the stage and screen for lo, these many years. She was born to circus parents in Washington, D. C. Her father was Billy Burke, star of Barnum and Bailey's, and the most famous clown of his day. Miss Burke was christened "Ethelburt," but circus people don't have much time to waste so she was soon being called Billie. Her first stage success was in London. Twenty years ago she was a movie star in "Jerry" for Thomas Ince. But she didn't remain long in Hollywood, for at that time Flo Ziegfeld was opening the new Ziegfeld Roof, and Billie decided that it would be wise to return and keep an eye on him with all the beauteous chorus gals around. They were married and after Patricia arrived, Miss Burke was content to be just Mrs. Flo Ziegfeld for nineteen years. . . . Joan is the baby of the Bennetts. She spent her childhood and most of the time up to twenty years of age admiring her brilliant parents and dazzling sisters. An inferiority complex that only an elephant could accommodate was the result. Her first successful notice after a Broadway bit changed her life. Now Joan's stepping out way ahead of the whole family. She's Mrs. Gene Markey in private life and the mother of two daughters. . . . James Blakely had a difficult problem to solve when he came to Hollywood. His background was against him. Jimmy's listed in the Blue Book, he's heir to a neat fortune and one of the palsy-walsys of Barbara Hutton, to whom he was engaged at one time. But the young man has lived it all down, and is on his way up as a promising actor.

★★★ Annie Oakley

(RKO-Radio)

For good old-time mellerdrama, filled

Preston Foster and Barbara Stanwyck in the colorful historical drama "Annie Oakley."

with color and excitement, you can't go wrong on "Annie Oakley." Directed by George Stevens, the young man who filled "Alice Adams" with so many nice touches, it proves that this gentleman is headed for big things in pictureland. Besides, it has Sitting Bull, the Chief who sat in on Custer's Last Stand; Buffalo Bill Cody, whose flowing locks were the envy of gals the whole country over, and Annie Oakley, the shootin'est female either side of the Rockies. 'Taint in us to exaggerate, but that gal ("the acme of feminine beauty and charm," according to Buffalo Bill hisself) could shoot a cigarette out'n a man's mouth at fifty paces. That shore is some shootin', eh, pardner? Barbara Stanwyck is the lady who's so fancy with the firearms. It's the best Stanwyck performance in some time, and she has swell support from Preston Foster, who plays a hard-shootin', love-makin' fool, Moroni Olsen as Buffalo Bill, Andy Clyde as a Scotch hotel keeper and Chief Thunder Bird, whose Sitting Bull is one of the picture's most amusing characters.

★★★ The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo

(20th Century-Fox)

It is unfortunate that a Ronald Colman picture should fall below par, but the plot thread of this one is so thin that it sags in the middle under the weight of a particularly robust production. Not even the undeniable charm of the star can jolt the picture out of a persistent lethargy. However, several comedy scenes lend a helping hand and the episodes at Monte Carlo are diverting. Colman, of course, is the man who breaks the bank, divides the money among his exiled Russian friends, and falls desperately in love with Joan Bennett who, unknown to him, is engaged by the board of directors at Monte Carlo to lure him and his francs back to the gambling tables. Colin Clive is her brother. Nigel Bruce is slyly amusing as Colman's Man Friday.

Don't take it too hard that this is not one of Colman's best. He is as engaging as ever and Miss Bennett is lovely to gaze upon. The picture has sprightly comings and goings in between the dull periods and manages to maintain a balance more dignified than dramatic.

Preview Postscripts

One of the most elaborate and costly sets ever constructed for an indoor scene was built for this flicker. It was an exact replica of the famous gambling rooms at Monte Carlo. The tables were constructed from the measurements of the original ones, and curtains, furniture, crystal chandeliers, etc., all were patterned as nearly as possible after those in the famous rooms which have seen so much hilarity in Europe. And hilarity reigned on this set, too. Between every scene there was a mad rush for the gambling tables, chips were divided up and the game was underway until the director had practically to bribe them away. More money was spent than ever earned by the players on that set. The "dress extras" had a good many days' work for this set, too. Extras are rated according to their wardrobes. Once a year every extra in Hollywood joins in the dress-parade, held at a major studio. Before a critical board of judges, these girls and women walk, and are classified according to the clothes which they can sport. The "dress extras" are the highest class—and generally have a wardrobe that many a star would envy. Many of them are women, wealthy at one time, who have lost everything but their once gorgeous clothes, and now use them as a means of livelihood. $15 a day is the standard salary . . . Gene Markey left for England while this picture was being filmed, so Joan Bennett couldn't go along with him. But he called her faithfully every other day. When he called after midnight in England he could save somewhere in the neighborhood of fifty dollars. But that meant Joan had to receive the call at four o'clock here. She was always at the studio at this time and would have to hold up the entire cast for awhile until she finished talking to her husband. Mr. Markey saved money by phoning at that time, but Fox lost some thousands.

Hugh Herbert and Helen Broderick make a grand comedy team in "To Beat the Band."

Arline Judge and Carl Brisson do excellent work in the musical, "Ship Cafe."

★★★ Rendezvous

(M-G-M)

As you may have noted by now, the war pictures are advancing on us. It may or may not be significant that in the past six or eight months there have been at least four or five films devoted to the romantic side of war while ignoring its horrors. It seems rather unfortunate, then, that a picture so lively and full of good humor as "Rendezvous" has to fall into that class. On the other hand, anyone immune from its mild propaganda will enjoy the smart portrayals of William Powell and Rosalind Russell, who turn out to be one of the screen's most attractive romantic teams. The rendezvous referred to in the title is no lovers' meeting place—it's a spot in the Atlantic where American troop ships are met by British destroyers for protection against German U-Boats. Bill Powell is a code expert at Washington and most of the picture con-

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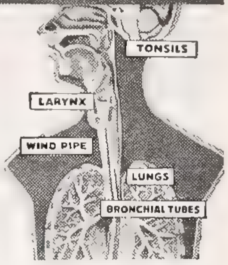

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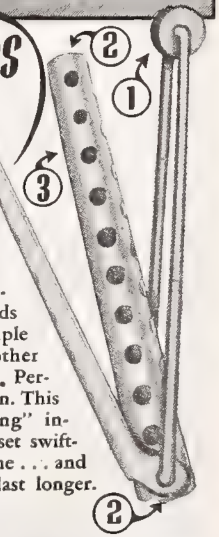

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★★ Transatlantic Tunnel

(GB)

If you like to conjecture about what will go on in the world ten years or so hence, this opus is just your dish. For us, though, we prefer just to let nature take its course! We suspect a tidy bit of propaganda in this one. Yuh see, Richard Dix as McAllen, a famous engineer who has built a tunnel under the English channel, wants to do the same thing across the Atlantic. He's an idealist and dreams that this will cement the two English speaking countries against all further wars, the yellow peril and hay fever. However, a scheming bunch of capitalists finance the thing and generally gum up McAllen's plans. The picture drags on for reels with Richard, Leslie Banks, Madge Evans, Helen Vinson and C. Aubrey Smith suffering more than you do. Madge, as Richard's wife whom he neglects for his tunnel, goes blind when secretly working as a nurse in the tunnel. Then they lose their only son in the ole debbil tunnel, too, so—by the time you leave the theater you feel as if you had crawled through the tunnel from London to New York on your hands and knees! One kind word, the mechanical contrivances of the advanced age are most intriguing.

★★★ Ship Cafe

(Paramount)

After several fairly unsuccessful ventures in Hollywood, Carl Brisson emerges in a picture which can be classed as good entertainment for anyone in the mood for the lighter type of screenfare. Mr. Brisson, who is Denmark's gift to Southern California, lends his pleasant baritone to several pleasant ballads, and also proves himself capable in the acting department. The picture's sparkle, however, is due mainly to the efforts of Arline Judge, the feminine lead, and to Bill Frawley and Inez Courtney, playing one of those comedy love teams of which the screen is so fond. The script writers have seen fit to hand Arline a goodly portion of wisecracks which she takes care of in expert fashion. A song and dance number called "I Won't Take No For An Answer," perpetrated by Frawley and Courtney, is the picture's tops for comedy, although a comic ditty entitled "My Home Town," sung by Eddie Davis of the New York night clubs, is a close second. Most of the action, as you may gather from the title, takes place aboard an ex-ship which has been converted into a night club.

Preview Postscripts

Carl Brisson is the Danish song-and-dance man who drove the ladies in several European countries simply cuh-razy. He hasn't proved such a heart-throbber to the American gals yet, but unimportant pictures have something to do with that. All Carl's time hasn't been spent being a ladies' man, though. He held the middle-weight championship of Europe for three years. While on this picture, he added another accomplishment to his list with a forty-foot dive from a steamer down at San Pedro. Doubles were scorned by him, a fact which held this production up for several expensive days. For in that shovel fight with Harry Woods, Mr. Brisson got the bad end of it and was laid up with a badly cut arm. His one means of protection is a great shaggy shepherd dog which has been trained by its master to leap on anything which looks like a hold-up man. "Shep" evidently thought every actor, director and cameraman looked like that on this set, for on the first working day he made a flying tackle at anyone who took a step towards Carl. The second day they wouldn't let him on the lot. . . . Arline Judge was presented with a gold loving cup by the newspapermen of Los Angeles while making this picture. It was awarded to the "most regular gal in pictures." From the gentlemen of the press that's tops in flattery. Between her career, taking care of husband Wesley Ruggles, and their three-year-old son, Arline manages to find time to think up Hollywood's most impractical practical jokes. Inez Courtney celebrated the picture's completion with wedding bells. The Courtney husband is Luigi Filiasi, a Los Angeles wine merchant.

★★ To Beat the Band

(RKO-Radio)

One-sentence review: Excellent cast wasted on second-rate material. With people like Hugh Herbert, Fred Keating, Helen Broderick and Eric Blore around, it seems a pity more time and thought were not spent on a vehicle for them to climb aboard. The piece has its moments of hilarity, naturally, for a good comic can always make most anything seem at least fairly funny, but people are forced to strain too much for their laughs. The plot concerns the plight of Hugh Herbert, who receives word that an aunt has left him $59,000,000 provided he marries a widow within three days. If he fails to pick the wife of some departed soul within that time the entire fortune goes to an orchestra leader, a condition which will cause any audience to pray for a widow in a hurry. Things are complicated by the fact that Hugh is in love with a cutie (Phyllis Brooks) whose only visible fault is that she's no widow. His efforts to confer that title on her within the allotted time account for most of the comedy the picture has to offer. Helen Broderick who gives unfunny lines a bounce they never possessed, will some day get some material she can go to town on.

Colonial Club

Edward Everett Horton's latest starring vehicle, "His Night Out," with Irene Hervey.

"Remember Last Night," an exciting murder mystery, with Sally Eilers, Constance Cummings and Robert Young.

Preview Postscripts

Fred Keating's reputation of being a magician gained him entrance into the film studios. But he had a clause inserted in his contract which prohibits him ever doing magic on the screen. The reason being that Mr. Keating considered himself a better actor than magician. But Fred couldn't resist being up to his old tricks long, and on this picture he spotted an opportunity to show off a good card trick, and prevailed on the studio to ignore that clause. Fred was without a stand-in for a couple days on this set. Charles Darwin, who has that job, flew to Yuma with the stand-in of Kay Francis, Miss Mary Ardell. They were married, then flew back to resume their double lives . . . Hugh Herbert had a unique dual role in this flicker. He played a female impersonator, as well as playing Mr. H. Hugh enjoyed it immensely, but the wardrobe department didn't. They claimed he was more temperamental about fittings than any female star they'd had to work with. The versatile Mr. Herbert was co-author of the first "talkie" ever produced in Hollywood. With Murray Roth he collaborated on "Lights of New York." It wasn't much of a talkie, but it *was* the first one. . . . Helen Broderick has literally leaped into the cinema limelight. She's been well known on Broadway for years, but the movies couldn't see her. Nor she them. But now they've both changed their minds and everybody's happy. Her husband has been in every stage play in which she's appeared for twenty-five years. Their son, aged twenty-two, is following in his parents' footsteps, too . . . Eric Blore has cost the studio more than he's worth long since. It is impossible for Mr. Blore to appear on a set without muzzling everyone else on it or shooting the scenes over and over again. He's that funny. But when those giggles of the cast, director and cameraman are recorded on the expensive sound recordings, the studio doesn't think it's such a good joke.

★★ Paddy O'Day
(20th Century-Fox)

We're short on adjectives when it comes to Miss Jane Withers. Suffice it to say that she gives her usual top-notch performance. As Paddy O'Day, the small Irish immigrant, she'll get right under your vest. This story itself is weak. There's a lack of continuity in the plot, while the song and dance revues become monotonous. But if you like to give your emotions a daily dozen, you'll enjoy this one. You can have not a few good laughs and let the tears fall where they may. That fair-haired lad of the fillums, Pinky Tomlin, lends his talents to this picture. His acting is mediocre, but when it comes to singing and strumming the old guitar, Pinky rates. One of the song-hits has been composed by him, too. George Givot brings down the house with his Greek impersonation. In order to make good in the "U.S.H." he persuades Pinky, a stuffed-bird enthusiast, to stake him for a night-club. Rita Cansino is attractive as the star of the club and the light of Pinky's life. By the time you've caught the street-car this story will be forgotten, but "Keep That Twinkle In Your Eye," which Miss Withers sings in Irish brogue, will ring through your head for days.

★★ I Found Stella Parrish
(First National)

Built on a basically sound structure, and boasting a cast headed by Kay Francis, Ian Hunter, Paul Lukas and Sybil Jason, "I Found Stella Parrish" somehow fails to realize all its possibilities. This is due, perhaps, to the slow pace of the first half of its unreeling, for after that point one finds all that can be desired in the way of drama and action. Briefly, it's a story of an innocent accomplice in a murder, who, after her parole, changes her name and eventually becomes a stage success in London. When her past confronts her once more she disappears in order to protect her child's name. A crack London reporter follows her and finally gets the story which headlines the girl into notoriety. Embittered by it all, she capitalizes on her unsavory notices by personal appearances which finally land her in burlesque. Do you think she pulls herself back once more into the glow of respectable limelight? Guess. It's a fair drama which could have been better, although there can be no complaints about the excellent acting of lovely Miss Francis and Mr. Hunter or the capable support of little Miss Jason and Mr. Lukas.

"Personal Maid's Secret," featuring Ruth Donnelly, Warren Hull and Margaret Lindsay.

There are lots of laughs in "It's in the Air." Ted Healy and Jack Benny head the cast.

Preview Postscripts

The Warner Brothers' brand new sound apparatus was initiated for this picture. It's an elaborate contraption with all the very latest fixings. The gala initiation took place out on Set 17, the largest set on the lot. Director Mervyn LeRoy broke a perfectly good bottle of champagne over the sound recorder and Sybil Jason gave a speech in honor of the occasion. Miss Jason is Warner's five-year-old English import. She's seen a lot of the world in her lifetime. Born in Capetown, Africa, Sybil was brought to London at the age of three. She was "spotted" by a film talent sleuth and rushed Hollywoodward. Her uncle brought Sybil to America, because Mr. and Mrs. Jason have a business in Capetown and thought their daughter would be coming right back, anyhow. But now they're selling out and joining their famous daughter in California. The thrill of her five years came when Director LeRoy presented her with a small chair, just like his own set-chair, and with her name printed in big letters across the back . . . This is Kay Francis' first picture since that last European jaunt. It was a reunion for Kay and Paul Lukas, as they hadn't played together since "Vice Squad" four years ago . . . Mr. Lukas is one of Hollywood's most air-minded citizens. He has his own plane and flits around the country in his spare moments. During the war he was a flyer in the Hungarian air corps. Says he is one man who didn't risk his life for his country, though. He did his duty but never took a chance, having doped it out that he was more valuable to his country alive than dead . . . Ian Hunter and Sybil Jason had to come to Hollywood to get acquainted, though they're both from darkest Africa. Since those days, Mr. Hunter has been to England, too, where he was a success on the London stage. The Hunters and their two sons live down at Malibu Beach, moviedom's fashionable beach hang-out.

★★ Three Kids and a Queen
(Universal)

Based partly on the story of Ella Wendel, the wealthy New York recluse, who refused to sell a Fifth Avenue vacant lot worth over a million dollars because it afforded her dog a playground, "Three Kids and a Queen" is a first-rate vehicle for May Robson, who plays vicious old ladies and kind old ladies with equal conviction. As Mary Jane Baxter, she finds that her dog and her millions are her only friends until, jolted out of her carriage by a pair of runaway horses, she's picked up by three kids from the wrong

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part of town. Since Miss Robson is unconscious, the kids bring her to the home of Henry Armetta, their adopted father. After spending a week or two recuperating, she comes to like her new friends so well she decides to stay. In the meantime a scheming nephew has obtained an order committing her to an asylum. Then, to add to the complications, the good old G-men go hunting for her on the supposition that she's been kidnapped. The whole thing is a feast for the Robson fans, and it's good entertainment for anyone looking for a pleasant evening.

Preview Postscripts

May Robson is the screen's Grand Old Lady and only great-grandmother. In spite of these imposing titles she's just known as "Muzzy" to those in the moving picture industry. Miss Robson's a native Australian, daughter of Captain Henry Robison of the Royal Navy, which accounts for her wide traveling as a young girl. Most of her education took place in Paris, Brussels and London. Miss Robson married E. H. Gore, who died a few years later. Her son, E. H. Gore, Jr., now handles all her business affairs. It is his son and daughter-in-law who made her famous as the only great-grandmother on the American stage or screen, by presenting her with May Robson Gore. Next to this episode "Muzzy" is proudest of the fact that she's covered more than 500,000 miles in America and that she hasn't missed playing in any town in this country or Canada which has a theatre. Her simple philosophy is "You're as young as you feel." . . . School was held regularly on this set for Frankie Darro, William Benedict and Billy Burrud. Which proves that movies aren't the snap they're cracked up to be for the younger generation. Frankie Darro's been in the industry since he was five, but has been a trouper since the age of two, when he appeared with his parents on the stage in an acrobatic number. . . . This is Billie Burrud's first chance to grin into a camera. He says his "pan" must be good for something, after all, since it landed him this first acting job and a contract to boot. . . . William Benedict is on the way towards making several thousand from a five-cent investment. He came to Hollywood with his two sisters who had jobs promised them here. William decided he'd get a job, too, and the movies looked as good as anything. So from a corner drugstore he phoned Casting Director James Ryan. Mr. Ryan's secretaries were out to lunch; he answered the call and was overcome by Bill's sales talk to the extent of granting an interview. It took the young Oklahoman just five minutes to appear at the studio and just ten minutes to get a role as office boy in "$10 Raise." For eight years he'd been playing that role in real life, which might account for the smash hit he made of it in reel life. . . . Henry Armetta arrived in these United States as a stowaway from Italy. He was promptly extended the courtesies of the Boston jail for his first night and was scheduled to set sail the next morning. But an Italian barber in town heard of his embarrassing predicament, bailed him out and gave the thirteen-year-old Henry a job swishing lather for him. Henry's next step up in the New World was joining the Lambs Club—as assistant barber. Raymond Hitchcock met him here, gave him a role in "Yankee Counsel" and soon Mr. Armetta gravitated to Hollywood.

Be sure to tune in on Lionel Barrymore's Christmas Carol Broadcast, 5 p.m. E.S.T., Xmas Day, over the CBS networks.

★ Personal Maid's Secret
(Warners)

Too much story bogs down what might have been an entertaining light comedy, and the result is not a particularly happy one. It's a story of a servant (Ruth Donnelly) who has given her all to Park Avenue. In her earlier days, it seems, there was a son of a wealthy employer who didn't do right by her. The young villain goes off to the war and his death, leaving her with a daughter which is promptly taken over by the chap's parents. After years on Park Avenue, Ruth takes a job with a young insurance man and his wife, and her knowledge of the social world steers the young couple into wealth and prominence. One night her own daughter is a dinner guest. The daughter is under the spell of an insincere young man who means her no good. Ruth, having been around, senses the daughter's danger and there follows the usual scene where the hard-working mother reveals her identity. The picture, however, doesn't measure up to Ruth Donnelly's first-rate performance. Others in the cast are Anita Louise, Warren Hull, Margaret Lindsay and Arthur Treacher.

Preview Postscripts

Two of the most attractive members of Hollywood's younger set were corralled for this one—blonde Anita Louise and brunette Margaret Lindsay. Anita's already a "veteran," though she's only chalked up eighteen years to date. Her stage debut was made in New York City in "Peter Ibbetson" and she's had an amazingly long list of appearances in stage plays and moving pictures since then. . . . Young Margaret Lindsay is a comparative newcomer to the theatrical world. She'll be remembered for years hence, though, as the American girl who came to Hollywood and made good—as a dyed-in-the-wool Britisher. She was born in Dubuque, Iowa, but decided to forget that for a while. She had made up her mind to get a role in "Cavalcade" and came to California with that purpose. Only English actors and actresses were going to be considered, which only made Margaret more enthusiastic about getting a role. If she could act, here was her chance to prove it. The Lindsay girl was so good that the result astonished her in the tests. She was as much "the new English discovery" to herself as to Hollywood. By the time the hoax leaked out, everyone in the industry quickly forgave such an artistic deception and admitted that Miss Lindsay's best performance was the one that preceded her screen debut. . . . This is Warren Hull's first appearance on the screen. He's familiar to most by sound rather than sight, having been on several national radio programs. Besides baritoning on various programs, Mr. Hull's been master of ceremonies for Beatrice Lillie and other luminaries. He's so crazy about ocean dips that he dashes down to the beach for one at 6 a.m. every day. Or maybe he's just crazy. But one discovery of Mr. Hull's proved that he's not so slow. He'd been in town several weeks without one person recognizing him as a celebrity. Then he invested in a pair of dark glasses and was immediately besieged by autograph-hounds. It's the surest way to recognition in Hollywood.

★★ His Night Out
(Universal)

If you're an Edward Everett Horton fan, or just think a good laugh is worth more'n anything in this world or the next, don't miss this picture! It's Mr. Horton at his best, which means you'll be off in a gale of giggles at the opening sequence and leave the theatre still chuckling. The plot of the story is weak, but you'll laugh that off, too. Edward Everett is the victim of dyspepsia and gangsters. He's been given three months to live on account of the former, but it looks more like three minutes when the gangsters get on his trail. Between saving himself and the gal friend, Irene Hervey, our hero's kept pretty busy. And dodging Jack La Rue's bullets is no joke—except to the audience. Miss Hervey gives a good account of herself, as do the rest of the cast. But it's a Horton picture from first to last.

Preview Postscripts

Electricians, cameramen, directors and actors battle for opportunities to work on sets where Edward Everett Horton is holding forth. He gives them all such a swell time. Mr. Horton doesn't know what a dull moment is and if he did would consider those moments just so much wasted time. In spite of the fact that he holds more degrees for higher larnin' than any actor in Hollywood, Edward E. is considered just a good egg by his fellow workers. His pride and joy is a de luxe ranch at Encino. Each picture means some definite improvement on it. He'll point out a grape arbor to visitors and add, "My next picture will mean a swimming pool over

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there." Tennis courts, squash courts, bowling alleys and a golf course in the last year prove that Mr. Horton's fans think him a pretty good guy, too. . . . Irene Hervey is a native daughter. That's enough to establish a girl in California, but Irene had her eyes on a career. She spent several years in dramatic schools in Los Angeles, then purchased a down-filled cushion and began camping every day at the casting offices. Ben Piazza, Metro's casting director, suddenly spoke to her one evening on his way out of the office. "There's something familiar about your face. Haven't I seen it somewhere before?" Irene admitted that was highly possible since she'd been sitting in his office for five days straight. Mr. Piazza was so embarrassed that he mumbled something about a screen test. Miss Hervey promptly pinned him down to an appointment for the following morning. "Stranger's Return" with Lionel Barrymore proved that Irene had some other qualities besides persistence. She's headed for bigger and better roles these days. What spare time she has, Irene spends in the Pacific, since she lives on the Santa Monica beach with her parents in the same house where she was brought up these past twenty odd years.

★★ It's in the Air
(M-G-M)

With Jack Benny as its star, "It's in the Air" should have been grand comedy fare. Instead, it's a mildly amusing drama which won't win any Academy honors for anyone concerned, although it will afford a fair quota of laughs. Class it as routine entertainment. People who think Jack Benny is the funniest guy in radio will be disappointed to find that he is, as in "Broadway Melody of 1936," playing a stooge to another comic. This time Ted Healy is handed most of the laugh lines, while Jack gets the heavy lover assignment. He does well in a romantic role, but our contention is that there are enough profile boys around any studio to take care of those assignments, and when an ace comedian is available it would seem good judgment to let him play comedy. Or maybe we're wrong about the whole thing. Anyway, Jack plays a Broadway crook who goes straight in an effort to win back his wife, who is Una Merkel and swell in the part. The rest of the cast includes Nat Pendleton, Grant Mitchell and Mary Carlisle.

Preview Postscripts

Jack Benny is the Waukegan boy who made good in the big city. Waukegan's in Illinois, and that's where Meyer Benny, Jack's father, had a small haberdashery shop in which his son was expected to work when not at school. But the son had other plans. He was learning to fiddle, and finally got together an orchestra among the town boys. Then the lure of the theatre got in Jack's blood and he decided to take his orchestra into Waukegan's only theatre. But he only got as far as the front door. He was made doorman. Then he tried the back door and was made property man. Finally he reached the orchestra pit just one week before the theatre closed of old age. During the war Jack joined the navy, but he didn't swab many decks. He was too busy entertaining the boys. By this time the violin was parked under his arm instead of his chin. It's been there most of the time since. In 1927 Jack married Sadye Marks, known on the air as Mary Livingstone. They have an adopted daughter, Joan, aged a year and a half, whose favorite recreation is tobogganing downstairs on Mr. Benny's violin. . . . Una Merkel is from Kentucky. But she prefers Hollywood to Covington any old day. If you think you'd recognize Una on Hollywood Boulevard by her inimitable gum-chewing technique, you're wrong. Una's not a bit like her screen roles in real life. She has neither so much Southern accent, nor so many wisecracks, though there's a touch of both.

★★★ Remember Last Night
(Universal)

The reason no one can remember last night is because the entire cast of this one spends almost every minute of its time guzzling. In that respect, you might say it's thinner than "The Thin Man," after which it seems to be patterned. A gay group, comprised of Robert Young, Constance Cummings, Sally Eilers, Reginald Denny, Monroe Owsley, Louise Henry and George Meeker, spends an evening among the champagne bottles, and when the rest of them arrive at consciousness next morning they discover that Mr. Meeker is "slightly" dead. No one can remember what happened, so detective Edward Arnold is called in. He doesn't drink, which makes his entrance something of a relief after several reels of constantly bent elbows. The picture offers little solace for teetotalers, however, for those two-fisted drinkers, Robert Young and Constance Cummings, do much more toward solving the crime than does the long and temperate arm of the law. "Remember Last Night," if you can disregard the exaggerated drinking scenes, is a lively murder mystery which should hold your attention throughout. The large cast is swell, and it is particularly nice to see Constance Cummings back again, gin-soaked though she is.

Preview Postscripts

Edward Arnold's the most superstitious man in Hollywood. In 1928 he was touring with Viola Dana in a vaudeville act. In Long Beach a fortune teller told him that he was going to make a hit in talkies. Arnold had never been in one, was flat broke, and had been snubbed by several producers that same week. The next day he received a wire from the Theatre Guild asking him to join them in a Broadway play. He was given a two-year contract and the day after it ran out was offered three contracts from motion picture studios. His friends claim he's more patient than superstitious, waiting two years for the prophecy to come true. . . . Constance Cummings leaped at the chance to play in this flicker. She dotes on murders and reads herself to sleep every night with the more lurid ones. Her only objection to her husband, Benn Levy, British playwright, is that he can't appreciate the fine points of a good murder and writes only super-sophisticated dramas. . . . Robert Young is one young man who attained sudden success without an increase in headsize. He graduated from a Los Angeles high school and started in extra work at the studios as the best way to get some badly needed cash for his younger brother's education. A small part in one picture suddenly boosted him into the public eye. As soon as Robert found out it was Fame, sure enough, he eloped with his high-school sweetheart. Studio publicity heads wagged woeful heads and prophesied it was the end of his glamor in the public eye. But in the last two years Bob has proved that common sense can be pretty glamorous, too. . . . The Long Island mansion in this picture set Universal back just two hundred thousand dollars in cold cash. When completed the sets were so elaborate that all the actresses' gowns had to be redesigned in order to fit in with the fancy work. The wardrobe department didn't consider this picture too highly. But Monroe Owsley did. He got the biggest break in many a picture on this one. He was allowed to live almost through the entire play. It's seldom Mr. Owsley is allowed to survive more than three or four reels.

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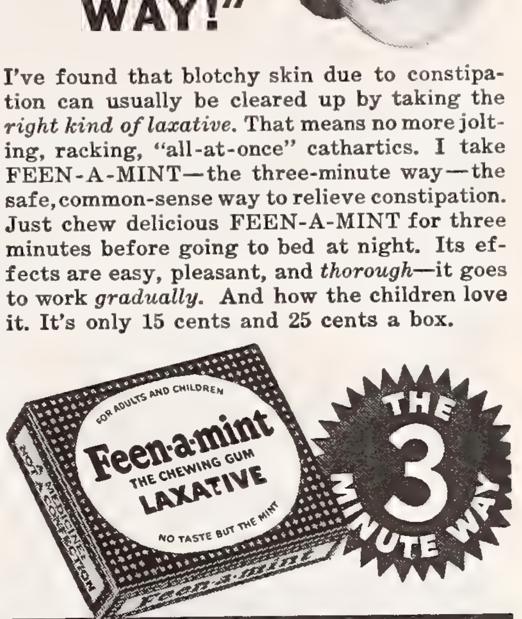

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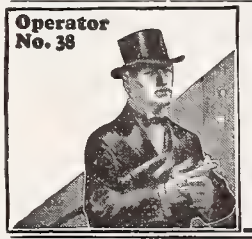

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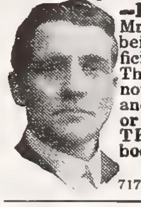

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Between You and Me

TEAMING TOO

I get a great deal of pleasure from your magazine, and would like to express a sincere desire. Here it is:

I would like to see Nelson Eddy and Gladys Swarthout as a team, and my mind seems immediately to hear and see them in Bizet's "Carmen." What a Toreador Nelson would make and what a beautiful Carmen Miss Swarthout would be! Their voices would be ideally suited to each role and it would give them full scope both vocally and dramatically.

I am very anxious to know what the reaction of the rest of the fans is to this suggestion. We all loved Nelson and Miss MacDonald, too, but I know they will both want to make a change of partners in due time, so why not the combination I suggest?—M. Woolsey, Providence, R. I.

A BOY WHO'S A BOY

As a fan writer I'd probably make a swell brick layer, but I've got to admit that little Frankie Darro's name in a cast is plenty big enough to drag me in to see a picture I otherwise would have passed right up.

Oh, I like movies all right, and I have my favorites—Bergner, Greta Garbo and Shearer for the actresses; and Gable, March and Colman for the actors—but I sure get a big kick out of this tough little youngster, Frankie Darro. He's the kind of an "all-boy" every father wants and very seldom gets. It even took the screen a long time to find an hundred per cent all-boy, and now that they have found one, I hope they'll have sense enough to keep him and do right by him.—George Galey, Newark, N. J.

MONTREAL FOR MACMURRAY

May I say something about a young man who has recently come upon the screen horizon? He is a fast-growing favorite, and I think that the best reason for his popularity is that he typifies every average young man. He is not the "perfect profile" type, he has no affectation; he is just the ideal symbol of a healthy normal young American of today. His name? Fred MacMurray. His performance in "Men Without Names" and "Alice Adams" was a very welcome change from anything done by many other actors on the screen today.

(Continued from page 63)

My big favorite is Nelson Eddy, but when the golden-voiced star is not on the screen, I take Fred MacMurray, without hesitation, for my evening's entertainment. His success is well deserved. May he continue to give such clean, wholesome performances as he has done in his first screen appearances. The movies will be a better form of entertainment when more "regular guys" like Fred MacMurray invade them.—Rosemary Kent, Montreal, Canada.

MARVELOUS MELODY

All sorts of bouquets to M-G-M for their perfectly swell production, "Broadway Melody of 1936." It was one grand and novel show from start to finish. So orchids to Leo for a grand cast and a grand picture.

To Eleanor Powell, whose dancing alone is splendid, but who also proves her metal as an actress of no mean ability.

To Jack Benny, because he was funny and amusing rather than "silly."

To the designer of the distinctly "different" set for the "I've Got a Feelin' You're Foolin'" number.

And last but not least, to Bob Taylor, for a sterling performance. There should be an unlimited future for him. He has what it takes—good looks and the ability to handle any type of role with an utterly disarming naturalness. He should go far. —D. F., Germantown, Pa.

A VOICE FROM HOME

Your "Advance Model" article in the September issue is so truly Rosalind Russell that to me it is like seeing her again. Of course, this is only the "rave" of one of those "farmers" she was telling you about, but you will remember she did say we were appreciative.

When she appeared with the Little Theatre Group in Buffalo, I was delighted with her interpretations. As far as the audience in general was concerned, SHE was the Little Theatre Group. I don't know whether this proves histrionic ability or not, but she imparted to her audience such an intimate feeling that at intervals it would cause amused individual chuckles and "ahs" to burst forth from sheer joy.

It was funny—even while we sat there enjoying her work, we sensed that she was destined for greater glory.

I have seen her every performance in the motion picture field, and upon several occasions have had the pleasure of hearing an exasperated neighbor voice my personal opinion, "Why don't they give her a part worthy of her talent?" And WHY NOT? If Hollywood authorities really recognize talent when they see it, why don't they capitalize on Rosalind Russell? As yet, with the vehicles afforded her, the screen world hasn't even an idea of what Rosalind really can do."

And meanwhile, we "farmers" patiently wait until her talent is as apparent to the moguls as it is to us.—Mildred Francis, Buffalo, N. Y.

LIKES AND DISLIKES

I have read lots of your letters and most of the people have very good judgment.

All we fans are tired of Gable, Crawford, Tone, Harlow and little Temple, etc. Give us more of Patricia Ellis, Jane Withers, Grace Moore, Sybil Jason, Gary Cooper—and give us more of Eddy, but not too much.

I like Jean Harlow, but I don't like the roles she plays. Give her some *good* roles and let us enjoy her talent.—Martha Thornton, Dunn, N. C.

THE PUBLIC SAYS—

Leave Bing Crosby with Joan Bennett, but give him better roles because Bing is slipping. Give him a he-man role and not that of a sissy, nor yet again the role of a bad man. Somehow, in "Mississippi," he seemed to be awkward. There was absolutely nothing to that picture or "Two For Tonight." The plots were no good and Bing sang a trifle too much. Give him stories with good plots or Bing will soon be in the past. We'd certainly hate to lose him.

Separate Clark Gable and Jean Harlow if you don't want his career ruined, for that's just what she is doing to him. Walking out of a theatre after seeing one of her pictures, I can't help but feel filthy. "China Seas" would have been a four-star picture, according to me, if Jean Harlow hadn't shown her common self. The only picture we liked her in was "Hold Your Man." Give her more of this sort, and give us Clark Gable in another like "The White Sister." But please separate them.

George Raft is really the tops with us. More of Raft and Carole Lombard together. He's all right in slow dancing or in a rhumba, but for heaven's sake, he's too much of a man to be made to tap dance.

Now for Pat O'Brien—there's really a man for you. Give us more of him with Josephine Hutchinson. "Oil For the Lamps of China" was a beautiful picture.

Why not do with John Wayne what you did with Randolph Scott? I'm sure he, too, could make the grade because he can act and he certainly has the looks. We all give thanks for putting Scott into "big-time" pictures, so please give John Wayne a break!—M.M.L., Rayne, La.

More Good News

(Continued from page 59)

simply maaaa-ad about Director David Butler! And Mrs. Butler doesn't know a thing about that hop-scotch affair which is being carried on between every scene! If this should leak out Mrs. B., no doubt, will join forces with Mrs. John Boles, Mrs. Gary Cooper, Mrs. Jack Holt and a few others to put a ban on the Temple charms.

■ ■ ■

"Reunion in London" is staged every Saturday evening in an English restaurant. It's a gathering of homesick Hollywoodians. Among the recent participators were Fay Wray, Douglass Montgomery, Mary Brian and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Young. The Fredric Marches were regular attenders but have left for home by now.

■ ■ ■

Marlene Dietrich has just joined the select group of stars who close their sets to visitors. With La Dietrich the move was one of necessity, for too many people wanted to watch her emote and the sets grew so crowded there was hardly room for the technical crew. So the "No Visitors" sign was tacked up, and no visitors meant everyone but daughter, Maria, and the present romance, John Gilbert. Marlene and Maria, incidentally, are a striking pair as they stroll down the boulevard, especially since Maria has grown so that two more inches will see her as tall as mama.

The Dietrich-West war's over. Two glamor queens on one lot usually means fireworks, and for quite a time on the Paramount lot there was no friendship wasted between Mae and Marlene. As a matter of fact, they hardly knew each other. Finally, Dietrich visited a West set. Then West visited a Dietrich set. The gals began dropping in on each other's dressing room. So Marlene baked a cake for Mae, which is a sure sign of admiration, for the Dietrich hasn't turned out much pastry lately.

* * *

Film fans in the United States may go so far as to yank a flower from the lapel of their favorite star, but down in South America they stop at whatever is Spanish for "nothing." If you don't believe it just ask Clark Gable, who recently returned from what he thought was going to be a rest down there. Seems Clark was in his hotel suite quietly shaving when a bevy of Latin ladies broke down the door, rushed in and mobbed the frightened Mr. G. When the mob departed, Clark, full of lipstick and lather, found that they had taken all of his underwear, his pajamas and his handkerchiefs.

* * *

Watching a scene from "Collegiate," we noticed that one of the most interested spectators was Jack Oakie. Jack, of course, is starred in the picture, but he wasn't needed on the set that day because the scene involved only a few lovely co-eds attired in a like number of lovely you-know-whatties. "How come," we asked Jack, "you're around when you don't have to work?" "Oh," said Oakie in as off-hand a tone as he could command, "I just like to keep in touch."

* * *

If you would lead the Private Life, come to Hollywood! That's from no less an authority on the subject than Miss Greta Garbo. On her return from Sweden, the Garbo has announced, she will hibernate permanently in the Hollywood Hills. George Brent is building an elegant retreat up there now. Whether Greta will go in for solitary confinement or Mr. Brent is a moot question.

* * *

Now that the decks are cleared for the tinkle of legal wedding bells, Claudette Colbert and her fiancé, Dr. Joel Pressman, are rumored to be planning their march to the altar the very day the doctor's divorce decree becomes final.

* * *

W. C. Fields has been feeling anything but funny the past two months. The nosey gentleman has been spending his time at a sanatorium near Los Angeles, where he's reported suffering from violent headaches, stomach aches, neck aches and back aches. Every kind of trouble, it seems, except fallen arches and Baby LeRoy.

* * *

Edith Fellows is a sworn Democrat and will uphold the party to the end since President Roosevelt's Los Angeles visit. The nine-year-old Columbia starlet was chosen representative of a local C.C.C. camp, and delivered a bouquet to the chief executive when he visited the camp. Mr. R. was flattered to the extent of asking Edith for a photograph, and said he'd appreciated her acting in "She Married Her Boss." So in the next mail went the photo. It was autographed "With love from Edith Fellows—I mean, Annabelle, the brat."

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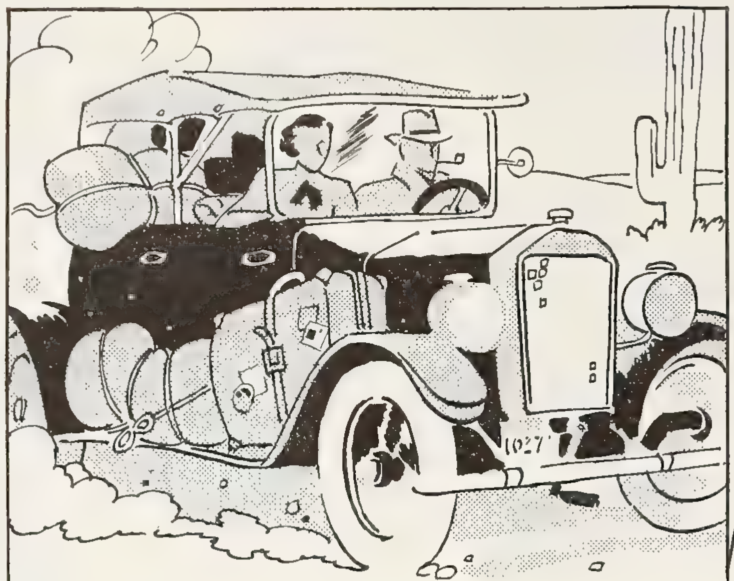
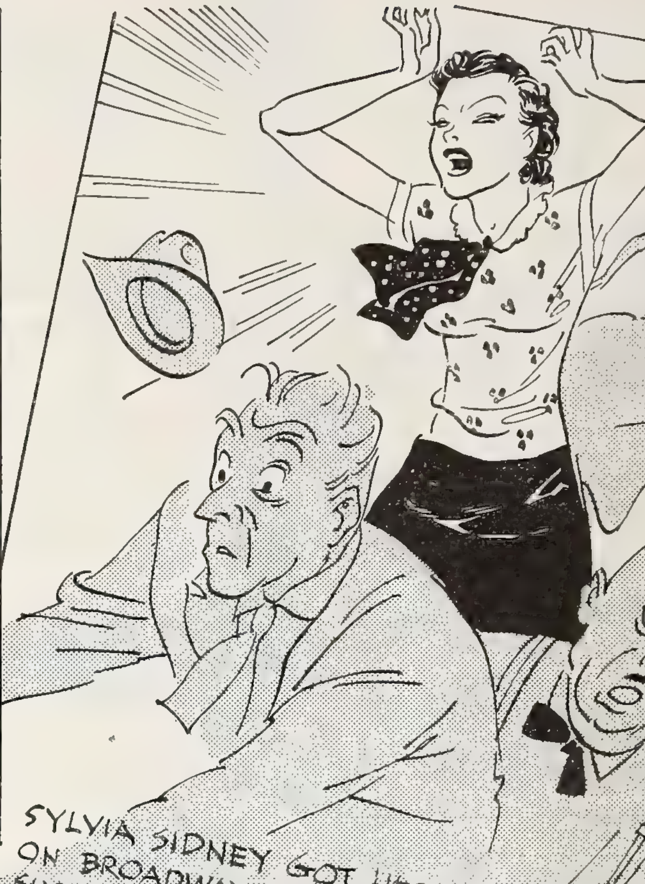
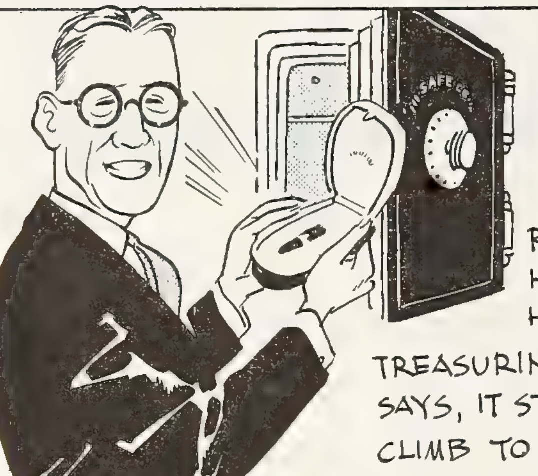
all joking aside... *by Jack Betts*



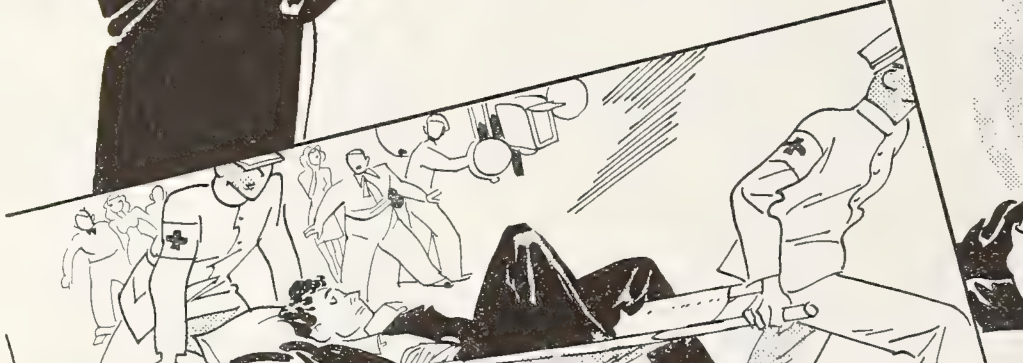
KING VIDOR, WELL KNOWN FILM DIRECTOR CAME TO HOLLYWOOD, FROM TEXAS IN AN OLD FORD--NOT WITH THE INTENTION OF A CAREER FOR HIMSELF--BUT ONLY BECAUSE HIS WIFE, FLORENCE VIDOR, WAS INTERESTED IN MOVIE' ACTING.



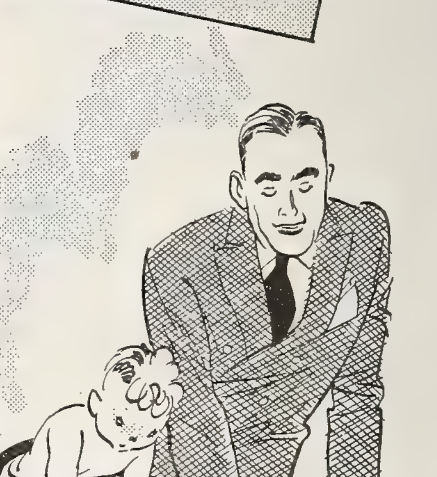
SYLVIA SIDNEY GOT HER FIRST JOB ON BROADWAY BECAUSE SHE HAD SUCH A BLOOD CURDLING SCREAM.



ROBERT WOOLSEY HAS THE FIRST CIGAR HE EVER SMOKED, TREASURING IT BECAUSE HE SAYS, IT STARTED HIM ON THE CLIMB TO FAME.



FRANCIS LEDERER BELIEVES IN STARK REALISM. THE OTHER DAY IN A DEATH SCENE HE SEIZED A DAGGER AND ACTUALLY STABBED HIMSELF. HE WAS RUSHED TO THE HOSPITAL!



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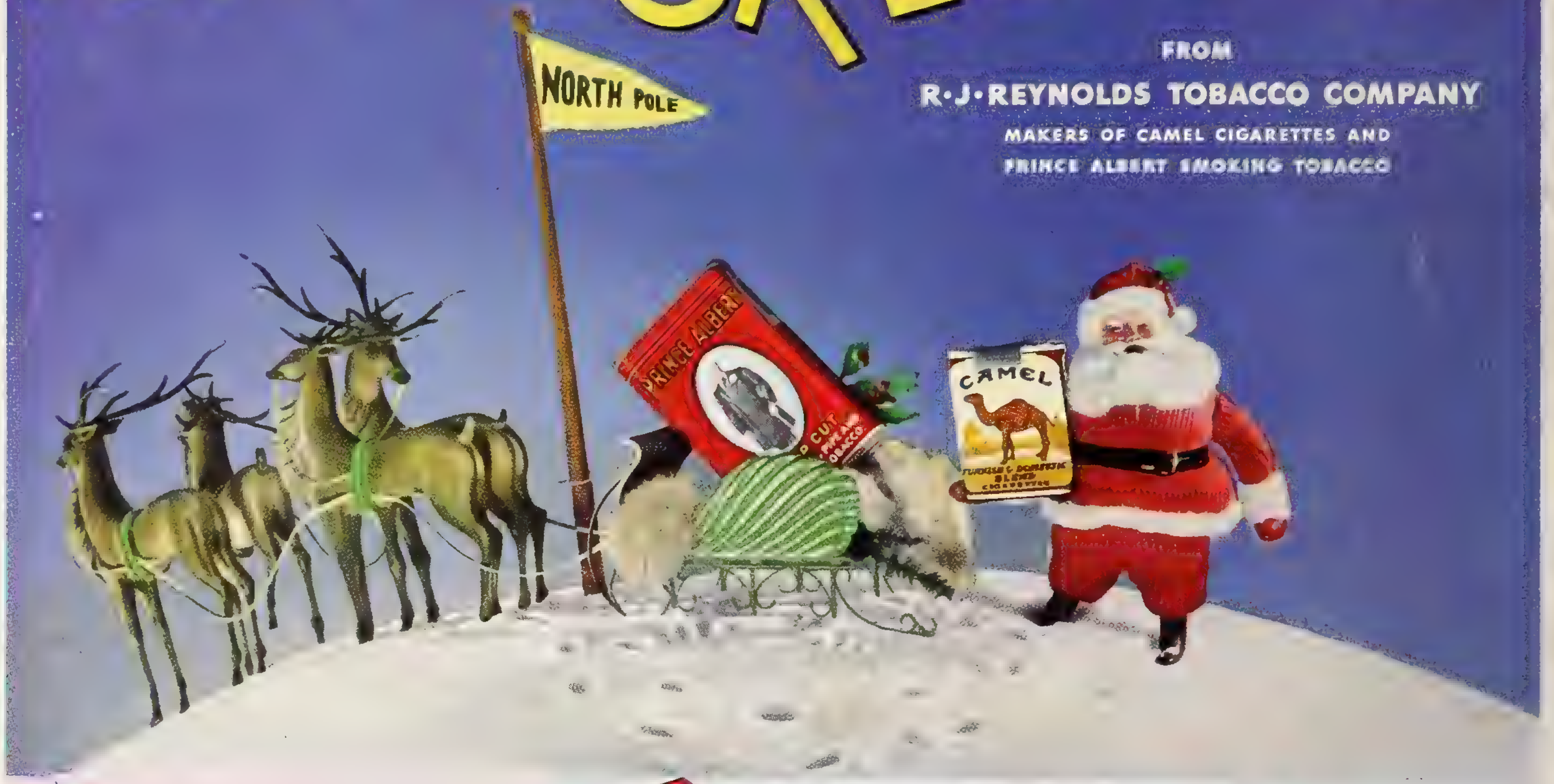
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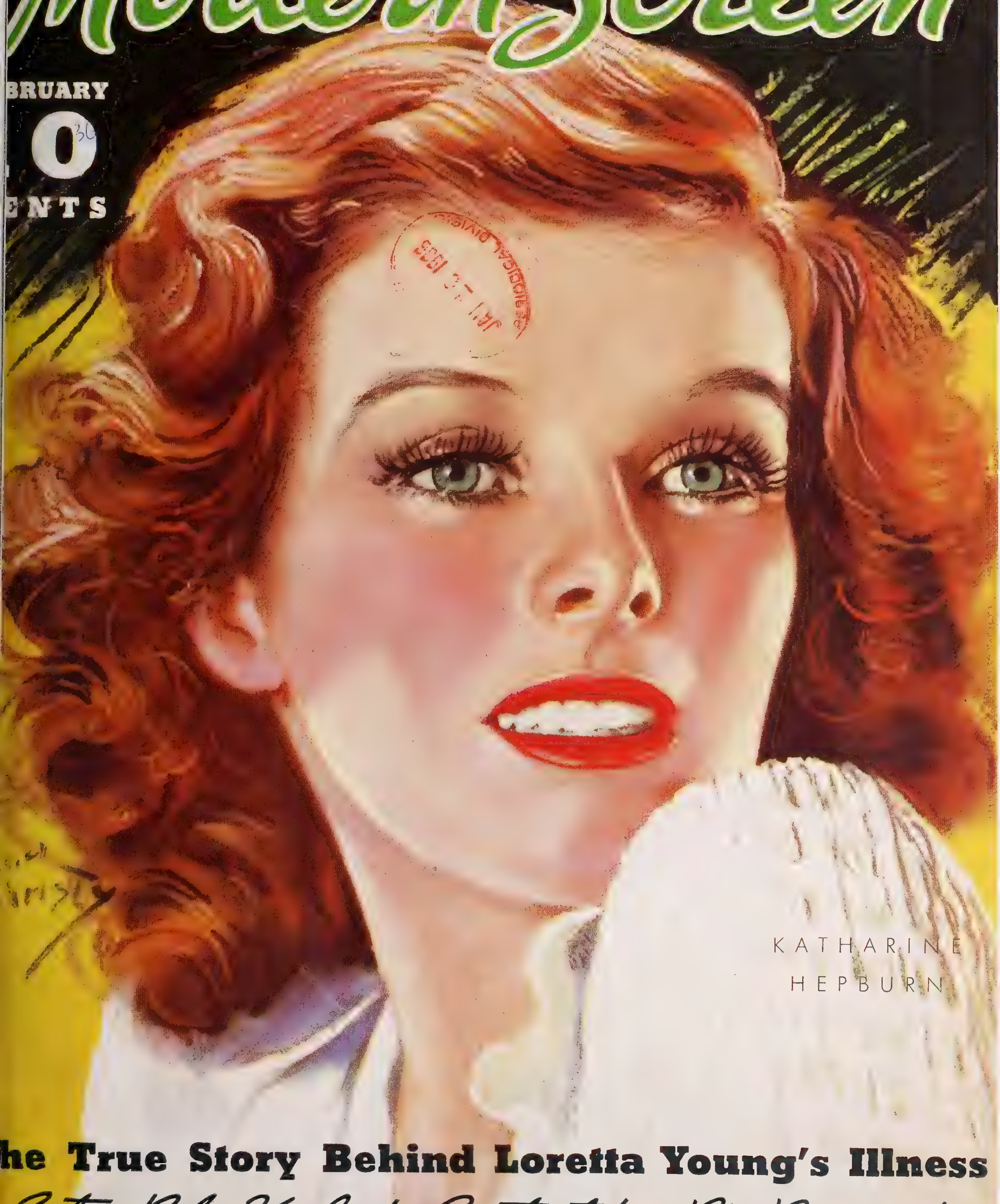

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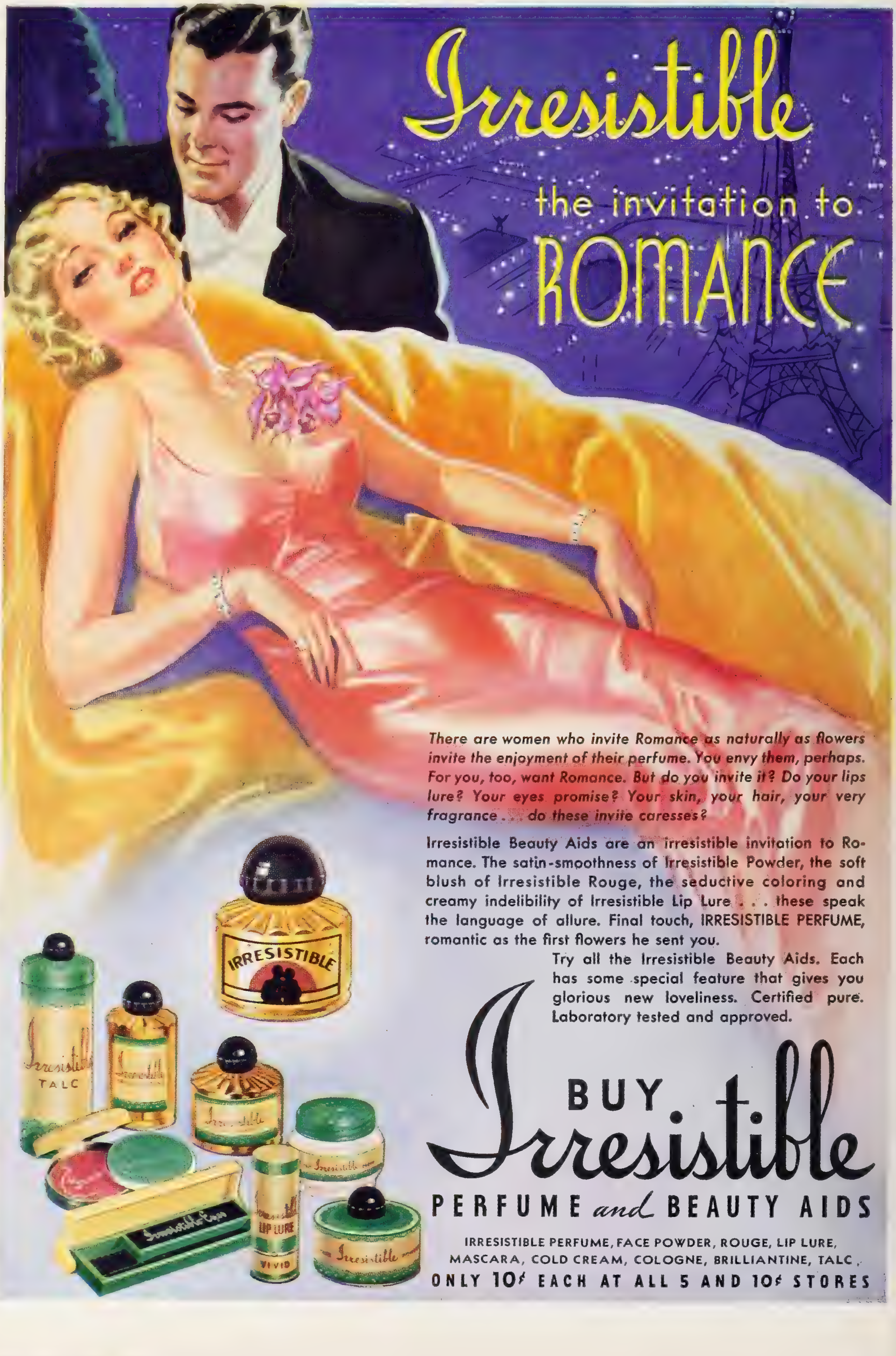
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TOOTH PASTE

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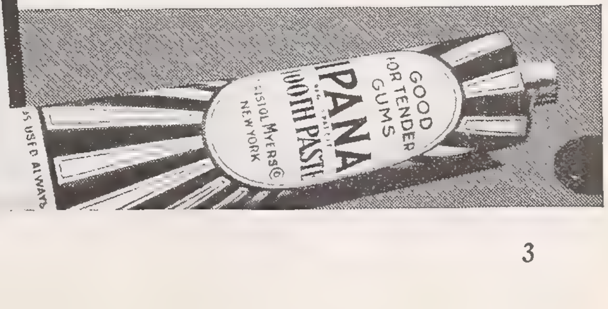

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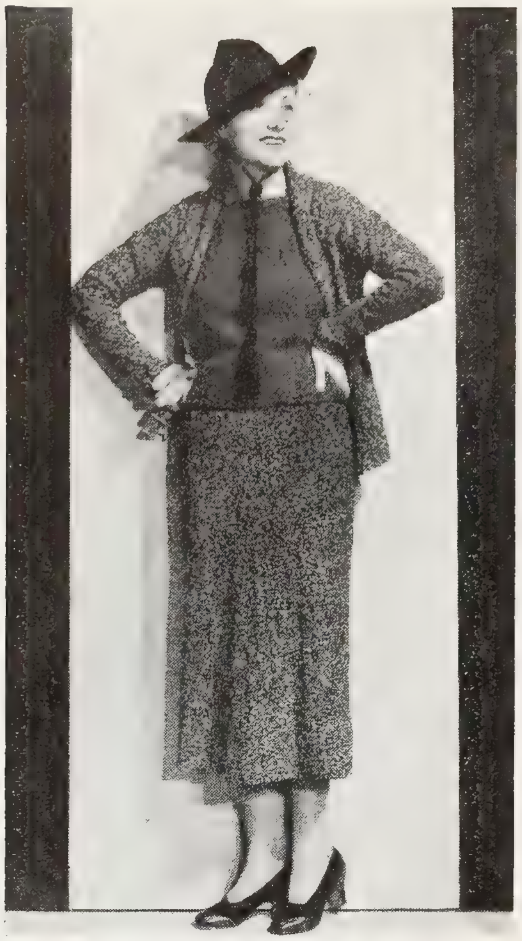
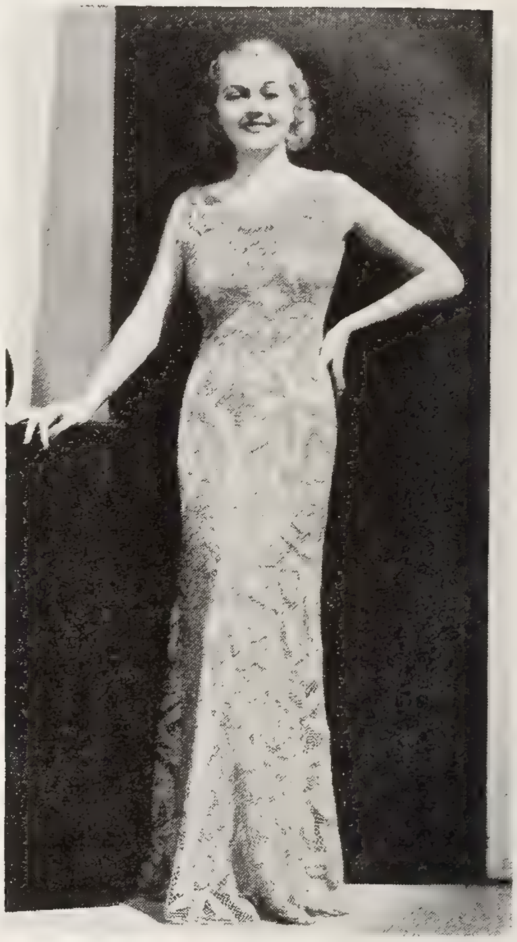


Above (5) Genevieve Tobin wears a three-piece suit which she knitted from a green tweed yarn. You can make the suit or just the sweater.



Above (6), Patricia Ellis shows you what can be done with a bit of perseverance and a crochet hook. It's really much simpler than it looks.

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IN this third series of knit and crochet patterns, your acquired skill is really tested. We give you two stunning costumes which every girl would love to own—two which are not hard to knit but take time and perseverance. But, after all, what's the fun of knitting or crocheting unless you can turn off masterpieces like these which two of the best knitters in Hollywood have made?

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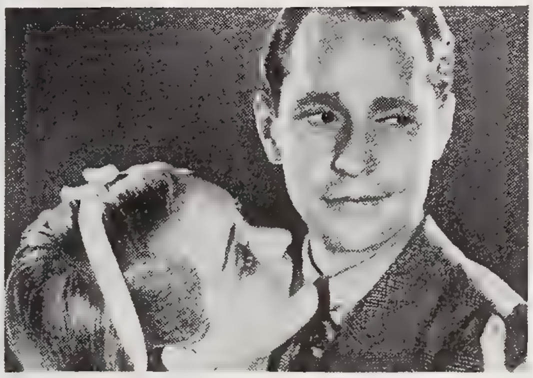
Genevieve Tobin's suit, consisting of a skirt and jacket in tweed yarn and a plain slip-on, can be made as a three-piece unit or can just be made in separate pieces. If you need a good sweater pattern, the slip-on alone is perfect.

In order to get these instructions just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Adelia Bird, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. There is no charge, just indicate by number your preference—or you may have both, just for the asking.

No *Wonder* Franchot Tone *calls* BETTE DAVIS

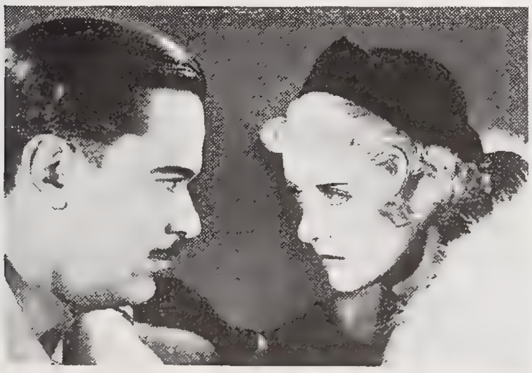
"DANGEROUS"

LOOK WHAT SHE SAYS, IN HER LATEST PICTURE, ABOUT LIFE, LOVE, MEN!



"I'm not lady enough to lie! Loving me is like shaking hands with the devil—the worst kind of luck. But you'll find I'm the woman you'll always come back to!"

"I've never had any pity for men like you. You with your fat little soul and smug face! Why I've lived more in a day than you'll ever dare live."



"It's going to be your life or mine! If you're killed, I'll be free . . . If I'm killed, it won't matter any longer... and if we both die—good riddance."

In their first film together!
THE PICTURE
OF THE MONTH

YESSIR, "Dangerous" is the label Franchot tags on the screen's famous blonde temptress. And that's the title Warner Bros. have selected for their first picture together!

If you thought Bette gave men a piece of her mind in "Of Human Bondage", "Bordertown", and "Front Page Woman", wait 'til you hear her cut loose as "the woman men always come back to", in "*Dangerous*".

The way she talks about them—particularly about Mr. Tone—is going to be the talk of movie-fan gatherings. Maybe you'll say she's right when you see what men did to her life. But you'll *certainly* agree that this story of a woman whose love was a jinx to men, is the surprise package of the New Year.

Besides Bette and Franchot, Margaret Lindsay, Alison Skipworth, John Eldredge, and Dick Foran are smartly spotted in a big cast directed by Alfred E. Green. There's no use telling you you *must* see "Dangerous". Because you may not be able to get through the crowds to the box-office when the news of this daring drama gets around town!

EMPHASIS ON

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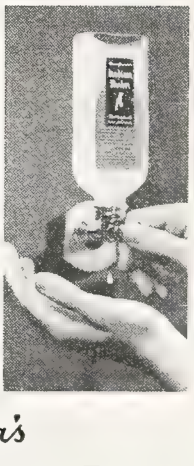
■ Wherever you find "heart appeal"—you'll find a skin that is sublimely fair.

Do you know the quickest treatment for achieving such a skin? The answer is Italian Balm—the famous *Original* Skin Softener that is guaranteed (or your money back) to banish chapping, roughness, redness and dryness of skin *more quickly* and at *less expense,* than anything you have ever used.

Today, Italian Balm is the largest-selling preparation of its kind in the United States and in Canada. It combines sixteen scientifically-chosen ingredients. Its mellowness is obtained by an exclusive blending process. No hands ever touch the product while it is being made. Absolute purity is essential to any preparation for use on your hands and face—and absolute purity is one of the many things that Italian Balm assures you... At drug and department stores in 35c, 60c and $1.00 bottles and in handy 25c tubes.

Free HANDY HOME DISPENSER



Nickel plated, 100% guaranteed Italian Balm HOME DISPENSER—attaches easily to bathroom, kitchen or laundry wall (wood or tile). Dispenses *one drop* when you press the plunger. Try your druggist first—ask for the Dispenser Package. If he can't supply you—then get one FREE by sending ONE 60c Italian Balm carton (and 10c to cover packing and postage), or TWO 60c cartons and NO MONEY—with your name and address—to CAMPANA, Batavia, Illinois.

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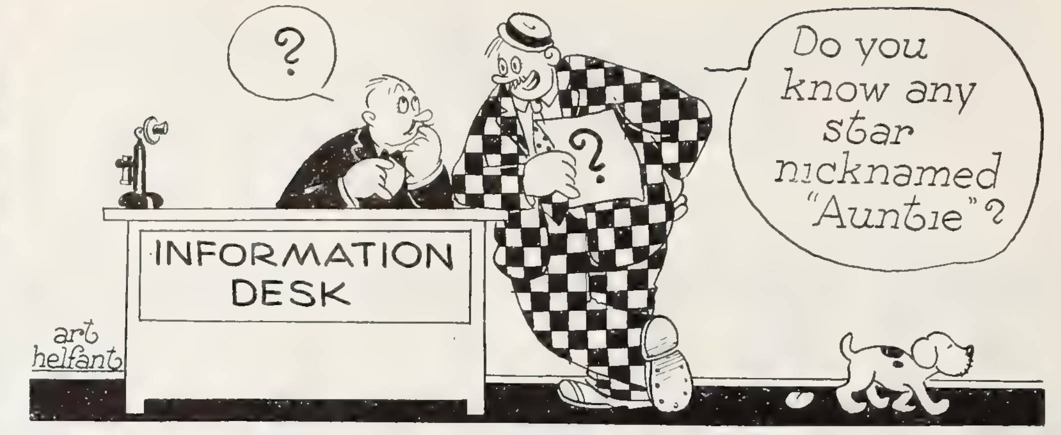
"America's Most Economical Skin Protector"


?
INFORMATION DESK
Do you know any star nicknamed "Auntie"?
art helfant

THE LOWDOWN ON FAVORITES

NOTE: As was the case last month, there have been so many requests for brief life stories of the following players that it will be impossible to print the names and addresses of readers. Please consider yourself included.

CHARLES BOYER: He's back again from his European jaunt, and all ready to start work in "Invitation to Happiness" opposite Marlene Dietrich. This should give him ample opportunity to resume his conquest of American movie-goers. Long before he became the theatrical idol of France, he was born in Figeac, in that country, on August 28 and graduated from the Sorbonne where he earned a degree in Philosophy. His family wanted him to take up an honorable trade, but young Charles had different ideas and enrolled at the Conservertoire de Drama on the day of his graduation. There he studied for two years, gaining an education in the theatrical classics. He was then engaged by the Theatre Antoine, and his success was instantaneous. Paris, London and Berlin were eventually at his feet—and now America. His first American picture was "Caravan," followed by "Private Worlds" and "Break of Hearts." "Shanghai" was his last film before sailing to his Fatherland with his wife, Pat Paterson. He is 5 feet 9 inches tall, weighs 140 pounds, has brown hair and eyes and an olive complexion. Write him at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

MARGE CREEDON, Phila., Pa.—Douglas Walton was the young man who gave the dramatic outburst at the hospital in "Dark Angel." He was also in "Captain Hurricane." As the result of the former bit part, he has been signed to a contract by Samuel Goldwyn Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

CAROLE LOMBARD: Christened Jane Alice Peters, Carole was born in Fort Wayne, Ind., on October 6, 1909, of Scotch and English descent. Her parents, Elizabeth Knight and Frederick C. Peters, were fairly well-to-do and she had two brothers, both older than she. When Carole was seven her mother took her to California for a visit, and liking the climate so well, they sent for the rest of the family. So Carole was raised in Los Angeles, where she attended public schools and the Los Angeles High School, finishing with a year or two at the exclusive Marlborough School for Girls. In 1924, when she was 15, Carole joined a little theatre group where she appeared in a number of plays. She had received her dramatic training at the Miriam Nelke school of dramatic art, and had come to the conclusion that the best way to learn to act was to get experience. Her first move was to meet as many people in the movie business as possible. One of these acquaintanceships resulted in a test, which in turn brought her a leading role opposite Edmund Lowe in "Marriage in Transit" in 1925, when Carole was not quite 16. And believe it or not, she was Buck Jones' and Tom Mix's leading lady on two occasions, in a series of Mack Sennett comedies and finally made her sound picture debut in "Show Folks." It was then that she changed her name to Carol (no "e") Lombard. After a few minor pictures she was signed by Paramount to play opposite Buddy Rogers in "Safety in Numbers," which turned out to be the making of her, for she was signed to a long term contract, which in its renewed form, is still in existence. On June 16, 1931, Carole married William Powell and this Hollywood marriage was no exception. It was all over in 2 years. She measures 5 feet 4 inches in height, weighs 110 pounds, has blue eyes, blonde hair and fair skin. Her favorite sports are swimming, tennis, horseback riding, skiing and pingpong. White is her favorite color and she has two dogs, likes to cook and collects books. "Spinster Dinner" with Melvyn Douglas will probably be Carole's next picture, and you may reach her at the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

PHYLLIS ANN FAUSSELT, Anderson, Ind.—Ross Alexander played the role of Sparks in "Shipmates Forever." He is 28 years old.

CLARK GABLE: Of course you've heard the rumor—about our hero and his wife separating—but that's putting the end of the story first, so back to the beginning. Born in Cadiz, Ohio, on February 1, 1901, he was christened William Clark Gable. His mother having died in his infancy, Clark was raised by his step-mother and grandparents. Educated in the Hopedale, Ohio, high school, he went to Akron, where he became a timekeeper in a rubber factory, until he caught the "theatre bug" and began playing extra parts on the stage. He then alternated between the theatre and odd jobs. In Portland, Ore., he met Josephine Dillon, diction and elocution instructor, and married her in 1924. In 1927 he made his stage debut on Broadway and followed it up with a series of other plays. It was in 1929 that Clark married again, this time it was Rhea Langham, New York society woman. She is the present Mrs. Gable who is planning to divorce her actor-husband. In 1931 Clark made his picture debut in "The Painted Desert," and this was only the beginning. Clark is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 190 pounds, has gray eyes and brown hair and is known as a regular fellow. He likes to watch polo games and football, and his athletic diversions are golf, hunting, swimming and tennis. He collects firearms, and travelling is his favorite pastime. He did a marvelous bit of acting in "Mutiny on the Bounty" and will appear next in "Wife Versus Secretary" with Jean Harlow and Myrna Loy. Write him at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

MARION LEWIS, Springfield, Ill.—Sid Silvers played the part of Snoop in "Broadway Melody of 1936." Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell have started work on "Colleen" which also features Joan Blondell. George Raft's last picture was "She Couldn't Take It" and he will be seen next, most probably, in "Concertina" with Carole Lombard.

FRANCES LANGFORD: From Main Street of Lakeland, Fla., comes this young contralto who made herself known to American audiences first over the air, then in movie shorts, musical comedy, vaudeville and finally invaded Hollywood. Miss Langford's mother, Annie Newbern, was a concert pianist and although Frances was not so gifted she did have a voice that was a "natural." As a young girl she gained local popularity by singing at school and church entertainments. She later attended Southern College where she sang soprano in the glee club. Then she had her tonsils removed, emerging from the hospital a contralto. Between classes at college Frances motored to Tampa where she was heard on a commercial radio program, and it was here that Rudy Vallee, who happened to be visiting the resort, heard her during one of her programs. He was very enthusiastic about this young songstress and arranged for her to appear as guest star on his next program. In June, 1931, she came to New York where she sang on commercial programs and took a whirl at the stage in "There Goes the Bride," which failed. Next she made a stab at vaudeville and was a great success. This resulted in her being signed for a really good radio contract, which she supplemented by work in New York vaudeville and cabarets. Then came her Hollywood contract with Paramount. Her next picture will be "Collegiate." She stands 5 feet 3½ inches and weighs only 100 pounds. She is an exotic type, with a rather dark complexion and raven hair. Her favorite foods are fried chicken and Mexican chili and beans. She likes horseback riding and golf and loves sad music. Miss Langford is not married.

INEZ KEENEY, Clinton, Tenn.—Yes, it's true that Jean Harlow changed the color of her hair from platinum to what she calls "brownette." It is this color in "Riffraff." Her next picture will be "Wife Versus Secretary" with Clark Gable and Myrna Loy.

JAMES CAGNEY: This likeable toughie first saw the light of day in New York City on July 17, 1904, in an apartment over his father's saloon. One of five children (Bill Cagney, also of the movies, is his brother), James attended public school and entered Stuyvesant High School. At this time he was supporting himself by being first office boy, then bundle wrapper and finally bell hop during his spare hours. He then entered Columbia University and decided to become a caricaturist, but his family needed more money than this work produced so he gave it up. He started on a stage career first as a chorus boy, then in vaudeville, stock and finally made Broadway in legitimate plays. Appearing with Joan Blondell in "Maggie the Magnificent," they were both seen by a Warner Brothers scout and signed to contracts for the film version of that play, "Sinners Holiday." Since then he has remained in the films, and has done a big bit of all right by himself. Mr. Cagney likes to swim, play tennis and dance, to say nothing of taking daily gym workouts to keep himself fit. He is happily married to Billie Vernon, who was his partner in vaudeville days. James is 5 feet 9 inches tall, weighs 155 pounds and has red hair and blue eyes—plus freckles. You can write him at the Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, Cal., where he recently completely "Frisco Kid" and "Ceiling Zero." Chances are that you may see him in the role of Robin Hood in the near future.

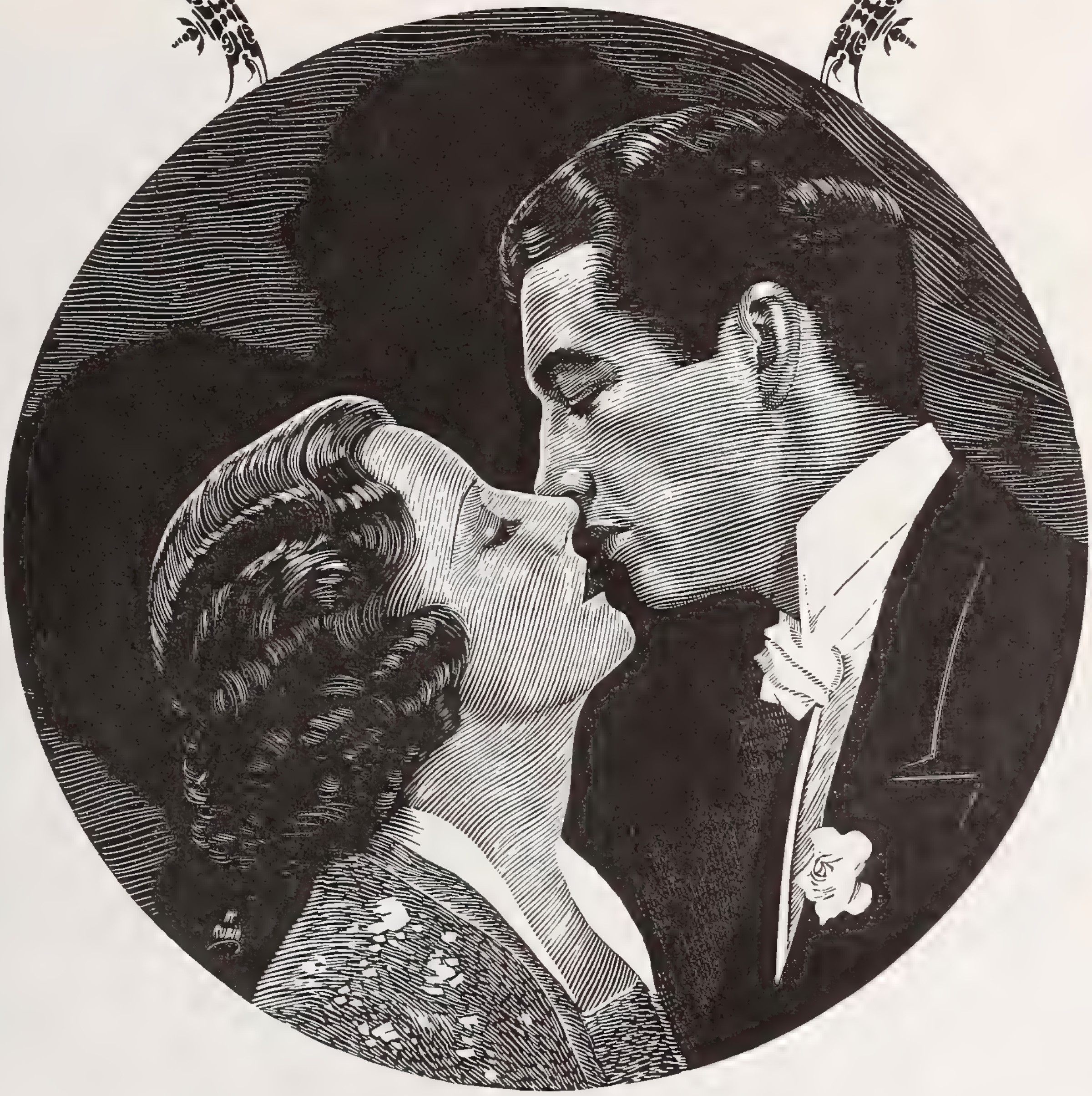
FRANCES BARBARA, New York City—Anna Neagle and Fernand Graavey had the leading roles in "Bitter Sweet."

(*Continued on page 91*)

If you would like to see a brief synopsis of your favorite's life in this department, fill in and send us the coupon on page 91. General questions, of course, will be answered here, too. Those asked most frequently and the most interesting ones receive first preference. And not too many at a time, please. Address: The Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

YOU'LL NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN!

"Something" will happen to you when you see this enduring picture —just as it did to the countless millions of people who read the strange love story from which it was filmed . . . For it fathoms that precious thing called "a woman's soul", holds it up as a blazing emblem to all humanity — for the admiration of men, for the inspiration of women!



IRENE DUNNE · ROBERT TAYLOR

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MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION

A JOHN M. STAHL PRODUCTION

Far greater than his famous "Back Street", than his memorable "Only Yesterday", or his immortal "Imitation of Life!" . . . With

CHARLES BUTTERWORTH · BETTY FURNESS

Arthur Treacher • Ralph Morgan • Henry Armetta • Sara Haden

From the phenomenal best-selling novel by Lloyd C. Douglas

A Universal Picture presented by Carl Laemmle

Reviews

. . . A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES

BY LEO TOWNSEND

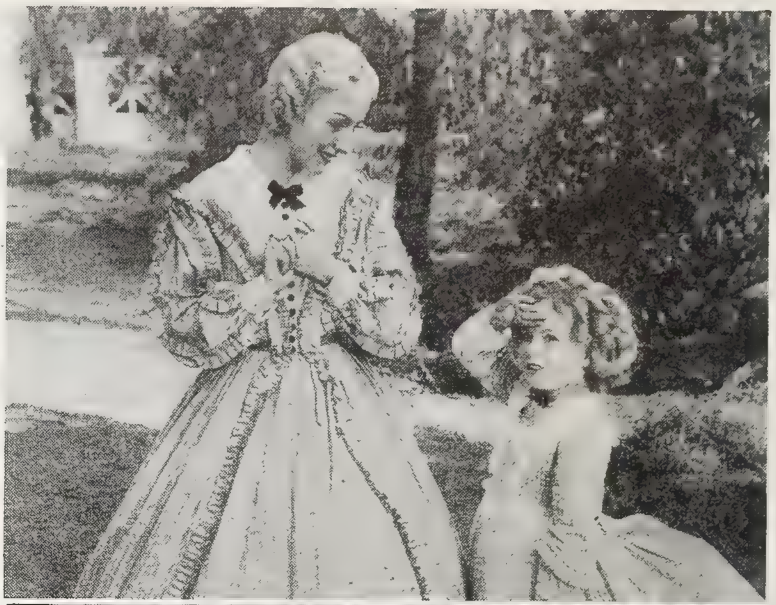
GOING TO THE MOVIES? READ THESE REVIEWS FIRST

★★★★ The Littlest Rebel (20th Century-Fox)

Shirley Temple is Hollywood's one and only star who can get away with inferior story material. She not only gets away with this but brings it up to top-notch entertainment. The audience is reduced to pulp in the hands of Miss Temple when she squeezes out a tear or flashes those dazzling smiles. If anyone can be said to share honors on the picture, it is Bill Robinson. His characterization of "Uncle Billy," the faithful slave of a Southern family through the turmoil of the Civil War, is excellent. All the Temple emotions are brought into play when her mother dies because she is unable to bear the hardships of war, and father John Boles goes off to battle. Mr. Boles' role is well played, though he accommodatingly stays in the background. Karen Morley as the mother was not such a happy choice. Slithery silver sheaths seem more the Morley forte than crinolines. Jack Holt is commendable as the enemy officer who offers his uniform and his life to save the heroine. Willie Best and Guinn Williams are well cast in smaller roles. It is all designed, of course, as a foil for Shirley's charms, and it's the best picture to date for that purpose.

Preview Postscripts

Six-year-old Shirley Temple now earns a little over five thousand dollars a week. $3,500 is her regular salary from the studio whether she is working or not, and the rest of the sum comes in from royalties on the Shirley Temple books, dolls and dresses. Mrs. George Temple, La Temple's mother, gets one hundred a week for bringing her daughter to and from work. Shirley still thinks it's all great fun to be allowed to play with all the nice people in pictures who are such prominent stars. And not one of them even touch her in salary. A gala celebration was held on the set one day during the production of this picture. The party was in honor of Jack Holt's twenty-fourth year in the profession and Shirley's second. Mr. Holt received a huge be-frosted cake with the appropriate number of candles and Shirley had a cup-cake given to her with two pink candles blazing on it. John Boles' daughter, Janet, who is just Shirley's age, was at the party, too. She was a frequent visitor on the set while the picture was being filmed, admiring her favorite actress, Miss Temple, and her favorite actor, Mr. Boles. . . . Bill Robinson is tops in taps, and was a favorite on the old Orpheum circuit for yars and yars. He first came to Hollywood to appear in "Curly Top," was an immediate success and is in such constant demand now that he may never get back to the stage again.



"The Littlest Rebel," with Karen Morley and Shirley.

★★★ Dangerous (Warner Brothers)

"Dangerous" may sound to you, as it did to us, like the title of one of those super-quickies—the kind they make over the week-end—but don't let it fool you. If you look under the nameplate you'll find one of the most satisfying screen dramas of the past months, and one that is bound to win new admirers for Bette Davis and Franchot Tone. Bette Davis, playing what might be termed the title role, does her best work since "Of Human Bondage," which proves that whenever a good role comes her way the Davis lass has no trouble demonstrating the fact that she is one of the screen's major assets. This time she's an actress whose fatal fascination has ruined two or three men and jinxed her plays so that she has dropped from theatrical heights to oblivion. Franchot Tone is a young architect about to marry into society (Margaret Lindsay) when he spies Bette. Their relations and what happens to their lives makes highly interesting and intelligent screen-fare. Along with the excellent performances of Davis and Tone, there is excellent support from Miss Lindsay and Alison Skipworth.

Bette Davis and Tone in "Dangerous."

Preview Postscripts

Director Al Green handled the megaphone from his own front porch for some of these scenes. His ranch of 1700 acres in Puente is such a beauty spot that the studio often makes use of it for pictures. Director Green is in earnest about his farming, too, having every crop that can (*Continued on page 96*)

Ginger Rogers and George Brent in "In Person."

TWO MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF LAUGHS!
ROARS OF DELIGHT!
RIOTOUS COMEDY
PARKYAKARKUS KING OF CLOWNS
INTOXICATING MUSIC!
HEAR EDDIE SING "CALABASH PIPE"
ARE YOU MAN OR MOUSE
THRILL TO THE GORGEOUS GOLDWYN GIRLS
BARRELS OF FUN
ETHEL MERMAN SINGS

Eddie Cantor gives you the time of *your* lives in this roaring comedy of a timid tailor who became a titan among men . . . He'll strike you pink with gleeful excitement as this great production winds up in the wildest climax ever brought to the screen.

SAMUEL GOLDWYN *Presents*

EDDIE CANTOR

IN

Strike Me Pink

with ETHEL MERMAN · PARKYAKARKUS · SALLY EILERS and the GORGEOUS GOLDWYN GIRLS Music and Lyrics by Harold Arlen and Lew Brown . . . Dance Ensembles by Robert Alton . . . Directed by Norman Taurog . . . Adapted from Clarence Budington Kelland's Saturday Evening Post Serial, "Dreamland" . . . Released thru United Artists

GOOD

WHAT GOES ON IN HOLLYWOOD? OUR NEWS SNOOP'S

BY LEO TOWNSEND

PHOTOS BY J. B. SCOTT

Those spoofers, Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, still giving an imitation of romance.

Let's start this month off with the Bright-Sayings-of-Kiddies Department. It happened out on the 20th Century-Fox lot, after the luncheon and dedication of the new Will Rogers memorial stage. Shirley Temple, a young actress of some renown, was being photographed drawing back the curtains to reveal a bronze plaque of Will. After several shots had been taken, photographers requested Shirley to repeat the process for "just one more." "Nix on that one more stuff," announced Shirley. "I've got to get back to work." An especially bright saying, when you consider that bosses Darryl Zanuck and Joe Schenck were standing at the young lady's elbow.

■ ■ ■

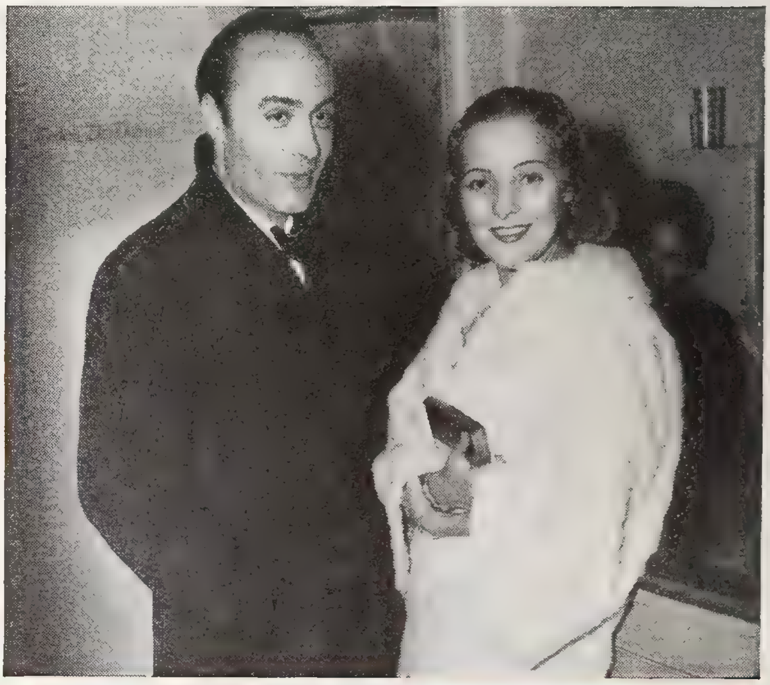
Following the preview of "Mutiny on the Bounty" an enthusiastic crowd of well-wishers, and perhaps a yes-man or two, were busy congratulating Irving Thalberg, who produced it. "A great picture, Irving," enthused one of them. "Looks like a million dollars!" "It ought to," said Thalberg. "It cost two!"

■ ■ ■

Katharine Hepburn lost that bet we told you about last month. Just before a plane trip east she bet a local photographer $1,000 that no one would snap the Hepburn likeness before she arrived in New York. All went well as far as Pittsburgh, where someone caught a somewhat brief but authentic posterior view of the eccentric Miss H. The picture was published in papers all over the country, but the trusting photographer is still waiting for his thousand bucks.

■ ■ ■

The surprise of the month is Connie Bennett. Everyone knows Connie's reputation: haughty, hard to see, and colder than a Byrd Expedition to the press. There are people around Hollywood who can prove all three accusations, and they were probably more amazed than anyone when Connie emerged a month or so ago full of smiles for everyone, being just a regular gal all over the place. In fact, she's even nice to photographers now. All of this couldn't be because M-G-M failed to pick up your option, could it, Miss B.? If so, three cheers. And maybe now you'll be more human in the future, huh?



Pat Paterson and husband, Charles Boyer, pose amicably at the party Norma Shearer gave.

NEWS

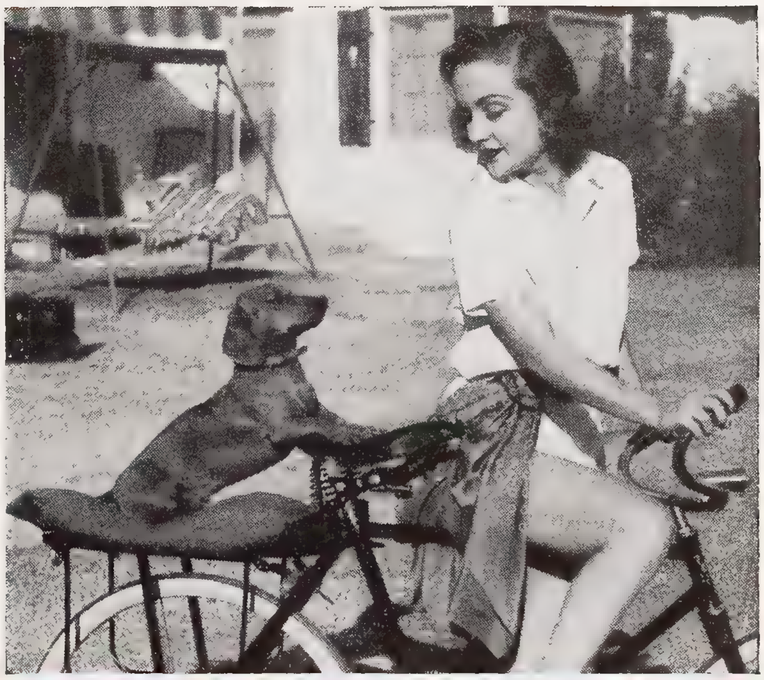
BUSY TELLING YOU ALL, FROM SOCIETY TO SPORTS

Gary Cooper has a favorite new role, and it has nothing to do with pictures. It seems Gary now answers to the title of Gentleman Farmer, for he has just filled three acres of his Brentwood estate with—of all things—avocados. They're Gary's favorite fruit, and he's making daily personal appearances in his garden supervising their growth. The Cooper products won't be on the market, though. They're for his own table and for the Cooper dinner guests, so it looks like Gary is all set for a season of very high-class bragging.

■ ■ ■

Charlie Farrell should have been celebrating his new Universal contract, but he had other things to think about. While he was home nursing a knee injury, a forest fire blazed its way down from the mountains and completely destroyed his Malibu Beach home, which had been plentifully stocked with high-priced antiques. Before the embers died down on the beach place, another fire destroyed more of Charlie's property in Altadena. Less than a week later, thieves entered his home and walked off with a few of his wife's furs. And, just as Charlie was recovering from all that, someone smacked into his new car and gave it that accordian look. It never rains, as the saying goes, especially during forest fires. Charlie, incidentally, is doing right well with his Racquet Club down in Palm Springs.

Maybe David Niven wishes it was a real bride's bouquet for lovely Merle Oberon.



Brownie, the dachshund, is no fool—, [illegible] is a swell lift, from Carole Lombard

Now that Jean Parker is back from England, here's the latest word on her romance. Jean recently announced from London that her true love was Francis Lucas, her childhood sweetheart. Young Mr. Lucas then gallantly announced that *his* true love was someone else again, and that he was a struggling young bank clerk who couldn't support a movie star on $65 a month. Miss P., according to reports, took issue with Mr. L's statement, saying that he was actually a member of a wealthy family and worked at the bank only as a hobby, or mayhap, a lark. The truth is that Francis is not wealthy, and part of that $65 goes to help support his family. And just to complicate matters, Jean spent one of her first evenings in Hollywood showing his mother the night life. Looks like a fellow's mother is a girl's best friend.

■ ■ ■

Love in Bloom Department: Jack Oakie continues to shower his attentions and his personality on Venita Vardon, who at present is adding to the beauty of the chorus in "The Great Ziegfeld" . . . at press time Addison Randall was all set to ask Glenda Farrell that certain question, provided his option was taken up by RKO, which means there is a strong possibility that Miss F. will be Mrs. R. when you read this . . . although Dick Powell devotes most of his free evenings to Joan Blondell, he told a friend at Palm Springs, a few week-ends ago, that he hadn't proposed and isn't discussing orange blossoms with anyone.

John Boles serenades Gladys Swarthout, his "Rose of the Rancho" co-star, at La Golondrina Cafe.

Molly Lamont, Phil Reed, Anne Shirley and John .Arledge, gayly costumed for Jackie Coogan party.

Romantic pairs at Palm Springs—Irene Hervey and Bob Taylor. Below, Shirley Ross and Henry Fonda.

Billie Burke and Will Rogers, Jr., at Rogers memorial dinner. Below, Madge Evans and Una Merkel.

Farewell-To-Elegance item: George Raft announces, possibly with a nostalgic tear in his eye, that he has given up the high-waisted trousers which have so long been identified with the Raft wardrobe. "Natty," which used to be a one-word description of all the Raft finery, has been deleted from George's dictionary and his tailors have been instructed to mold his future garments along more conservative lines. We, who always wondered how George got his hands in his pockets without breaking an arm, congratulate him on his momentous decision. Goodbye, fond memories of former splendor; so long, classy cuts and dreams of checkered magnificence; and a polite hello to a brave new—and awfully Bond Street—world!

* * *

Unfortunate indeed is the comeback attempt of Charlie Ray, America's Bashful Boy Friend of the silent—or good old—days. Time was when a Charlie Ray picture filled all the small-town opera houses of the land, and he was the ideal of every awkward youth in the country until he produced his ill-fated "Courtship of Miles Standish." His comeback picture, made by an independent company for very little money, is called, ironically enough, "Just My Luck." For Charlie's

Glenda Farrell at Palm Springs.

Shearer goes to a preview.

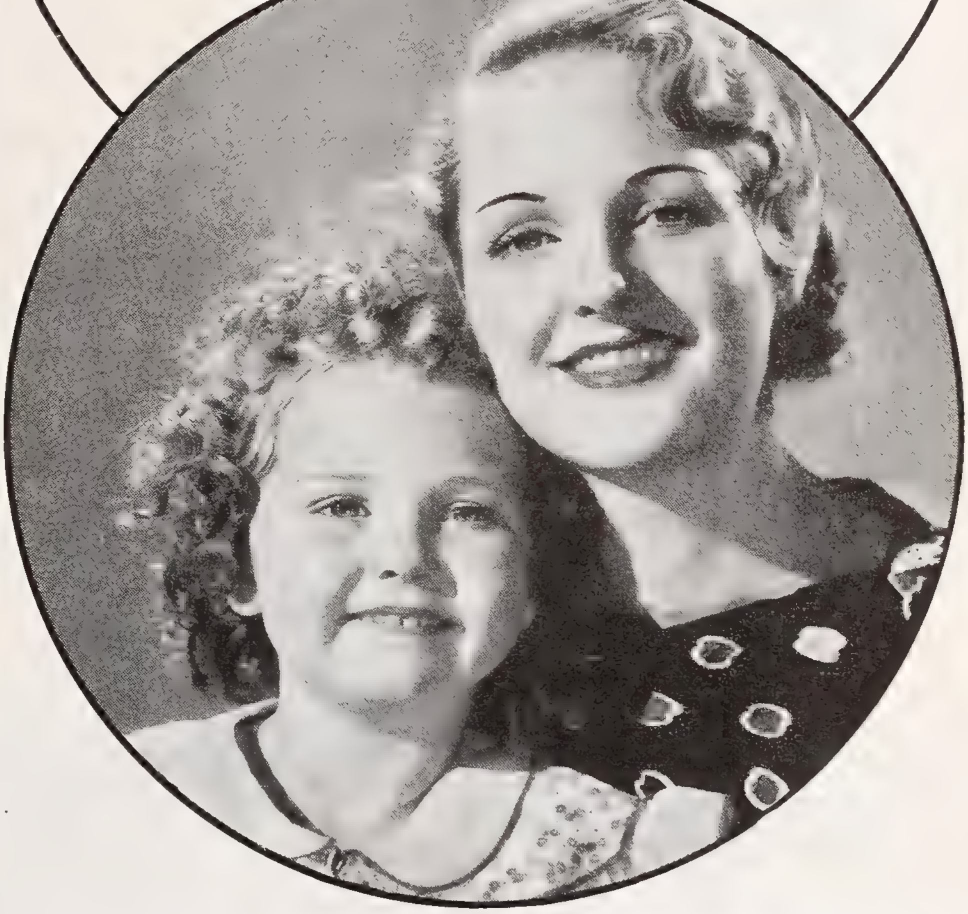
Janet Gaynor and Freddie Bartholomew at Rogers memorial.

sake, we hope they change it.

■ ■ ■

Here's something brand new in Hollywood: Universal introduced Marta Eggerth, its continental singing star, at a dignified and highly enjoyable Sunday afternoon reception. Quietest party we've ever attended in Hollywood, due possibly to a set of Saturday night (*Continued on page 103*)

Be sure the laxative YOU take is *mild* enough for even a little child



HARSH cathartics are frowned upon. The laxative you take should be mild, gentle. It shouldn't cause strain and pain. Shouldn't leave you feeling weak afterwards.

The way to be absolutely sure is by taking the laxative that is gentle and mild enough even for little children. Such a laxative is Ex-Lax. Ex-Lax is given to more children than any other laxative. Yet with all its mildness and gentleness, Ex-Lax is effective enough for any adult. And you don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

Take Ex-Lax yourself. Advise your husband to take it too. Give it to your children. It is the ideal laxative for every member of the family. 10c and 25c boxes on sale at any drug store. Get the genuine; spelled E-X-L-A-X.

GUARD AGAINST COLDS!... Remember these common-sense rules for fighting colds—get enough sleep, eat sensibly, dress warmly, keep out of drafts, keep your feet dry, and *keep regular*—with Ex-Lax, the delicious chocolated laxative.

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Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.
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Address..........
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Enter Ruby Keeler's

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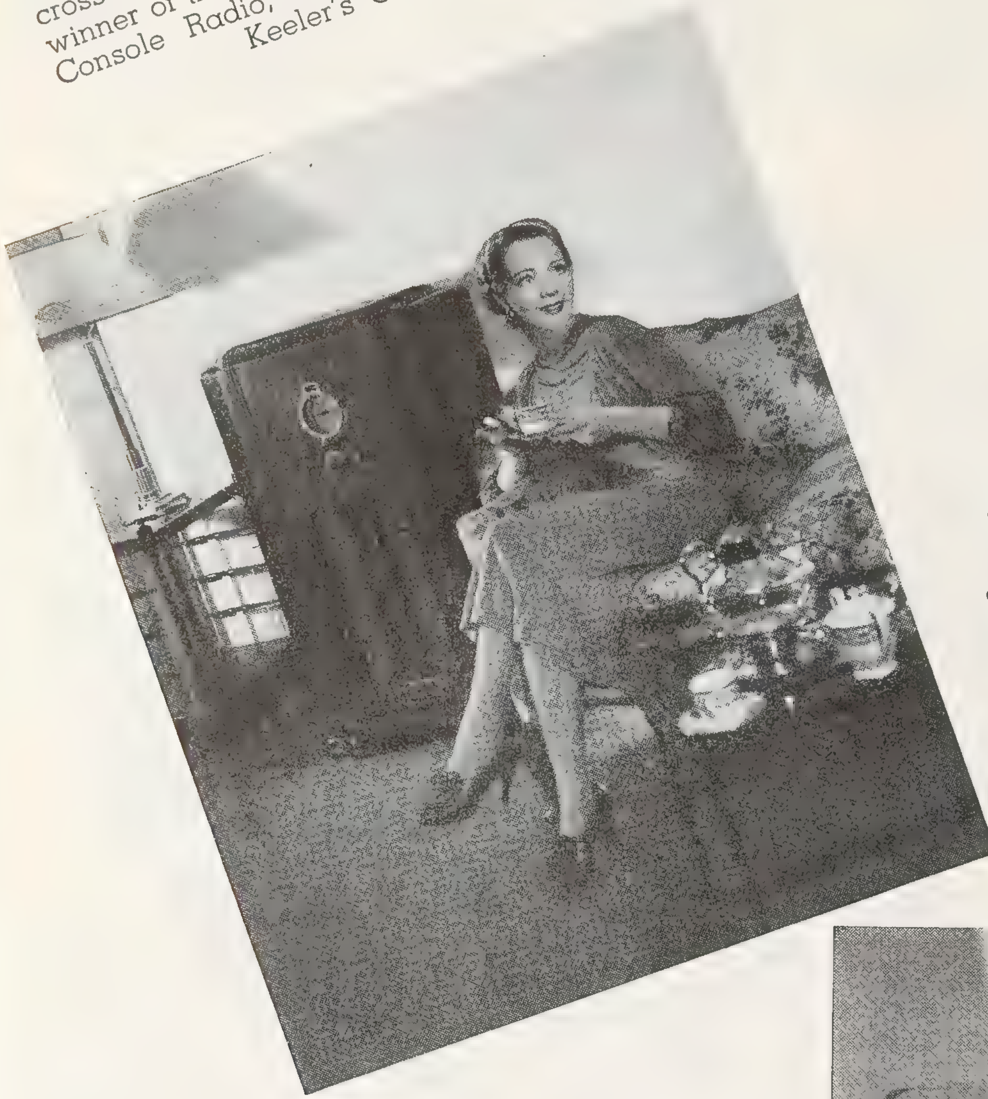
Modern Screen's fascinating new prize contest is more fun and less work than a cross-word puzzle. You may be the lucky winner of this new Crosley All Metal Tube Console Radio, the sixth prize in Ruby Keeler's Contest.



Prizes

- 1st—$400.00 in cash
- 2nd—$250.00 in cash
- 3rd—$200.00 in cash
- 4th—$150.00 in cash
- 5th—Crosley Shelvador Refrigerator
- 6th—The new Crosley All Metal Tube Console Radio
- 7th—Five prizes of 64-piece H & W China Dinner Sets
- 8th—Fifteen prizes of General Electric Hotpoint Portable Mixers
- 9th—Ten prizes of Buffeteer Toaster Service Sets

And who wouldn't want this up-to-the-minute Crosley Shelvador Refrigerator, which Ruby is busy filling with tasty food? This is the fifth prize in the contest.

IF you were going to have Ruby Keeler as your guest for dinner, what would you serve? Get out your pencils, you Modern Hostesses—and win a prize by answering this simple question in the spaces on the PRIZE MENU CARD.

There is just one rule you must observe. Every dish of your prize menu must begin with the initial given at the beginning of the line. We're giving you a filled-in menu card on page 18 to show you just what we mean.

You'll notice that the dishes appear according to the initial rather than in the order in which they would be served. You will also notice that one line has no initial, so that you can put in any dish you desire in that space. That will give you a chance to fill in your menu card so that you will have a complete and balanced meal—the sort of dinner you really would want to serve if you were entertaining such a charming guest.

When you have filled in your menu card with ten dishes (each beginning with the right initial, remember) write clearly at the bottom of (*Continued on page 19*)

Contest now . . .

EASY! PLAY HOSTESS TO THIS LOVELY STAR!

Contest Rules

1. On the next page you will find the Ruby Keeler prize menu. Fill in each of the blank spaces (those that are preceded by asterisks) with the name of some food or special dish beginning with the letter on that line. Your complete menu should provide a balanced and appetizing meal. Then, in the space at the bottom of the menu, give your reason in ten words or less for wishing to see Ruby Keeler in "Colleen."

2. The prizes will be awarded to the persons who submit the best menus, typewritten or printed in pencil, with all the correct spaces filled in, with each dish on the menu beginning with the specified letter, and who, in the opinion of the judges give the best reasons (in ten words or less) for wishing to see Ruby Keeler in "Colleen." Neatness will count.

3. The first prize is $400.00 in cash; the second prize $250.00; the third prize $200.00 and the fourth prize $150.00. The fifth prize is a Crosley Shelvador Refrigerator; the sixth prize the new Crosley All Metal Tube Console Radio. There are five 64-piece H & W China Dinner Sets as seventh prizes. There are fifteen General Electric Hotpoint Portable Mixers as eighth prizes. There are ten Buffeteer Toaster Service Sets as ninth prizes.

4. The contestants may submit as many entries as they choose, each entry to be accompanied by the menu card coupon on the following page. No correspondence can be entered into regarding letters submitted to this contest. All letters, upon receipt, will become the property of MODERN SCREEN Magazine.

5. The decision of the judges shall be final, and in case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded.

6. No employees of MODERN SCREEN or members of employees' families are eligible to compete.

7. Send all entries to RUBY KEELER CONTEST, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. All entries must be mailed before midnight of April 15, 1936.

Another useful prize in this easy contest is the General Electric Hot Point Portable Mixer, fifteen of which will be distributed as eighth prizes. Get busy, folks!

This Buffeteer Toaster Service Set which Ruby Keeler is demonstrating is simply grand. Ten of these will be distributed to winners of the ninth prize in this contest.

Anyone would be delighted to own one of these sixty-four piece H & W China Dinner Sets. Enter the contest now—you may be the winner of one of the five China Sets which are being given away in Ruby Keeler's contest.

FILL IN THIS COUPON (PLEASE TYPEWRITE OR PRINT IN PENCIL) AND MAIL IT TO:

Editor, RUBY KEELER CONTEST,
MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

★R
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WHY I AM LOOKING FORWARD TO SEEING RUBY KEELER IN "COLLEEN"

Name
Street
City State

THIS IS A SAMPLE COUPON. YOURS SHOULD LOOK LIKE THIS WHEN YOU SEND IT TO:

Editor, RUBY KEELER CONTEST,
MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

★R ROLLS
U
★B BOUILLON
Y
★ GREEN PEAS (ANY INITIAL)
K
★E EGG AND SARDINE CANAPE
E
★L LEG OF LAMB, MINT SAUCE
E
★R RASPBERRY ICE

★C (CANNED) CORN PUDDING
O
★L LYONNAISE POTATOES
L
★E ENDIVE SALAD, ROQUEFORT DRESSING
E
★N NUTS AND RAISINS

WHY I AM LOOKING FORWARD TO SEEING RUBY KEELER IN "COLLEEN"
BECAUSE SHE IS MY FAVORITE TAP DANCER, AND SO PRETTY.
Name JANE SMITH
Street 99-22 BEVERLY AVE.
City BYRNETTE State IOWA

READ "THE MODERN HOSTESS" FOR FURTHER DETAILS

(Continued from page 16)

your menu—in ten words or less—"Why I'm looking forward to seeing Ruby Keeler in 'Colleen.'" Just state your reason simply (as we have illustrated on the sample menu card).

Of course, there are *lots* of reasons for wanting to see "Colleen." If you want to know more about them, just read our contest pages next month where you will find a description and pictures of "Colleen" which will be tremendously helpful in suggesting your answers.

Hard? Not a bit of it! Just study the sample menu, then fill out your menu in the same way—incorporating in it your own ideas of what would constitute an ideal meal to serve to Ruby.

Send in your menu suggestion NOW! Think it over and send in a *better* one next month. Write as many as you want, in fact, only be sure that a coupon accompanies each of your entries. And tell your friends about this wonderful contest, won't you? They'll enjoy it and they may have you to thank for winning one of the grand prizes.

And they really are *grand*—every one of them. The cash prizes are sure to arrive in time to gratify some cherished wish . . . a gay spring wardrobe, a nest egg for the summer vacation, a substantial down payment on a new car! The Crosley Refrigerator will thrill some lucky housewife and the Crosley Radio will bring perfect radio reception into your home.

The fortunate women who win the fine sets of china will be delighted with the dainty sprigs of flowers and narrow gold bands that decorate each of the sixty-four pieces.

And think of the time-saving features of owning one of those G. E. Portable Mixers; or visualize yourself presiding over the Buffeteer Toaster Tray—the sort of thing designed to make any meal a party and any party a success!

Those prizes certainly are worth trying for, aren't they? And here's a helpful hint for you! You will probably find the two "E"s and the two "L"s the hardest letters to fill in—so we suggest that you do them *first,* then build the rest of your menu around them. With these letters out of your way, you will discover that the rest is easy sailing—much like a cross-word puzzle when you have already filled in some of the words!

You can also get help and inspiration from the index of any good cook book. Here's the best news of all—at the end of "The Modern Hostess" article (a regular monthly feature of our magazine) you will see a Dictionary of Foods, Menu and Cooking Terms that will provide you with heaps of swell suggestions.

Van Raalte says:
"IVORY FLAKES keeps fine fabrics looking fine"
IVORY FLAKES

A three-minute date with Ivory Flakes will make your undies and sheer stockings wear longer! You see, if perspiration is allowed to linger, it attacks fine fabrics.

But if you think daily washings mean washed-out colors you've been using a too-strong soap! Change to *pure* Ivory Flakes—made from the same pure Ivory Soap that doctors advise for babies' tender skins.

Here's good advice from Van Raalte, makers of the famous Singlettes, "We heartily recommend frequent washings in cool Ivory Flakes suds for our lingerie, silk stockings and washable gloves because Ivory is pure—keeps colors and textures like new through *many* washings!"

CHIFFON-THIN FLAKES OF GENTLE IVORY SOAP $99^{44}/_{100}$ % PURE

The Modern Hostess

By Marjorie
Deen

Gene Raymond's enjoying a French Apple Pie with his coffee and, right, a special Lemon Pie.

Photo courtesy Kelloggs

YOU'LL HAVE to see "Seven Keys to Baldpate," Gene Raymond's first starring picture for RKO, to discover (with much laughter and many thrills) the secret of just why there were seven keys to that famous Inn; but meanwhile you can learn here that there are also Seven Keys to Perfect Pastry and Seven Signs of Pie Success! And those are secrets worth knowing, too!

I've often suspected that "the cakes that mother used to make" if judged by present-day standards might not live up to their reputation. But on the other hand I'm practically convinced that "the pies that mother used to bake" would cause today's daughters to turn green with envy! It's a darn shame, too, that's what it is, that we housewives have allowed ourselves to forget—if ever we knew—how to make the rich, flaky crusts and marvelous pie fillings for which preceding generations of cooks were so justly famed.

Come now, confess. Is it the mention of the legendary "pastry hand" that has scared you off? Or worse still, is it the memory of some dire failure in the past that has convinced you that baker's pie is plenty good enough so far as you're concerned?

Well, I've tasted some pretty good baker's pies in my time, I'll admit, but they certainly never seem to make the hit with the men folks that a home-baked product does. Because of this fact many restaurants try to serve pies which are as much like homemade pies as possible. And when they achieve that much-to-be desired feat you are sure to find men congregating there in large and enthusiastic numbers.

SUCH A restaurant is Hollywood's Brown Derby and there, sure enough, I found Gene Raymond eating pie! Which, as it happens, is my reason for featuring Gene's pie preferences in this article—that and the fact that I am sure there are thousands of women who would enjoy serving what Gene likes to eat at their own festive board.

Not that Gene was one bit enthusiastic over being quoted on the subject of food—by no means! For, you see, someone once said that

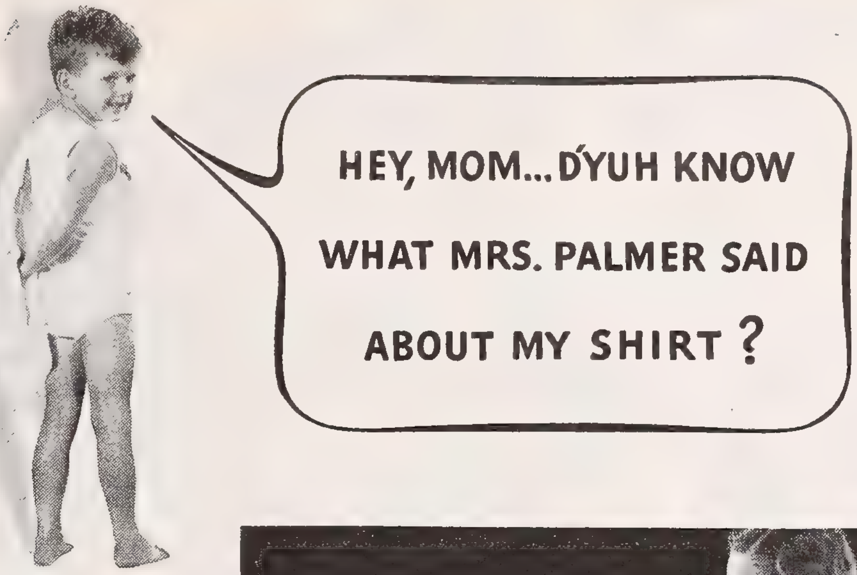
HOME MADE PIES MAKE A HIT WITH GENE

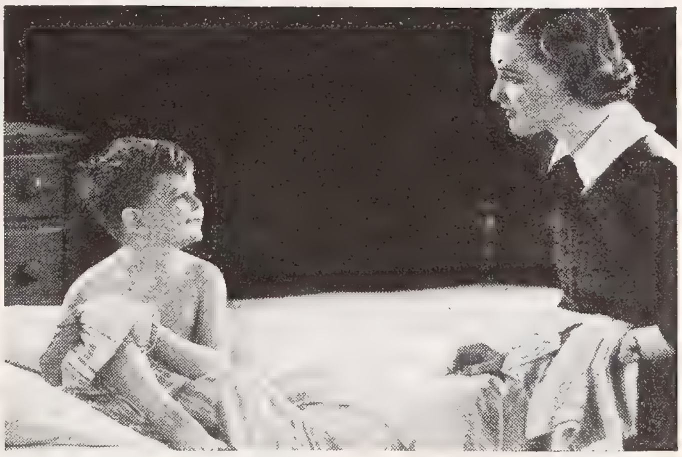
Gene was extremely partial to some such innocuous dessert as "Prune Whip." (Prune Whip! Perish the thought—I don't blame Gene for being furious.) Well, after the usually placid Mr. Raymond had recovered from his rage he declared in no uncertain terms that he'd never again allow any mention, however slight, of his food preferences. He couldn't very well deny that he liked pie, however, for on the day when we finally cornered him, Scotty, our demon cameraman, was on hand to take down the evidence on a photographic plate for posterity. Nor did it take much persuasion to get Gene to mention the various pies he likes. These he orders at the Brown Derby at luncheon time (where, as I told you before, the pies are superb) or eats them in his own home in Beverly Hills.

GENE lives in a Monterey Colonial style of house which he recently purchased for his Mother. This delightful lady divides her time between New York and California and great indeed is Gene's joy when she arrives for her Hollywood visits which last several months at a time. Naturally she assumes entire charge of the household while she is with Gene, but during her absences things still run smoothly under the competent management of a couple—a chauffeur-butler and cook-housekeeper. So you see that one of Hollywood's most attractive and confirmed bachelors enjoys a real home atmosphere in spite of his bachelorhood. And you can be sure that the Raymond cook knows how to bake excellent pies. It was to her, naturally, that I had to go to discover how to make the pies that Gene eats at home. And I'm delighted to report that it was the Brown Derby chef, himself, who told me how to make the special pie that Gene always orders at that justly famous spot.

AS IT happens, all these pies are Fruit Pies. But don't fall into the error of thinking that they are not seasonable during the winter months for that reason. Quite the contrary, because they call for such easily procured fruits as lemons, bananas, apples and rich, fruity mince meat. And the pie crusts themselves are as varied as the fillings.

The French Apple Pie is baked with a lattice top; but the individual Mince Meat Pies are *fried* and thereby take on a delicate brown tint and an entirely novel flavor. The Banana Cream Pie calls for a baked pastry shell, while the Lemon Pie, on the other hand, requires a visit to the refrigerator instead of the stove to achieve its (*Continued on page 64*)


HEY, MOM... D'YUH KNOW WHAT MRS. PALMER SAID ABOUT MY SHIRT?



"G'willikins! My shirt can't talk, Mom, but Mrs. Palmer said it tattles like anythin'."

"The trouble is, she said—your soap doesn't really wash clean. Your clothes wouldn't have tattle-tale gray, she said, if you'd only change to Fels-Naptha Soap."

(Few weeks later)

"Whe-e-e, Teddy! Mom's so tickled she's takin' me to the movies 'cause I told her how to get rid of tattle-tale gray."

"Who wouldn't be tickled! My clothes used to look as gray as a rain-cloud and now they're white as snow! It's wonderful the way Fels-Naptha's grand *golden* soap and *lots of naptha* get out every bit of dirt. Fels-Naptha is so gentle I use it for my finest silk things, too. And how nice it is to my hands!"

© 1936, FELS & CO.

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"
with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

Reading from top to bottom, Colbert as the siren Cleopatra, who bathed in milk to keep her body beautiful. Madame Du Barry, portrayed by Del Rio, sometimes chose wine for her bath. Karen Morley proves the charm of the old-fashioned girl. Mae West made moderns conscious of the Gay Nineties by means of make-up.

Beauty ADVICE

CLEOPATRA, DU BARRY AND MAE WEST APPRECIATE THE VALUE OF LURE

by Mary Biddle

IT IS true that make-up used to be considered risqué in grandmother's day, but nowadays when I hear mothers reproving their young daughters about lipstick, I wonder what the world is coming to! Of course, too much lipstick is taboo, but if a little is going to make a "teenster" happy, I can't see why the argument that "they didn't do it in mother's day" should still hold. Grandmother wore a "rat" to give her pompadour the proper swoop. If girls did that today, they would be accused of being artificial and unsanitary. Great-grandmother used to wear sawdust stuffed contraptions that were known as "false calves." They tied with tapes around the knees and ankles, and gave "shape" to legs that had no curves of their own. The modern daughter who swims and skates to mold her body would have a spasm over such things as false calves. (P.S. Do you need exercises for developing or reducing the legs? I have them for you.)

Beauty takes a hundred forms, depending on the time and the people, but more and more, science is getting under the skin. When you pat a rich lubricating cream around your eyes, you may be going through exactly the same motions that an ancient queen did when she noticed her first sign of crows' feet. The remains of past civilizations have provided evidence that the cosmetic art was well developed as long ago as 5000 B.C. But, then, those beauty secrets belonged only to the favored few. If we had lived then, you and I would probably have been left without so much as a perfume. Now all we have to do is to walk around the corner and buy a cream far superior to a costly unguent of the Cleopatra era. Today, beauty is not a luxury, it is a *necessity!*

AND THE fact that beauty has come to be regarded as such accounts for a great difference in the purity of cosmetics. When our grandmothers decided they knew better than Cleopatra, and that cosmetics were to be looked at askance, they didn't put the cosmetic business in very good repute. Naturally, whatever products were made then were concocted in a haphazard way with little regard for the safety of the users. Since that time cosmetics have come under the regulation of the Food and Drug Act, and any good product carries the guarantee of purity.

"Is it safe to use? Will you give me a formula so that I can make a cream of my own? Is such-and-such a brand good?" Those questions are consistently hurled at me, though the requests are fewer on the business of making "kitchen creams." It's surprising that anyone would want to fool around with a sticky mess when they have the assurance that modern creams are compounded under much more scientific conditions, more accurate measurements and workmanship, and more sanitary methods than could possibly be achieved in a kitchen by an "amateur."

As to whether a cream is good or safe to use, your brand name is your best guarantee there. A reputable, well advertised brand of cosmetics is a guarantee in itself. The manufacturer knows that his business depends upon the satisfactory results his product achieves, so surely he is going to bend every effort toward making that product meritorious and improving it in every possible way. The day of the dangerous cosmetic is passed, except where quacks are concerned. And there are quack get-rich-quick folks in any line of business. Even Hollywood is wise enough not to attempt making its own cosmetics.

WELL, HERE we are going scientific in this month of parties. In the light of Valentine's Day, remember the old proverb that beauty is a woman's mightiest weapon and her strongest defense.

If you were one of those forlorn little girls who never got many valentines, but whose pretty sister rated many, you'll be glad to know that Claudette Colbert wasn't any Cleopatra at sixteen either. In her recent films, Claudette has been busy proving that you can marry your boss, or any "Mr. Right," if you use the right tactics. She has never had a more alluring role than Cleopatra, when she turned from playing the sweet, young thing to the business of being a siren.

CLEOPATRA was the most famous exponent of the cosmetic art. She used green paint on her eyelids and applied black pigment to her eyelids, lashes and eyebrows and henna coloring to her finger nails and palms. She bathed in milk. (DuBarry sometimes chose wine for her bath.) Modern Cleopatras use green eyeshadow, too, and black mascara, and henna-colored finger-nail polish. But they drink milk instead of bathing in it. Milk diets (see coupon) are a modern means of acquiring slim or rounded silhouettes and clear complexions. Claudette had to drink milk to gain weight for her role in "Cleopatra." And more than one Hollywood star uses milk as a facial.

Of course you remember that Dolores Del (*Continued on page 90*)

"It's thrilling to see your skin grow

Lovelier and Lovelier"

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

It's thrilling to see your skin grow lovelier and lovelier—week after week—under Camay's perfect care.

Sincerely yours,

Ellen Conger Fernandes

November 2, 1935 (Mrs. Sim Fernandes Jr.)

This smiling lady is Ellen Conger Fernandes—slender, graceful and lovely to look at! But above all, she possesses a skin that meets the most trying test of a fine complexion—clear, youthful, enchanting even without a trace of make-up. And for that loveliness, she gives first and major credit to Camay.

You, too, will find—practically as soon as *you* start with Camay—new youthfulness and loveliness coming to your skin. You'll gradually become aware of a new smoothness, an exquisite freshness, a finer texture! This very day, convince yourself that Camay is a real and dependable beauty aid. Its price is so low you'll want to order at least a half-dozen cakes today.

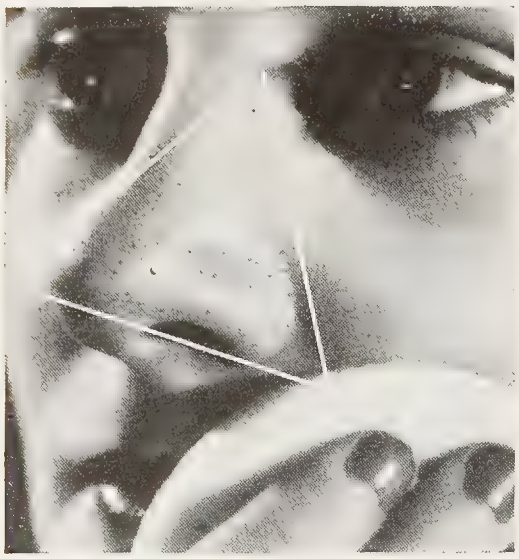
Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.

CAMAY
THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
CAMAY
CAMAY

CAMAY

The Soap of Beautiful Women

How to combat
CONSPICUOUS SHINY NOSE
LARGE PORES, FLOURY BLOTCHES



6,000,000 women find Luxor Face Powder shine-proof!

● Conspicuous nose! Ugly large pores! Unsightly skin shine! Of course you don't want them. Then use the face powder 6,000,000 women find combats skin-moisture—Luxor, the *moisture-proof* powder.

Every face gives off skin moisture. Most of all, around the nose where glands are highly active and skin-moisture waits in each pore opening to mix with face powder. To cause shine, clogged pores, floury blotches.

So change at once to Luxor. It won't even mix with water in a glass, as you can easily prove for yourself. Therefore, it won't mix with similar moisture on your skin, as a trial will quickly demonstrate.

Luxor comes in many smart new shades, blended by scientists in our laboratories to flatter blondes, brunettes and in-betweens with gorgeous, natural effect. It bears the Seal of Good Housekeeping Institute because Luxor does all we claim and is wonderfully pure.

Insist on Luxor by name and get

FREE! 2 drams of $3 *perfume*

A sophisticated, smart French scent, La Richesse. Sells regularly at department stores for $3 an ounce. An enchanting gift to win new friends for Luxor. Powder and perfume together for the price of Luxor powder alone.

55c Luxor

Coupon brings 4-piece make-up kit!

Luxor Hand Cream Softens Like Magic

A marvelous cream guaranteed *non-sticky!* Amazing new skin-softener for hands. Keeps them soft, white, smooth. At all cosmetic counters.

LUXOR, LTD., 1335 W. 31st Street
Chicago, Illinois J-1

Please send me your 4-piece make-up kit including generous amount of Luxor Moisture-Proof Powder, Luxor Rouge, Luxor Special Formula Cream and Luxor Hand Cream. Here is 10c to help cover mailing. (Offer not good in Canada). Check,

POWDER: Rose Rachel ☐ Rachel ☐ Flesh ☐
ROUGE: Radiant ☐ Medium ☐ Sunglow ☐ Pastel ☐ Vivid ☐ Roseblush ☐

Name ....
Address ....
City ....

Between You 'n' Me

$5 PRIZE LETTER
The "Short Subjects" Problem

This is a plea to the studios to please relieve us of what they confidently bill as comedies. It is bad enough to have to sit through the ads, home talent demonstrations, serials and lessons in golf in order to see the feature picture, but when one of the so-called comedies (Our Gang and Thelma Todd-Patsy Kelly excepted) flashes on the screen, and we must go through a series of chasing games, house destruction, pie-throwing, barbaric battles, clothes-tearing and other forms of animal activities, it is almost too much for human endurance.

Perhaps the alleged comedies are thrown in to make the rest of the program seem better, but a really good feature needs no such contrast to display its merits.—E. D. H., Fort Smith, Arkansas.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
Fed Up On Glamor

For some time now I have been very much "fed up" on the high-powered stories and articles depicting the glamorous qualities of such stars as Garbo, Crawford and Dietrich. Glamorous they may be, but to me it seems a sort of artificial, unnatural, even unhealthy glamor.

After seeing, some time ago, a lovely, entertaining picture titled, "Accent on Youth," I hereby nominate my choice for the number one glamor girl of the screen, Sylvia Sidney.

Here is true, unadulterated glamor. Here is a lovely, natural, human appeal—she might be one's own sister, or next door neighbor—not a goddess whom we may worship from afar, but not approach. You can feel her appeal in every look, every move she makes, from those dark eyes to that utterly enchanting, breathtakingly sweet smile. Here is lovely womanhood personified.—Gail H. Grenier, Jamestown, N. D.

You get a mild idea what this gent thinks of comedy and short subject fillers-in.

MOVIE
TO-DAY
COMEDIES

$1 PRIZE LETTER
One Fan to Another

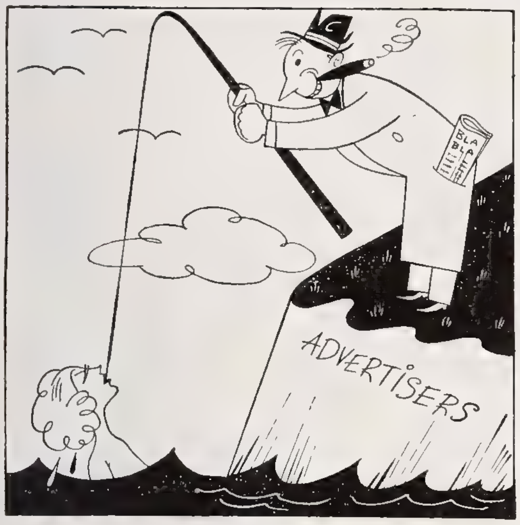
Having read the letter signed "Just Me," in the December issue, I can't help wondering why anyone should choose to vent their spleen on such an inoffensive person as Herbert Marshall. If "Just Me" knew anything about him he could not possibly find it in his heart to be so cruel and tactless as to call poor Bart a "walking flagpole." (The heartbreaking souvenir of his war-time heroism is a wooden leg, you know.) As for "conceited airs," if you, "Just Me," were blessed with one atom of Mr. Marshall's culture, refinement and finer sensibilities, you would know better than to confuse his modest self-assurance and unfailing poise, which is the very essence of good breeding, with conceit.

OH, BOY!
OH, BOY!

"Just Me," whose letter appeared in December issue, got penned spankings from many.

And now for your amazing objection to Marshall's so-o-o perfect vocabulary. If you mean to imply that his impeccable diction makes you uncomfortably aware

Write a letter and win a cash prize! Motion pictures offer a wide field for discussion. We want your criticisms, pro and con, on films, players, or any phase of movies that interests you. Ten dollars in prizes will be awarded each month for the six most interesting letters submitted—1st prize, $5; five 2nd prizes of $1 each. Be sure to send your full name and address. Modern Screen reserves the right to publish letters in whole or in part. Address: Between You and Me, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.



The female population is accused of aping stars' fashions blindly because of ballyhoo.

of your own lack of conversational grace, then I sympathize with you. However, we who admire Mr. Marshall agree that his exquisite speaking voice is an index to the irresistible appeal of his ideally charming personality. Many of our native American examples of overrated sex appeal and exaggerated histrionic ability would do well to absorb a little of the gentility of this most modest of reel and real heroes.—Gretchen Weiss, Long Island, N. Y.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
Miss Morning Glory

Jean Parker reminds me of a statue that was made to represent life and all that is beautiful. Her face signifies sincerity and sweetness. As a young actress, I believe that she has achieved the secret of expression that only one other actress has lived and she is Garbo. I might say orchids to Jean, but that would not express just what I feel, for to me she is a morning glory, fresh with the morning dew. Superb is her acting, lovely is Jean Parker and I believe that everyone who has seen her will feel as I do about her.—Marcelle, Milwaukee, Wis.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
Fair Sex Gullible?

A letter in the December issue signed "B. B., Poughkeepsie" said that "thousands of girls are dependent on Joan Crawford's pictures to give them ideas on how to

(*Continued on page 95*)

AFRAID?

"I'm so scared" . . . "I don't dare dance!" . . . Never again need those fears haunt you. A new kind of sanitary napkin is here. Modess—the one and only napkin that is *certain-safe!* The napkin that *stays soft—stays safe!*

JOIN THE CROWD WITHOUT A FEAR!

Yes—you're truly safe—with Certain-Safe Modess. *No striking through!*—as with reversible napkins. No soggy edges! For Modess has a specially treated material on sides and back. Wear the *blue line* on moisture-proof side *away* from the body—and complete protection is yours.

Modess
This is the New Modess its "CERTAIN-SAFE"

End "accident panic" —ask for Certain-Safe
Modess!

Try N-O-V-O—the new safe douche powder. Cleansing! Deodorizing! (Not a contraceptive.)
(At your druggist or department store)

THE KING OF CASTS in the picture that's
THE KING OF LAUGHTER...DRAMA...SONG!

KING OF BURLESQUE

GLORIOUS SONG HITS
including
'SPREADING RHYTHM AROUND'
'SHOOTIN' HIGH'
'LOVELY LADY'
'TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE'
'I LOVE TO RIDE THE HORSES
ON THE MERRY-GO-ROUND'

THE FIRST GREAT MUSICAL ROMANCE OF 1936
..ablaze with color..crowded with the drama
of a wonder-world you've never seen before!

WARNER BAXTER
Even greater than in "42nd STREET"
ALICE FAYE
JACK OAKIE
ARLINE JUDGE ★ MONA BARRIE
GREGORY RATOFF ★ DIXIE DUNBAR
FATS WALLER ★ NICK LONG, Jr.
KENNY BAKER

A Fox Picture
Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan • Directed
by Sidney Lanfield • From a story by Vina Delmar

20th CENTURY FOX

Portraits

She's so beautiful that you wouldn't dream that she started her operatic career by singing all the old witch and hag roles available, would you? Gladys Swarthout refutes that old idea that you have to be hefty to be a top-notch operatic star. Svelte and more than lovely to look at, she is the latest recruit from the Metropolitan to take Hollywood in her stride. Already she has "Rose of the Rancho" and "Give Us This Night" to her credit.

Here's a trio that will be charming you in new pictures during the forthcoming month. No need to even say "left to right," for who could confuse Jeanette MacDonald's gay smile with that of anyone else? Jeanette is busy singing the beautiful music of "Rose Marie" with Nelson Eddy. They'll do a duet of "Indian Love Call"! Is that enough to sell you? Then Robert Taylor, the chap who has sprinted through the usual toddling stages of Hollywood success. Bob and Irene Hervey are playing tag with love. At this writing it's on again. He's been cast with Janet Gaynor in "Small Town Girl." As for Marian, the beautiful ski jumper, this oldest Marsh sister had to make a flock of pictures abroad before her home cinema town gave her a tumble. Now she's so popular that a strenuous sport like this is positive repose! Marian's in "No More Yesterdays," Ruth Chatterton's next picture. Incidentally, Eddie Lowe is her most devoted swain and they say it may be love.

Miriam Hopkins is pretty fickle about her off-screen romances but, cinematically speaking, she's constant to just one, Joel McCrea! Paired for "Splendor," they're together again in "These Three." Incidentally, this particular picture catches all the individual sparkle and charm of the gal, don't you think? Paul Kelly has a knack of making his screen thugs such likeable fellows that the audience files out thinking it's too bad that that nice Kelly man couldn't have had a better break! Paul will do "The Song and Dance Man" next and it sounds like a new type of role for him.

WANT
TO HAVE FUN?
THEN DON'T MISS
THESE TWO SWELL
PICTURES

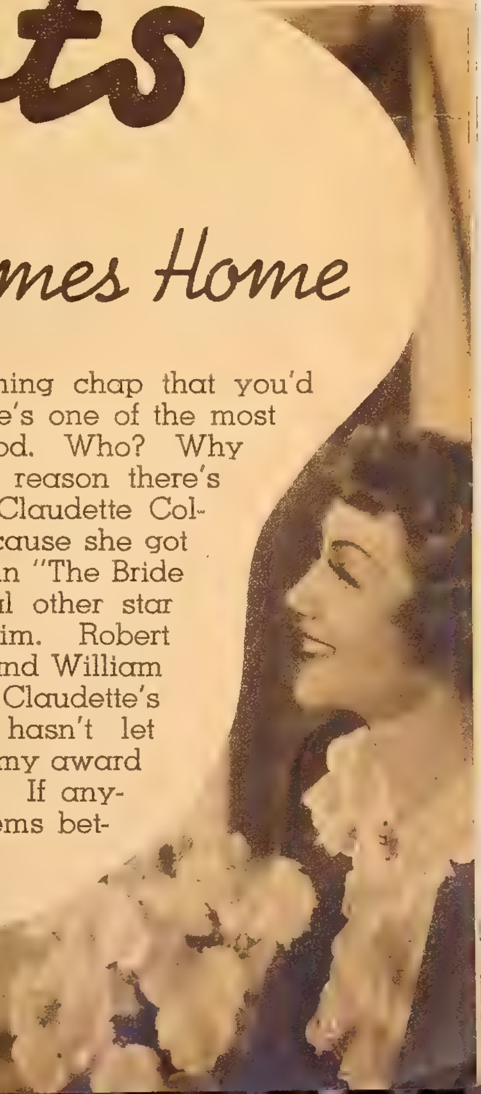
Preview Shots

Anything Goes

All other production practically came to a standstill at Paramount while the "Anything Goes" gang were in action. Such crazy goings-on what with Bing Crosby and Ethel Merman singing and trying to out-gag each other and Charlie Ruggles being hunted as "Public Enemy 13" on account of he is a gangster all done up as a bishop. Don't think that this is giving the plot away—there's more, reels more of it. Even though you've hummed and sung Cole Porter's swell tunes, you'll get a new kick out of Bing's and Ethel's duetting of "You're the Tops." And there's "I Get a Kick Out of You," too, which sounds too grand done in the best Crosby croon. Need we say more to convince you that it's the tops, with many new tunes, loads of fun and beauteous gals? You can take it from us, it's grand entertainment.

The Bride Comes Home

He's such a quiet, unassuming chap that you'd never know from him that he's one of the most pursued men about Hollywood. Who? Why Fred MacMurray. And the reason there's such a triumphant glint in Claudette Colbert's eyes these days is because she got him for her sparring partner in "The Bride Comes Home" when several other star gals were shouting for him. Robert Young is the "other" fellow and William Collier, Sr., is the latest of Claudette's screen fathers. Claudette hasn't let winning of last year's Academy award slow up her dramatic pace. If anything, every new picture seems better than the last.



(Adv't)

The true story behind

Loretta Young's illness

by Dorothy Spensley

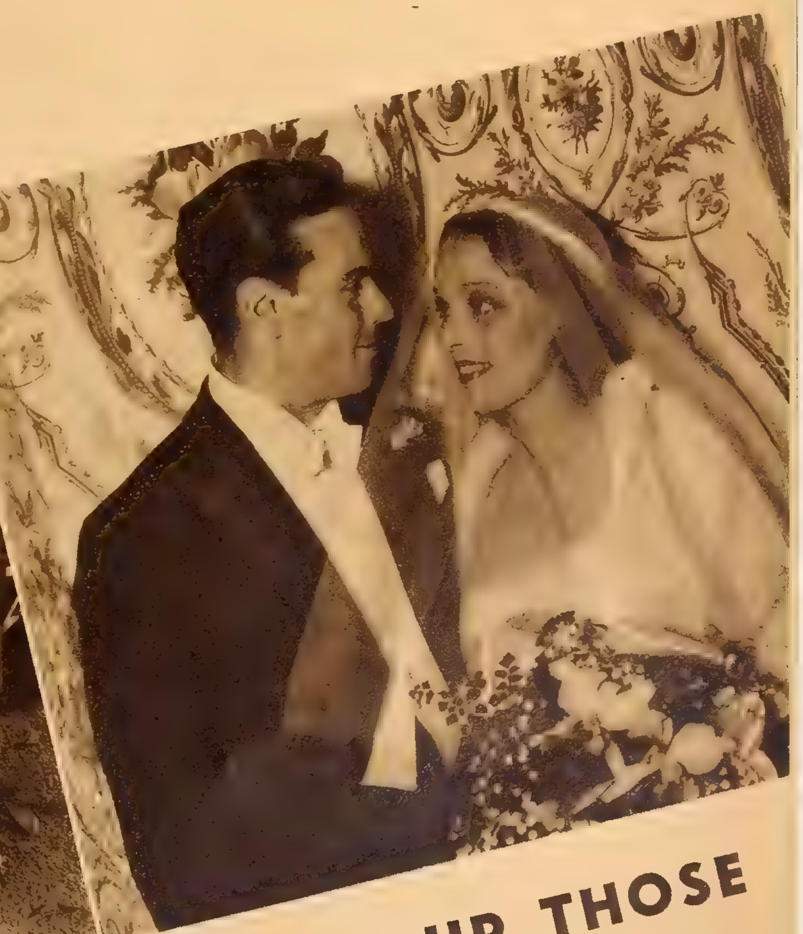
IN THE huge bed in her boudoir lay Loretta Young. Hands lax on the satin comforter, lips parted, a smile in her eyes, and perhaps a tear, she lay motionless waiting for the words of the simple Catholic marriage ritual to drift up the curving stairway of her white Colonial house.

Before the living-room fireplace, white with carnations, lilies and gardenias, Sally Blane, her sister, was being made the wife of Norman Foster. She was dressed in a sheer, cream-colored velvet dress with square neckline and corded trimming, and a short Juliet veil covered her face. There was the slow, heavy music of the Wedding March, Alan Campbell, the best man, who temporarily lost the ring, Sally's tears falling unashamed, the groom's laugh that broke the tenseness, the handsome priest, Norman's father and mother, the Young girls' mother, Mrs. George Belzer, Sally's sister, Polly Ann, Sally's half-sister, the eleven-year-old Georgiana Belzer, the thirty guests, and the exciting wedding supper . . . all these things were lost to Loretta Young, lying ill in the upper room of the lovely home that her success and money have made possible.

Too ill to join in the festivities, with a nurse at hand to see that the excitement on the lower floor was not too stimulating for her patient, Loretta Young was fighting one of the biggest battles of her career. It wasn't the battle for film success, which came with comparative ease, but it was a fight with an enemy so relentless that it caused her family and her friends the gravest concern.

WHEN LORETTA finished the co-starring role with Charles Boyer in "Shanghai," she had her trunks ready for a dash across the continent, a national network appearance in New York, and a trip to Europe. Because she was young (she will be twenty-three years old on January sixth), full of life, eager for the excitement of travel, the exhilaration of new contacts, she and her mother set out upon their holiday. She should have stayed at home and used the strength she was giving to entertainment toward the building up of her body. Sensitive, taut-nerved, for years she had made one picture after another, with not more than a few days' rest between finishing one film and beginning the next. Producers were avid for her screen services. Cecil DeMille (*Continued on page 84*)

(Left) Loretta Young is waging the bitterest battle of her career—a fight for her health. (Below) The Youngs, a 1936 Louisa M. Alcott family—Sally Blane Foster, Loretta, their mother and Polly Ann. (Right) The newly married Norman Foster and Sally Blane.



HERE ARE FACTS WHICH CLEAR UP THOSE RUMORS YOU'VE HEARD ABOUT THIS LOVELY GIRL

Telling Tales on Fred

by Nanette Kutner

THE FRIENDS AND CO-WORKERS OF HIS BROADWAY SHOW DAYS GIVE SIDELIGHTS ON ASTAIRE

FRED ASTAIRE has big feet. He used to dress collegiate. His hobby is composing music. When things go wrong, he cries like a baby, and his nickname is "Moaning Minnie!"

That's only the beginning of this Broadway profile, the combined stories of those who have worked close to Astaire.

First, George Gershwin, who knew him over fifteen years ago, when Gershwin was "that hot piano player at Remicks," and Fred Astaire, a hoofer trying to get a break.

"Freddie always had a swanky walk," said Gershwin. "He didn't dress the way he does now. He was collegiate, and wore a funny little round hat.

"He and his sister, Adele, were in the Sunday night vaudeville shows at 'The Winter Garden.' In those days they couldn't open their mouths. They just danced.

"I'll never forget Fred walking up to me and saying, 'Sometime I'd like to be in a regular show and have you write the music.' Later, with 'Lady, Be Good,' and 'Funny Face,' his wish came true.

"Right from the start Freddie knew exactly what he wanted. He had no outside interests. He was intent on becoming just what he became—a top musical comedy star. Take his singing. He wanted to sing, but in the early days his voice wasn't so good. Since then it has developed tremendously. He has wonderful judgment. His instinct for low-class rhythm songs is unfailing. He can always tell what will be a hit.

"I think his mother is largely responsible for Freddie's charm and culture. The big thing he has done is to bring drawing-room manners to gutsy dancing.

"He was one of the few vaudeville actors taken up by society. He wanted that. Why, with his first money he bought something that only the wealthiest can afford

Claire Luce

Carl Randall

Dorothy Stone

George Gershwin

Ginger Rogers and Fred

—a race horse in England.

"Freddie has a swell sense of humor. He used to do an imitation of John Charles Thomas singing a jazz song called, 'I'd Rather Charleston.' He did this with every inflection of the concert singer, but without the voice.

"HE CALLED his sister 'Funny Face.' They fought just as all performers fight. Adele knew Freddie's dancing ideas were invariably right, but she held out for her point until she made him so sore they would fly at each other.

"Once, while he was staging a dance, I saw him become so exasperated that he burst into tears and cried like a baby! You see," Gershwin quickly added, "he was so anxious to have it right.

"I haven't seen Freddie since he's been in Hollywood, but I've been approached to write one of his next pictures. The deal isn't set yet. All I can say is that I'd like to work with him again." And thus concluded Mr. Gershwin.

I next tackled Claire Luce, that striking looking blonde who played opposite Fred Astaire when "The Gay Divorcee," was a stage production called "The Gay Divorce."

Miss Luce was sailing for London that night. She was in a hurry. So we talked over the telephone.

"Fred takes his work very seriously. Sometimes a step of mine would be a little off, and he'd notice it. Every evening he came to the theater early and practiced. He'd sprinkle resin all over the stage and used so much of it that the stage looked like a barn, and it became a standing joke that the place was messed up from Fred's private rehearsals.

"When things went wrong, he'd break down completely." Miss Luce paused. "Wait, I have Adele Astaire's former maid, Cynthia, maybe she can give you something."

Said Cynthia. "Mr. Astaire, say, he used to jump right out of bed in the morning and start in dancing!"

Back came Miss Luce. "And he loved to sit down at the piano and try to make up tunes."

I wondered if they were bad tunes.

"Probably," said Miss Luce.

TOM WEATHERLY, who, with Dwight Deere Wiman, produced "The Gay Divorce," told me Fred Astaire is an excellent business man.

"He handles his own affairs, (*Continued on page 60*)

Fred Astaire is a true artist, unanimously claim those who worked with him.

HOLLYWOOD'S MOST OUT-SPOKEN STAR TALKS BACK TO YOU GIRLS WITH BIG JOB AMBITIONS!

WOMEN WITH careers should be shot on sight," said Bette Davis to me. We were lunching at that spot de luxe, the Vendome. Bette was wearing a brown tailored suit, a white shirt and a bright green hat of the type called "knowing."

Bette said, crisply, "I am about to break down and reveal to you the most carefully concealed secret in my unsecretive young life. For that I have no secrets is the truth. If I committed a murder, I would give a progressive dinner so that I could go about, from course to course, telling about it!

"I take myself to pieces, mentally, once every week. There's a room in my house especially set apart for this vivisectional purpose. It is a bare, little room in the back of nowhere. In it is one chair, stiff

"WOMEN WITH CAREERS SHOULD BE SHOT!"

Says Bette Davis to Gladys Hall

and uncomfortable — very moral. There are neither pictures on the walls, nor rugs on the floor. There is nothing in this drab self-confessional to take my mind off myself. I call it my 'deflation room.' I puncture my own ego. It takes the place of a good, old fashioned spanking.

"If I have been publicized as being 'so natural' and 'without affectation or conceit,' I have this little room to thank for it—so has the public.

"When I am alone with myself there is nothing left of la actress. I strip off all the powder, paint, and lipstick. I remove all of the publicity bunkum. And when I am done, I stand revealed (rather skinny) as what I was designed to be and what I ought to be—a wife, a woman, a mother.

"What I mean is this," said Bette, in her incisive way, "I have no business to be an actress. By the same token Lady Astor has no business to be a politician, nor Grace Moore to be an opera singer, and so on. We wimmin, in short, should not be anything other than that for which Nature ordained us when she created us female, not male.

WOMEN CAN'T cross the biological line, let them protest and 'prove themselves' to the world as they may. If they do cross that line, they become—monstrosities!

"I am a monstrosity. I know that. I admit it to myself, there in the silence.

"No woman should have a career. Which brings me back to my original statement that all careerist women should be shot. The instant a girl child manifests a talent for anything, other than making fudge or minding the baby, her parents should get down the gat.

"Women with careers harm their men far more cruelly than themselves. The thing they do to men is—murder.

"I'm entirely serious. I've read, we've all read, hundreds of controversial articles in women's magazines about 'Woman Versus a Career,' 'Can Women Have Careers and Motherhood?' etc, etc. They can't—they can—and so it goes.

"Famous women in all the arts and professions have been interviewed on the subject. Some have said one thing, some another. Most of them have begged the question, have compromised.

"Well, Nature doesn't beg the question and neither do I. At the risk of having my sister women stampede me, I declare that women not only cannot have careers and a domestic life at the same time but—they should not be permitted to. I'm tired of reading and hearing a lot of twiddle-twaddle on this subject with no one coming out and telling the truth.

"I feel more strongly on this particular subject than on any other in the world. I've been bursting to speak my mind. I may be shot for doing it, but it will be worth it.

"You might well say to me, 'Well, if you feel this way about it, why don't you stop? Why don't you cancel your contract, stay at home and keep house for Harmon? No one is compelling you to be an actress, are they?'

"No, no one is compelling me. The compulsion comes from within myself. Once caught up in the toils of a career, you just don't stop, that's all. It's like being a drug addict, striving to eject from your system the deadly virus that has entered it.

UP THERE in my little room I say to myself, 'What are you getting out of it? Are you thrilled and pleased with the work you do? Do you get sound creative satisfaction from the things you do? Do you think to yourself that you're pretty good?'

"And my honest answer to these questions is—NO. I've never yet been satisfied with anything I've done. I've never been able to pat my own shoulder blade and say, 'Well, you did it *this* time, my girl!' No, not even in 'Human Bondage.' I've never had the feeling that I gave all that I could have. And then, there was the fear of being typed, of having to play nasty little hussies for the rest of my life. I think I've escaped from everlasting typing. Warner Brothers have come through for me in that respect. But I also know that cycles come and go and just because I'm not worrying about studio conditions, today, doesn't say that I won't be tomorrow.

(*Cont'd on page 73*)

(Above, left to right) "Lily Pons meet Henry Fonda," introduced their director of "I Dream Too Much." "Now suppose you two hop into bed. . . ." Next, if Alice Brady only had been permitted to fall on her elbow in "Lady Tubbs." But she wasn't! Basil Rathbone was ready to sacrifice a fine role in "David Copperfield" because he was forced to beat Freddie Bartholomew.

They hated to do it!

by Muriel Babcock

DID YOU ever wonder how Jimmy Cagney felt about smacking that grapefruit right in Mae Clarke's shining orbs? Did you ever stop to think how he rated himself as a person when he kicked pretty Margaret Lindsay, wham! as she stood with her back to him?

Did you ever stop to consider how many things stars have to do in the course of earning their daily bread—like you and me—that they positively hate themselves for doing, things that they dislike doing intensely, that do not fit in with their characters, and which sometimes make them not only cringe with embarrassment, but really ill at the tummy?

These things, you say, are all a part of the stiff routine that is Hollywood behind the cameras. They are all a part of the work that must be done if Life (spelled with a capital L), which is often grim, often cruel, often unpleasant, is to be put on the screen in realistic fashion.

YES, I know, but don't fool yourself. The more seasoned the trouper, the more sentimental a softie he is at heart! The worse he feels when he has to do something mean and horrible, and possibly vulgar, as a part of his screen characterization. He doesn't just toss a dirty deed over his shoulder, and walk away. It hurts him. And it hurts deep.

I've been around Hollywood half a dozen years now and I never saw a sicker man than Basil Rathbone when he had to slap down little Freddie Bartholomew in "David Copperfield." Rathbone was tickled pink at getting such a fine part in such a fine picture. He needed a role like this. But when he read the script and realized what a beating he had to give Freddie, he went to David Selznick, the producer, and tried to beg off his contract. "I can't do a horrible thing like that to a child, even if it is only in acting," Rathbone said. "It will not only, deep down in his subconscious mind, make the boy hate me, but I will hate myself so."

HOWEVER, they argued Rathbone back into the role. But on the night before the scene was to be photographed, he couldn't sleep and on the day of its taking, wisecrackers on the set who had been amused at his tremendous antipathy for the scene, began to feel sorry for him. They watched him

Joan Crawford in her not-so-long-ago lace teddy days. From "Our Blushing Brides."

How do you suppose Jimmy Cagney felt about slapping Mae Clarke in "Public Enemy"? You're perfectly right.

BIG SCENES YOU APPLAUDED WERE NOT SO AMUSING TO THEIR PLAYERS

smoke one cigarette after another, pace up and down, and finally when he did hit Freddie, do it in such a sissy fashion that they had to take the scene all over again. Well, after all, if a man really treated a child with such physical violence in this day and age, people would be so horrified that they'd slap him in jail!

Joan Crawford originally objected to playing "Dancing Lady" because it harked back to the lace teddy era, when she made "Our Blushing Brides" and films of that ilk, and her show-girl days. It is said she didn't want to skid around the screen in satin pants. She didn't think it became her dignity as a woman or her standing as a star. Well, one thing for which all screen stars have to thank Mr. Joseph Breen and the censorship campaign is that they don't have to do those "undress" roles which, once-upon-a-time, all producers simply adored.

Which reminds me of Jean Harlow's indignation and fury at Howard Hughes when she was just getting launched on her screen career. I am told she yanked the telephone out of the wall and threw it at Mr. Hughes, just grazing his ear.

Now, Miss Harlow is not a temperamental individual. She keeps her temper and is known as a regular person. But this was during the days that (*Continued on page 74*)

Fred and Lilian Lamonte, the other half of a trial engagement. His new picture is "The Bride Comes Home," with Claudette Colbert.

Trial engagement

FRED MacMURRAY CAN'T SEE STARS—ONLY HIS BEST GIRL, LILIAN!

by Dorothy Donnell

IT MAKES me kind of mad, mildly remarked the boy from Beaver Dam, clenching his teeth hard against a briar pipe stem, "the way some of the writers keep hinting we're secretly married. When I marry my Lilian, probably next spring, I won't hide it—say, I'll tell everybody that will listen! Trouble is," he groped for expression (words aren't Fred MacMurray's strong point), "Hollywood just can't understand anybody that doesn't do things its way. Back where I come from, people don't think it's so unusual if a fellow goes with the same girl two and a half years. That isn't even a *long engagement* in Beaver Dam."

The perspiration sprang out on his forehead with the agonies of self-revelation. He tugged at his pipe, as if to draw inspiration through the great clouds of smoke. When he emptied it, he immediately jabbed in fresh solace with a nervous thumb. I've talked with the shyest of the movie lads, from Ronald Colman to Maurice Chevalier, who once sat through a whole luncheon without uttering a syllable, but they were all garrulous compared with this tall Scotch boy from Wisconsin whom every woman star in Hollywood is asking for as a screen lover. When he isn't wooing them before the camera—in that off-hand, nonchalant fashion which has caught the public's fancy—he invariably calls them all "Ma'am."

"Glad my acting looks natural and easy the way they say," Fred told me, "it's really just my being scared to death. I guess I'm not exactly what you might call sentimental. Lilian always says, when we come out from seeing one of my pictures, 'Why don't you ever say nice things like that to me?' Sometimes," he confessed, "I even forget to bring her a corsage when we're going to a dance. I'm afraid I make a better lover on the screen than off. You see, till I met her, I didn't have much practise taking girls out. All the time I was in college I never had a date."

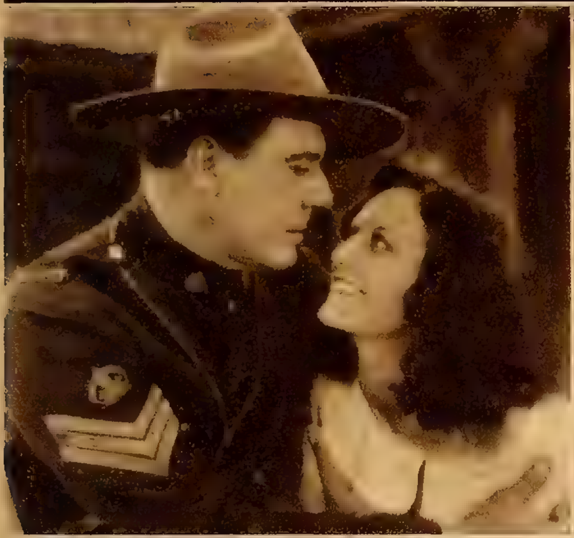
That last blunt sentence tells more about Fred MacMurray than all the fine writing in the world. A dark youngster, tooting a saxophone in the band—a handsome baritone, crooning with the Glee Club—a husky football player carrying the ball down the field for Dear Ol' Carroll—and not a date! It tells a good deal, by inference, about his Lilian, too. The romance between them is Hollywood's most unknown love story. And I think it's the sweetest. I am very certain it's the strangest.

In this day of careless courtships, after-a-party elopements to Yuma, after-another-party trips to Reno, an engagement that has lasted two and a half years has a quaintly old-fashioned sound. O. Henry might have written the story of the shy, broad-shouldered boy who came from a small town to the big city to play with a comedy collegiate band, in a Broadway revue. And of the pretty girl from the South who worked (*Continued on page 86*)

-TODAY

In '21 Doug Fairbanks and Mary MacLaren in "The Three Musketeers."

Fifteen years later, Walter Abel and Margot Grahame revive the roles.



Crawford and House Peters in "Rose Marie" of '28. In '25 Vilma Banky and Colman in "Dark Angel."

Today's "Rose Marie" with Eddy and MacDonald. Below, March and Oberon as the "Angel" lovers.

AND NOW EACH FINDS VOICE IN MODERN VERSIONS

Success — A LA CROSBY

by Helen Louise Walker

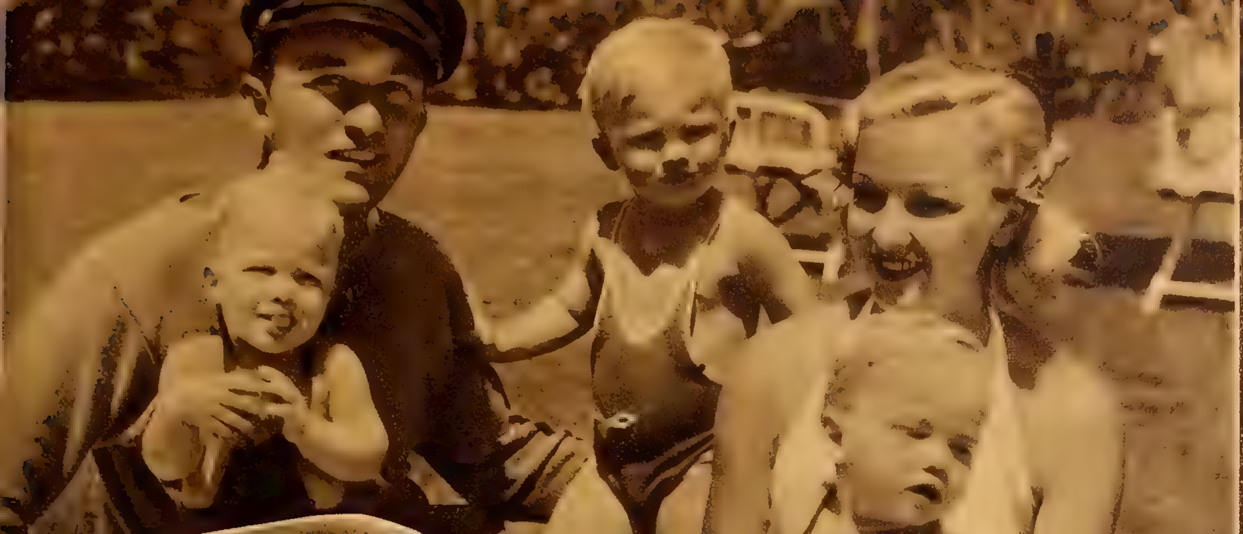
WOULD YOU DARE TO PLAY TAG WITH YOUR JOB THE WAY BING DOES? NEITHER WOULD WE!

MOST SUCCESSFUL actors have had some definite ambition, some goal, some plan of life. Circumstances or their own limitations may have frustrated them, altering their courses sometimes, but they have known, if not where they were going, at least where they *wanted* to go. But Bing Crosby's career seems to have just happened to him, like measles. He has broken every copy book maxim for success and neither his growing maturity nor professional eminence seem to have improved him one bit. He is, if anything, growing worse!

You doubtless know the story of how, at an early age, he set out from Spokane for Los Angeles to try to get a job pounding his beloved drum . . . and how he ran out of money before he arrived and had to sell the drum. So there he was, broke and drum-less. But a job caught up with him anyhow . . . and that's the way things have gone for Bing.

As for his present business and professional methods—well, he recently sold his Toluca Lake place to Al Jolson as a home for Ruby Keeler's mother. He promised to vacate the property by the first of October. But he didn't because, he averred, he couldn't find another house *big* enough to accommodate two careers, three young sons, a brace of nurses and the sizable staff of servants he maintains.

At this writing the Crosby family is, to all intents and purposes, homeless. They are living in Ruby Keeler's mother's house and, I must say, Mrs. Keeler is being pretty nice about it. But what if she should decide to turn them out into the California climate at this point? The evenings have been right chilly. . . . And what does Bing *mean* he can't find a house which is "large enough" when I have heard a dozen film luminaries wailing lately that they couldn't find buyers for their dwellings because



Bing's a happy-go-lucky gent who takes all things in stride including swell parts like, left, the one in "Anything Goes" with Ethel Merman in which they duet that smash hit, "You're the Tops" . . . or a mere matter of twins, another son and attractive Dixie Lee, his wife. Also above, east meets west on a bike pedalling to the set, another Crosby gag.

those dwellings were too spacious? I know where there is a very pretty hotel for sale, too.

One doesn't know whether to cry, "Oh come now, Bing! Be your age!" or to hope that, for his own sake, he will keep on being the irresponsible playboy until he is eighty. Maybe it's partly that quality in him which makes you and you and you . . . and me . . . enjoy him so much on the screen. There is something attractive, to all of us plodding folk, about the fellow who breaks all the sober rules and still comes out on top.

YEARS AGO he obtained a release from his contract with Paul Whiteman because of a sudden whim to remain in Los Angeles when the Whiteman orchestra was going east. He refused several promising radio offers for the same reason. Then suddenly he became panicky, thought he was getting nowhere and couldn't imagine why. In his frantic search for advice, he signed with numbers of shrewd gentlemen, who

(*Continued on page 62*)

Tom has just signed a new Paramount contract as reward for his swell work in "Annapolis Farewell."

Tom's rules for sidestepping trouble

THIS BROWN CHAP THINKS IT'S LUCK, BUT IT'S REALLY WISDOM

by Franc Dillon

THERE IS an old legend, more popular outside the film colony than in, that Hollywood is a place where a Frankenstein lurks behind every tree, ready to jump out at unsuspecting young girls who have come here from the outside world to make their name and fame in motion pictures.

Columns and columns of newspaper space have been devoted to the dangers, real and imaginary, that confront a young girl in Hollywood.

"But," protests Tom Brown, "no one bothers to warn the screen-struck young men who come to Hollywood in search of work and adventure.

"When the little girl who has such a sweet voice in the village choir decides to try her luck at being a Grace Moore, all the folks warn her against the pitfalls of Hollywood. But when the young chap, who has been cutting such a dash with the community players, decides he will take the next train for Hollywood, his friends all say, 'Good luck! We'll be expecting Gable to resign when he hears you are in town.'

"Perhaps it is because a man is supposed to be able to take care of himself." Tom continued earnestly, "and it might be because not many people realize there is anything to warn a fellow about. The truth of the matter is that there is just as much trouble ahead for a fellow in this town as there is for a girl. The only difference is that most of a fellow's hurdles come after he has made a place for himself in the film business. Then is the time he must watch his step, for the more successful he becomes, the bigger mistakes he can make."

Now, of course you know that Tom Brown is one of the most prominent juveniles and best young actors in (*Continued on page 69*)

Mary's a popular gal because she listens well and knows how to profit by others' mistakes.

Mary gives Jack Benny a whirl in "It's in the Air." She's stepping along as an actress.

Mary's methods for holding a beau

CARLISLE'S TAKEN CUES FROM BOYS' CRACKS ABOUT OTHER GIRLS

by Caroline Somers Hoyt

YOU PICK up swell data dating in Hollywood," declares Mary Carlisle, one of the cutest little blondes in the picture colony.

Mary is young and terribly popular. She lives in a fashionable apartment with her mother. The telephone rings often. And although she's rushed from one good role to another, Mary goes places with the most eligible men.

While doing so she's learned a lot. She admits it, and what she has to say is most informative.

"Sooner or later the boy friends begin to talk," she asserts. "I find that a large portion of male thinking concerns women. Of course, men don't exactly rave about other girls when they're out with me. After all, they're too smart to make that mistake! Still, they do talk and I try not to pass up any helpful pointers.

"Right off, I might as well confess that nothing fascinates a man more completely than a woman who'll listen to him with rapture radiating from her eyes. So remember—be eager for his next words, even if it's the supreme effort. Then he'll brand you intriguing!"

Advice from the cuddlesome Carlisle, whose infectious grin seems essential to her sprightly personality, is indeed enlightening.

"If men are too clever to heap praise on another when escorting me, at least they feel safe in telling what's wrong with the absent misses. I've discovered the ideal sweetheart isn't what many so-modern girls have been aiming to be. Men are idealistic, yes, in spite of the realistic manners they occasionally display.

"Actually, they say that we don't stop to study their wants and we generally attempt to please *other women*. They tell me they are looking for a lovely, feminine sort—with intelligence wisely employed. Get this final demand, for I shall later illustrate what they mean.

"No man I know dislikes allure. Sometimes its lack is forgiven on account of characteristics which nearly compensate; still it is important. Men believe that most women are awfully misguided, that too many girls lack subtlety. Men may imagine they are being fooled, but they want to be if we aren't naturally perfect. So what? So we tip our hands!

"The whole purpose of nice clothes, for instance, is to enhance ourselves. Men are impressed by the girl with chic. Instinctively they abhor gaudiness and react to exquisite taste. But here's the hitch. Most girls go around showing off their new clothes, and that is entirely too naïve to be entrancing! Clothes should never distract, and when we chatter about them to men we're admitting we need props to get by.

"Which brings me to an observation I have heard so many Hollywood men make. Most women try to imitate some renowned beauty. This, they tell me, is sheer nonsense. In the first place, you never can be as effective as an original. Secondly, it shows shallowness. You should have enough confidence in yourself to develop what's best for your individuality.

"I must tell what men have said about make-up. Again, they're decidedly aware of our using it. And they don't mind, only they do contend that we'd be far more enchanting if we'd just pretend a *little*.

"They agree on this and the (*Continued on page 68*)

Jane Withers all set for her role in "Paddy O'Day."

Twinkle,

. . . HOLLYWOOD'S YOUNGEST CAREER GALS TAKE TIME OUT TO TELL ALL

by Lois Svensrud

Twinkle, Little Stars

(Left to right) Cora Sue Collins, who has portrayed the stars as little girls, would like to be just half as pretty as all of them when she grows up. At three years, Virginia Weidler refused to play an undressed role. Cute? Sybil Jason, the newest starlet, has come all the way from Africa to screen success in five short years. And finally, Shirley Temple, at the end of whose tiny rainbow lies the biggest pot of gold.

A HALF dozen small stars in Hollywood are threatening the thrones of the Garbos and Hepburns! They don't trade on glamor or sex-appeal either! They don't need it! Not when a single teardrop from the blue eyes of a five-year-old can tug the old heart-strings more than the sobs of a famed emoter, and the grin on a small freckled face is more dazzling than the smile of a high priced beauty.

Perhaps your Annabelle has lopsided dimples like Miss Temple's or bobbing pigtails a la Weidler. You probably think that, given a chance before the camera, she, too, could warm a million hearts as she does yours.

Do you wonder how these other little girls got that magic "chance?" And do you wonder what fame and fortune has done to them? Personal chats revealed some intimate facts, for *these* movie stars aren't a bit averse to discussing their private lives.

On the screen these small actresses are "naturals," but what would they be like off-screen? We were prepared for a sense of importance in some of them, but were we disillusioned! Not one of these children is impressed with the fact that she's made a mark in the world after being such a short time in it. You think of the youngsters as having "careers." They think they're having "just lots of fun."

THE MILLION-DOLLAR babies weren't born with silver spoons in their mouths. Every one came from a modest home and hard-working parents. They weren't all endowed with beauty or brains. But each and every one had "what it takes"—a rare charm. Different roads to fame were followed by all six starlets. For some of them, it has been a hard road, for others a short one and merry.

Virginia Weidler was the only child to flatly refuse her first big chance. It was a case of modesty or career—and Virginia chose to sacrifice the latter. She was three years old at the time and had been assigned a role in John Barrymore's picture, "Moby Dick." The script called for the baby to be undressed.

"I won't be in the pitcher without my pants," declared Miss Weidler firmly.

Mrs. Weidler took her home, convinced that her youngest was not for the screen, though the five other little Weidlers were in the movies. It's better than a reel of "Our Gang" to see the brood on their way to the studio. They come (*Continued on page 82*)

by Ben Maddox

Is it any wonder that audiences have become so interested in the new Jean Arthur? Below, Herb Marshall, Jean and Leo Carrillo in "If You Could Only Cook."

Her luck began with love

IN A RUT? BLUE? SO WAS JEAN 'TIL CUPID CAME ALONG

ANY GIRL whose life has been transformed by the magical process called falling in love will understand what has happened to Jean Arthur. She will understand all the easier, too, if she was once the same confused combination of terrific shyness and surging inner yearning as Jean was.

A few brief years ago Jean Arthur was judged "through" in Hollywood. Obviously, something important has occurred to cause her current popularity.

She was just one more of those ingenues who please momentarily and then seldom rate a second thought after the picture fades from the screen. Finally, even the studio where she was under contract forgot to consider her. With typical meekness she disappeared from the movie bustle, becoming but a pale memory.

Now everyone is suddenly conscious of her. A changed personality, she is provoking such favorable audience response that she is rising rapidly in Hollywood esteem. Each role essayed is increasing demonstration of her genuine ability.

Her hair, formerly plain brown, is a golden, flattering blonde today. Chubby cheeks have thinned, the nervousness which gave an odd pitch to her voice has vanished. Her blue eyes are gay with the uninhibited wisdom which characterizes a sophisticated young modern. Her mind, manner, and words flash with a new, keen maturity.

That love can work wonders is an old saw. Nevertheless, it is as true now as it always has been. Jean herself says so.

"Before I fell in love," she asserts, "I was bound down by the most painful of inferiority (*Continued on page 78*)

Hughie, the stall guy . . .

by Ruth Rankin

YOU KNOW him. That funny little guy with a face like a hot-water bottle—Hugh Herbert—the nutsy lawyer in "We're In the Money," the popularity contest judge with a bun on, in "Miss Pacific Fleet."

Hughie is the apostle of the futile ineffectual—the one who usually out-smarts the smart boys in the end. You figure he's a trifle balmy-on-the-crumpet, he entertains bats in his belfry, he is a male Winnie the Pooh for whimsey—and he hopes you keep right on figuring him like that. He really has good sense when he needs it, but you can just overlook that. Hugh is trying to keep it a secret.

He says no actor is worth his salt who hasn't worked out his "philosophy of life" and doesn't give it to you hot off the griddle. Hughie is simple, elemental, highly impractical, and he hopes you won't pay the slightest attention to it . . .

He believes in doing nothing today that can possibly be put off until tomorrow—says he is a *mañana* man. He would love to be a hypochondriac, it's such a lovely word to have people calling you behind your back, but the doctors won't let him. The insurance company dealt him a mortal blow by passing him 100%, and he sulked about it all one morning. When he can't sleep, he gets up and bakes a batch of bran muffins.

If the party gets too erudite and begins swapping book-titles, Hughie stops everything by remarking in a soft, confidential tone, "To tell you the truth, I can't read." (To tell *you* the truth it's a lot better bet that Hughie has read it than the other people.)

The reason he has managed to keep Rose happily married to him for twenty years is separate bathrooms. When Hughie was a boy, in New York, with four brothers and a sister, not to mention his mother and father, they shared one bathroom. So Hughie made up his mind to be a success when he grew up and have two. He is two and a half times the success he intended to be. He has five bathrooms.

"ALWAYS PUT OFF 'TIL TOMORROW WHAT YOU CAN DO TODAY"

—Hugh Herbert Motto

As the pleasantly "spiffed" judge of "Miss Pacific Fleet," Hughie is taken over by Misses Farrell and Blondell.

Hughie's a finger twiddler. In moments of greatest stress those fingertips entangle so helplessly, so hilariously.

HUGHIE IS in dutch with his brother, who lives in Brooklyn, on account of a process-shot. It was a New York street all right, but Hughie wasn't there. He was right out on the Warner lot all the time. But when the picture was shown, it looked exactly as if he were walking down Fifth Avenue. So finally, when he really *did* go to New York, his brother looked very disgusted and said, "All you hams get big heads, don't you? Why didn't you come to see me the *last* time you were here? I saw you in that picture."

Ensued argument, explanation with Hughie drawing diagrams of a process-shot. Brother openly and obviously skeptical. Finally he polished off the whole subject by remarking to the distraught Hughie:

"Oh, for Pete's sake, process-shot my eye. You probably were here and didn't know it!"

Well, with his own family (*Continued on page 80*)

If you would have a

Above, you see Claudette as she looked several years ago. Note that she hasn't glamorized herself radically—just a few changes in mouth make-up and hair.

by Madame Sylvia

I TAKE off my hat this month to Claudette Colbert, a gal who, though she is one of our finest actresses, has escaped being another stereotyped Hollywood glamor girl.

From just a beauty point of view, Claudette Colbert is not exactly ravishing. There are many far more pulchritudinous in Hollywood than she. She definitely isn't the sexy type that makes men stand up and cheer when she comes on the screen. Yet both men and women like her. She gives herself wholeheartedly to every role, often forgets her looks, even in a close-up. That Frenchy has brains, talent and ability—she'll be a lasting favorite, not just a flash in the sky like so many beautiful but untalented stars.

Claudette has been intelligent, even about glamour. It's true that in the last few years she's done things to change her face, but she hasn't been silly about it. Take her eyebrows, for instance. She raised them somewhat, but she hasn't made them look groteque, as some stars have.

When I sounded the bugle for Colbert doubles I didn't dream so many of you look like Claudette. But gosh! There are more Colbert doubles in the United States than there are high hats in Hollywood.

Claudette should be flattered at this month's response. And, believe me, you girls will be flattered right and left when you get a figure like Claudette's. She has true slenderness—and slenderness, I can tell you, is the greatest charm to possess.

Claudette looks so chic in her clothes (and you can imagine without them, too!). She is in proportion, her bone structure is swell. Even when she makes jerky movements she doesn't offend the eye. As a matter of fact, Claudette's walk is a stride. Listen, did you ever see a fat girl stride? Watch one sometime. And because she is so slim, she can get away with the frills and puffed sleeves that other girls have to go easy on.

Over and over again I've told you that ordinary massage will not take off weight properly, in fact, as far as actual reducing goes, it works against itself because it definitely increases the appetite. However, it is swell for nervous, run-down conditions, for increasing circulation, limbering up muscles and giving you that nice cozy relaxed feeling.

CLAUDETTE'S "DOUBLE" IS WARNED AGAINST BAD

figure like Colbert

Joan Koellan is the most striking Colbert likeness, according to Sylvia. She has the same triangular face and vivacious expression. What do you say?

> We believe, in addition to the story, direction, photography and the performances of the players, that one of the most vital factors in the success of a motion picture is the physical attractiveness and charm of its stars. We realize that constructive and instructive comment on this subject by a recognized authority will be of interest to our readers as well as to the actors themselves. MODERN SCREEN is, therefore, glad to announce the appointment of Madame Sylvia as Beauty Critic of Motion Pictures for the magazine.—Editor.

Claudette, who can't afford to lose a pound, has frequent massages. She's a hearty eater, too—eats what she likes. She drinks lots of milk and has a holy horror of over-exertion. Oh, sure, she plays a little tennis and swims. But she does not drink any liquor and you seldom catch her at the night spots of Hollywood, where the other belles go to show off their new clothes and their old beaux.

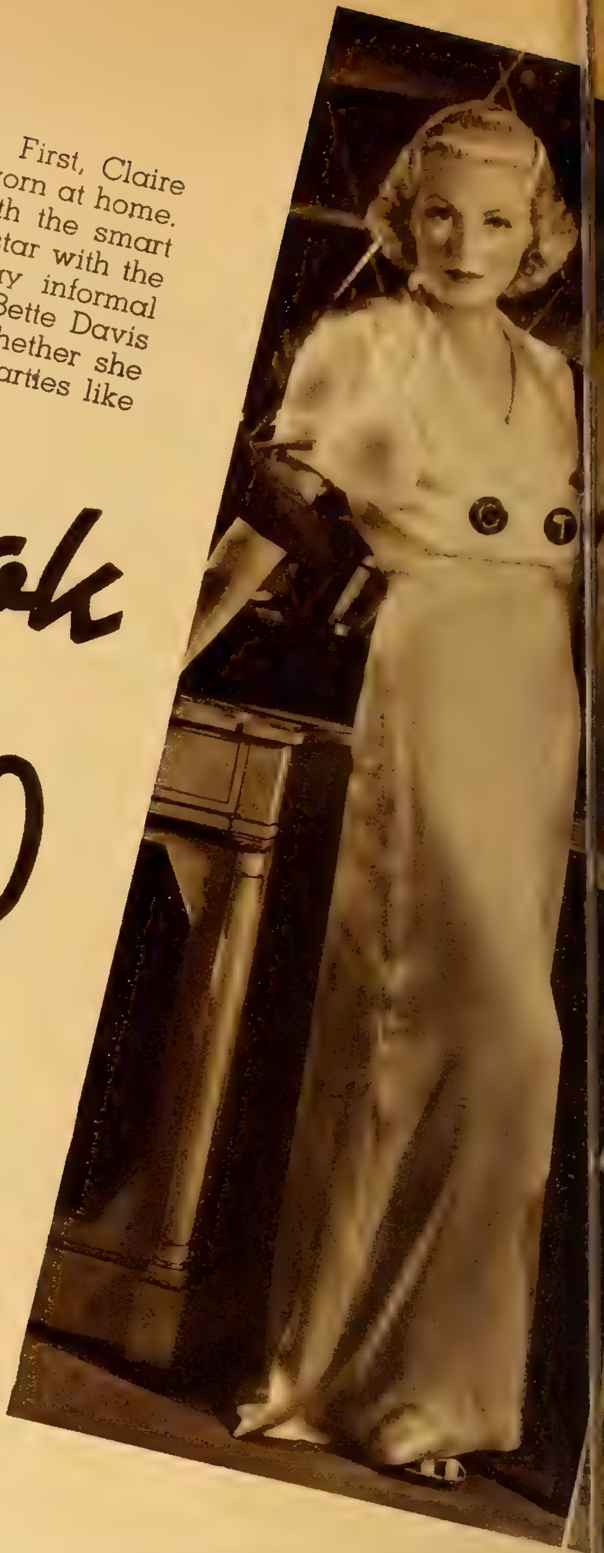
That just shows how smart Claudette is, not only in preserving her strength and her good looks, but in guarding the most precious thing in life—health.

And now to Joan Koellan, (*Continued on page 88*)

POSTURE AND DOUBLE CHIN

And Claudette today, the sparkling star of "The Bride Comes Home."

At right you see four answers to questions you've asked. First, Claire Trevor's white satin pajamas with rhinestone buttons to be worn at home. Anne Shirley's sweet taffeta frock in a new length and with the smart type of evening shoes. Next Tutta Rolf, a sparkling foreign star with the right idea about a dress for dinner in town, theatre or gay informal dances. It's metal cloth with brown velvet trim. And last, Bette Davis wears the sort of silk afternoon dress that everyone needs whether she has a nine-to-five job or can spend her afternoons at bridge parties like the girl who stays at home.

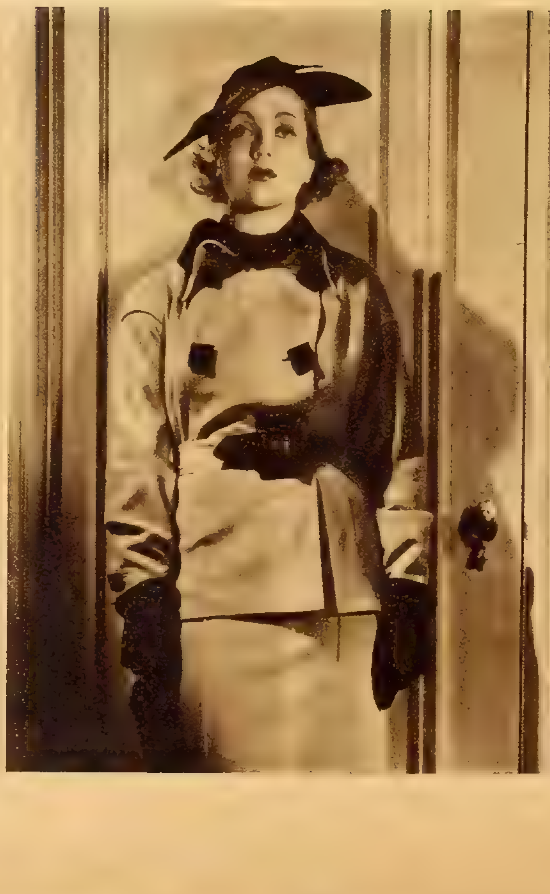


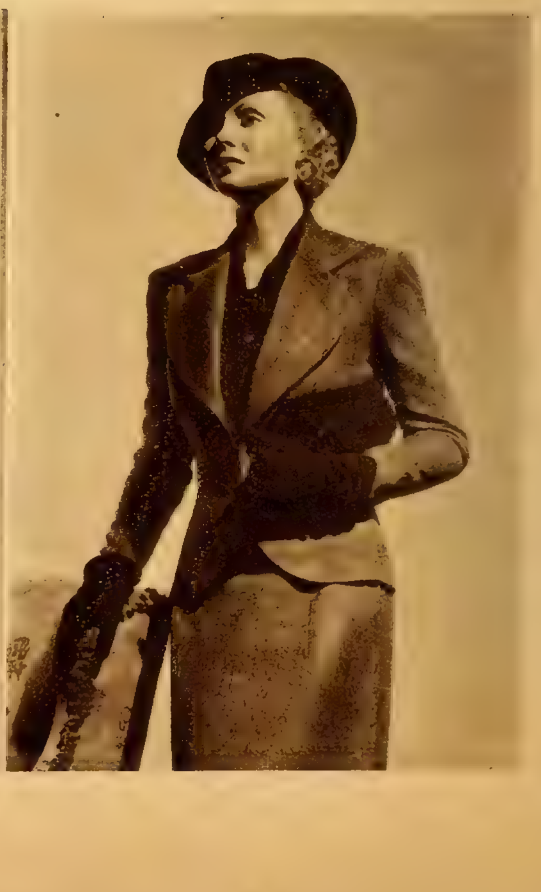
How can I look SMARTER..?

ANSWERS TO A DOZEN PUZZLING QUESTIONS YOU'VE ASKED

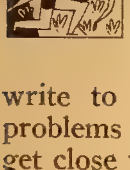
For club meetings—this charming costume of Ann Sothern's at the right. It's trim, two-piece and tailored without being too severe.

For business—at the far right, you see the perfect all year 'round business outfit. Jean Muir's gray tailored suit with black accessories.





by Adelia Bird



DO YOU know how much your letters help me? Now that is reversing the tables on you, isn't it? You would imagine that I think only how much my small bits of wisdom help you. As it happens, I receive a great deal of inspiration and information from the letters you write to me, telling me what your individual fashion problems are. Your letters are the only way that I can get close to you—the best way that I can judge what you want to read in these monthly fashion chats of mine.

This is your department, you know, and it is my greatest pleasure and satisfaction to feel that I can give you advice which will help you to meet your business, social and romantic engagements of the day with an increased sense of your own good looks and general smartness. A girl can face almost any exigency when she knows the clothes she is wearing are doing half the charm job for her!

From letters which you have written to me in the past six months, I have chosen twelve questions the answers to which I think must be of keen interest to a large number of you. Many of you will recognize your own questions used to help someone else who has a similar problem to yours. I have tried to illustrate as many of them as I have space for with pictures of stars who make excellent examples of the points mentioned.

AFTER YOU have read these questions and answers, I hope that you will sit down and write to me, telling me what you most want to see and read in these pages in the forthcoming six months. Tell me what you need to know, what stars influence you most from a fashion standpoint, and what type of costume you would like to see more often illustrated and discussed here.

Now for the questions:

Q. I am going to work in an office—it's my first job and I am anxious to make a good impression. Please tell me what type of clothes to wear?

A. Serviceable, simple and versatile clothes are what you want. I put serviceability first because business clothes get the hardest sort of use. Good fabric is the secret of long wear, so don't be led astray by flashy, cheap materials which will show you their shiny side and their limp, sleazy texture. No matter how you have to economize on other things always make yourself afford to buy good fabric—in the long run you'll save dollars.

Simplicity is next, in fact, many would rate it first as a business fashion requirement. I don't because I think that you achieve simplicity only through the use of the best materials. Fussy clothes are out of the office picture, just as they are out of the sports scene. However, you don't want to look plain in trying to gain simplicity. I have chosen a picture of Jean Muir as a perfect example of what the well-dressed business girl should wear. It's a well tailored gray suit made from the best fabric. It will work efficiently from one season to the next with no demands upon you other than careful sponging and pressing at intervals. Although the suit is cut with an eye to tailored smartness, it has just enough fit to its jacket, peak to its lapels and general dash to lift it far out of the plain class.

Myrna Loy wears just the right costume for the informal hours of late afternoon and early evening. Note her gloves and fob pin.

Ruth Weston picks Hollywood's pet costume, pajamas, for a daytime outfit at home. They're tailored silk ones with gay scarf.

Kay Francis shows the effectiveness of black offset by a white accent. A three-strand pearl choker worn with a high neck is chic.

WHAT'S MORE, Jean's suit illustrates my point that business clothes should be versatile. With the trim black felt hat, black suede accessories and black crepe blouse which Jean wears, this suit is tops in daytime efficiency. But by changing to a small hat with a veil, a ruffled silk blouse and a bouttoniere pinned to a lapel, the same suit is all dressed up for a dinner and theatre date right after five. Still another time, by wearing a sweater, a bright sports scarf and changing to low heeled oxfords, your suit goes to the country!

If you don't want to confine yourself to suits, you have a wealth of dresses from which to choose. Woolen or crepe dresses of the shirtwaist type can be changed by a fresh collar, a new scarf or a vestee. And you don't need to stick to traditional office shades of black, blue or brown—wear some of the gayer shades, just so you don't hit upon some hue that will give your boss color-blindness! The jacket dress, the two-piece, semi-sports dress and the three-piece suit are all good workers.

And just a final word, one that you probably have heard dozens of times. Don't wear too much make-up during business hours. And don't teeter about on silly high heels attached to low cut sandals or ornate strap shoes—wear opera pumps, plain straps with moderate heels or oxfords.

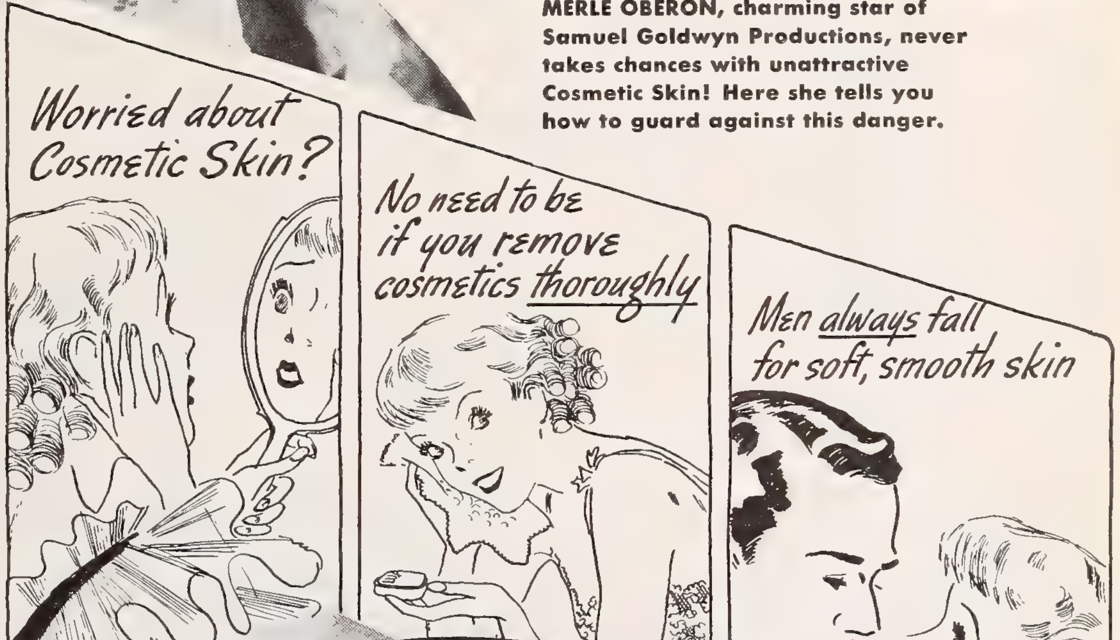
Q. Should evening slippers match or contrast with my gown?

A. Either is correct and smart. However, the general trend this year is to wear either silver or gold sandals unless you have a lot of money to spend on evening shoes and can afford to indulge in matching each evening gown.

Anne Shirley wears her formal dresses at a new length which shows most of her evening shoe. Anne's blue taffeta dress on page 57, as you can see, has a full skirt which ends just below her ankles. Her open-toed satin sandals are dyed to match her dress (*Continued on page 93*)

"YOU CAN'T BE LOVELY WITHOUT A SOFT SMOOTH SKIN"
Merle Oberon

MERLE OBERON, charming star of Samuel Goldwyn Productions, never takes chances with unattractive Cosmetic Skin! Here she tells you how to guard against this danger.


Worried about Cosmetic Skin?
No need to be if you remove cosmetics thoroughly
Men always fall for soft, smooth skin
LUX
TOILET SOAP

DOES Merle Oberon use cosmetics? Yes, like most other modern women, she does! "But," says this charming star, "I'm not afraid of Cosmetic Skin. I remove make-up *thoroughly* — the Hollywood way. I use Lux Toilet Soap!"

No girl wants to risk the dullness, enlarged pores, tiny blemishes, that mean Cosmetic Skin has developed. No *wise* girl will neglect Merle Oberon's advice!

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather removes every trace of dust and dirt, stale rouge and powder so they won't *choke your pores*. Lux Toilet Soap keeps skin lovely—the way you want *yours* to be!

Why don't *you* use it—before you renew your make-up during the day, ALWAYS before you go to bed at night.

Telling Tales on Fred

(*Continued from page 37*)

and he is one of the few actors who, when he was on Broadway, had no agent. I remember him crossing out a couple of clauses in his contract, but he was scrupulously fair and never had a swelled head.

"Fred is not physically strong. He is all skin and bones. That's why he looks so well in his clothes.

"He's the most painstaking performer I've ever met. If he's convinced that part of his work should be done in a certain way, he'll just carry on until people give in to him. He was always in a stew about something, so we called him 'Moaning Minnie.' But I'll say this, I've yet to find him in the wrong. He fights for what he wants because he is conscientious, and his showman's instinct is always right.

"As for being a friend. Now that he's in Hollywood he's never too busy to write a letter. And I don't mean a hasty typewritten line either!

"You know, it was while he appeared in my show that Fred signed for pictures. Nobody thought he'd be a hit. But pictures did a wonderful thing for him. They magnified his charm.

"Before he left for the coast, the girls in the show used to say, 'What can that guy do in Hollywood?' I guess," Weatherly smiled, "they've found out now."

THEN I went to Fred Stone's daughter, Dorothy, who danced with Astaire, when, due to illness, Claire Luce was obliged to leave the show.

"Fred was marvelously patient at rehearsing with me. He'd practice seven hours a day. Such hard work turned him into a bundle of nerves. But he gave me a new slant on dancing. He taught me to make everything look as if it were done on the spur of the moment.

"He is awfully intense about his work. That's why I think pictures are the best medium for him. He was at high tension on the stage—always conscious of the audience. Anything could get his goat. If they didn't respond in the way he wanted, or if someone started talking, he was convinced they didn't like him.

"There was one break in his tap dance that occasionally went wrong. If he made this mistake he would work by himself all evening and keep saying he was no good. If he did it right, he'd be in a glorious mood throughout the rest of the show.

"He was always considerate to the people in the company. He had three minutes between numbers and should have relaxed in his dressing-room, but the rest of the company used it as a regular green room. They were always there, smoking. He never had a chance for privacy. That's because he was so nice to people, never discourteous or mean.

"He was willing to blame himself for whatever happened. Like the time Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler were out front. We were both kind of nervous. At the end of the 'Night and Day,' number, I was supposed to do a sort of back bend, while Freddie put his arm around me and lowered me down on a bench. Well—I missed the bench, and we both fell flat on the floor! Fred turned scarlet. Another performer would have lost his temper. He said nothing. But after the show he sat in his dressing-room, head in his hand, and kept repeating that he was no good. I said it had been my fault, but he insisted upon taking the blame. Then he admitted that it was silly to worry and he sat up, laughing, while the tears were running down his cheeks.

"Everyone in the show adored him. The night of his last performance before leaving for Hollywood, the orchestra played 'Auld Lang Syne,' and the chorus girls rushed out of the wings, tripping him up, football fashion. He just sat there too touched to speak.

"He couldn't believe they really wanted him in pictures. He used to point at himself in the mirror and say, 'What do they want that face in Hollywood for?'"

IT was Carl Randall, leaving for the coast to dance, himself, in Jock Whitney's next technicolor production, who told me about Astaire after he made his first picture.

"Between 'Dancing Lady,' and his second picture, Fred had to go to London for 'The Gay Divorce.' I directed the dances. By this time Fred had lost interest, his heart was in pictures. At the dress rehearsal there was no spark in the 'Night and Day' number, so I went backstage and spoke to him about it. He got so mad that he went on and gave a wonderful perform-

(*Continued on page 62*)

Fie on you, Gary, falling asleep like that with two such gorgeous gals with you —or is it Scotty's flash bulbs? Anyhoo, Dolores Del Rio and Mrs. Cooper don't seem to care a hang. Dolores and Sandra are related by marriage, you know.

"I PICKED THE GIRL WITH THE MOST *Kissable Lips*"

SAID **TULLIO CARMINATI**

Read how famous film star picked the loveliest lips in Hollywood test . . .

TULLIO CARMINATI, the sophisticated Hollywood screen star, picks the most kissable lips in unusual test!

● Three girls were with us when we asked Tullio Carminati what kind of lips men prefer. One girl wore no lipstick. The second wore the ordinary lipstick. The third wore Tangee. Instantly he picked the girl wearing Tangee. "Her lips are kissable, because they look natural," he said.

Most men agree with him. They like lips that are soft and natural. And that's the secret of Tangee's growing popularity. You avoid that painted look with Tangee, because *Tangee isn't paint.* It intensifies your own natural color . . . makes your lips lovely and alluring. If you prefer more color for evening wear, use Tangee Theatrical. Try Tangee. In two sizes, 39c and $1.10. Or, for a quick trial, send 10c for the special 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

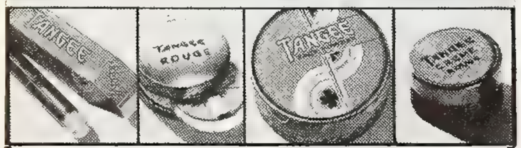
● **BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES** . . . *when you buy. Don't let some sharp sales person switch you to an imitation . . . there's only one Tangee.*

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

New FACE POWDER now contains the magic Tangee color principle



★ **4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET**

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY MM26
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.

Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

Name ____________ Please Print

Address ____________

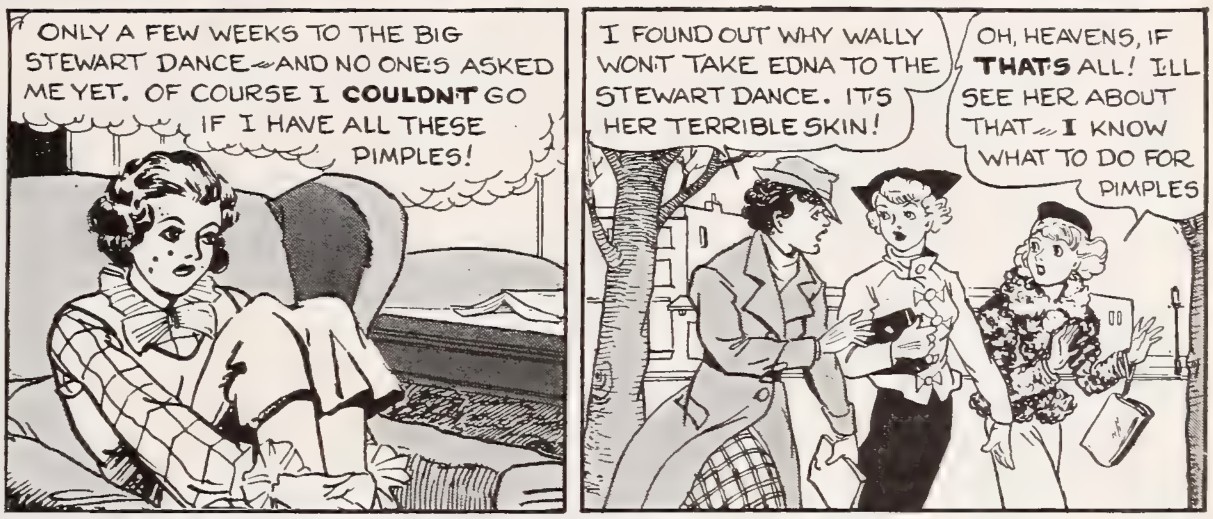
City ____________ State ____________

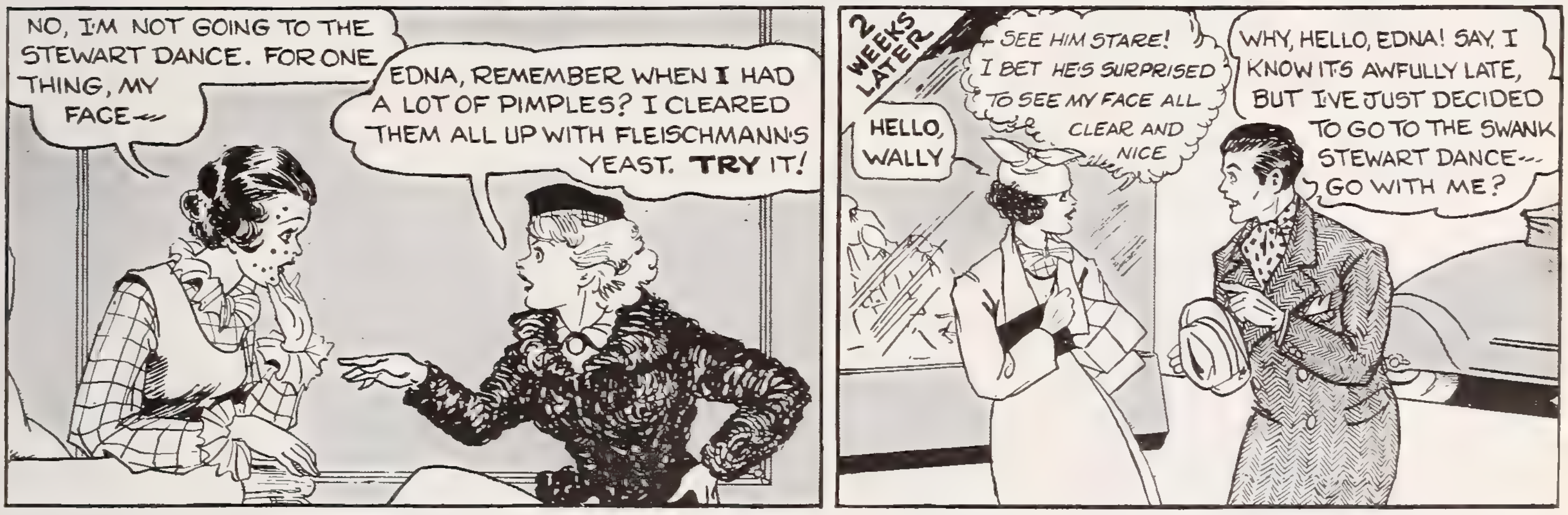
NO, SIS,
THUMBS DOWN
ON EDNA!

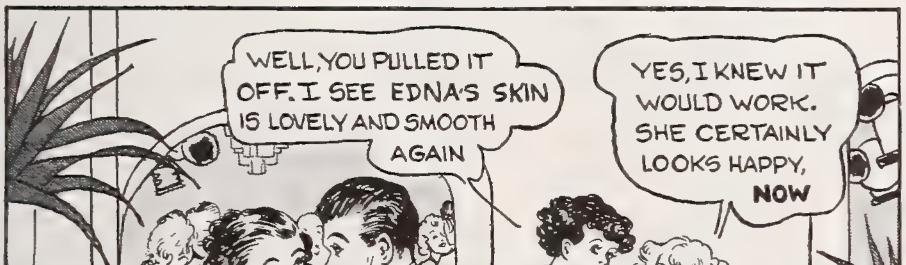
Edna had too many pimples

∽

but not for long


ONLY A FEW WEEKS TO THE BIG STEWART DANCE — AND NO ONE'S ASKED ME YET. OF COURSE I COULDN'T GO IF I HAVE ALL THESE PIMPLES!
I FOUND OUT WHY WALLY WON'T TAKE EDNA TO THE STEWART DANCE. IT'S HER TERRIBLE SKIN!
OH, HEAVENS, IF THAT'S ALL! I'LL SEE HER ABOUT THAT — I KNOW WHAT TO DO FOR PIMPLES


NO, I'M NOT GOING TO THE STEWART DANCE. FOR ONE THING, MY FACE —
EDNA, REMEMBER WHEN I HAD A LOT OF PIMPLES? I CLEARED THEM ALL UP WITH FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST. TRY IT!
2 WEEKS LATER
HELLO, WALLY
SEE HIM STARE! I BET HE'S SURPRISED TO SEE MY FACE ALL CLEAR AND NICE
WHY, HELLO, EDNA! SAY, I KNOW IT'S AWFULLY LATE, BUT I'VE JUST DECIDED TO GO TO THE SWANK STEWART DANCE — GO WITH ME?


WELL, YOU PULLED IT OFF. I SEE EDNA'S SKIN IS LOVELY AND SMOOTH AGAIN
YES, I KNEW IT WOULD WORK. SHE CERTAINLY LOOKS HAPPY, NOW

Don't let Adolescent Pimples make YOU feel left out!

BETWEEN the ages 13 and 25, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. Waste poisons in the blood irritate the skin. It breaks out in pimples.

But even bad cases of adolescent pimples can be corrected—by Fleischmann's Yeast. Fleischmann's Yeast clears the skin irritants out of the blood. And when the cause of the skin eruption is removed, the pimples disappear.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until skin clears. Start today!

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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Stop that COLD in Its Tracks!

A cold is nothing to "monkey with." It can take hold quickly and develop seriously. Take no chances inviting serious complications.

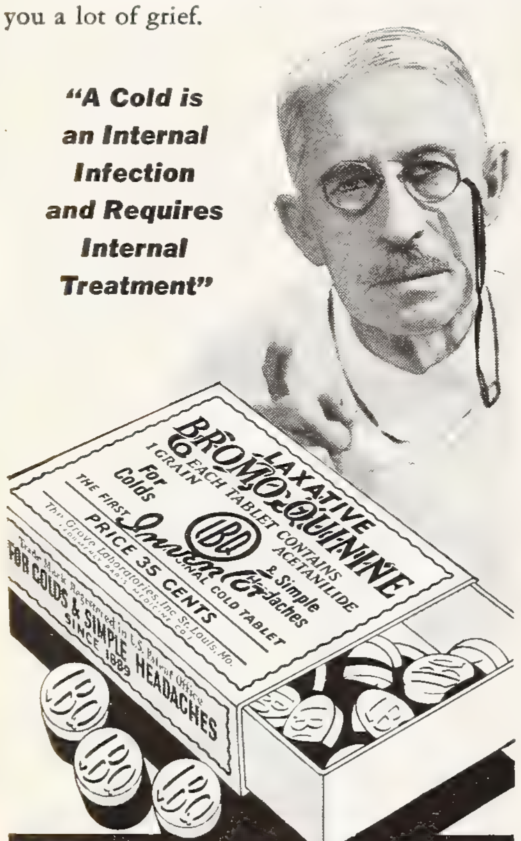
Treat a cold for what it is—an *internal infection!* Take an internal treatment and one that is expressly for colds and nothing else!

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is what you want for a cold! It is expressly a cold tablet. It is internal in effect. It does four important things.

Four Important Things

First of all, it opens the bowels. Second, it checks the infection in the system. Third, it relieves the headache and fever. Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

All drug stores sell Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. Let it be your first thought in case of a cold. Ask for it firmly and accept no substitute. The few pennies' investment may save you a lot of grief.



"A Cold is an Internal Infection and Requires Internal Treatment"

LAXATIVE
BROMO QUININE
For Colds
1 GRAIN EACH TABLET CONTAINS ACETANILIDE
& Simple Headaches
THE FIRST Improved Original COLD TABLET
PRICE 35 CENTS
The Grove Laboratories, Inc. St. Louis, Mo.
FOR COLDS & SIMPLE HEADACHES SINCE 1889

GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

(*Continued from page 60*)

ance. He could always take constructive criticism.

He'd get sore, but he'd take it. Fred's got big feet, and he used to wear white shoes with a blue serge suit. It looked terrible—all feet. When I told him this, he was furious, but he changed to brown suede. He's as fussy as an old maid about his performance. Every prop must be just so, the table not an inch out of place, the chairs just right. But when you remember that he must jump over those chairs and tables, and that he lives in constant fear of falling; well, you can't blame him."

So ended Mr. Randall.

And there you have it—a Broadway profile, with everyone agreeing that if Fred Astaire has faults, they are due to one admirable trait, his stern striving for perfection, for he is that rare combination of nerves, talent, feeling, instinct, work, experience, ambition, yes — and the cold nightmarish sweat of self rebuke, of thinking he's not good enough. All of which spells one word—artist!

Success—a la Crosby

(*Continued from page 47*)

volunteered to manage him for a percentage of his potential salary. When he decided, at last, to accept the radio offer which was to bring him sudden fame and fortune, he found himself thirty-five thousand dollars in debt for advice which he had not taken.

His own account of that episode is characteristic. "My brother, Everett, took charge of me then and the first thing he did was to pay off the thirty-five thousand dollars. With this off *my* mind, I decided to go fishing. I forgot to tell anybody about that."

One wonders whether Brother Ev was able to dismiss that transaction so lightly from *his* mind, since it was his thirty-five thousand dollars which had gone to pay for the unused advice. Three days later Bing walked into Brother Ev's office to find that worthy fit to be tied. He had accepted a pretty spectacular offer for Bing from an Eastern broadcasting company . . . and then he hadn't been able to find Bing!

Brother Ev must have his troubles, even today. Bing dislikes to go to the studio unless he is actually working on a picture and one gathers that he goes rather grudgingly even then. One of the executives of his studio wished to see him on important business and Bing, notified of this fact, sent the executive an invitation to play golf. The "conference" resulted in a pleasant golf game but an unsatisfactory (to the busy executive) interview which sent that gentleman back to his office in something of a pet. (An executive in a pet is really something to contemplate. I saw one once and I've been a little jumpy ever since.) But Bing won whatever point he was trying to make, so there you are.

He won his initial success playing traps with an orchestra, his later success singing and his latest, combining singing with acting. Every rising actor I have talked to in the past two years has expounded to me about how one must work hard, study, strive, struggle, learn and grow . . . lots of things like that. It all sounds so grim! But Bing, who is one of the most highly paid singers in the country, never had a voice lesson in his life and can't read a note of music. He scarcely knows the names of the instruments which accompany him.

HAVING proved to his employers' satisfaction and that of the public that he can act passably well, he doesn't mind telling you that he never had an elocution lesson in his life, never read a volume of Shakespeare and has seen very few plays.

He doesn't waste time studying in his spare moments. He plays golf, goes fishing or fusses 'round his racing stables.

Other actors diet, exercise, and equip elaborate gymnasiums to keep their figures fit, their tummies under control. Steam baths, massage, tossing heavy balls about . . . all an uncomfortable and strenuous part of pursuing their careers.

A year or so ago Bing began to take on weight in a really alarming fashion. His employers were agitated. His brothers were agitated. Critics raised concerted eyebrows and opined that here, unless something pretty drastic was done about it at once, was the beginning of the end of the Crosby career. Whereupon the imperturbable Bing, declining to take any steps at all about this growing front of his, strolled to the studio, excess weight and all, and made his most successful picture to date, "Mississippi."

There is no use in anyone's getting into a lather over a guy like that!

Years ago, doctors told him that he had a growth in his throat which should certainly be removed at once. Bing didn't like the idea of having any snipping done about his tonsils and declined firmly to permit anything of the sort. Now, eminent specialists tell him that it is that very same little growth which has given him his special and individual style of singing. His chief capital!

NO wonder he indulges his whims and behaves like a spoilt child upon occasion. Recently he had Mae West's pet cameraman, Carl Struss, on his picture, "Two for Tonight." The company was a bit behind schedule and had not finished when it came time for Mae to start her new opus, "Klondike Lou." Mae wanted her cameraman. Bing, apparently, decided that he liked to be "photographed pretty," too, so he declined to relinquish Mr. Struss. There was considerable tartness apparent on the Paramount lot while production on Mae's picture was delayed until she, at last, consented to content herself with George Clemens, Mr. Struss' assistant. Meanwhile Mae lost her leading man. Owing to the delay in starting, we understand, it was necessary to recall Victor McLaglen to the Fox lot to prepare for "Professional Soldier."

Bing, of course, was completely within his rights . . . but, dear me! We do expect him to be a handsome so-and-so in the forthcoming picture!

Recently he notified the studio that he would like to be free of all picture assignments while the horse races are in progress at the Santa Anita track. If any assignments come up, however, one imagines that Brother Ev will take steps about that!

When he planned the house at Toluca Lake, he called an architect. "What type of house do you want, Mr. Crosby?" he was asked.

"Oh, I don't know. Just a house, comfortable and big enough for my family."

"No choice of period or style, or expense?" gasped the architect.

(*Continued on page 64*)

I'M GETTING TO BE LIKE THAT GIRL IN THE ADS. MEN TAKE ME OUT ONCE—AND DROP ME
BY THE WAY—DID YOU EVER READ ONE OF THOSE LIFEBUOY ADS ...CAREFULLY ?
LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP
Stops 'B.O.'

So easy to offend—without even knowing it!

EVEN ON the coldest winter day, don't take a chance with "B. O." (*body odor*). Clothing is heavier, rooms often stuffy. "B. O." is *instantly* noticed. Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. It purifies and deodorizes pores.

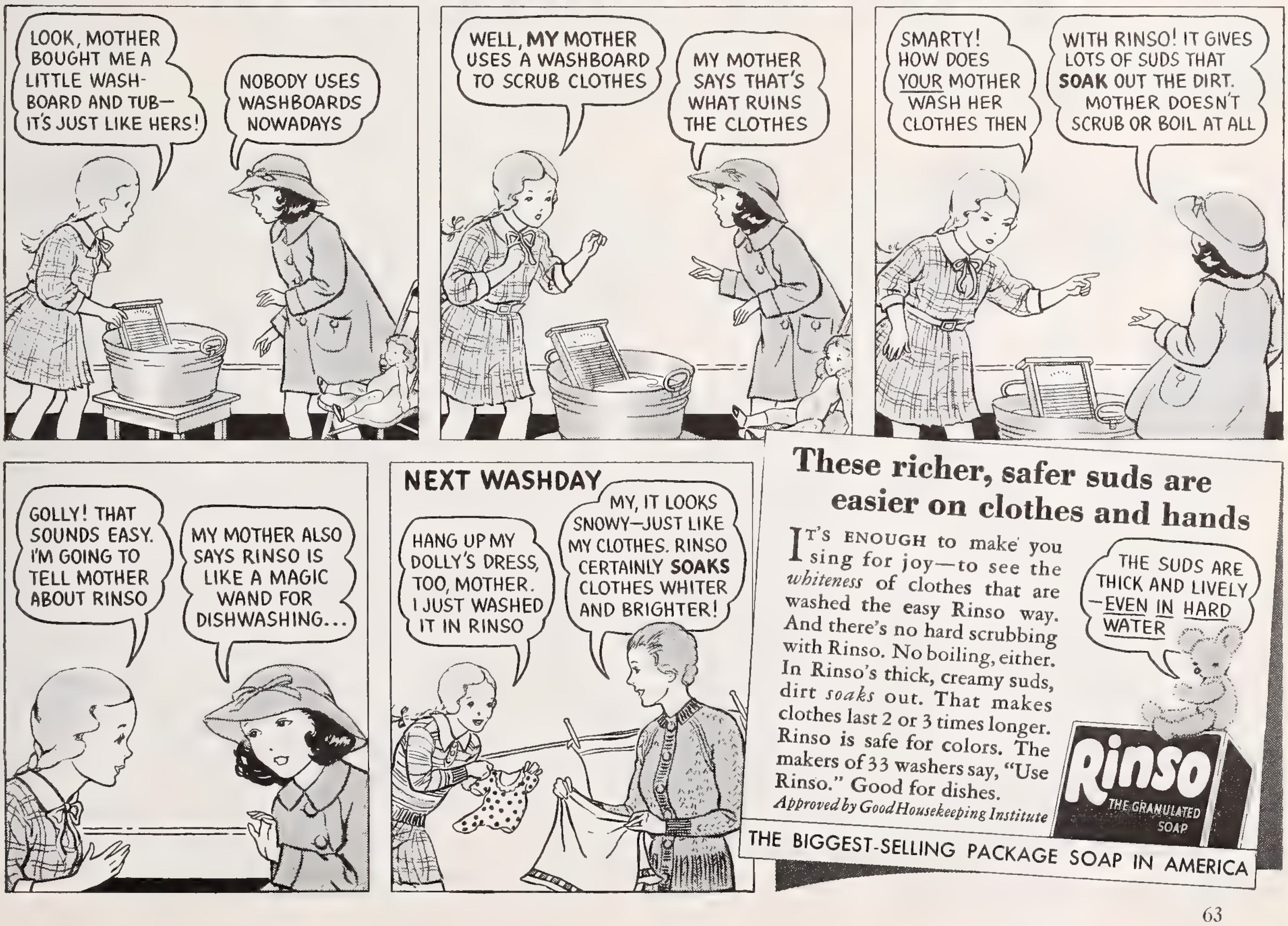
Kind to your complexion

Lifebuoy lathers richly, cleanses deeply, tones and freshens the skin. And "patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women show Lifebuoy is more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

BATHE WITH LIFEBUOY—AND BE SAFE

MAKES WASHDAY EASY AS PIE



LOOK, MOTHER BOUGHT ME A LITTLE WASH-BOARD AND TUB—IT'S JUST LIKE HERS!
NOBODY USES WASHBOARDS NOWADAYS
WELL, MY MOTHER USES A WASHBOARD TO SCRUB CLOTHES
MY MOTHER SAYS THAT'S WHAT RUINS THE CLOTHES
SMARTY! HOW DOES YOUR MOTHER WASH HER CLOTHES THEN
WITH RINSO! IT GIVES LOTS OF SUDS THAT SOAK OUT THE DIRT. MOTHER DOESN'T SCRUB OR BOIL AT ALL
GOLLY! THAT SOUNDS EASY. I'M GOING TO TELL MOTHER ABOUT RINSO
MY MOTHER ALSO SAYS RINSO IS LIKE A MAGIC WAND FOR DISHWASHING...
NEXT WASHDAY
HANG UP MY DOLLY'S DRESS, TOO, MOTHER. I JUST WASHED IT IN RINSO
MY, IT LOOKS SNOWY—JUST LIKE MY CLOTHES. RINSO CERTAINLY SOAKS CLOTHES WHITER AND BRIGHTER!
THE SUDS ARE THICK AND LIVELY —EVEN IN HARD WATER
Rinso THE GRANULATED SOAP

These richer, safer suds are easier on clothes and hands

IT'S ENOUGH to make you sing for joy—to see the *whiteness* of clothes that are washed the easy Rinso way. And there's no hard scrubbing with Rinso. No boiling, either. In Rinso's thick, creamy suds, dirt *soaks* out. That makes clothes last 2 or 3 times longer. Rinso is safe for colors. The makers of 33 washers say, "Use Rinso." Good for dishes.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute

THE BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP IN AMERICA

DON'T USE A
1/2 WAY
TOOTH PASTE

have beautiful teeth

DOES BOTH JOBS

CLEANS TEETH

Replace half way care of your teeth with a tooth paste that does a *Double* job. All the cleansing in the world won't keep your teeth beautiful if you let your *Gums* grow soft and spongy! Forhan's whitens your teeth and protects your gums at the same time.

SAVES GUMS

Forhan's is different from all other tooth pastes. It brings you the famous formula of Dr. Forhan—now used in concentrated form by dentists everywhere to combat gum troubles. It gives you *two-fold* protection, yet costs no more than most ordinary tooth pastes. Why take chances with half way dental care? Begin using Forhan's today.

Forhan's

The ORIGINAL TOOTH PASTE for the GUMS and TEETH by Doctor R. J. Forhan SPECIALIST IN DENTAL SURGERY NEW YORK

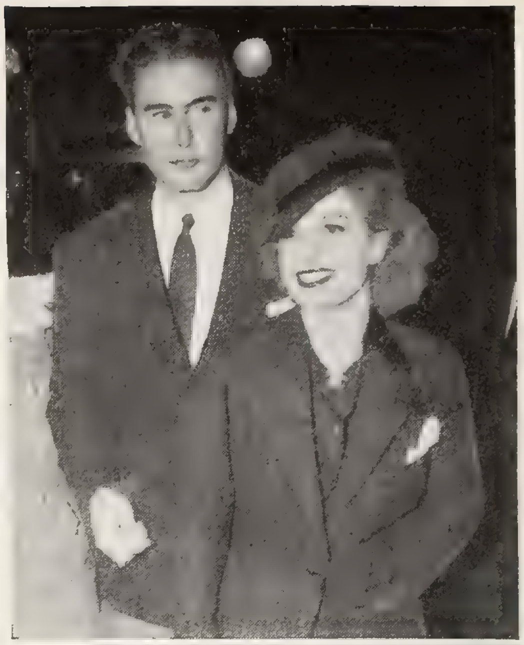
WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—WITHOUT CALOMEL

And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

THE liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores. © 1935, C. M. Co.

Now what goes on! Eddie Cantor giving an imitation of himself as a Chinaman with that white lotus flower, Sally Eilers. Just part of the high jinks in his new picture, "Shoot the Chutes."



Lily Damita arrives with husband, Errol Flynn, for the "Mutiny on the Bounty" preview. Maybe "Captain Blood" Flynn was getting some seafaring tips to take onto the Warner set the next day!

(*Continued from page 62*)

"My brother will tell you how much I can spend on it and I'll leave the rest to you."

The architect had never encountered so delightful a client before, nor had the interior decorator, who followed him and received a similar *carte blanche* order. The results, one must say, did credit to both architect and decorator, and Bing, in his easy way, has enjoyed the whole thing very much.

It's really a pleasant way to live, when you think of it!

He has consistently broken Hollywood's most inviolable copy book maxim, which says that, in order to succeed, you must cultivate important people who may advance you by their favor. Bing does little entertaining. He has a few cronies with whom he likes to play cards, frolic or sing. None of them is likely to "advance" him. He will NOT make public appearances at which he must wear evening clothes, be gaped at or sign autographs. Despite his long exeperience as a public figure, he is really inherently shy. He used to have to do those things to earn his living. He doesn't have to any more . . . so he goes fishing.

He sulks and becomes downright pettish if anyone or anything interferes with his whims or his convenience. He was arrested a day or two ago for driving forty-two miles an hour in a twenty mile zone on a Hollywood thoroughfare. The arresting officer found a revolver in his car and Bing had left his gun permit at home. So the cop trundled him off to the station to explain these matters.

"It's a pity," Bing complained afterward, "a downright pity that I can't just drive down the street without some officer picking on me!"

Well, there you are. You and I drive our careful twenty miles an hour, smile prettily at the big shots, eat our spinach, remember that haste makes waste and that the only way to succeed at your job is to work, study, struggle and strive. And where do we get? And where is Bing?

I was a little impatient with Bing when I began to write this piece . . . but now, I dunno. I think I'll sleep until noon tomorrow, thumb my nose at the first cop I see and maybe at the first important producer. Maybe even at Will Hays! I'll let you know what happens . . . if I live through it!

The Modern Hostess

(*Continued from page 21*)

light, golden perfection. This last named pie has a crust made of crushed corn flakes and will delight those timid souls who fear to try their hand at making pastry.

But you really should have no further trouble in that direction if you'll just follow the directions, carefully, which I am giving you here. The number seven will prove lucky indeed to those wise women who successfully grasp the Seven Keys to Perfect Pastry and learn to recognize and achieve the Seven Signs of Pie success. But before listing these for you, let me present you with another piece of valuable advice. Send for this month's free recipe leaflet, now, before you forget.

ALL you have to do, you know, is to fill out the coupon on page 66 and mail it in to us. In return you'll receive a recipe card giving you the correct proportions for both a one-crust and a two-crust pie. You'll learn how to make a Lemon Pie with a light textured filling and a new corn flakes crust that will cause a sensation in the family. You'll be given specific directions for another novelty—Fried Mince Meat Pie. You'll know how to turn out a Banana Cream Pie that any professional pastry cook might well envy. But perhaps best of all is the fact that you'll collect for your

(*Continued on page 66*)

Here's *Made-to-order* Protection!

3 TYPES OF KOTEX

DESIGNED FOR DIFFERENT WOMEN—AND FOR DIFFERENT DAYS!

SAME PRICE AS REGULAR
WONDERSOFT
REGULAR
JUNIOR
SUPER
KOTEX

IN THE BLUE BOX

Regular Kotex

For the ordinary needs of most women, Regular Kotex is ideal. Combines full protection with utmost comfort. The millions who are completely satisfied with Regular will have no reason to change.

IN THE GREEN BOX

Junior Kotex

Somewhat narrower — is this Junior Kotex. Designed at the request of women of slight stature, and younger girls. Thousands will find it suitable for certain days when less protection is needed.

IN THE BROWN BOX

Super Kotex

For more protection on some days it's only natural that you desire a napkin with greater absorbency. The extra layers in Super Kotex give you extra protection, yet it is no longer or wider than Regular.

All 3 types have these exclusive features:

"CAN'T CHAFE"

The new Kotex gives lasting comfort and freedom. The sides are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton—all chafing, all irritation is prevented. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is left free to absorb.

"CAN'T FAIL"

For security Kotex has a channeled "Equalizer" center that guides moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping. The filler is 5 *times* more absorbent than cotton.

"CAN'T SHOW"

The sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown reveals no tell-tale lines when you wear Kotex. The ends are not only rounded but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility—no tiny wrinkles whatsoever.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX **A SANITARY NAPKIN** *made from Cellucotton (not cotton)*

Now A LASH BEAUTIFIER IN *Creamy* FORM

Ready to use . . . no water needed

A sensational new mascara called Creamy Winx

NOW every woman—no matter how skimpy her eyelashes—can have beautiful, alluring eyes—admired by all.

Easily! Instantly! Creamy Winx comes in a tube, *ready to use.* No mixing with water! No bother. As simple as using lipstick.

Always ready for use anywhere, any time. You simply squeeze out a bit of Creamy Winx on a dry brush and apply—instantly your lashes look longer, darker, more luxuriant. And natural, not artificial.

Creamy Winx keeps the lashes soft and silky, with no danger of brittleness and, of course, this new style Creamy Winx does not smart—it is tear-proof, smudge-proof. And absolutely harmless.

Today, buy a tube of this new Creamy Winx—Black, Brown and Blue—at all 10c counters.★

• • •

Winx Mascara is also presented in cake form, Black, Brown and Blue, 10c.★

CAKE
10c
WINX
WINX
CREAMY MASCARA
CREAMY

WINX

for Lovely Eyes

★If you are not near a 10c store, you may order direct from Ross Company, 243 West 17th Street, New York City, by sending 10c, checking whether you wish ☐ Creamy ☐ Cake ☐ Black ☐ Brown ☐ Blue.

Name ....

Street ....

City .... State ....

M-2-36

(*Continued from page 64*)

files an honest-to-goodness Brown Derby pie recipe! Only by taking a trip to Hollywood could you eat one just like it—or by writing in to me for the recipe! For I found out, in complete detail, how to make this perfectly marvelous pie—so that all *you* have to do is send in the coupon to get your copy of this recipe as well as the others.

Why not, when you are cutting out the coupon on page 67, clip the following directions, too, and mount them on filing cards for future reference.

The Seven Keys to Perfect Pastry

1. Everything used in the pastry-making must be cold—the mixing bowl, the ingredients, the rolling pin, the floured board, even the hands!
2. The flour should be sifted before being measured, then sifted twice more with the salt added.
3. Fresh, thoroughly chilled shortening, should be used. (Lard, vegetable shortening or butter, or a combination.) This should be cut into the flour with pastry mixer or two knives until mixture is full of lumps the size of small peas.
4. Ice water only should be used—and as little of that as possible. More pastry is spoiled by too much water than for any other reason.
5. Pastry should be handled as little as possible. When rolling, roll from the middle out to the edges, using light strokes.
6. Pastry should have a thorough chilling in the refrigerator, preferably before rolling; although it can be rolled at once, fitted into the pie plate and then chilled.
7. All pies should be baked at a high temperature for the first 10 or 15 minutes. The heat should then be reduced and the pie baked according to recipe instructions for that particular kind of pie.

The Seven Signs of Pie Success

1. A golden brown pastry shell without breaks or "bubbles" and with an attractive fluted edge, or—
2. A flaky two-crust pie—the under crust tender, not soggy; the upper crust well browned, or—
3. A flaky one-crust pie for fruits with well-spaced strips across the top in a lattice design, or—
4. A "novelty" pie shell made of sweetened cracker crumbs, bread crumbs, corn flakes, etc. These can be truly delicious but should be used only when specifically called for in the recipe.
5. A firm but not stiff cream or custard filling in any one of hundreds of different flavors, or—
6. A juicy but not runny fruit filling that retains the true flavor of the fruits used.
7. An even, golden-brown meringue that is fluffy, tender and fine textured that stands in tempting peaks of goodness and does not shrink or separate from the pie filling.

RUBY KEELER CONTEST NEWS

Our Modern Hostess Editor has made out the following list which should be of great assistance to everyone who plans to enter the Ruby Keeler Contest, described on pages 16, 17 and 18.

Listed below are food and cooking terms, arranged in alphabetical order. Naturally—at the present time—you're interested only in those which can be used in the contest. Therefore, we are giving you words beginning with B, C, E, L, N and R—since these are the letters that appear at least once in your Ruby Keeler Menu.

You are not restricted to the use of the words given here, of course. Probably you, yourself, will think of many that we have overlooked. But remember, whether you use a selection of the following words exclusively, or your own words, or a combination of both, your menu must provide a balanced meal—not one with two meats, three desserts and no vegetables.

So out with your pencils and paper, all of you, and try your skill at this fascinating new pastime. There's no reason why the men folk shouldn't be as good at it as the women, either, for here's their chance to tell the world what they like to eat without having to know how to prepare the things they mention.

Come along, then, everybody. Here's a long list of helpful words to start you off on the right track. And there are splendid prizes, as you probably know. They are pictured for you on page 16—except the money, and we'll leave it entirely up to you to make your own picture of what you could do with *that,* if you should win it. All these wonderful prizes are ready and waiting to be sent to the lucky winners—The Editor.

DICTIONARY OF FOOD, COOKING AND MENU TERMS BEGINNING WITH B, C, E, L, N and R

"FOOD TERMS" refers to the names of foods, such as eggs, meats, bread, milk, fish, etc.
"COOKING TERMS" refers to different ways of preparing foods, such as broiling, stewing, mashing, baking, etc.
"MENU TERMS" refers to the names of special dishes, such as Bavarian cream, ragout of beef, scalloped potatoes, breaded cutlets, etc.

SOME FOOD TERMS BEGINNING WITH "B": Beans, Broccoli, Bread, Beef, Butter, Beets, Bran, Bacon, Bananas, Bass, Brazil Nuts, Brussels Sprouts, Beans (string, baked or lima), etc.

SOME COOKING TERMS BEGINNING WITH "B": Baked, Boiled, Boned, Browned, Beaten, Buttered, Breaded, Braised, Broiled, etc.

SOME MENU TERMS BEGINNING WITH "B." Boston Baked Beans, Beef à la Mode, Brownies, Biscuit Tortoni, Brisket of Beef, Brown Betty, Butterscotch Sauce (or Pie), Brown Sauce, Bechamel Sauce, Bouillon, Boston Cream Pie, Breaded Veal Cutlet, etc.

SOME FOOD TERMS BEGINNING WITH "C": Cabbage, Cream, Cauliflower, Chocolate, Chops, Celery, Cheese, Caviar, Calf's Liver, Cocoanut, Carrots, Chicken, Crackers, Cranberries, Coffee, Chutney, Chow-Chow, Corn, etc.

SOME COOKING TERMS BEGINNING WITH "C": Creamed, Candied, Canned, Caramelized, Chopped, Curried, (in) Chafingdish, (en) Casserole, etc.

SOME MENU TERMS BEGINNING WITH "C": Compote of Fruit, Caramels, Consomme, Creamed Soups, Crab Ravigote, Crab Meat Cocktail, Corn Fritters, Cornbread, Cheese Soufflé, Chowder, Canapés, Cocktails, Camembert Cheese, Conserve, Coleslaw, Corned Beef Hash, Cobbler (apple or peach), Croquettes (of veal, chicken or other meats), Croutons, Curry of Lamb, Club Sandwich, Claret Cup, Crepes Suzette, Chicken Maryland, Chicken (roasted, fried, broiled, en casserole, etc), Cinnamon Toast, etc.

SOME FOOD TERMS BEGINNING WITH "E": Eggs, Eggplant, Endive, Escarole, Elderberries, Eels, etc.

SOME COOKING TERMS BEGINNING WITH "E": (All taken from the French) Escalloped (thin slices); Emince (in small pieces); En Brochette (on a skewer); En Casserole (cooked and served in a casserole); En Coquille (cooked and served in a shell); etc.

SOME MENU TERMS BEGINNING WITH "E": English Mutton Chops, English Chow-Chow or Chutney, Eclairs, Egg Nogg (frozen); Eggs Benedict, (Eggs Goldenrod, Cocotte, Rivoli, au Gratin, Shirred, Baked, and countless others); Egg garnish for spinach, salads, etc.; Eggplant (stuffed, fried, scalloped); Egg Custard (or Egg Custard Sauce); Egg Canapes (with Sardines, Caviar, Ham, Watercress, etc.); Egg Balls for Soup, etc.

SOME FOOD TERMS BEGINNING WITH "L": Lamb, Lamb Chops, Liver, Lobster, Lentils, Lettuce, Lemons, Leeks, Lapin (rabbit), Lamb Kidneys, etc.

SOME MENU TERMS BEGINNING WITH "L": Loin of Pork; Leg of Veal, Lamb, or Mutton (roasted); Lady Fingers; Lamb Croquettes (Lamb Fricassee, Barbacued, Stewed, Crown of, Casserole of, Breast of, Saddle of); Lemon Pie (Lemon Pudding, Sauce, Cake, Butter); Lemonade; Lemon Ice; Lettuce and Cucumber Salad (Lettuce and Tomato Salad or other combinations); Liver en Brochette, Liver and Bacon; (Lobster Thermidor (Lobster Creamed, Broiled, Newburg, Canapes, Etc.); Luncheon Rolls; Lyonnaise Potatoes; Lentil Soup; Layer Cake; etc.

SOME FOOD TERMS BEGINNING WITH "N": New Potatoes, New Asparagus, Noodles, Nuts, etc.

SOME MENU TERMS BEGINNING WITH "N": Noisette of Lamb, Napoleons, Neapolitan Ice Cream, Nesselrode Pudding, Neufchatel Cheese, New England Boiled Dinner, New England Clam Chowder, Newburg Sauce, Noodle Soup, Nut Bread (Nut Candies, Cakes, Bars, Salted, Glaced), Nut and Cream Cheese Balls, etc.

SOME FOOD TERMS BEGINNING WITH "R": Rabbit, Romaine Salad, Rusks, Rolls, Ry-krisp, Rice, Raspberries, Radishes, Rhubarb, etc.

SOME COOKING TERMS BEGINNING WITH "R": Roasted, Rechauffée (reheated in brown sauce), Riced, Raised, etc.

SOME MENU TERMS BEGINNING WITH "R": Russian Dressing, Riced Potatoes, Ravioli, Roquefort Cheese (or Salad Dressing), Russian Tea, Rhubarb Pie (or Pudding), Raisin Pie (or Pudding), Raspberry Cream Pie, (Raspberry Sauce, Ice, Pudding, Jelly, Sherbet, etc.

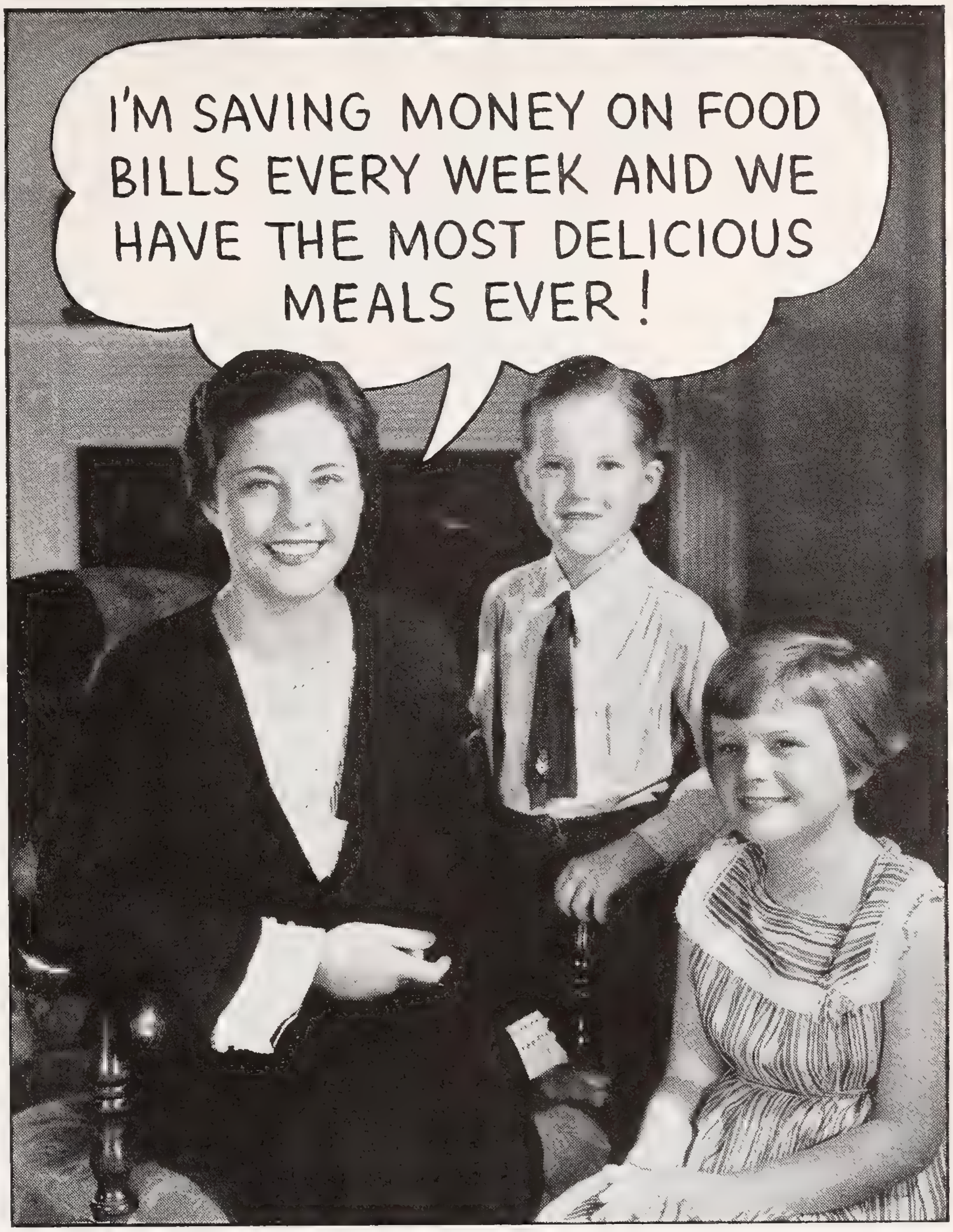
THE MODERN HOSTESS
MODERN SCREEN MAGAZINE
149 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

Please send me a free leaflet containing Gene Raymond's recipes for special pies.

NAME..............................

STREET..............................

CITY................**STATE**..........


I'M SAVING MONEY ON FOOD BILLS EVERY WEEK AND WE HAVE THE MOST DELICIOUS MEALS EVER!

Read what this thrifty mother says—

"WHEN food prices—meat especially—started to go up, I was frankly worried," admits Mrs. A. L. Lippitt of Pelham, N. Y. "But I've learned how to feed my family well on even *less* than I used to spend. And my husband says we're 'living high'!

"Franco-American Spaghetti is such a help. We enjoy it so, I have it several times a week. Often I serve it for lunch or supper in place of meat. It's marvelous to combine with leftovers, too, and to 'dress up' cheaper cuts of meat. I simply *couldn't* get along without it."

Franco-American is a real "find" in these days of rising prices. It costs so little, tastes so good! Its rich, savory cheese-and-tomato sauce, made with eleven different ingredients, adds zest and flavor to the whole meal. Highly nourishing, too—a grand "energy food" for growing children. And they love it!

Franco-American comes all ready to heat and serve, no work at all. A can is usually no more than ten cents—*less than three cents a portion*. You couldn't buy all your ingredients and cook your own spaghetti for so little. Think of the work you're saved, too—the time and trouble. No need to fuss and bother with home-cooked spaghetti now.

"Franco-American has a far better sauce than mine," women say. See for yourself. Order a can from your grocer today.

Franco-American
SPAGHETTI

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

Skin So Bad That
PEOPLE TALKED!

This advertisement is based on an actual experience reported in an unsolicited letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

NOTARY PUBLIC

"All my friends had begun to talk about my complexion — it was so bad."

"Hearing over the radio how Yeast Foam Tablets had helped others, I decided to try them."

"Now my complexion is grand. My friends are amazed at the change."

THE BEST PROOF of what Yeast Foam Tablets may do for you is what they have actually done for others. That's why we have based this advertisement on a true experience—one of hundreds reported by grateful users of this convenient, easy-to-eat yeast.

If you would like to have a clearer, smoother skin, begin now to eat these tablets regularly. Their rich stores of precious corrective elements will quickly help to rid your system of the poisons which so often cause bad skin. And you should *feel* better as well as *look* better.

Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today. Refuse all substitutes.

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets. M M 2-36

Name

Address

City State

Marys Methods for Holding a Beau

(*Continued from page 49*)

question can be put: why do girls put on so much and why do they let men catch them doing it? Touch up skillfully, but not extravagantly. They don't like us to freshen make-up when and wherever the mood strikes us. It's a give-away.

"Now I'm getting to the intelligence they all wish in a woman." Mary leaned back on the davenport in her living-room. She was going to town on this fascinating subject.

"We have read oodles about how men like us dainty, but dumb. This is *not* so any more, if it ever was. Dainty? Yes! But blotting paper? No! I believe that even in the days when women apparently had to be mentally backward, men yearned for real companions.

"Men say they are captivated by clever girls and it takes plenty of intelligence to have sense enough to be scintillating. The way to be their ideal, I've gathered from what they've told me about others, is to be able to reflect every male mood.

"Men don't care for girls who are given to spouting facts and theories, because men want to do the talking themselves. However, a girl should have as many accomplishments as she can possibly master. Then, whenever her boy friend chooses to speak on a particular topic, she can listen understandingly. Men don't get a kick out of simple yes-girls either. Being with this kind, I've been told, is as peppy as riding in a rumble seat by your lonely.

"In this connection we movie ladies take a rap. As I've said a one-track mind is not the thing. I must confess that this is what most Hollywood girls have. And when our single track is a career-one, it's all the worse. To be a success with a man, *he* must come first.

SHOULD a girl work at whatever talent she possesses? As a whole, men have no objections, provided a woman goes about it correctly. A man falls in love with a girl, remember, and not with her job. So, if she has a job it should merely serve as an occupation for that part of her day domesticity does not fill. Her career should never dominate.

"Now comes a chance for me to give still more advice," Mary sighed happily. A boy friend who'd driven up was allowed to wait outside until she finished her revelations.

"Don't waste time trying to become the life of the party. Men don't want to share you with a crowd and they hate loudness. Save all wisecracks for your girl chums.

"Be tactful when you're out socially. You may be dying to dance at that elegant place where your dolling up will be envied. But never do more than casually suggest heading there. And once is enough. It's sad, but men want to do the suggesting.

"Never nag. Men shun girls who attempt to boss them. Advice is a gift to be accepted from a man, but don't hand him any. And as for reforming him—a thousand times no! It's no use anyway. The only way to change a man is to be cautious and manage it so that he himself will alter to please you as a surprise!

"Men don't like a girl to drink. They want you to be a pal and at the same time to stay on your pedestal. They don't like girls who swear or tell off-color stories. They may play around with them, but they'll never get serious.

"The other men you've dated are a taboo topic. Men want girls who are wanted, but the boy friend isn't a fool. He'll in-

Isn't she cute? It's Marie Wilson who is busy stealing scenes in Warner Brothers' pictures these days. She's tiny, pert and blonde. Watch for her in "Miss Pacific Fleet." She's going places.

vestigate when he's sufficiently intrigued, so don't advertise. Men detest being obviously impressed. They don't care to hear where that handsome gent took you.

"Cattiness is a calamity. When he makes a remark about so-and-so being a wonder, don't say that the creature is a so-and-so if he'd only realize it. Spare him the truth. It'll merely bore him. And it robs you in his eyes of that understanding he must be certain you have.

OUTRIGHT jealousy is a vicious trait. If you are fond of him, trust him. Don't throw him at another girl and contrive to out-maneuver your rivals when it's necessary. But don't ever call him down for showing interest in a competitor.

"Let him beat you at sports. Men mechanically have a yen for dominating. You undermine his self-pride when you show him up as inferior in any athletic encounter. Fumble if you're too apt!

"Acquire the splendid trait of graciousness. A man will pardon so much if you're invariably affable and a superb hostess. Take his friends automatically as yours, even when he rushes them in on you. A man, however, should be made to respect you, so protest if you've not been treated politely.

"Flatter — constantly! Appreciation is an infallible trick. I've noted that older men are partial to being told they're just dear boys at hearts; the younger ones beam if you insinuate they're perfect devils.

"Be hard to get and a puzzle to hold. Sizzle with vitality—it's contagious!"

The handsome hero could be held off no longer. But before this canny Mary Carlisle let him in and me out, she added, "In this hectic Hollywood I haven't time to keep a diary. But I couldn't afford not to make memos of the things men tell me about other potential rivals!"

Tom's Rules for Sidestepping Trouble

(*Continued from page 48*)

pictures. What you may not know is that he is just as popular off the screen as on. He is an important member of Hollywood's younger social set and well liked by both men and women.

He always has a girl—usually three or four—but he has never been known as a Romeo. He has had his little love affairs and gotten over them. His name has never been mentioned in any sort of scandal and he has kept himself free from all sorts of entanglements. He seemed the ideal young man to ask what rules he follows to avoid making costly mistakes in Hollywood.

"There are a lot of *don'ts* for young men in Hollywood," he said seriously, and then confided some of his rules for keeping out of trouble.

"Don't drink in public, if you *must* drink, that's one of the important rules.

"Don't get a reputation as an habitual night clubber.

"Don't keep a bachelor apartment, if you can live any other way.

"Don't be seen too often with the same girl unless you have serious matrimonial intentions.

"Don't borrow or lend money.

"Don't live beyond your means.

"I don't want to give the impression that I've sidestepped all the mistakes,"

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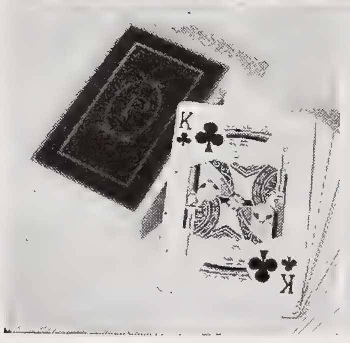

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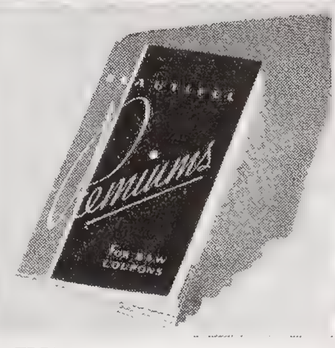

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he added hastily, "but I *have* been lucky. A lot depends on luck, you know. I've observed other fellows, some of them pals of mine, who may have been more careful than I have been, but sometimes they haven't had the breaks and they've gotten into entanglements of different kinds.

"When I came to Hollywood my parents came with me, which was my good fortune. And I had the added advantage of having had a theatrical background. Most of my life had been spent on the stage and I had done some picture work in the East."

TOM was one of those children who literally was born on the stage. His parents were vaudeville stars and from the first day he fluttered an eyelid, Mamma and Papa Brown were sure he would be a great actor. He more than fulfilled their fondest hopes when he made his first appearance at the age of eighteen months. He was carried on the stage and made an instantaneous hit by howling at the top of his voice. Professional jealousy must have entered in, for on his next appearance Tom was calmed by a piece of zweibach.

When he came to Hollywood he was just eighteen. He knew the game pretty well. He had seen more of life than the average boy his age.

"I was 'wiser' than most boys, just starting in pictures, and not as susceptible as I might have been," Tom said. "And one of the first important incidents that came under my observation in Hollywood impressed me more than anything has since.

"In the cast of one of my first pictures was another boy, a bit older than I, and a woman much older than either one of us. She was beautiful and experienced and we felt flattered when she seemed to take an interest in us. She said it was a motherly interest, but after a few days I began to think it was a queer kind of motherly interest. At every opportunity she would get one of us off in a corner and I began to feel very uncomfortable. However, at eighteen nothing is a serious problem and I didn't worry much about it.

"One night when we had finished looking at the day's rushes the director asked us to stay behind. He said he had something to show us. When we were alone he had some sound track run off. It was one of those long, quiet conversations between this woman and the other chap which a microphone, hanging directly over their heads, had picked up and recorded. Hearing it in the dark projection room, with every inflection of her voice, presented the whole thing to us just as it was, an ugly episode. The director, a very wise and understanding man, realized that it might be a very valuable lesson for us, and it was—for me, at any rate. I've steered clear of women who want to "mother" me ever since.

"The big, strong, silent men that women really 'go for' have their problems, too. It seems that the more glamorous a woman is, the better she likes a man who is as simple as an old wool sock. I could mention names, but I won't, and besides everyone knows some of the young men who have gotten away to a good start in a career and had it nearly ruined by a so-called love affair with the wrong woman.

THEN there is the danger of blackmail. Not for me, you understand. I'm just the boy they like to mother. But take a chap like Dick Powell, for instance, and there are many others. Dick is young,

You don't have to be told who this wistful looking little tramp is. Charlie Chaplin, of course, and as you will see him in his new picture, "Modern Times."

handsome, popular and making a lot of money. There must be a lot of girls who would like to marry him, and some of them might not be too scrupulous as to the methods they would employ to bring about that happy state. He must have to watch his step every minute to avoid heart balm suits, matrimonial entanglements and other troubles."

But let's take Tom's "don'ts" and see how he explains them. He mentioned the drinking problem first.

"I mentioned it first because it's one of the most important 'don'ts'," he said soberly. "Most people like a cocktail before dinner, but let an actor take one in a public place and it's all over Hollywood in an hour that he's a drunkard.

"Just the other night I was out with my mother. At another table sat a young actor, a friend of mine, with a drink in front of him. My mother looked over and then made a remark to me about his drinking so much. Imagine, my own mother!" And Tommy looked very distressed at the idea of a Brown making such a mistake.

"That's the way reputations are ruined in Hollywood. I might be up for a part some time and someone might just mention that I drink too much. One little remark like that might kill my chances of getting a good part. So you can see how important it is not to let such rumors get started.

"The night clubbing habit goes hand in hand with drinking. It's bad to get the reputation of being out every night. It hurts you in the business. Executives and directors see you out too often when you should be studying your lines for the next day's work and they get the idea you're not interested in your job. And if an actor isn't interested in his career, no one else is.

"As to the bachelor apartment, it's just that I know fellows who have had a lot of trouble because they had to live alone. There's nothing wrong about living alone, of course, but it's very easy for a gang of chiselers to get the habit of barging in on you if you do. They wouldn't think of it if you lived at home. As long as you have a drink in the house, the gang will come.

"I must sound like a lecturer," Tom laughed. But, urged a little, he continued.

"I avoid seeing too much of one girl because I'm not going to be married until I've saved $100,000," he declared, by way of explaining this rule.

"I've set that amount because most of the girls I meet are actresses who make a lot of money and are used to nice things and I don't think it would be fair to ask a girl to marry me without having something to offer her. And when I get married I want to take a six months' honeymoon. I've never been to Europe and I want to go there with my bride. And when we come home I want to come to a home—a nice home that belongs to me and not to some mortgage company.

"If you don't intend to get married, it's silly to go out steadily with one girl. It's dangerous, too, because you never know when you may fall in love. If I find myself falling in love with a girl, I don't see her for a while. A good way to have a lot of fun and avoid romance is to go out in a foursome.

"Another drawback about having serious affairs is that most of the girls I know are leading women. Well, you have a romance with a girl and sooner or later you are bound to break up. Then the next thing you know you have to play opposite her in a picture. And that's darned embarrassing." And Tom blushed and looked as uncomfortable as though he had gone through that very experience.

"That old saying about lending money

ALL RIGHT! WHAT DID I DO WRONG TONIGHT?
SINCE YOU ASK ME...HERE IT IS! YOU SIMPLY MUST SEE THE DENTIST —ABOUT YOUR BREATH!
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RIGHT, DOCTOR! COLGATE'S FOR ME!
COLGATE'S SURE IS OKAY! MY MOUTH NEVER FELT SO CLEAN AND FRESH!
AT THE NEXT PARTY
DEAR, YOU'RE MUCH TOO POPULAR...I'VE HARDLY SEEN YOU ALL EVENING!
DON'T BLAME ME, HONEY... BLAME COLGATE'S!
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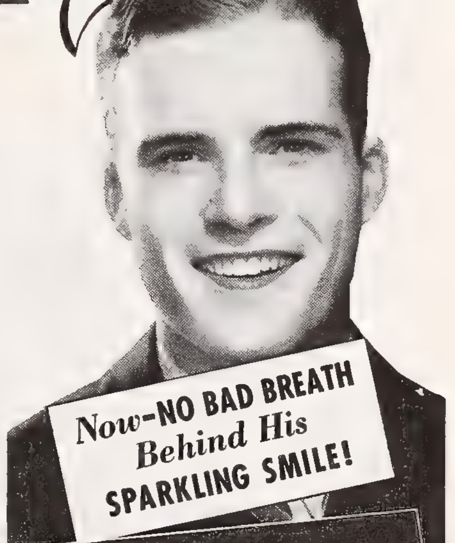
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GEPPERT STUDIOS Dept. 239 Des Moines, Iowa

Two favorites who have been acting in England. Elissa Landi and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as they appear in "The Amateur Gentleman." Elissa looks lovely, doesn't she? She's back in this country now doing a Broadway play.

and losing a friend goes in Hollywood, just as it does any place else. And if you don't live beyond your means you won't have to borrow," he continued.

"Financial security means more in Hollywood than making a splash. What you have counts more than what you are and money in the bank means more than a lot of specially built cars and a stable of race horses."

TOM lives with his parents, nicely but not extravagantly. He has a good time and goes out a lot except when he is working. During production he doesn't go out at all. He lives just about as normal a life as it is possible for a popular juvenile to live. And he is one actor who hasn't a grievance. He is perfectly happy over his new Paramount contract.

He even thinks his salary is all right, which is something new in Hollywood, and is saving half of it every week—toward that $100,000 no doubt.

There is just one tiny disturbing element in the whole picture for Tom and that is the habit people have of referring to him as a "kid."

"In this business you have to keep young," he said. "But, on the other hand you have to be sophisticated. It's confusing because you never know when one or the other characteristic is going to play a dirty trick on you. I'm usually cast as a very young juvenile. Then if I happen to go out to dinner and take a cocktail, someone is sure to see me who has seen me in the picture as a very young boy. So what? So they are disillusioned.

"But all the minor sacrifices we have to make are more than compensated for by the benefits of a successful career. There's no other business that would pay me as well as acting and there's nothing else that I know of that I could do.

"I want to continue acting as long as I'm young. But when the cops stop saying 'Move over, buddie,' I want to quit because I never want to be old on the screen. Perhaps then I can be a writer. I want to write now and I get wonderful ideas for stories but when I start to work on them I realize my ideas are way above my ability to develop them. So it looks like I will have to wait until I grow up to my ideas."

Realizing that youth is a fault that will be overcome inevitably, Tom has written the following epitaph for himself:

"Dust is Brown and Brown is dust," which anyone must agree is descriptive and to the point.

Tom can take his rules as well as make them, as evidenced by his appearance last week on three separate occasions with three different girls. It didn't seem, to an observer, that this was particularly hard to take, moreover, for the girls were Mary Carlisle, Marsha Hunt and Maxine Doyle. It proves, however, that Tom used his head when he made his rules for watching his step.

. . . THERE'S GOOD NEWS ON PAGE 92 FOR MANY OF YOU WHO PARTICIPATED IN OUR $2500 CASH PRIZE "FORTY DAYS OF MUSA DAGH" CONTEST

"Women with Careers Should Be Shot!"

(Continued from page 39)

I'm a prize worrier. Careerist women always worry about themselves instead of about their husbands. . . .

"I know that the reason I drive around town in a small rattle-trap Ford, the reason I stay at the auto camp with Harmon, when I go North to be with him, is because I am trying to compensate him for the real wife I am not.

"If I were just Harmon's wife, I probably would expect what is known as a 'mo-tah' to drive about in; I would stay at a comfortable hotel in the North. But if I did that now, as Bette Davis, 'moom pitcher' actress, I would only make Harmon more uncomfortable, more humiliated than he probably is already. Oh, he doesn't know that he is—but *I* know it.

"Here's a funny thing—I'll tell about it first and explain it afterwards: I'm a fanatic about my house. I have a cleanliness complex. My house always looks as though I were just about to move out because half of the time the rugs and drapes are at the dry cleaners or there are professional cleaners *in* the house taking chairs and divans to pieces.

"I imagine I see dust where no one else can see a mite. I keep dusting things that are already dustless. I place and replace objects that were already in place. When I have guests, I sit on the edge of my chair, digging my fingernails into the palms of my hands for fear that someone will move a cigarette box half an inch or spill a drift of ash on the rug. Most of my friends know this and love to kid me by turning things upside down and flicking ashes about.

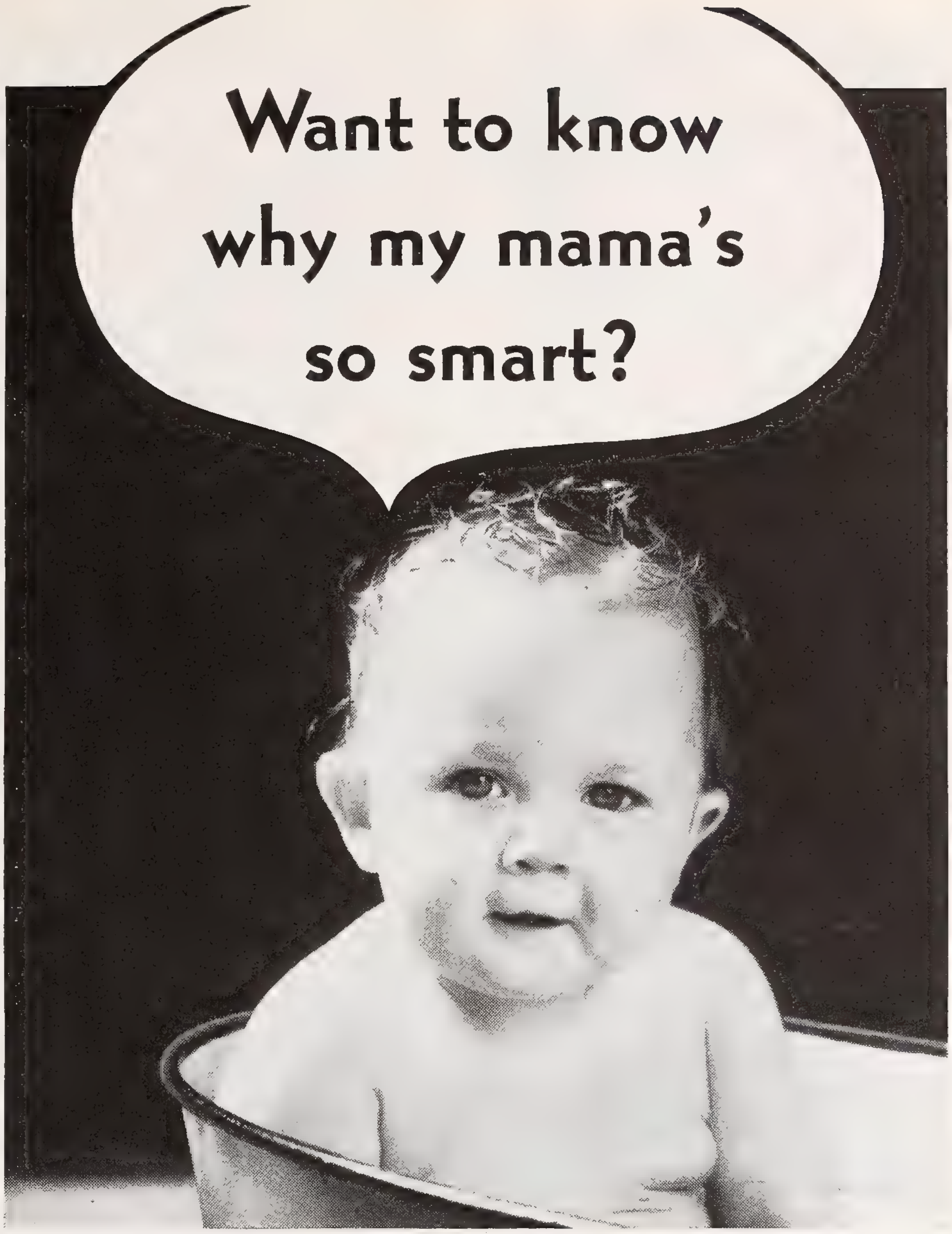
I FRET myself to death about whether the ice box is functioning as it should, whether the vacuum cleaner is working properly, whether the screens need painting, the floors need re-finishing. I clean out bureau drawers and book-shelves until I work myself—and my family—into a lather.

"Know why? It's because I'm a housewife at heart.

"I probably will never have a baby—a statement both tragic and true. And I won't have one because I was brought up to believe that motherhood should be sacred and very private. And I know that were I to be 'expecting' out here, I would be interviewed about it ten months before the blessed event. And I will NOT be subjected to that, nor subject any possible children to a career mother.

"I remember," said Bette, the while her alert, gray-blue eyes grew soft with reminiscence, "the way I dreamed when I was a child at home, in Boston. I thought that I would finish school and graduate in organdy. And then a tall, handsome stranger would appear and we would be married and live happily ever after. That is what should have happened to me—and to all women.

"I used to imagine the little white house 'we' would have and how my husband would refer to me, patronizingly but very tenderly, as 'the little woman' . . . and of what we would name the first boy and then the first girl. I thought of my future husband as a very important figure in the world and I saw myself in back of him, encouraging, stimulating, believing in him,

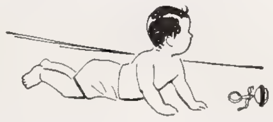

Want to know why my mama's so smart?

A tip from a young man 8 months old

THIS cute little rascal thinks he's got a very smart mama. *And he has.*

She's smart—because whenever he needs a laxative she gives him one he *loves* to take —Fletcher's Castoria! And does it taste *good!*

Mothers! You'll be glad to know that Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children—*even to the taste.* You won't have to force it between their protesting lips. *And that's important!* For the revulsion and gagging a child goes through when taking a laxative he hates can shock his nervous system—and upset his tiny stomach.



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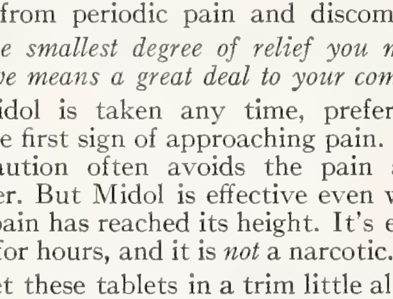

ALWAYS HERSELF

That enviable woman who is never at a disadvantage, never breaks engagements, never declines dances (unless she wants to!) is apt to be the eighth woman who uses Midol.

hearing him say, at the end of a well-spent life, 'if it were not for you . . .'

"We will never hear that from our men, we women with careers. Never in that sweet, old-fashioned way. We may hear them say, 'If it had NOT been for you . . .' and they will be quite right. If it had not been for us, most of them would have kept their dignity and their self-respect. They would have preserved their traditional right to go out into the world and fight for us, feed us, clothe us, amuse us, take care of us. Of all these things we have robbed them—for what man needs to fight for me, who spends my days ably fighting for myself? What man needs to dress me, feed me, amuse me, take care of me? It would be a farce if Harmon should try—and he knows it.

"YOU may wonder," Bette said, with a short, unamused laugh, "what good it does me to tear myself to bits like this? Well, it does this much good, it keeps me from becoming smug and self-satisfied. It makes me laugh at myself when I put back my make-up, my lipstick, rouge, blondined hair and 'cute' clothes. It forces me to realize what a poor thing an actress is compared to a *woman.* About the same difference as there is between a pretty mechanical doll, which can do tricks, and a flesh and blood child.

"I can, and do, say to myself, 'So, what are you? You don't know much about anything, other than your own bag of tricks. You don't know music, not really. You know jazz because Harmon knows it and plays it. But if you heard a Bach concerto, you wouldn't recognize it even if it came up and spoke to you. You seldom read anything very worth while. You're reading scripts in your reading moments. You don't know anything about painting, or sculpture, or the law of atomic energy. You haven't time for anything other than to paint your own face and keep the chassis renovated. You don't even contribute peace and harmony to your husband.'

"I love to fight. I don't like to fight in the studio because I'd be accused of having 'temperament.' So, I take my love of fighting out on Harmon. I deliberately pick fights with him for the sheer love of fighting. No, not for the feminine joy of making up, either. I pass that up. I just like good fights and have 'em. I don't know what they're about—nothing, as a rule.

"Well," said Bette, "now you have it. I find, when I take myself to pieces, that I have sacrificed my dream of home, husband and motherhood to a career. Over the woman I have built the shell of the actress and within that shell the woman is pretty unhappy.

"And now I must dash for the studio to have a story conference. There's a laugh for your tag line!"

And Bette was gone, leaving me in the act of pulling the trigger!

They Hated to Do It

(*Continued from page 41*)

Howard was loaning her to one producer after another for sirenish and more sirenish roles. La Belle Harlow felt that she was being stamped for the rest of her natural life as a platinum siren. She almost cried as she told a friend of mine about it.

"EVEN my neighbors believe I am thoroughly bad," she said. "If I am recognized anywhere publicly, people turn and stare at me and I can see that accusing look in their eyes. There's a certain amount of animosity in the women's eyes and a certain amount of predatory acquisition in the men's. *I hate myself.* If I never do another picture, I will *not* do any more of these cheap roles."

And Miss Harlow was right. Although an extremely voluptuous looking individual, she proved herself a fine comedienne once given the chance. And an equally good dramatic actress. But she was forced in those early days to do things for which she positively hated herself.

Of course, I don't know whether Lily Pons actually disliked herself for this or not, but I think it extraordinarily funny that this famous operatic diva had her introduction to studio work in one of the most intimate boudoir scenes imaginable. She was hysterical with laughter when she talked about it afterward, but from reports I heard when I checked up on the incident, she was even more giggly while the scene was going on.

Before, I tell you this, get a mental picture of Lily Pons. Here she is, a star of the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company! She has been flattered by movie producers and told that they want her in pictures because of her lovely, lovely voice. Yes, she would have to act a bit—but the voice, it was the important thing! And so, as you may see, she was quite unprepared for her first day in the movies.

Told to report on the set at 9 a.m. in a pair of pajamas for tests with Henry Fonda, she merely shrugged her shoulders with, "These pictures, they are veree strange, but I want to be good sport." Imagine her amazement upon arriving to see twin beds and standing beside one of them, in pajamas, too, a handsome dark young man. The director, John Cromwell, introduced him.

"Miss Pons, I should like to have you meet your leading man, Mr. Henry Fonda. He's going to play this scene with you. Now, Miss Pons, if you will just climb into bed, Mr. Fonda will follow."

The thing that Bill Powell positively detests with all his heart and soul is being pointed out as *the* ladies' man of the screen. He writhes at the thought. He foams at the mouth and explodes in profanity when the publicity department of his studio asks him to give interviews on his male sex appeal.

RECENTLY they phoned to ask him to give a story on "Ten Things To Do To Hold a Woman." Bill's language when told the subject of the article would have resulted in his having his 'phone yanked if the A. T. and T. girls had heard him!

He fought against his part in "Escapade," not because he was playing with Luise Rainer, who was then unknown and which would be reason enough to deter some stars from making this film, but because he thought the film made him out a "ladies' man."

"I tell you," he told me, when, tactfully as possible I brought up the subject, "my stomach turns over when anyone mentions ladies' man!"

Rosalind Russell, then new to the screen, was disturbed over her bad woman role in "West Point of the Air," in which she was continually luring a nice young man, as played by Bob Young, into compromising situations.

"Not only did this make me feel despicable and make me wonder if the characterization might be taken seriously by young girls who would see me and maybe in real life try to emulate the character, but," said she with her unusual frankness, "I was worried for fear I would become typed in siren roles."

George Raft, the sinister-looking patent leather shoe boy from New York, got about the maddest he's ever been in Hollywood, when they tried to make him say some derogatory lines about a boy's mother in the picture, "Bolero."

Georgie, who loves his own mother dearly and spends a great deal of his time when in New York with her, went white with rage when they asked him to say something like this:

"C'mon boys, take a pitcher of me puttin' posies on me old lady's grave. It'll make swell publicity!" Mr. Raft wouldn't do it. He expressed himself openly on the subject, and in conclusion vehemently remarked, "I'd have hated myself if I'd done it."

In "Diamond Jim," Jean Arthur objected so strenuously to some of the extremely low cut dresses she was supposed to wear that she ripped and stamped on them in the privacy of her dressing-room and said she would positively detest herself if she had to wear them.

I happen to know how ZaSu Pitts felt being photographed for a Universal comedy as she was bending over, getting out of a Pullman berth. The shot was taken of her back. ZaSu protested the scene and when that got her nowhere, refused to make it.

NOTHING daunted, the director took the shot with her stand-in. When ZaSu heard this, she went to Dave Diamond, the producer, and cried, "It's not for myself that I am objecting so strenuously," she said. "But my children are growing up. They are at the sensitive age, fourteen and fifteen years old; they go to pictures with their friends and how would they feel if, while sitting in a movie theatre some night, there was flashed on the screen a picture of their mother in such a position. It makes me ill to think of it."

Diamond removed the scene from the picture.

Alison Skipworth was offered the role that Alice Brady played in "Lady Tubbs." When she read the script, she found a scene in which she fell off a horse, flat on, what is sometimes called, the "fanny." She returned the script to Alan Crosland with, "That you should insult me by offering me such a thing!" "Is it that bad?" asked Crosland. "It's awful," returned Skippy. "I won't do it, even if Paramount sues me."

Alice Brady eventually did the picture and did the scene but with a light comedy touch which removed any taint of vulgarity. If Skippy, an elderly woman, had played this, I am sure it would not have suited her nor pleased audiences. She would have hated herself for the job.

As I remarked before, this subject has great possibilities and we could go on and on, for, the more seasoned a trouper, the more sensitive he is about doing unpleasant things upon the screen.

However, I began by asking how you supposed Jimmy Cagney, who is a pretty swell person and a real man, felt when he tossed the grapefruit and planted that well-aimed kick in "Public Enemy"? . . .

Yes, you're right, he hated himself for days! Mrs. Cagney had to nurse his ego back to normal by telling him that "after all, dear, it was only in acting."

EDITOR'S NOTE: Eventually, Cagney bought himself a yacht so, you see, there's always a way to heal bruised feelings!

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modern screen movie scoreboard

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Accent on Youth (Paramount)	3★
Age of Indiscretion (M-G-M)	2★
Alias Bulldog Drummond (GB)	2★
Alias Mary Dow (Universal)	2★
Alibi Ike (Warners)	3★
Alice Adams (RKO)	4★
Anna Karenina (M-G-M)	4★
Annapolis Farewell (Paramount)	2½★
The Arizonian (RKO)	3★
Bad Boy (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Barbary Coast (United Artists)	3★
Becky Sharp (RKO)	3★
The Big Broadcast of 1936 (Para.)	3★
The Bishop Misbehaves (M-G-M)	3★
Black Fury (1st Nat'l.)	4★
Black Sheep (Fox)	2★
Break of Hearts (RKO)	3★
Brewster's Millions (United Artists)	2★
The Bride of Frankenstein (Univ.)	3★
Bright Lights (1st Nat'l.)	3★
Broadway Gondolier (Warners)	3★
BroadwayMelody of 1936(M-G-M)	4★
Call of the Wild (20th Century)	3★
Cardinal Richelieu (United Artists)	4★
Car 99 (Paramount)	3★
Case of the Curious Bride (1st Nat'l.)	3★
The Case of the Lucky Legs (1st Nat'l.)	2★
Charlie Chan in Egypt (Fox)	3★
Charlie Chan In Shanghai (20th-Fox)	2★
China Seas (M-G-M)	4★
The Clairvoyant (GB)	2★
Clive of India (20th Century)	4★
College Rhythm (Paramount)	3★
Crime and Punishment (Columbia)	3★
The Crusades (Paramount)	4★
Curly Top (Fox)	3★
Dante's Inferno (Fox)	2★
The Dark Angel (Sam Goldwyn)	4★
The Daring Young Man (Fox)	2★
David Copperfield (M-G-M)	5★
Diamond Jim (Universal)	3★
Don't Bet on Blondes (Warners)	2★
Doubting Thomas (Fox)	3★
Dr. Socrates (Warners)	2★
Escapade (M-G-M)	3★
Escape Me Never (United Artists)	3★
Every Night at Eight (Paramount)	2★
The Farmer Takes a Wife (Fox)	3★

Picture and Producer	General Rating
A Feather in Her Hat (Columbia)	2★
The Flame Within (M-G-M)	2★
Forsaking All Others (M-G-M)	3★
Four Hours to Kill (Paramount)	3★
Frisco Kid (Warners)	3★
Front Page Woman (Warners)	3★
The Gay Deception (20th Cent.-Fox)	3★
The Gilded Lily (Paramount)	3★
Ginger (Fox)	3★
The Girl Friend (Columbia)	1★
The Girl from 10th Ave. (1st Nat'l.)	2★
The Glass Key (Paramount)	3★
Goin' to Town (Paramount)	3★
Go Into Your Dance (1st Nat'l.)	3★
The Good Fairy (Universal)	3★
Goose and the Gander (1st Nat'l).	2★
Grand Exit (Columbia)	1★
Hands Across the Table (Par.)	3★
Hard Rock Harrigan (Fox)	2★
Harmony Lane (Mascot)	2★
Here Comes Cookie (Paramount)	3★
Here Comes the Band (M-G-M)	1★
Here Is My Heart (Paramount)	4★
Here's to Romance (20th Cent.-Fox)	2★
Hold 'Em Yale (Paramount)	3★
Hooray for Love (RKO)	2★
I Dream Too Much (RKO)	3★
I Found Stella Parish (Warners)	2★
I Live for Love (Warners)	2★
I Live My Life (M-G-M)	2★
The Informer (RKO)	4★
The Irish in Us (1st Nat'l.)	3★
The Iron Duke (GB)	3★
It Happened in New York (Univ.)	3★
It's in the Air (M-G-M)	2★
Jalna (RKO)	3★
Java Head (First Division)	2★
King Solomon of B'wy. (Universal)	1★
Laddie (RKO)	3★
Lady Tubbs (Universal)	2★
The Last Days of Pompeii (RKO)	4★
The Last Outpost (Paramount)	2★
Let 'Em Have It (United Artists)	3★
Let's Live Tonight (Columbia)	2★
Life Begins at Forty (Fox)	4★
Little Big Shot (Warners)	2★
The Little Colonel (Fox)	3★
Lives of a Bengal Lancer (Para.)	5★

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Living on Velvet (Warners)	2★
Love in Bloom (Paramount)	2★
Love Me Forever (Columbia)	4★
Loves of a Dictator (GB)	3★
Mad Love (M-G-M)	2★
Manhattan Moon (Universal)	1★
The Man on the Flying Trapeze (Par.)	3★
The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo (20th Cent.-Fox)	2½★
Mark of the Vampire (M-G-M)	2★
Mary Burns, Fugitive (Paramount).	3★
McFadden's Flats (Paramount)	2★
The Melody Lingers On (U. Artists)	2★
Men of Tomorrow (London Films).	1★
Men Without Names (Paramount).	3★
Metropolitan (20th Century-Fox)	4★
A Midsummer Night's Dream (Warners)	5★
Mississippi (Paramount)	3★
Mr. Dynamite (Universal)	2★
Murder in the Fleet (M-G-M)	2★
Murder Man (M-G-M)	2★
Music Is Magic (20th Century-Fox)	1½★
Mutiny on the Bounty (M-G-M)	4★
Naughty Marietta (M-G-M)	4★
Nell Gwyn (United Artists)	3★
New Adventures of Tarzan (Rep.).	1★
A Night at the Ritz (Warners)	2★
No More Ladies (M-G-M)	3★
Oil for the Lamps of China (1st Nat'l.)	4★
One More Spring (Fox)	4★
Orchids to You (Fox)	2★
O'Shaughnessy's Boy (M-G-M)	3★
Our Little Girl (Fox)	2★
Page Miss Glory (Warners)	3★
Paris in Spring (Paramount)	3★
The Payoff (Warners)	2★
The People's Enemy (RKO)	2★
People Will Talk (Paramount)	2★
Peter Ibbetson (Paramount)	3★
Princess O'Hara (Universal)	3★
Private Worlds (Paramount)	4★
Public Hero No. 1 (M-G-M)	3★
The Public Menace (Columbia)	1★
The Rainmakers (RKO)	1★
The Raven (Universal)	2★
Red Salute (Reliance-United Artists)	2★

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Rendezvous (M-G-M)	3★
The Return of Peter Grimm (RKO)	3★
The Right to Live (Warners)	3★
Roberta (RKO)	5★
Sanders of the River (United Artists)	2★
The Secret Bride (Warners)	3★
Shadow of Doubt (M-G-M)	3★
Shanghai (Paramount)	2★
She (RKO)	2★
She Couldn't Take It (Columbia)	2½★
She Married Her Boss (Columbia)	4★
Shipmates Forever (1st Nat'l.)	3★
A Shot in the Dark (Chesterfield)	2★
Silk Hat Kid (Fox)	1★
Smart Girl (Paramount)	2★
Society Doctor (M-G-M)	3★
So Red the Rose (Paramount)	3★
Special Agent (Warners)	2★
Splendor (Goldwyn)	2★
Star of Midnight (M-G-M)	3★
Stars Over Broadway (Warners)	3★
Steamboat Round the Bend (Fox)	3★
Thanks a Million (20th Cent.-Fox)	3½★
The 39 Steps (GB)	4★
This Is the Life (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Three Kids and a Queen (Universal)	2★
The Three Musketeers (RKO)	3★
Thunder in the Night (Fox)	2★
Times Square Lady (M-G-M)	2★
Thunder Mountain (20th Cent.-Fox)	1★
Top Hat (RKO)	4★
Transatlantic Tunnel (GB)	3★
Transient Lady (Universal)	2★
Traveling Saleslady (1st Nat'l.)	2★
The Triumph of Sherlock Holmes(GB)	2★
Two for Tonight (Paramount)	1★
Vagabond Lady (M-G-M)	2★
Vanessa (M-G-M)	3★
Way Down East (20th Century-Fox)	2★
The Wedding Night (Sam Goldwyn)	4★
We're in the Money (Warners)	2★
The Werewolf of London (Universal)	2★
West Point of the Air (M-G-M)	3★
Wings in the Dark (Paramount)	3★
The Woman in Red (Warners)	2★

Here is a condensed version of the Modern Screen Movie Scoreboard! You'll find it simple to follow and a valuable guide in choosing your film entertainment. Instead of giving you the individual ratings of Modern Screen and authoritative newspaper movie critics all over the country, we have struck an average of their ratings. You'll find this average under the heading, General Rating, beside each picture. Ratings: 5★, extraordinary; 4★, very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor.

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(Continued from page 52)

complexes. Love freed me!" She is surprisingly analytical. "I am sure that when I left Hollywood to marry I drew my first independent breath. The general opinion was that my career was finished. I agreed. It was a relief to have the whole thing over!"

Not having come up to her goal, she faced the fact that apparently she was not destined for acting. She had too much pride to hang on.

The real explanation for her "revival" is an emotional one. Actually, she insists, her luck began with love!

For the right slant on the strange twist romance has given to Jean's life, let's skip back for a brushing-up on her as she was before her "break."

She had no theatrical heritage and her three brothers, all years older than she, grew up to have average lives. The daughter of a portait photographer she was born in New York City.

"We moved about to a number of towns while I was in the grammar grades and I was always on the verge of making friends when we were off again." They returned to New York when she was ready for high school and the great building full of pupils was a new, bewildering problem, for Jean was a shy child.

Jean wanted a safe future, one which would allow her to stay in her shell. Meeting people was customarily sheer agony. She dreamt of being irresistible and then invariably turned up so tongue-tied that she frightened folks away.

She planned to go to college, and become a teacher. Posing for commercial artists, she earned the money to realize this objective. A movie scout admired her youthful charm and looked up the original. He offered her a test. She knew he couldn't be very serious, not about *her!* But he was, for he signed her to a contract and she and her mother were whizzed off to Hollywood. Jean was only sixteen.

Naturally she was unprepared to act with experienced performers, which was precisely what was expected of her. That was the silent era when one could get by easier, and somehow she managed to satisfy. Those years were full of constant adventure for the bashful girl who lived them.

She was habitually humble. Jean sat on the edge of the sets, between shots, as inconspicuously as possible. Inevitably she went through her scenes as she was told. No one requested her own interpretation and she would have been flabbergasted if they had. She was with elders who, automatically, were wiser.

"It wasn't so much fun, playing in pictures then. My roles were vapid. And I didn't speak up.

"As for going to parties and premières—oh, I was petrified at every invitation! It is silly to remember now, but it was no joke to me in those days. Honestly, I used to try to think of a clever reply to make, and it took me so long that when I'd formulated it the conversation was already off on another track! I was too anxious, too convinced I was going to seem dumb. Instead of relaxing, I was so self-conscious that I built a barrier around myself."

Along came the miracle—love. How slyly she was led to open her eyes to her absurdness!

The man was a prosperous young New York realtor who was spending some time in California. Indeed, he was residing with his grand-parents on the identical street in Beverly Hills where Jean's house was. They were thrown together by a mere coincidence, but Frank Ross was discerning enough to keep pursuing Jean until she admitted she loved him.

It so happened that he was able to do her a little courtesy. Subsequently, he wondered aloud if she'd care to go to the fights that evening. Jean had never been to the fights, nor had she ever contemplated attending them. But here was this exceedingly attractive man proposing a date, and she didn't want him to think she was high-hat. Which conclusion he'd surely reach if she declined, her feminine intuition reminded her.

So he hustled her down to the noisy stadium and his enthusiam was contagious. He had such a direct, healthy attitude towards everything. He was, principally, unafraid. Jean had a glorious hunch that she was going to adore him.

They said good night, but not goodbye. He hinted that he would be telephoning very shortly.

This debonair Frank Ross is the kind of man who, when he declares he's going to do a thing, follows through. He soon informed the astonished, thrilled Jean that he was going to marry her.

At last Jean made her first mature decision. She examined herself as an actress. More importantly, as a person. In the former guise she saw that no one had any particular faith in her. As a person, she sensed that Frank's love was more precious than any mere fame could be. It promised a whole lifetime of happiness, the companionship which only a man can bring to a woman. It was what she had lacked, really.

"Hollywood has given me this second chance because now I am more nearly what's wanted," she contends. Fortified by stage training and a poise which only well-rounded living brings, she has a career that the yesteryears never foresaw. "And had I not fallen in love, and so escaped from the one-track rut I was in, I doubt if I'd have succeeded like this.

"I was fortunate, of course, that Frank is as he is. Unconsciously I absorbed his natural confidence. I came to comprehend how colorless I'd been, how I'd limited myself, and how needlessly! Everyone has wonderful potentialities, but often it takes the influence of a beloved one to develop a girl or a boy.

"We settled in an apartment in the heart of New York City. I had nothing in view but being a good wife." This is no mean goal, and that Jean fills the requirements is shown by the devotion which exists between these two after four years.

HER husband is a Princeton man and he has a genial, amusing way that has won him friends among the most charming people in New York. Jean was promptly accepted as a member of this crowd. It never dawned on them that she might be shy. She, in turn, was delighted to find that some people today are devoid of pretensions. Their opinions intrigued her, so she began cultivating ideas of her own. She noticed that they went places to enjoy themselves, and did it without worrying about who had the latest gown or boy-friend. They were accustomed to a reasonable use of luxury and leisure.

"I believe most of us are swayed by our environment, unwittingly. In Hollywood the chief danger, for me anyway, was not the fancied hey-hey lure. It was the other extreme. One is apt to become

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too solitary, to be so intent on success that the world is gradually shut out and one's self looms bigger and bigger. Or smaller and smaller, as it was with me."

She and Frank had been taking in the current dramas and so it wasn't strange that the stage finally beckoned. Someone asked her why she didn't try out for a certain role, and it was not until then that she again thought of acting. And although she had never been behind footlights, she instantly "belonged." Her career has since progressed steadily, for Hollywood was impressed by her stage triumphs and proffered her flattering terms.

"This is the first time I've talked so much about my husband. We are happy and we've seen the hazards picture folk have created for themselves by publicizing what should be personal!"

But Jean Arthur is unusually honest and loyal. When credit is due, she is specific. She isn't hesitant in declaring it has been love which has released the pent-up powers and endowed her with the courage to be herself.

Hughie, the Stall Guy

(*Continued from page 53*)

breaking the ice like that for me, I guess I can tell about the night Hughie got in late and hungry and raided the ice-box. A certain bowl of something that looked good was carefully covered and hidden in a corner. "Uh huh, probably saving it for tomorrow," tittered our hero. So, lightly tossing away his scruples, he poured on lots of cream and sugar and had himself a refreshment. Conscience bothered him when he went upstairs, and he compromised with it by remarking to Rose, "Best rice pudding I ever ate."

"What rice pudding?" inquired Rose.

"In the refrigerator," said Hugh.

"Oh, that was half a can of Vitamont for the pup's breakfast," said Rose, going back to sleep. Being married to a comedian seldom keeps her awake as you might think it would. She thought it was merely another joke. Hughie says it was—on him.

It's nobody's business how old Hughie is and anyway, he won't tell. He is one of those men who has no age and it really doesn't matter. The point is, he is just about the funniest man on the screen today—*the* funniest in his own line, and he happens to be the only one in it. His humor is distinctly individual, he has the field to himself, he has created his own type of wit—and it is practically all ad lib. The writers give him a general idea of a character and he does the rest. The script might as well say "Enter Hugh Herbert who Hugh Herberts around until the scene is over."

HE can go back to the time he was a bell boy in the Pabst Hotel, where the Times Square Building now stands. Then there was some ushering after school in the theatre where Maurice Barrymore was playing "Roaring Dick,"—thus began a dawning ambition—anyway, he says he caught it from a Barrymore. Then a small part in a melodrama called the "Bells of Hazlemere" in the Hundred and Twenty-Fifth Street Theatre, where he shared dressing room 12B with a calf which also was in the cast.

The funny part of it is, his first successes were in serious dramatic roles. "When I was a kid I loved to make people cry," Hugh says. In "The Son of Solomon," he played a pious old orthodox Jew with a long beard, and rated first page stories in three Sunday supplements at once. He was very very young and terribly profound when all this went on. He played Jewish dialect parts for years. His origin is Scotch-Irish, actually. He says your nationality doesn't matter if you are really an actor. He is a marvelous mimic. There is no dialect he cannot lapse into without a moment's warning.

Since his theatrical career began, Hugh has written a hundred and fifty short sketches for vaudeville and he wrote (with Murray Roth) the story for the first all-talking picture, "The Lights of New York." He directed Lowell Sherman in "He Knew Women." He first met his wife when he wrote a vaudeville sketch for her. Rose said she went to the theatre where he was playing and he had a sore throat, so he sent her out to buy some medicine for it—she certainly thought he had his nerve. She didn't like him. Hughie says no, she didn't like him till she found out his salary, and then she married him. Well, all *I* have to say is, maybe more girls ought to conduct their romances the same way if it will keep them married for twenty years.

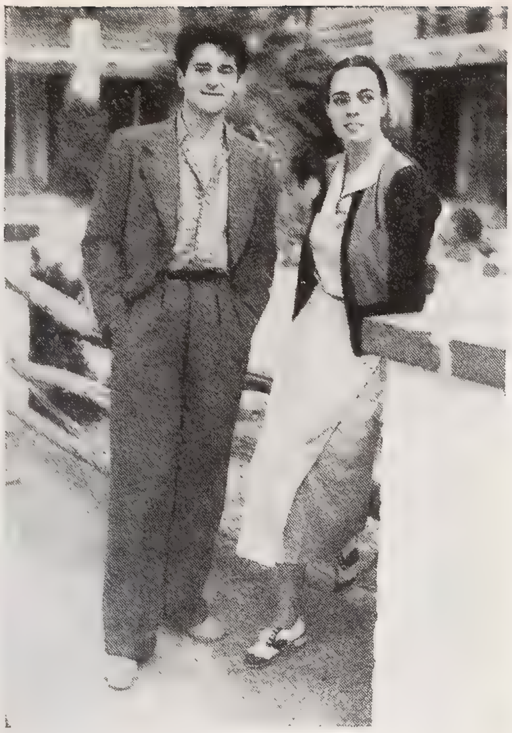
Rose operates one of the smartest hat shops in Hollywood and is a stunning looking woman. Hugh says it's a great relief to him that she goes to business and stays all day, because when she's home, she's a natural for those door-to-door sob stories. He says Rose would buy a lace trimmed dustpan if somebody happened to be peddling them.

OUTSIDE of his other accomplishments in the major or professional line, Hugh is a pretty fair amateur carpenter, he can hoe a mean garden and give you all the correct horticultural names for things, and he knows his way around the kitchen. It seems like quite a mess of talent to be localized in one comedian, and you don't find out about all of it until you've known him for some time. He ranks A1 as a story teller, too—with gestures.

Hugh and the Missis just bought a ranch out San Fernando way, and are about to build a house on it. They have a hundred and fifty fruit trees, some turkeys, chickens, mutt dogs, and a goat. The goat is really a little kid so far, they call her Puss and she is a gay and playful pet—does tricks. She is so cute the Herberts have started a rage for kids as pets. Margaret Sullavan was out there the other day and wanted to adopt Puss.

Hughie has a swell idea for getting his house built and a lot of us are waiting around to see if it works. Several of his pals brag about what good carpenters they are, so he's going to invite them out and hand 'em all a hammer, a saw and lots of nails. He intends to build the bar first, and have plenty of liquid encouragement handy. It ought to be quite a place when they get it finished. He has a huge totem pole out front, so they will be sure to find it. The Herberts will keep their house in town, and perhaps it's just as well. This one was built when they first arrived and didn't know many people to help them, so just ordinary carpenters did it. It is large and substantial, very durable. Has a nice Dickens-y atmosphere about it—no jimcracks. One of the nicest houses anywhere around.

Hughie was looking rather peaked there for a while, but he has picked up the last few days, a new sparkle in the eye, a lighter step. I investigated and found out that



Francis Lederer with the Mrs.-Lederer-to-be, Mary Anita Loos. They were snapped at Palm Springs, where Lederer is vacationing between pictures. Miss Loos is a niece of Anita Loos, famous writer.

Joe Lim is gone—Hughie hopes forever!

Joe Lim was the Chinese house-boy, who called everybody "madame," including Hughie who could see no reason to object, except, possibly, on the grounds of being the wrong sex. He knew that wouldn't make any difference to Joe, so why argue. Also, Joe had the confusing habit of naming everybody who called up "Mr. Fee." It might be Mr. Warner, or Mr. Schenck, or Mr. Mayer, or Mr. Smith—they were all Mr. Fee to Joe. So Hughie went around in a fog most of the time, wondering who really had called him up and if, by any chance, it might have been important.

The pay-off occurred while Rose was up in San Francisco visiting and Hughie invited a few of the boys up to the house for dinner and cards. He left the house that morning, telling Joe Lim he would be home at six o'clock.

Later in the day, discovering he was in some late scenes, he telephoned his house to tell Joe Lim. The conversation proceeded thus: "Ho. Missy Herbert's residence."

"Joe, this is Mr. Herbert."

"Missy Herbert six o'clock, madame."

"Joe, I can't get there at six o'clock. I'm delayed at the studio."

"Missy Herbert not here. Six o'clock."

"Joe, I'm telling you I CAN'T BE THERE at six o'clock, possibly not until eight!"

"Six o'clock, Missy Herbert," repeated Joe firmly.

So Hughie hung up and went home as soon as he could. "Anybody call?" he asked Joe.

"No madame, no calls," said Joe Lim.

Joe Lim doesn't live there any more. Hugh is sorry, awfully sorry. He really liked Joe, they seemed to have a lot in common. He plays Joe Lim, without the accent, in practically every performance he gives.

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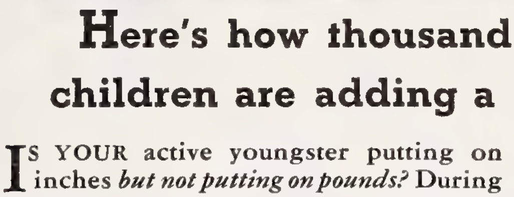

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Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Stars

(*Continued from page 51*)

flying down the Boulevard in a big open car, Mrs. Weidler at the wheel and all six hanging on behind. That is, there are six of them since Virginia changed her mind about the movies.

It was almost four years later, when Mrs. Weidler again took her to a studio. Then it was sheer necessity, since there was no one at home to take care of Virginia. So she watched the set where Constance Bennett's picture, "After Tonight," was in production. A little French girl was supposed to play the role of Connie's niece. But no little French girl showed up. The director was distraught when Virginia stepped up to him.

I'LL talk French to the camera," she said. What's more, she could have talked German or Italian to it. After this picture, she was cast as "Europena" in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." The youngest Weidler was on her way to stardom. Now there is no sacrifice too great for her art. In "Peter Ibbetson," her latest picture, Virginia allowed her brown braids to be turned to blonde without a qualm.

We asked what kind of roles she liked to play best. "I think I like to play me best," said Virginia, "like in 'Laddie' and 'Mrs. Wiggs,' where I have a lot of brothers and sisters and pigs and chickens and things."

The Weidler house is in the Hollywood hills. The big back yard is filled with every kind of pet imaginable "except a rhinoceros," according to Virginia.

"We have rabbits and dogs and birds. I had to give away my two ducks last week, though, because the neighbors complained about them being so noisy. But I have some more now—quackless ones."

We wondered why they didn't quack.

"Because the neighbors complain," explained Virginia patiently.

They have a real theatre in that back yard, too, built by the combined Weidler forces. They write and stage their own plays. The elaborate "props" come from a big trunk which their grandmother sent from Germany. In it were all kinds of costumes she had worn on the operatic stage, and best of all some real wigs, which have seen service as mustaches, horses' tails and fur neckpieces. Virginia had just completed writing a play and we thought it would be nice to know what it was about.

"We-ell, it isn't copyrighted yet," she hesitated, so we hastily changed to the less delicate subject of directing plays. Mr. Taurog, Hollywoods famous children's director is one of Virginia's favorite people. Her eyes sparkled as she said, "I played a good joke on Mr. Taurog, all right. When I started playing 'Europena,' I had a tooth out right here—see—in front. Mr. Taurog said it didn't matter very much. But the next day," she added triumphantly, "I came with two more out!"

One small actress has only nine birthdays to her credit, but over a hundred roles! This veteran is Edith Fellows. It sounds as if the movie moguls just plied her with offers to be in their pictures, doesn't it? But the bitter truth is that not until the last year was Edith even given more than a passing glance by the Powers That Be. Most of those roles were just in mob scenes, or "bit" parts that weren't important enough to count. Edith was brought to Hollywood from South Carolina when she was three. But no golden opportunity was in sight. It isn't much fun, either, for a little girl to be dragged from one studio to another, with no one wanting her songs and dances. She got her first "chance" because she could hiccup!

"You see, they wanted a baby with a nice hiccup," she explained. "I was only three and I got the part. It was in a Charlie Chase comedy."

We wanted to know if she were surprised to see herself on the screen, the first time.

"No, I wasn't," Edith said, "but I was certainly surprised at how well I sounded!"

Six years of irregular and unimportant roles followed this one. Then Gregory La Cava was looking for a child to play the exasperating step-daughter of Claudette Colbert in "She Married Her Boss." Edith was brought to his attention, but Mr. La Cava took one look at her curls and friendly smile, then said she looked too sweet for what he wanted. Instantly Edith's cherubic look gave way. Blue-green eyes blazed in her small freckled face.

"Mr. La Cava," said Miss Fellows, drawing herself up to her full four feet, one inch. "I am an actress, so I can *certainly* be disagreeable enough for you." She not only got the part, but stole the picture.

EDITH'S main ambition in life is to be just like Miss Colbert. "I think she is terRIFic!" she said earnestly. "Miss Colbert has dramatic ability. She has *everything.*" Edith drew a fervent breath at the mere thought of Miss Colbert. "Of course," she went on, "I think some other actresses are very good, too. I think Shirley Temple is *such* a beautiful little girl." And added admiringly, "Not a freckle."

When asked what kind of acting she liked to do best Edith exclaimed, "Oh, I like to be laughing real hard or crying real hard. I don't care much about just talking."

"But isn't it hard to cry?"

"Oh, crying!" Edith dismissed that problem airily. "My only trouble is stopping, not starting!"

A much longer visit with Edith would have suited us, but she had a harp lesson. She's as intense about her music as everything else. "Besides," said Miss Fellows, "I may have to be an angel some day. You never know in this business."

Mrs. Collins was so convinced that Cora Sue had definite talents for screen work that they left their home in Virginia when her small daughter was three, and headed for Hollywood. She came literally on a shoestring, but luck was with her. They had hardly been in Hollywood two weeks when a Universal studio official noticed Cora Sue in a department store with her mother. He asked them to come to the studio the next day for an interview. When they arrived over a dozen children were there. Cora Sue took her place at the end of the line and watched the proceedings. The director was trying out the little girls for a role in which a good display of emotion was necessary. The small girl he was working with would laugh, but cry she would not. "Come on, now," he said patiently, "let's have some tears." Still no tears. Cora Sue walked from the end of the line and stood beside him. "I'll be glad to cry for you," she said. So Cora Sue wept and won.

After meeting Cora Sue it's easy to imagine her offering her services to that director. Her poise would do credit to a woman of the world. On entering the Collins' living-room we stumbled over a big brown spaniel lying on the floor. "I'm always falling over 'Rusty'," said our small hostess, putting us immediately at ease.

She was dressed up for the occasion in a flowered organdy belonging to her big sister. A green satin sash held up the skirt, and slippers, at least three sizes too large, were on her feet. But somehow you got the impression that it was the shoes that wobbled, not Cora Sue.

She was far more interested in talking about her love-birds and canaries than she was about Miss Collins. The canary obligingly took a bath for us and the love-birds flew around the room. Then with a bird on each shoulder, Cora Sue drew up a chair.

"And now," she said, "what was it you wanted to interview me about?"

Faced with such a direct question it took a moment to collect our thoughts. We asked how she liked portraying the stars as little girls. She's "doubled" for all the most famous ones—Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer, Myrna Loy and has just finished stealing the picture from her grown-up self, Merle Oberon, in "The Dark Angel." Cora Sue thought it was fun and when asked which one she'd rather be like really, when she grew up, she said thoughtfully. "Well, I'd like to be half as pretty as all of them.

"Of course it isn't *all* fun working in the movies," she reminded me. "I believe that a person should always try harder. I think no matter how high you climb you can always fall."

Jane Withers knows from actual experience how fickle is fame. At the age of two, down in Atlanta, Georgia, this sturdy, dark-haired little girl was a celebrity. She was considered one of the city's most talented tap-dancers and radio performers. Her mother listened to so many people tell her that Jane should capitalize on those talents that she prevailed on her husband to give up his business and move the family to Hollywood. Jane suddenly found herself a nobody. For three years she and her mother haunted the studio gates without ever getting so much as a peek inside. It was just by accident that she finally got that "Bright Eyes" break. Director James Ryan came out of the studio one day and stopped as he was getting into his car by a small girl with a fringe of dark bangs above earnest grey eyes.

"Please," she said, "I'd like to do a little skit for you." And forthwith she broke into an impersonation on the sidewalk. Mr. Ryan was impressed in spite of himself and decided to give her a screen test. The rest is history.

We visited Jane in her own bungalow out on the 20th Century-Fox lot. It's any little girl's idea of a perfect play-house. Blue and yellow curtains, low white shelves filled with books and toys, and wing-chairs made just to fit their small owner.

WORD came from the studio that Jane's latest starring picture, "Paddy O'Day," was to be previewed that evening. "Oh, goody!" exclaimed Jane, jumping up and down, "and what's the other picture?" A remark unique in the annals of movie stars.

If you saw "Ginger," you saw the real Jane Withers. She's a bundle of energy and high spirits. When her mother sees several children piled up on the front lawn she always knows where Jane is—on the bottom. And it's Jane, not a double, whom you see whisking around on the handlebars of policemen's motorcycles and jumping off trains in those pictures.

We were curious to know if she always had such grand times making movies.

"Nope, not always," admitted Miss Withers. "There's drawbacks. Like down at Ocean Pier when we were working on 'This Is The Life' and I wanted to go on the merry-go-round down there. But it was costing the company $2000 an hour so I couldn't go. Anyway Mother took me down the next Sunday and I rode for a dime."

The way the very youngest of the young ladies got her chance at stardom really was like magic, for one day she received a mysterious message sent over a continent and under an ocean, asking her to come to Hollywood and be in the movies. That little girl was Sybil Jason, whom you saw in "Little Big Shot." She was in London at the time and the cable was mysterious because neither Sybil nor her parents had any idea that Irving Asher, a Warner studio official, had seen her sing and dance and then sent pictures of her to the Hollywood studio.

Into her five years Miss Jason has crowded more living than lots of people get at fifty. For she was born in Capetown, Africa, and from there to London to Hollywood is something of a jaunt.

Sybil is the tiniest five-year-old you ever saw, with the biggest blue eyes that ever were.

And what did she like best about these movies, we wanted to know.

"I don't exactly know," she said, wrinkling her forehead, "but I think I like Dickie Moore about as well as anything."

"Wasn't it fun seeing yourself on the screen the first time?" we asked.

Miss Jason considered this for a moment. "Well, yes it was," she agreed, "but I was so afraid I'd forget my lines that I kept saying them right along with me." Which might complicate lesser minds than Miss Jason's.

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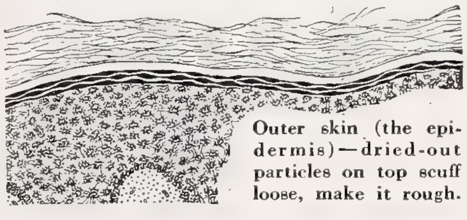

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Hollywood's tomboy, Jane Withers, goes all girl and ruffles for Joyce Horne's party. Oh, her escort? He's Mickey (Puck) Rooney, no less.

And cinema's problem child, Edith Fellows, looks like a very gay little girl in this pose with her clever little white poodle dog. He's a performer, too.

AND, of course, there is Shirley Temple who has found the biggest pot of gold of all at the end of her rainbow. Adulation has been showered on that golden head and gifts have fallen thick and fast at her small feet. Yet Shirley remains just a lovable little girl, blissfully unconscious that she's done anything remarkable in her six years. The only thing she was concerned about the other day was her rabbits.

"My goodness," said Miss Temple, "they're getting to be such a family I don't know what we will do with them. At first I started to give them names, but now," she bestowed on me one of those dazzling dimpled smiles, "now there's so many, I just call them all Pet."

Mrs. Gertrude Temple didn't have the vaguest notion of a career for Shirley when she put her in that dancing class three years ago. It was there that a talent scout from Educational Pictures succumbed to the Temple charms and asked her to be in the "Baby Burlesque" shows. This was followed by a Fox offer and Shirley was given a role in "Stand Up and Cheer." Which is just what the public has been doing ever since for this diminutive star.

This then is the story of Hollywood's brightest constellation—the six little girls who made good. It would be another story if we wrote of the six hundred little girls who, this year alone, failed in the industry. Some of them were prettier, some brighter, some even had bigger and better "chances" than our six starlets. But they didn't make the grade. The Hollywoods are full of them. So think twice before you sell the homestead in order to launch Annabelle in Hollywood. Shooting stars are few and far between in the cinema skies.

The True Story Behind Loretta Young's Illness

(*Continued from page 35*)

delayed finishing his "Crusades" so that she could play "Queen Berengaria" in it. She was busy, then, with Twentieth Century's "Call of the Wild," in which she shared starring honors with Clark Gable.

In London, Loretta became ill. Hurriedly, she and her mother returned to Hollywood. Her family doctor there prescribed a complete rest, so that she might build up the strength which had ebbed away. After that, his edict said, a minor, but exceedingly delicate operation, and then more rest to recover her strength. It was a brutal order for a girl like Loretta. Of all the film girls, none enjoys more, the trappings of success. . . . The parties, the dances, the gaieties, the pretty attentions, the masculine conquests, that are offered beauty. And Loretta is undoubtedly one of Hollywood's most beautiful actresses.

There is about Loretta a certain naïve sophistication that is absolutely charming. Tall, as slim as a reed, she wears clothes well, loves to buy them, loves to display them. At six she was designing masquerade and dancing costumes for herself, making them out of oilcloth. Under the influence of Mae Murray, with whom she lived for one and one-half years, from the age of four, she was sure she was going to be a dancer. Preferably a Pavlowa. As a youngster she watched, with rapt attention, the inspired performances of Pavlowa and Nijinsky, on their celebrated American tour.

With Miss Murray as her temporary mother, she had all the advantages of an artistic background. The way the Murray temporary "adoption" came about was amusing. Studio workers called Miss Murray's attention (she was then the wife of Director Robert Z. Leonard) to the typical Mae Murray pout of Loretta's rosebud lips which she could not entirely close because of two small, protruding front teeth. So entranced was Miss Murray by this tiny replica of her own famous moué that she asked Loretta's mother if she couldn't "borrow" her daughter for a time. Loretta adored the idea of house-guesting with dainty, blonde Mae, and asked that Colleen, her cousin, be included in the invitation so that she would have someone to play with. In that way Mae Murray, for a period of eighteen months, became responsible for two small charges.

Loretta made her Hollywood entrance when her mother (then Mrs. Young) brought her brood of three girls (a son Jack made his home elsewhere) to the film city, from Salt Lake City, after her husband had left her. The oldest was Polly Ann, now twenty-six, dark-haired, sweet, the "Meg" of Hollywood's 1935 version of "Little Women."

Sally Blane, now Mrs. Norman Foster, was eighteen months younger. And then came Loretta (christened "Gretchen," nicknamed "Gretch"), almost twenty-three, and a veteran of nine years of motion picture work. It seems incredible that this child, now at an age when most girls are leaving college or commencing a career—domestic or professional—is already the possessor of a successful career, an unsuccessful marriage (to Grant Withers) and a divorce. She was married at seventeen and divorced about a year later.

A happy hodge-podge of ingenuousness and sophistication, Loretta, after her divorce, proceeded to establish a record for romances. Large-eyed, wistful-faced, soft-lipped, she was meant for well-staged romance . . . the dance floor of the Mayfair Club to the accompaniment of provocative music, the sands of The Beach Club, the plunge at Palm Springs' El Mirador Hotel. All of these places have been the backgrounds for Loretta's many romances. There was a rumored Ronald Colman romance, a Fred Perry romance, she admitted a mighty heart-throb for Spencer Tracy, then separated from his wife. The Tracy romance, in the eyes of the Hollywoodians, was the "high" in Loretta's romances. They thought she was serious about Spencer. But the next week she was dancing at the Mayfair, sometimes with Bernard Newman, sometimes with someone else. Her conquests were legion. And she loved the reputation as a heart-breaker that they gave her. What woman wouldn't?

But Hollywood noted that Loretta's conquests never carried her as far as the altar. It might have been her religious scruples. It might have been something else. Out of the attentions lavished upon her, came the legend that Loretta was "unlucky in love." "She falls in love with all of her leading men," said the gossip columns. The idea was that she couldn't give an efficient emotional interpretation to her role unless there was some semblance of reality in her love scenes. "Phooey," say those who know Loretta.

Then she and Spencer Tracy indulged in some verbal gymnastics about their feelings towards each other. When the split-up occurred, that, too, was given reading space. The total of these columns upon columns was the legend that Loretta

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was "unlucky in love." They even had her pining away (in her recent illness) for the love of a star who promised to divorce his wife and marry her. And didn't. The whole unfounded story gave both members to it a loud and long laugh.

The true Loretta, her intimates will tell you, is "a little scalp-collector." In other words, Loretta's favorite sport is bagging male hearts. And she has a nice collection. She is as fickle and inconstant a coquette as ever flourished in the South or a Booth Tarkington novel. At the end of what was rumored to be one of her "biggest moments," she was so bored it was awful . . . for the family.

People who know Loretta well will tell you that she seldom lets her heart get out of bounds. True, she may permit it to beat twice as hard toward an ineligible gentleman, but her rule is never to allow herself to become involved romantically with anyone who is not a peg or so higher, professionally or socially, than she is. Her attitude is "if you can't better yourself, why bother?" It's the antithesis of the "unlucky in love" story.

The Young family is a 1935 Louisa M. Alcott family, set in luxury. The same close-knit devotion, warmth of feeling, generosity, love, is there. "Nothing *must* happen to Loretta," said Sally Blane Foster, just home from her honeymoon. "We've never had anything like death come to us and it simply *can't* come now. We have been through so much together, so much fun, so much struggle, it's frightful to even think of 'Gretch' being ill, the poor darling."

With "Bet" (Sally was christened Elizabeth Jane) married and living in the apartment they sublet from the Hardie Albrights (Martha Sleeper), and "Poll" (Polly Ann) planning for her January 1936 marriage to Carter Herman of Pasadena, whose name appears frequently in the society columns, the big Colonial house on the hill is temporarily vacated by the Youngs, and leased to another family.

Report says it will be a year before Loretta will appear before the cameras again, but Sally insists that it will be a much shorter time than that. "She'll be up and out in a few weeks," she says, confident that her sister will soon take an active part in the family life again. Sally's assertion seems to be correct because Loretta is improving rapidly—so much so that her studio is planning to give her the title role in "Ramona," which goes into production in the course of the next few months.

"Polly Ann is the sweet one," continues Sally, whole-heartedly. "She is the one to whom you can say, '"Poll," will you do this for me?', and she always answers, no matter how difficult the task, 'Why, yes, of course.' And it's done. Or if she has a new dress, and has never worn it before, one of us can say, '"Poll," let me wear your new dress, will you?' and the reply is always, 'Of course, darling.'

"Loretta is so self-sufficient, so self-contained. She has so many resources to draw upon from within herself. She can sit by the fire for a week and never want to go out, but I—I have to be doing something all of the time. And she is so full of poise. Even when she was a little girl and someone would call upon us to do some parlor entertaining, Loretta would get up with the poise of a countess and dance, while 'Poll' and I were always scared to death. Loretta has always been a little different from us," continued Sally.

"Her illness has made her more like us, though. She is so pleased over trifles. Before that she was always busy and she didn't have time to be excited over watching children's eyes pop out when you gave them candy, or anything like that. Now she does, and it's sweet to see her.

"I can remember when Loretta started a film career in earnest—that was when she was thirteen, she turned fourteen in the Lon Chaney picture 'Laugh, Clown, Laugh'—she would come home with the broadest 'a' accent you ever heard. And people would laugh at her and think she was cute, because we were all Westerners and she would affect this pronounced English accent. She always was an actress. She always will be."

At one time Sally was the stellar light of the family, not Loretta. She got fifty dollars a week more than Loretta and had a studio contract. Then Loretta got the major attentions from the rest of the family, all anxious to further her career and speed her on toward success. "I never applied for anything but Western pictures, never bothered to do anything with my hair but shampoo and brush it, never lacquered my nails. No wonder I didn't do so well in films. Loretta was always so dainty, always performing some small beauty chore. People say to me now, 'But, of course, Sally, you never *cared* about a career!' I did, that's the funny thing. And I still do."

However, she cares more about the dark-haired Norman Foster, son of Quaker parents, who is her very new husband. She adores the way his ears grow, faun-like, and the funny way he crinkles his eyes when he laughs . . . and love is certainly grand. Meanwhile, her sister Loretta shares another very real experience of life—the battle for health. There isn't a heart in Hollywood that is not beating with Loretta's in the courageous fight she is making to win her way back to the life she so dearly loves.

Trial Engagement

(*Continued from page 42*)

as a show girl to pay for the art lessons she wanted. O. Henry might have had more words than Fred MacMurray with which to describe their meeting, but he would not have been more eloquent.

"I was doing a puzzle with the rest of the fellows in the band during rehearsal," he said, filling his pipe again. He smoked it in six puffs—five when he speaks of his Lilian. "It was called 'Try Your Nerve'—you held a long pin steady and pricked different sized dots. Lilian came over to watch—cute as the dickens in a pair of brown slacks and a white jersey top. She said, 'You must have been out late last night, Big Boy!' After I saw her, the dots went every which way and it was like that with her, too, I guess. We never talked about it much afterward, just sort of took things for granted—ours is sort of a trial engagement. I haven't looked at another girl since then. I haven't even *seen* another girl."

The merciful smoke hung between us. His voice came from behind it, laying reluctantly the one treasure of his heart before the inspection of a stranger. "After all, we didn't have much time for love. Lilian was studying dress designing. You ought to see the clothes she made for herself. She always looked—well, she looked"—he sought a dazzling, elegant word to describe his girl in the dresses she made for herself—"she always looked

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swell. A millionaire would have been proud to take my Lilian out. But she didn't want any millionaire."

The show in which they both worked was "Roberta," with its lilting melodies of young love. Her name on the program was like a thousand other charming, silly chorus girl names, "Lilian Lamonte." Fred sang a song—Lilian danced. After the show they had chop suey at Joe's Place—or Pete's Place. More often there was only time for a word, either because Fred's band was in demand for supper clubs, or Lilian had a chance to pose for a commercial photographer. They were twenty-two and they owned Broadway. They said, "Some day"—and didn't finish the sentence. Then Fred was made understudy for the leading man and Lily sold a dress sketch, while they waited for that mystic moment known to Mazda Lane as "the breaks."

"One day a movie scout saw the show," Fred said. "He came backstage afterward and asked had I ever thought of the movies. I told him that was a laugh, because I'd spent six months in Hollywood once, getting a daily 'nothing doing, Bud,' from studio gatemen. But he offered me a test and I took it. I didn't tell Lilian, because I never expected to hear from it again, but a week later I got a contract to come to Hollywood. I showed it to her after the final curtain. I thought she'd be pleased, but Lilian is different from most girls."

HIS eyes were still bewildered as he mused over the unexpected things Lilian had said, looking up from the contract he had brought her so proudly, "It's splendid, Fred! *But I'm not going.* I've read in all the fan magazines how it hurts a new actor's popularity to be married. You've got to have your chance. Besides I'm just beginning to get somewhere with my designs. We'll write every day. We'll be sensible and wait and *see.*"

Like a thousand other chorus girls did I say? "Show me Lilian," I asked him. "The picture of her you keep in your breast pocket."

He protested that he didn't have one. He made a great show of rummaging. He pretended surprise when he found one. "It doesn't do her justice," he grumbled proudly, handing me a snapshot of a slim young beauty. You can see, looking at her, why Hollywood stars have not succeeded in catching Fred MacMurray's eye; you can see something more, if you look closely, and that is the firm little chin under the ornamental dimple.

"She wasn't afraid to let you come alone to a place where every woman is a famous beauty?" I suggested, looking down at Miss Lilian Lamonte.

"Why should she be?" said Fred. "None of them are any prettier than my girl." It came dangerously close to being sentimental. He stuffed a fresh supply of tobacco into the briar bowl and puffed furiously. "I was out here six months," he admits, "without making a single scene. You can be more alone in Hollywood than anywhere on earth. I was discouraged. I suppose I must have given her the satisfaction of knowing I was darn lonesome in my letters. Anyhow, one day she was here."

When Hollywood saw the luscious Southern girl with the magnolia petal skin and lovely clothes, she was always with that new leading man, who didn't look like an actor. And immediately the rumor hounds were on their trail. "When are you going to get married?" they wanted to know night and day. "When—*when*—WHEN?"

FRED MACMURRAY would have been glad to have answered their questions, but he didn't know himself. It appeared that Lilian Lamonte had not given up her job in a Broadway revue, nor her career as a fashion artist to come to Hollywood for marriage. Fred was lonely, he needed her to talk to. He needed her to kid and boss him. But he didn't need a wife yet, not with it looking more and more as though his contract would never be renewed and even if it were—well, newcomers to the movies don't get fancy salaries and he had his mother to look after. Besides. Lilian said Hollywood changed people. Anybody, who read fan magazines, knew that. Sometimes it even made them completely different. She liked Fred the way he was—but how did she know she would like him if he became a famous picture star with everybody crowding around to get his autograph, fans writing love letters, a big salary and all that?

"I'm going to get a job," said Miss Lamonte, setting her firm little chin. "I'm going to work in a store, modeling, right here where I can keep an eye on you and see you don't go Hollywood."

"And she did," said Fred MacMurray, as simply as though it were quite natural for a beautiful girl to give up her own career just to keep him happy. And perhaps—looking at his six feet three of boyish good looks—it *is* quite natural. "She's modeling at Howard Greer's," he added.

"She doesn't especially want to go into the movies," Fred said. "Still, I wouldn't mind. Maybe it would be a good thing if she understood just what it means to work in a studio—like staying evenings and not always being able to telephone, or do things just the way you plan."

"And you wouldn't be afraid, either?" I suggested wickedly. "Hollywood has broken up romances before, you know."

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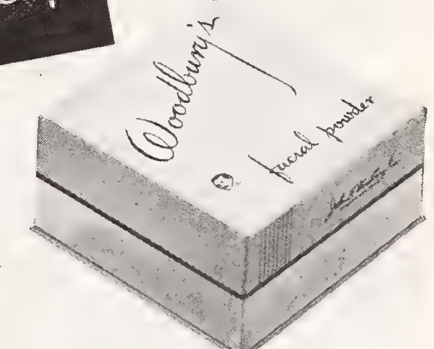

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The smoke from the briar pipe became a veritable volcano.

"If two and a half years wouldn't show a fellow and a girl that they were suited I don't know how they would know," said the Scotch Mr. MacMurray cautiously." Lilian has been in the show business quite a while. She's had chances to marry men with more money than I'll ever have. And if she's going to fall for a movie actor, well, what's the matter with me? She thinks I'm grand—on the screen! I don't see why Hollywood should change either of us. We like to do the same things, which means not much of anything. Sit around and talk, sing a little, go down to the beach and eat a steak or go over to mother's house for dinner. Sometimes we see the fights. Once in a while we go to a night club. Lilian likes to dance, I don't, so we don't go often. That's the kind of a girl she is!

"I like the movies. But I don't care for most of the things that go with being a Hollywood star. Crowds scare me pink! In college I was so shy I couldn't stand up to recite without blushing.

"I'll always live, wherever I am, just about the same way I would have been living, if I'd stayed on at Beaver Dam. Now that things seem to be turning out pretty well for me"—a mild way of referring to one of the spectacular successes of the year!—"I'll soon be where I can buy a house, but it won't be one of those movie mansions. A fellow with a name like MacMurray doesn't go in for extravagances! Of course, I know a screen career doesn't last long. I read the fan magazines myself! But I've still got the old saxophone saved for a rainy day."

He rose to his feet, tucking his chaperone, the briar pipe, tenderly away. "Now that I've told you about Lilian and me," he said wistfully, "you see, don't you, why that secret marriage stuff makes me kind of mad? Lilian is so—well she's so—" he hunted for the perfect word, the romantic word, "she's so *swell!*" finished Fred MacMurray.

If You Would Have a Figure Like Colbert

(*Continued from page 55*)

of Elmhurst, New York, whose picture is published this month. Joan, you look more like Claudette Colbert than any girl who sent in her picture. I've got to hand it to you. You are much braver than the Hollywood girls to send in a picture (in a bathing suit) that's absolutely unretouched. Because those babies out there never do that. You practically never see an unretouched Hollywood photograph. They can't take it. But, listen Joan, mama's going to do some retouching on you, without even touching you. You are going to do the touching yourself.

You have a fuller face than Colbert has but, like Colbert, you've got those fat pads on the cheek bones. Colbert has a triangular face. But when those cheek muscles are over-developed it's an *infernal* triangle. Watch Claudette, Joan, and you'll notice sometimes, when she smiles on the screen, at certain angles those fat pads on her cheeks stick out beyond her nose. Guard against that. My personal letter to you will tell you how to take them off.

Claudette's chin tapers off into a little point. It's a nice tailored chin. Your lower face is heavier than hers. And it looks to me as if your chin is all set to double. Never mind what Mr. Culbertson says, don't let it *re-double!* For by working together, baby, you and I will make a grand slam.

You have bangs like Colbert and I imagine that's because, like her, you have a high forehead. Well, that's smart.

But with the face, darling, the likeness stops. At present Claudette has you all beaten when it comes to a figure. But never mind, we'll fix that. In a few days you'll get my personal letter telling you all the things that will make you over, but since I've had so many requests from readers about posture and that fat on the back, I'm going to tell you about that here.

You look to me as if you're a popular kid. Well, get one of your many friends to help you straighten up by giving you a good slap between the shoulder blades every time she catches you slumping.

No, I'm not kidding. And that slap is not just a reminder, it does actual good. There are important glands in the back

British Brian Aherne and Frau Marlene Dietrich are a popular foreign alliance that lunch and dine frequently together. They look pretty happy, too, doncha think? How about it, pals, is it romance?

and they tend to grow sluggish. That slap wakes them up, gives them a kick, stimulates them. So, I mean that as part of the routine. Have your friend give you several good firm slaps on the back two or three times a day.

THAT fat back mars the looks of your figure and ruins your posture. So here's what you must do to correct it. Here's the right exercise. In a standing position, slump slightly forward—make your back as round as possible, as if you were trying to make your shoulders meet in front. Bend your arms slightly as if you were hugging yourself but keep them a little out from the body. In this position, relax the arms. Now move the right shoulder to the front as much as you can, stretching and pulling as hard as possible. Twist your right arm inward at the wrist. This arm should be across the body, but not higher than the chest. Repeat the same thing on the left side without straightening up. Don't relax the shoulders between times. And do that fifteen minutes every day. Oh baby, how that takes down the fat back!

Remember to straighten your shoulders as often during the day as you feel inclined to slump, as that will make your abdomen good and strong. Also keep your back supple and limber. All these things combine to keep your shoulders straight and to give you good posture.

(Aside to Lorraine Page. Your mother sent me your picture from New Orleans telling me that you were in Hollywood dancing in M-G-M pictures. Well, honey, you were a close runner-up of the Claudette Colbert doubles. You bear, at a glance, a resemblance to Colbert, but taking you feature by feature you are not as much like her as the girl I picked. But Lorraine, you're beautiful and it should be a cinch for you to go far in pictures. Your mother sent me just a head picture of you but, if your figure is as beautiful as your face, some day I may be writing about you when you're a big star. I mean a big star at the box office. Not through the hips, remember that!)

All of which reminds me that there is still plenty of time for you girls who look like Katharine Hepburn to send me your photographs, the one looking most like her to have her picture published in MODERN SCREEN and to receive a long, personal letter from me giving her a complete routine for remodeling herself.

Also I want pictures of little girls whose mothers think they look like Shirley Temple. Because I'm going to write an article in answer to the many letters I get from sensible mothers who want me to tell them how they can preserve their daughters' health and beauty so that the children, in later life, won't have to fight the handicaps these mothers had to conquer.

By the way, what happened? Doesn't anyone want to look like Constance Bennett or is there only one in captivity? I asked for Bennett doubles and what did I get—practically none. I know it's a big order because the first time I set eyes on Connie I said to myself, "Oh, baby, you'd be hard to match!"

However, my offer still holds. If there are any Connie Bennetts in the world I want to see them. I'll be patient. I'm still waiting. Address: Madame Sylvia, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Your letters keep pouring in. That's swell. It shows me that every woman wants loveliness. And every woman can have it, too. String along with Sylvia. I'll tell you things about the body beautiful you never heard before.

DOES YOUR SKIN LOOK LIKE SILK OR CANVAS?

It's that Hard-to-Get-at "Second Layer" of Dirt that Makes Your Skin Coarse and Gray

By *Lady Esther*

A black slip under a white dress will make the white dress look dark—grayish!

The same holds true for dirt buried in your skin. It will make your skin look dark—give it a grayish cast. It will also clog your pores and make your skin large-pored and coarse.

It's safe to say that 7 out of 10 women do not have as clearly white and radiant and fine a skin as they might, simply on account of that unsuspected, hidden "second layer" of dirt.

There is one sure way to remove that underneath dirt and that is to use a cream that penetrates the pores.

A PENETRATING Face Cream

Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream is a *penetrating* face cream. It does not merely lie on the surface of your skin. Almost the instant it is applied, it begins working its way into the pores.

It goes to work on the waxy dirt, breaks it up, makes it easily removable. When you cleanse your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream you get dirt out that you never suspected was there. It will probably shock you when you see how really soiled your skin was.

Two or three cleansings with Lady Esther Face Cream will actually make your skin appear whiter—shades whiter. You would think almost that you had bleached it, but that's the effect of *thoroughly* cleansing the skin. When your skin has been thoroughly cleansed it blooms anew, like a wilting flower that has been suddenly watered. It becomes clear and radiant. It becomes fine and soft.

Supplies Dry Skin with What It Needs

As Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream cleanses your skin, it also does other things. It lubricates the skin—resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and makes the skin velvety soft and smooth.

Cleansing the pores as thoroughly as it does, it allows them to function freely again—to open and close—as Nature intended. This automatically permits the pores to reduce themselves to their normal, invisible size.

Also, Lady Esther Face Cream makes so smooth a base for powder that powder stays on twice as long and stays fresh. You don't have to use a powder base that will ooze out and make a pasty mixture on your skin.

No Other Quite Like It

There is no face cream quite like Lady Esther Face Cream. There is no face cream that will do so much definitely for your skin. But don't take my word for this! Prove it at my expense.

Let me have your name and address and I'll send you a 7-days' supply. Just mail a penny postcard or the coupon below and by return mail you'll get the 7-days' supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder. Write today.

(*You can paste this on a penny postcard.*) (20) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2010 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

Please send me by return mail your 7-day supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your Face Powder.

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

*City*________________*State*__________

(*If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.*)

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MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST

Apply **DERMOIL** externally. Does not stain clothing. Watch the scales go, the red patches gradually disappear, and enjoy the thrill of a clear skin again.

J. F. "Suffered nine years. Had spots on my scalp, forehead, arms, legs and fingernails. Nothing I ever used before has worked like Dermoil. You cannot see the places where the scales were."

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DERMOIL is backed with a positive guarantee to give chronic sufferers definite benefit in two weeks time or money is refunded. **You risk nothing.** Prove it yourself. Trial bottle **FREE** to make our famous "one spot test." **Write today,** stating how long troubled and extent of your Psoriasis. No obligation.

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It takes more than "just a salve" to draw it out. It takes a *"counter-irritant"!* And that's what good old Musterole is—soothing, warming, penetrating and helpful in drawing out local congestion and pain when rubbed on the sore, aching spots.

Muscular lumbago, soreness and stiffness generally yield promptly to this treatment, and with continued application, blessed relief usually follows.

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MUSTEROLE

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Beauty Advice

(*Continued from page 23*)

Rio made an exquisite "Madame Du Barry," whose charms kept a King entranced at a time when the French court was mad with extravagance. Men in those days took part in the drama of dressing, too. The ladies spent half their time getting their hair fixed. Such coiffures as were achieved! They looked like wedding cakes, tier upon tier, with puffs and floating curls, and ribbons, pins and flowers. Contrast the comfort of a modern day permanent with the ordeal of having such a coiffure concocted for you every day of your uncomfortable life. And if you can't get a permanent, you can at least get the kind of new metal curlers that are genuinely comfortable to sleep on. I don't want you to go to the Valentine ball without your rightful heritage of curls.

While the aim of each head may once have been to carry as large and impressive a load as possible, the face has of recent years asserted itself as the dictator. Lovely contour is more important than decoration in hairdressing. Do you remember Charlotte Henry in "Alice in Wonderland" saying, "The face is what one generally goes by?" And so it is. Though sometimes, in the winter, one would think it was the nose. (Don't say modern cosmetics don't belong in Wonderland. I can even tell you something to do for a red nose!)

If the face is the dictator, it ought to demand a search for gold. The Alaskan Gold Rush took place somewhere around the time of Diamond Lil, Mae West's sister under the skin. But the 1936 rush for gold is going to be a feminine one, a youth movement, a discovery in cosmetic chemistry. Naturally, you have always thought of gold as a symbol of wealth. But today this same gold is bringing new beauty to women. El Dorado has been rediscovered in a cream.

ONE of the ancient beauty rituals was the use of gold mixed with wine as a beauty lotion. Women found it beneficial to the skin, but it was a mystery why this was so. Years passed before medical science found a method for developing the beneficial qualities of milk. Then a process made it possible to prepare gold in a soft, fluid form consisting of millions of infinitesimal atoms. Each atom is charged with a natural electrical impulse, and is in constant movement. Now we have this activated gold put into two new creams. The tiny atoms of gold in the cream, because of their constant movement, penetrate easily and quickly to the innermost corners of the pores, attract to them the dust and other impurities lodged there, and carry this debris to the surface of the skin where it can be removed. The result is a tonic effect on the tissues. It's mysterious and has a lot of scientific angles to it regarding negative and positive electrical charges. However, these new creams—one a skin clarifier, the other a rich lubricating cream—arouse circulation, with a cleaner, healthier, more vibrant skin as a result. You'll want to rush for a pencil to write for the name of this modern gold rush product.

There *may* be gold in them thar' hills, but, there *is* milk on your breakfast table. Milk had a place in ancient beauty rituals, too, before vitamins were discovered. Carole Lombard, Heather Angel, Karen Morley and Constance Bennett are a few of Hollywood's exponents of milk as a beautifier.

Mary Biddle,
MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me your bulletin on "The Milk Diet."

Name............................

Address............................

Please enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Personal problems are always gladly answered by Mary Biddle.

This handsome Irishman is Brian Donlevy, a new screen find. He's appeared in "Barbary Coast" and "Another Face" to date, and the New Year will see him in many more.

Information Desk

(*Continued from page 8*)

This was made in England.

RUBY KEELER: Halifax, Nova Scotia, has the honor of claiming Ruby, who was born there on August 25, 1909. But she only lived there three years before the family moved to New York, where she attended public school and later the Professional Children's School. At 13 Ruby made her stage debut and appeared in choruses of Broadway shows while still going to school. Texas Guinan's floor show first brought her to the public eye, and Ziegfeld signed her as chief tap dancer in "Whoopee." 1928 brought Al Jolson and Ruby together, and they were married, after which she was starred in "Show Girl." Her first movie was "42nd Street" in which she made such a hit that she has been tops at Warners ever since. Off the screen she is shy and retiring, dresses modestly and is a grand little wife and a swell mother to their adopted baby, Albert, according to Al. She likes to fish, play golf and ride horseback. A typical Irish beauty, Ruby has brown wavy hair and blue eyes. Her weight is 105 and her height is 5 feet 4 inches. Her next picture will be "Colleen" with Dick Powell and Joan Blondell. Write her at Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, Cal.

ELSA JANE MILLER, Wheeling, W. Va.—What ever started the rumor that Shirley Temple was going blind? She most certainly is not—or anything like it. Right now she is busily working on "Captain January" which will follow "The Littlest Rebel." Lee Tracy is not married, but rumor has it that he and Isabel Jewell have made up. You can write Richard Dix at the RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal., where he recently finished "Mother Lode."

RALPH BELLAMY: This attractive gentleman was born in Chicago, Ill., on June 17, 1904, where he attended public schools. When he was still in college he ran away from home to join a Shakespearean repertory company touring the middle west. From that time on he stuck to the stage persistently playing with stock companies and the like. In 1930 he came to New York, determined to crash Broadway. He obtained a role in "Town Boy" and then went on the road with two other shows. Back to New York again, Ralph obtained an important part in "Roadside" when he was signed to a motion picture contract, and made his screen debut in "The Secret Six." Married to Catherine Willard, they have no children. His hobby is collecting old music boxes and old books. His pastimes include golf, tennis and horseback riding. He is 6 feet 1½ inches tall, weighs 178 pounds, and has light brown hair and blue eyes. He is a free lance player, but is working now on "Dangerous Intrigue" for Columbia Pictures, 1438 N. Gower St., Hollywood, Cal., where you can reach him.

SARAH ANN RAY, Albuquerque, N. M.—Robert Montgomery had a vacation in Europe from which he returned recently. He is about to start work on "The Unguarded Hour" with Rosalind Russell.

BUCK JONES: Charles "Buck" Jones was born in Vincennes, Ind., December 4, 1889, of American parents. He was educated in public schools and for a while worked as a mechanic. Later on he went to Montana and took up the life of a cowboy. Next he joined the U. S. Cavalry for service in the Philippines, following which the Miller Brothers "101" Ranch Wild West Show engaged him as an expert rider. During the World War, Buck went to France with the First Air Squadron and after the war remained in Europe performing his remarkable feats of horsemanship before the various monarchs. He is married to Odille Osborne, and Maxine is their daughter's name. His hobby is mechanics, his height 6 feet and his weight 173 pounds. He has gray eyes and brown hair. Buck is under contract to Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal., where you can reach him. "Silver Spurs" and "Sunset of Power" are his two most recent pictures.

E. G. HULA, New York, N. Y.—William Powell was born on July 29, 1892, in Pittsburgh, Pa. On May 2, 1904, Bing Crosby was born in Tacoma, Wash. Waterbury, Conn., is Rosalind Russell's birth place.

HENRY FONDA: On a certain May 16, this young man was born at Grand Island, Neb., of non-professional parents. His father, William Brace Fonda, moved his family to Omaha when Henry was a small child, and here he attended public and high schools with a writing career in view. He worked his way through the University of Minnesota, where he studied journalism. After his graduation, Henry tried in vain to land a newspaper job. He then became interested in the Omaha Community Playhouse where he appeared in plays, but was principally concerned with the technical end of the stage. In 1928 he came East to play in summer stock and in the fall came to New York where he was engaged by the Theatre Guild as an extra and understudy. He finally got a break and was recommended to Marc Connolly for the role of the farmer lad in "The Farmer Takes a Wife." At the same time, Fonda came to the attention of Walter Wanger who signed him to a long-term contract and loaned him to 20th Century-Fox for the screen version of that play, for "Way Down East" and to RKO-Radio for "I Dream Too Much." Now Mr. Wanger has given him a splendid role in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." Fonda is 6 feet 1 inch tall and weighs 170 pounds. He has black hair and blue eyes. At one time he and Margaret Sullavan were married, but no more—in fact he's not married to anybody. Write him at the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please print a brief life story of..........

......................in your department.

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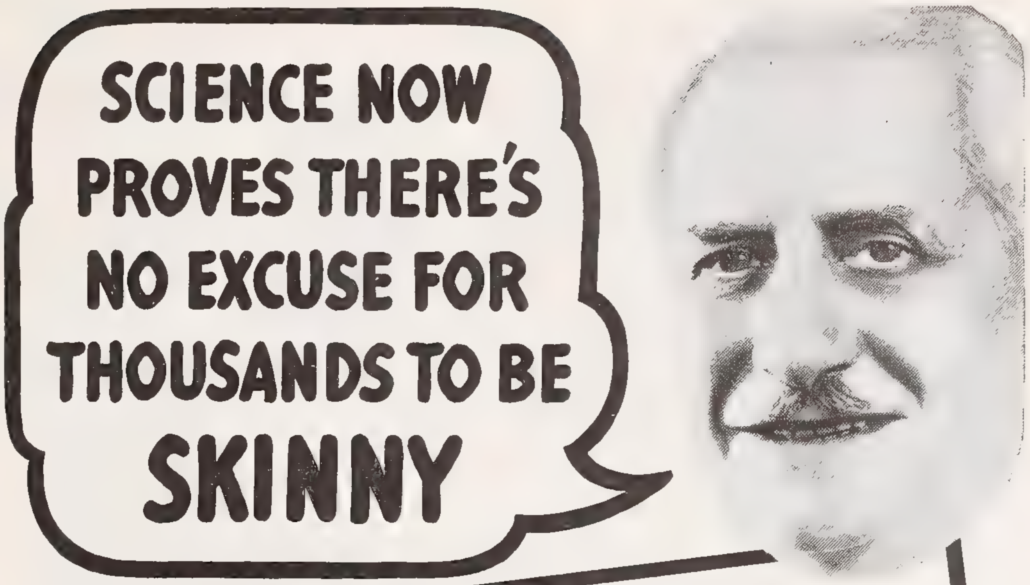
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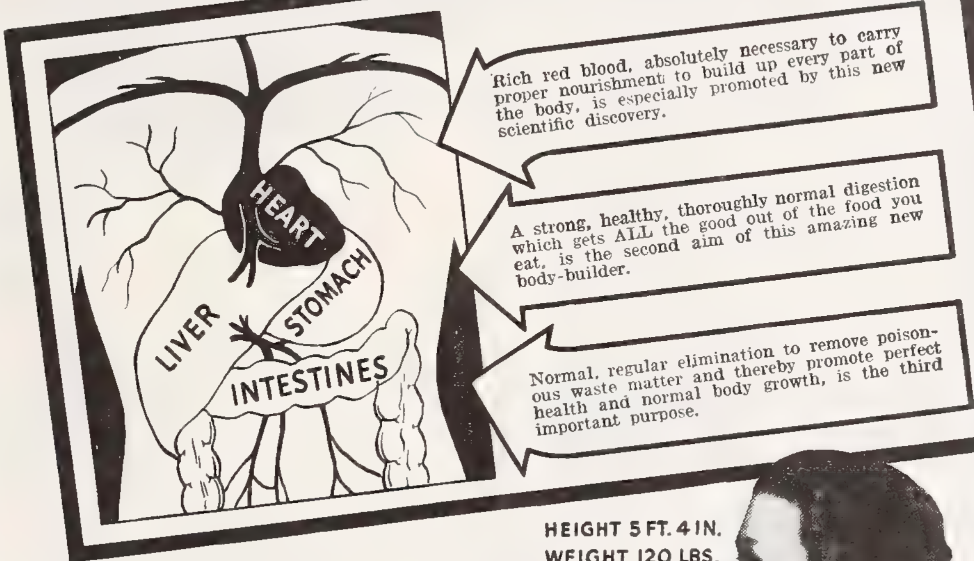

Rich red blood, absolutely necessary to carry proper nourishment to build up every part of the body, is especially promoted by this new scientific discovery.

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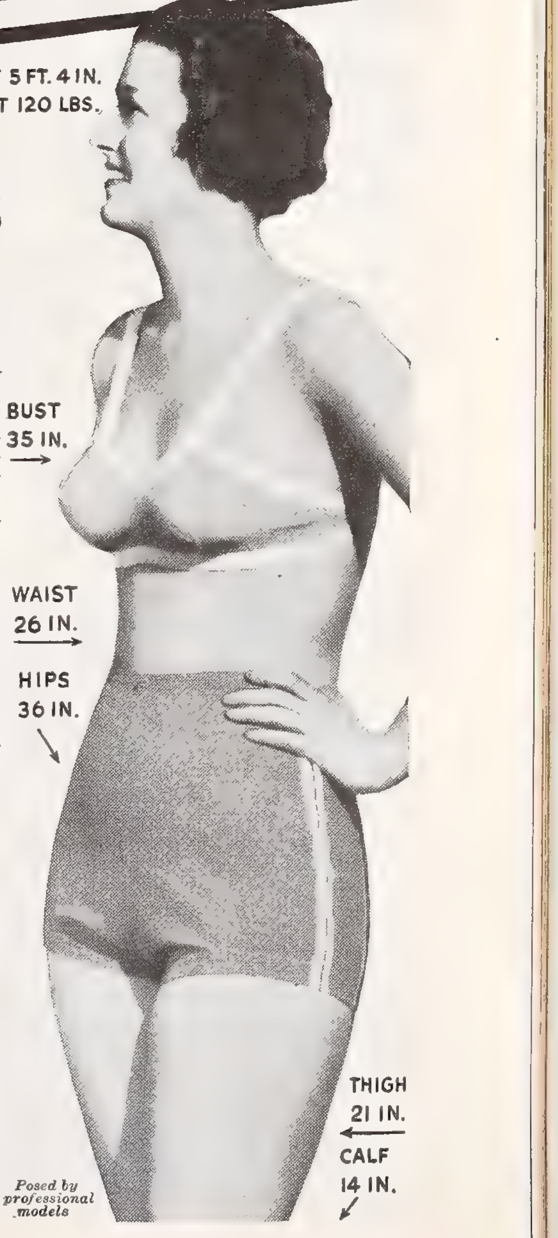
HEIGHT 5 FT. 4 IN.
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To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results guaranteed with the very first package — or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 32, Atlanta, Ga.

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FIRST PRIZE	SECOND PRIZE
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Marion Craig Wentworth, 112 Chapala Street, Santa Barbara, Cal.	Kathryn Mansell, 401 West 44th Street, Ashtabula, Ohio

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Seven at $50.00 Each

Mrs. Nancie S. Brann,
59 Fort Pleasant Ave.,
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1800 San Lorenzo Ave.,
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Elmer Green,
16 East Fourth Street,
Alton, Ill.

W. McQuade,
637 S. Presa Street,
San Antonio, Tex.

Olga M. Rasmussen,
7334—26th Ave.,
Kenosha, Wis.

Robert C. Schenken,
3600 Magnolia Blvd.,
Seattle, Wash.

Robert Seklemian,
c/o R.C.A. Communications, Inc.,
66 Broad Street,
New York, N. Y.

NOTE: Due to lack of space, it is impossible to list here the names of the ninety winners of the fifth prizes (five dollars each). The prizes have been sent to the ninety lucky ones, and their names are on file at this office.

Stu Erwin and June Collyer Erwin are all dressed up for big sea doings at the "Captain's Banquet." Everyone was very nautical.

How Can I Look Smarter?

(*Continued from page 58*)

color. This same type of sandal is very popular about Hollywood and appears in various fabrics as well as gold and silver kid.

Q. Please tell me when I can wear pajamas and where? Can I wear them to dinner? On a boat trip? Or to breakfast when a guest in a friend's home?

A. A few years ago there was a great vogue for wearing pajamas to dinner. These pajamas were made very much like evening gowns only they had trouser legs instead of skirts. However, today it is not smart and the only time you may wear pajamas to dinner would be for an informal gathering of very close friends in your own home. Even then, a hostess dress would be smarter. On a boat trip it is permissable to wear sports pajamas of the shirts and slacks type for deck games, but never anything of a dressy character.

You could wear pajamas to breakfast at your friend's home if you find out first whether the other members of the family will be wearing similar costumes.

Of course, in Hollywood where life is much more informal, the great majority of stars wear pajamas to the studio for work and for general sports wear. These are of a tailored type and are made in fabrics and styles that look appropriate outside the home. Two typical Hollywood pajamas are shown. Clair Trevor wears a white satin suit at home. It's very tailored, the double breasted blouse being trimmed only with black buttons upon which are Claire's initials done in rhinestones. Claire has a three-quarter jacket to top this. So simple and in such good taste is this that she often wears it to dinner when she is having a few friends in. Ruth Weston, the New York stage star, who went to Hollywood for her screen debut in "Splendor," wears a favorite style of Hollywood pajama. It's a two-piece silk affair, very tailored, with a bright plaid scarf as its sole trimming.

Fool-proof Chocolate Frosting

EAGLE BRAND CHOCOLATE FROSTING

2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1⅓ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
1 tablespoon water

Melt chocolate in double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk. Stir over boiling water 5 minutes until it thickens. (Imagine! Takes only 5 minutes to thicken perfectly!) Add water. Cool cake before spreading frosting.

● Only 5 minutes' cooking instead of 15! And it never fails! *Never* too thick nor too thin. Goes on in lovely rich swirls. ● *But remember . . . Evaporated Milk* won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Just remember the name *Eagle Brand*.

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Borden Quality

Margot Grahame and Gene Raymond together at a studio party. Margot is working in "Two O'Clock Courage" and Gene will soon be seen in "Don't Bet on Love."

Yes!
IT'S THE SAME GIRL
LOVELY
MARIAN MARSH
COLUMBIA PLAYER
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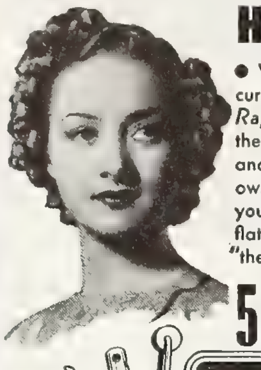

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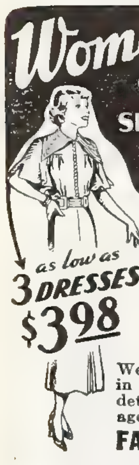

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Phelactine removes hairy growths—takes them out—easily, quickly and gently. Leaves the skin hair free.

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Reduces wrinkles and other age-signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.

Q. Are people wearing evening gloves this year?

A. Yes, quite a number are seen at formal parties. The most popular type is the gauntlet or pull-on of metal cloth or fabric, rather than the more conventional buttoned glove of white kid. Myrna Loy wears a very attractive pair of satin gauntlets with a short sleeved, black velvet dinner dress. A color to contrast with the gown is the popular choice.

Q. I am very short waisted, can I wear sweaters and skirts? Can I wear suits?

A. You can wear sweaters and skirts, provided you don't tuck your sweater into your skirt top. Instead, wear it like an over-blouse with a narrow belt placed slightly below your normal waistline.

You can wear a tailored suit with a one- or two-button closing like the Jean Muir suit, mentioned earlier. Jean is quite short waisted but you would never guess it from this picture, would you? Always avoid wide belts on both dresses and suits, in fact, whenever possible, try to have your costumes made so that the belt line is lower than that worn by a girl whose waistline is more normal.

Q. What should I wear to informal dances? (I don't like ankle length dresses.)

A. The perfect answer to this is Tutta Rolf's attractive metal cloth shirtwaist dress. It is a regulation afternoon length, yet it achieves an air of party formality by the clever use of gold metal cloth with brown velvet trim. It's a grand dress for girls in school, in business, or for you who stay home and have to dash about to informal dancing and bridge parties. Tutta's choice of a giddy little velvet turban is an extra dash of smartness. Grace Moore has one of these semi-formal shirtwaist dresses in a sherry brown satin with jeweled buttons. It's a pet Hollywood cocktail, theatre and dancing costume.

Q. Could I wear sports clothes to a bridge party? If not, what should I wear?

A. You might wear a sports dress or suit for an afternoon of bridge when a foursome of you get together at a friend's house. But for a real party, I think you would feel rather out of place. Bridge parties are usually carefully planned by the hostess and it is only fair to her to appear in some attractive afternoon costume. Bette Davis wears a nice type of informal dress suitable for either afternoon or evening bridge gatherings. The soft, full sleeves, the flared and shorter skirt and the graceful cowl neckline are all good details but not fussy ones. The use of shirring and the added touch of the rhinestone clips are perfect.

Q. When should veils be worn on hats?

A. I am certainly glad that this question came up because I think the veil is a very much misused item of our current fashions. Veils are a dress-up accessory and, therefore, should not be worn for sports or for general tailored daytime use. If you want to trick up a daytime hat to look more festive for an evening date, use a veil by all means—but don't go wearing a veil trimmed hat with a woolen dress and a tweed coat. Wear veils on hats that top afternoon, cocktail, theatre and dinner costumes. Wear them, too, with your best winter coat. An excellent example of a veil worn correctly is the one adorning Myrna Loy's little velvet turban—it accompanies her semi-formal velvet dinner gown and looks *right.* And, if you feel self-conscious in a veil, never wear one.

Q. Recently I was elected president of our local woman's club and I am uncertain about what type of costume would be most appropriate for me to wear to meetings. Will you make some suggestions please?

A. Any attractive afternoon or tailored costume would be right. Some clubs vary in the degree of formality for clothes—some women like to wear real afternoon dresses to club meetings, while others prefer rather tailored clothes. In general, however, I think you would be well dressed if you struck a happy medium between the two. A dress somewhat like the one worn by Ann Sothern and illustrated this month. Her's is two-piece—of suede finished fabric in a warm chamois color. Brown is used for the buttons and trim, also for the attractive scarf cleverly draped above the collar. Ann's accessories and her brimmed felt hat are smart details. This costume is not formal yet it is dignified and quite suitable for a club meeting. Where you are an officer of a social club, meeting in members' houses, you can wear the softer type of afternoon dress in silk or velvet.

Q. What, oh what, can I do about my long thin neck?

A. This is the complaint of so many girls. The best way to camouflage neck length and thinness is to wear scarfs, soft collars and jewelry that give a rounded line to the base of the neck. Avoid V-shaped necklines and off-the-shoulder effects. Kay Francis wears a high collar set off by a three-strand choker of pearls which is a grand way to hide that scrawny neck. Not that Kay has one, but it just happens that this neckline is becoming to thin necks, too. Bulk around the neck is the thing, not a real swaddling effect, but a careful use of fabric to cleverly cover up bones and prominent neck features. Wearing the hair softer and longer is also a good way to cut down the length of the neck.

Q. I have very fat legs, do you think I should wear my daytime skirts long to cover them up?

A. No I do not. I think an awkward skirt length calls attention to big legs. The best daytime skirt length for you is just long enough to cover the upper part of the leg calf. In other words, where the calf of the leg starts tapering down toward the ankle, place your hemline. The best way to judge the correct length for you is to stand with your back to a long mirror, and looking over your shoulder, hitch your skirt up and down until you strike the most becoming spot. Measure that and then adjust your skirts to that height.

Q. What does a girl do when she hasn't an evening coat and feels she can't afford to buy one? Also are bunny wraps still worn for evening?

A. You can always wear your winter coat—but don't wear a hat just because you are wearing your daytime coat. Of course, you could make a short evening cape or jacket for very little cost and then you would feel perfectly dressed. Fur trimming is not an essential, you could even make a cape with one of those cute hoods that forms a cowl collar at back when not covering your hair.

Bunny wraps are still worn by college girls. However, they aren't as popular as lapin because they shed so badly on gowns and escorts. Some of the new lapin capes and jackets look so much like ermine that you get a real kick out of owning one, especially when you know how little you had to pay for it.

SPECIAL KNITTING AND CROCHETING OFFER ON PAGE 6

Between You'n'Me

(Continued from page 25)

wear their hair and if it weren't for movie stars to set the styles everyone would look alike."

To me that statement is ridiculous. I am tired of reading and hearing "do as Hollywood does." Nearly every piece of clothing from handkerchiefs to stockings, is advertised as being exactly like that worn by Ginger Rogers in this picture or Jean Parker in that one. That goes for cosmetics and shampoos, etc., too.

Why? That's simple enough. Just because the fair sex of the U. S. A. is gullible enough to bite every single time. Because this gown made Lombard appear glamorous in her latest picture, they must snatch it and buy it immediately, even if it doesn't suit their personality. They are satisfied because it is an "exact" copy.

Many people seem to think that our very lives hinge on Hollywood doings — the latest romances, blessed events and divorces. I don't give a hoot about the private lives of the stars. What I am interested in is seeing a good movie. I appreciate the beauty and handsomeness of the actresses and actors, but I certainly don't agree that Hollywood rules our lives.—B. Chamberlin, Hasbrouck Heights, N. J.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Carrillo, Picture Saver

If there were more Leo Carrillos we would be assured of more good pictures. Given half a plot he can inject enough human interest into it to hold anyone's attention. While his recent picture, "Love Me Forever," proved to be a masterpiece, it was certainly not due to a good plot. Even so, Carrillo put so much real acting into it that unconsciously one forgot the inconsistency of it all. He gave one the impression that he was not just going through some pre-directed motions and emotions, but he made that character live and stand out.

Even with such a ridiculous part as was assigned him in "The Winning Ticket," he showed the good taste to walk through, and not try to recklessly dramatize a slapstick comedy. (They stopped just short of throwing the pies.)

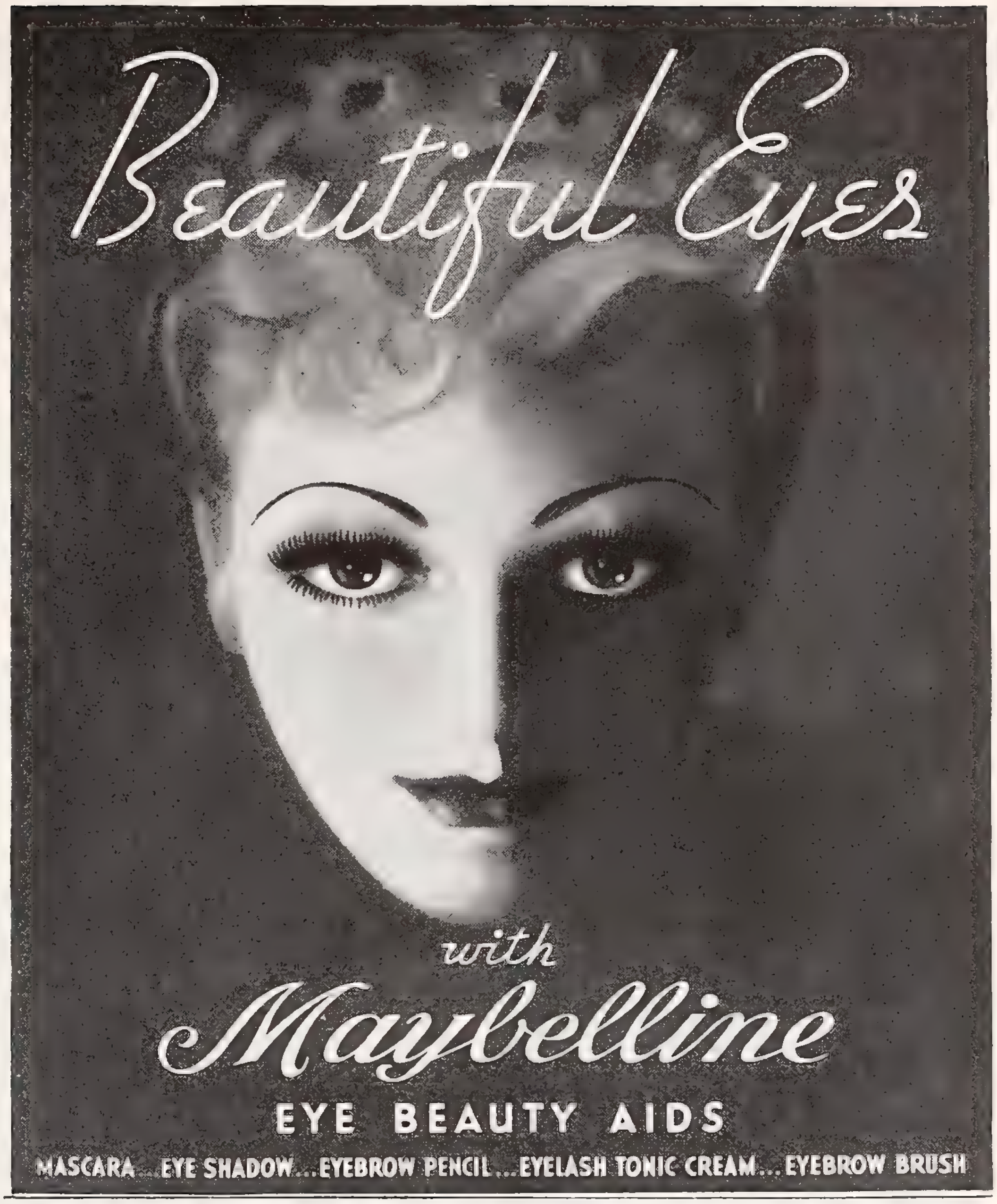
Maybe I'm all warmed up about this Carrillo person, but I'm not the only one. And, from what I have learned about him he must be a pretty worth while gentleman off the screen, as well as an actor.—Laura McCampbell, Knoxville, Tenn.

Attention, Folks!

I've read letters praising Gable, Harlow and every other screen star, but I haven't seen many praising John Howard, a newcomer to the screen. I went to see "Annapolis Farewell" because of Richard Cromwell, but came out raving about John Howard. I think that he, like Robert Taylor, should rise to screen fame because he's got what it takes to make the female heart throb—a healthy handsomeness, a grand speaking voice, plus acting ability. Those of you who have seen him must surely agree with me.—Movie Fan.

This and That

Why all the fuss simply because someone called Joan Crawford "the essence of artificiality?" Everyone has a right to his own opinion.



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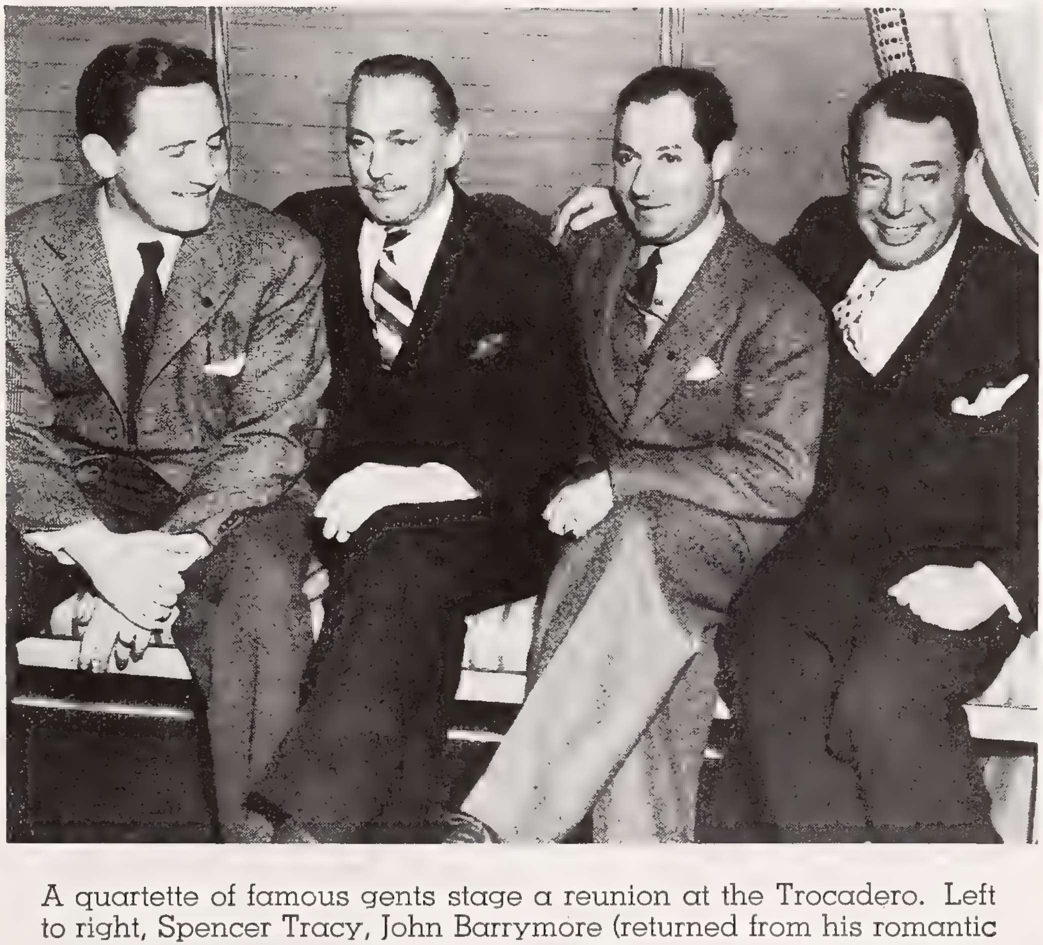

A quartette of famous gents stage a reunion at the Trocadero. Left to right, Spencer Tracy, John Barrymore (returned from his romantic wanderings), George Jessel and Joe Lewis.

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Personally, I can't see that Joan is the essence of anything. She is merely a mediocre actress, whom one might like, mildly, but forget easily if it weren't for her press agent. And that goes for Franchot Tone, too!

Some others that I've tried hard to rave over, but can't, are: Constance Bennett, Gloria Swanson, Francis Lederer, John Boles, Spencer Tracy and Ronald Colman.

On the other hand, despite the fact that they're not widely ballyhooed, I never miss a picture of: Ralph Bellamy, Otto Kruger, Charles Bickford, Marion Nixon, David Manners and Jack Holt.—Ruth King, Cranford, N. J.

Youth Speaks Up

I guess it's about time "we young 'uns" spoke up. Where I hail from, practically two thirds of the movie-goers are between the ages of twelve and eighteen. Because of this fact, Hollywood ought to make the kind of pictures WE like to see. Humor and romance are a combination we crave.

Between you and me, "The Gay Deception" is an excellent example. Francis Lederer and Frances Dee were heart-filling. They fit perfectly into that type of role.

To the producers: Please let us have more of them (together, of course.)—"Fifteen," Worcester, Mass.

Open Letter to Mr. Dix

You've worked mighty hard, Richard Dix, kept your nose close to the proverbial grindstone—eleven years of stardom and eighty starring pictures! You made many sacrifices, old timer, "stayed the limit" when the going was tough. What a career you have had, combined with all the glory of achievement, fame, success, worry, trouble and unhappiness—all of which goes to make up a film star's life.

It hasn't all been in vain, however, Richard Dix—for we, your staunch and tried fans, will never forget your sterling portrayals brimming full of drama, in "The Christian," "The Vanishing American," "Cimmaron," and a score of others. —Hal Revine, Ottawa, Canada.

Watching a Climber

It is indeed gratifying to see Rochelle Hudson get recognition at last, and screen material worthy of her ability. She acts natural and is a likeable and interesting girl. She gave a grand performance in "Way Down East." What a grand picture! Simple and realistic!

I have watched her, with eager expectancy, climb the ladder of success ever since I saw her first in "Are These Our Children?" I am anxiously waiting to see her performances in "Show Them No Mercy" and "Rollin' Along."

I hope she will continue to play in pictures for many years to come.—Helen Talbott, Idaho Springs, Colo.

More of Melton

Having just seen James Melton in "Stars Over Broadway," I think that Warner Brothers should be congratulated upon having added such a beautiful voice and magnetic personality to their bevy of stars!

I know that Mr. Melton's admirers will be very happy to see their radio favorite and that they, like myself, will not be disappointed.

The best of luck to Jimmy Melton, and here's to his next film, "The Desert Song." —Vera Appleton, Bronx, N. Y.

Good Work

The movie industry is certainly finding out what the public likes in the way of pictures, because we have seen some splendid pictures during the last year or so. Those which stand out most in my mind are "Naughty Marietta," "Eskimo," "Imitation of Life," "David Copperfield," "Les Miserables," "Cardinal Richelieu" and "The Crusades."

I like a picture that has some weight, and sincerely hope that the Mae West variety is fading.—R. S., Oklahoma City, Okla.

Reviews—A Tour of Today's Talkies

(*Continued from page 10*)

grow in California on the place, including grain, fruit and nut trees. He boasts that it has already practically paid for itself and when directing palls on him he's going to become a farmer. . . . Margaret Lindsay goes to the movies for a good cry. She even sheds tears over her own performances on the screen. You can take this or not, but Margaret's favorite dish is a mixture of limburger cheese and Bermuda onions on toast. . . . Alison Skipworth swore that she would never go into the fillums. But after 26 plays in succession on Broadway which all flopped, Miss Skipworth decided to try the movie pastures. She only signed a contract for four weeks, however, but that was five years ago and she hasn't left Hollywood since. Miss Skipworth loathes dogs of any kind, but adores cats of every description. Her home is a mecca for every feline in the community. . . . Bette Davis is the least superstitious actress in the colony. A broken mirror only bothers her thrifty nature and she's never been to a fortune teller in her life.

★★★★ Ah, Wilderness

(M-G-M)

This is Eugene O'Neill in his softest mood and M-G-M has wrought a tender, nostalgic picture from his great play. If you like an occasional evening at the movies where you can sit steeped in memory and moved by the charming home life of a simple Connecticut family of 1906, you will leave "Ah, Wilderness" with a great sense of satisfaction. Lionel Barrymore is magnificent as the understanding father of a large family. His scenes with his son, Richard, played with fire and pathetic youthful emotion by Eric Linden, are deeply moving. To say that they point a moral to all parents makes this sound too stuffy which it never is. Spring Byington as the mother, Wallace Beery as her roistering, tipsy brother, and Aline MacMahon, Cecilia Parker, Frank Albertson and Bonita Granville all give excellent performances. It's a homespun evening for all your family.

★★ The Bride Comes Home

(Paramount)

It's about time that everyone stopped trying to make another "It Happened One Night" out in Hollywood. To waste good talent like Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray and Robert Young on a thin little story like this is a shame. Poor Fred MacMurray looks completely unhappy as a mulish magazine editor who has the bad luck to fall in love with Claudette, a cheeild of the idle rich who has to go to work on account of Pop, William Collier, Sr.,

Clark Gable and Charles Laughton in that grand film, "Mutiny on the Bounty."

is busted. Bob Young is the rich playboy with an unquenchable thirst and ditto love for Claudette. There are some laughs and smart lines but on the whole you end up not caring too much whether the bride gets home or not. Collier, Sr., deserves a special bravo for giving you some of the most entertaining moments in the picture.

★★★★ Mutiny on the Bounty

(M-G-M)

When a producer spends something like $2,000,000 on a production he is entitled to expect from his director and the cast something well above the ordinary run of picture fare. "Mutiny on the Bounty" looks like two million dollars of any producer's money. Faithful to the Nordhoff-Hall best-seller of several years ago, it presents a vivid picture of the cruel Captain Bligh and the men to whom mutiny seems the only means of escape from his brutalities. Personally, we can't understand why the men of his majesty's ship, "The Bounty," didn't toss their captain into the briny, but perhaps we don't understand British naval regulations. Those who have read the book know that some of the mutineers were hauled back to England to stand trial, while the others remained on Pitcairn's Island to establish a new colony and, no doubt, a sequel to "Mutiny on the Bounty." Of the cast, Charles Laughton's Captain Bligh is villainously superb, and the portrayals of Clark Gable and Franchot Tone are first-rate, Tone being especially good in an impassioned plea at the trial for the mutineers. Here is really an epic of the sea.

Preview Postscripts

Production costs for this picture soared because of traveling expenses. Almost a year was spent in Tahiti by Director Frank Lloyd, a crew of cameramen and actors to get that realistic scenery. Mamo, the South Sea Island maiden, is a genuine article, too, for she was discovered while the crew was on location and signed to a contract. The entire cast was on location at Catalina Island for several weeks. Clark Gable rented a house over there and regaled his cronies with nightly bachelor dinners. Those scenes on the briny deep weren't faked on a puddle in the studio's back lot, either. Many of them were shot in Catalina Bay and at San Pedro. The "Pandora" and "Bounty" were as exact replicas of the original vessels as months of research and careful construction could make possible. Research on the picture has taken over three years. Natalie Bucknall, head of the M-G-M research department, and a

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The crowd swept Candy and Greg into the room where half the college was waiting to greet them with cheers. The whole thing seemed like a nightmare to Candy. The congratulations, the music, the dull guilty ache in her heart. Only last night she had been a carefree silly girl and now—now she was living a lie! For she dared not tell the truth.

It was just then that Tops yelled over the heads of the crowd. "I'll tell you what I know. Listen, everybody! I'm going to tell you about Greg and Candy. They aren't married! I know, because I heard the manager of the roadhouse talking. They were up in one of the private suites when the place was raided! They just said they were married to stop a scandal!"

"Of course we have a license," said Greg. "We'll go get it now!" Hand in hand Candy and Greg ran down the walk to his car. Candy was trembling so that her teeth were chattering. It was all so ghastly! "What—what are we going to do?" she whispered. . . .

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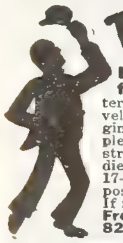

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Peter Lorre and Marian Marsh in "Crime and Punishment."

group of assistants devoted months to tracking down every clue on the real "Mutiny" trials, obtaining photostatic copies of material and unearthing every possible bit of information. The uniforms worn by the crew in the film are exactly like those in fashion on board the "Mutiny" a couple of centuries ago. Credit for this feat goes to Charles Laughton, who happened on the firm in London which has been in business for over two hundred years and were the makers of the original outfits. They were handed the costuming contract by the studio for the whole works. Director Lloyd can take dozens of bows on this one. He has had a hand in every phase of the picture including research, script writing, photographing and acting. Turning this story into a celluloider was Lloyd's idea in the beginning, some four years ago. He had visions of a top-notch thriller, but the studio biggies didn't. Perseverance in the face of such objections doesn't generally win out. So Mr. L. can take another bow. . . . That distracted look which the camera caught on the faces of Mr. Tone and Mr. Gable occasionally during the making of this picture can be understood now. Franchot was contemplating marriage, of course, and Clark a divorce. So that's that for awhile for both of them.

★★★★ I Dream Too Much

(RKO-Radio)

With the arrival of Lily Pons, opera has now completed its invasion of Hollywood. And in Mlle. Pons' case, at least, it's all for the best, for while the young lady is not beautiful she is good to look upon, possesses an engaging accent, a surprising flair for comedy, and the best feminine voice that the sound screen has ever offered. In fewer words, Lily Pons is a hit in pictures. Her rendition of the bell song from "Lakme" is sure to be one of the high points of the present movie season. Its only fault is that it makes the excellent modern numbers by Jerome Kern suffer by comparison. The story concerns a young French girl who has a voice but whose only ambition is to have babies. During a night of revelry she meets and marries Henry Fonda, an American composer. While trying to sell his opera to an impresario (Osgood Perkins) she gets herself discovered and becomes an opera star. Husband resents his enforced role of a Mr. Nobody and walks out. Things straighten themselves out, however, and the result is a bright and merry musical which should have considerable appeal. Henry Fonda stamps himself as an excellent leading man, and Osgood Perkins, seen too infrequently in pictures, makes his minor role stand out. Quite a few additional laughs are supplied by Eric Blore and The Duchess. The Duchess is a seal.

Preview Postscripts

Not content with luring stage luminaries to Hollywood, the movie moguls are raiding the Metropolitan ranks. Lily Pons is the latest to appear on the silver screen to the accompaniment of her canned golden voice. The diminutive Miss Pons was born in Cannes, daughter of an Italian mother and a French father. A delicate child, she was given vocal lessons for the deep breathing benefits. Her voice delighted everyone but Lily. She wanted to be a concert pianist and it was not until she had graduated from the Paris Conservatory of Music that she took up singing in earnest. Miss Pons' Metropolitan debut was made in 1931 and her transatlantic flight in 1934. This was a trip from Rio de Janeiro to Germany on the Graf Zeppelin. She has a passion for pets. Baby panthers, monkeys and a young zebra number among her favorites, though she's very partial to Jerry, the seal in this picture. The singer was a great favorite of Jerry's, too, who finally got to the point where she snubbed her trainer and would obey none but Miss Pons. The seal is a star in her own right. Her screen name is "The Duchess" and she hails from a tank at the San Diego Exposition. Jerry is talented—plays the bugle and flute—but temperamental. She took a great dislike to her stand-in, a blown-up rubber seal, and would not perform when it was on the set. Ronald, the rat who makes his debut in this picture, is also quite a personage. He received $7.50 a day for his services according to the contract, while his trainer earned $5. . . . Henry Fonda is the young man of a million ideas. He's an actor by accident, having decided on everything *but* a profession. Back in the Nebraska high school days Hank was a window-trimmer, ice-man and soda-jerker. Then he took the Minnesota University's journalism course, with an eye on playwriting and the Great American Novel. On Saturday afternoons he councilled a Boy Scout troop, coached basketball in the evenings and taught English at a Community Centre on the Sabbath. It wasn't a nervous breakdown, after all, but a financial one that forced him to accept a position with the Omaha Playhouse for a paltry sum. But it paved the way to Broadway where he married Miss Margaret Sullavan, was divorced by the same, and later made a hit in "The Farmer Takes a Wife."

Sylvia Sidney and Alan Baxter in "Mary Burns, Fugitive."

Randolph Scott and Margaret Sullavan in "So Red the Rose."

★★★ Crime and Punishment

(Columbia)

You might call this "The Return of Von Sternberg." We don't mean that Joe is just back from his ancestral home in Brooklyn; we mean that this is his first really good picture in some time. You may recall that his last several efforts turned out to be nothing more than a series of lovely photographs of Marlene Dietrich. His new picture is completely equipped with motivation, a story, and two examples of fine acting. The story is Dostoievsky's, and is mainly concerned with the fear that grips a man who has committed a murder. The two acting lessons are furnished by Peter Lorre, as the criminal, and Edward Arnold, as the police inspector, who do much to give the story a vitality it would lack in the hands of actors less expert than they. Briefly, the story is this: Lorre, brilliant university graduate, finds himself unemployed and penniless. Recognized as an authority on crime, and actuated by a desire for enough money to bring him food and shelter and to prevent his sister from marrying a wealthy middle-aged dolt whom he detests, he commits what he believes to be a perfect murder, only to find himself driven almost mad by fear the minute suspicion is turned his way. It's a grim unreeling most of the way, with very little comedy relief, but it should win Lorre many new fans in America. In lesser roles, Marian Marsh and Tala Birell are both capable.

★★ Stars Over Broadway

(Warner Bros.)

Here's a picture worth seeing just to hear. James Melton, screendom's newest songster, proves he has what it takes in the vocal line. After his "Celeste Aida" you will forget that the young man can't act. Pat O'Brien, in the role of a Broadway agent, thinks anyone who can render operatic arias like that should be pretty good crooner material. So he takes our hero in hand and makes him a "Star Over Broadway" via the ether waves. Mr. O'Brien, incidentally, is proving more versatile with every picture. In this he is a cynical guy who never cracks a smile until the fade-out. Jane Froman does some very satisfactory warbling while Frank McHugh furnishes the laughs as a song-plugging pest. Marie Wilson, another newcomer to the fillums, promises to be a fine comedienne and Jean Muir is pleasantly pretty in the romantic lead.

★★ Millions in the Air

(Paramount)

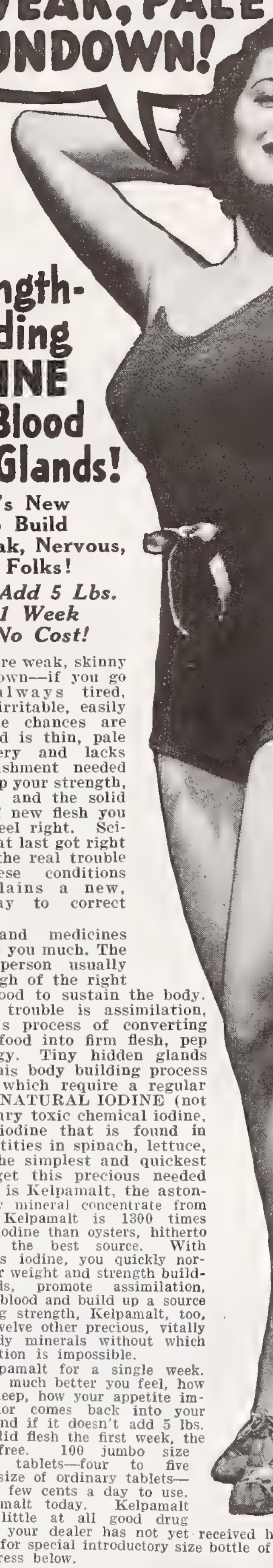
With Major Bowes' radio amateur hour as its inspiration, "Millions in the Air" presents a fairly entertaining bit of diversion which ought to bring joy to the hearts of all loyal devotees of the gong. If memory isn't fooling, this is the first motion picture built entirely around an amateur hour, so—who knows?—maybe we're in for a series of them. The romance in this one is carried by Wendy Barrie, as the daughter of George Barbier, the program's sponsor, and John Howard, a crooning milkman. They meet—the handsome young milkman and the sponsor's daughter—and go on the hour with a song number. While their singing is not Grade A it seems to appeal to the audience, which yells for more, and thus a romance is started. The real entertainment in this exhibit is furnished by Willie Howard, for years one of Broadway's favorite comedians, who makes an auspicious screen debut as a would-be opera star who has been strictly amateur for twenty-five years. His burning ambition is to finish something—anything—from "Rigoletto" without accompaniment of the gong. There'll be more of Mr. Howard in pictures. Eleanore Whitney is a cute and capable tap dancer, and others who furnish amusing bits are Robert Cummings and Inez Courtney.

★★★★ So Red the Rose

(Paramount)

The South, before and after the war, comes to life again under the able supervision of King Vidor, and with considerable help from Margaret Sullavan, whose performances are always interesting. "So Red the Rose" tells what the Civil War did to the South, not by exhibiting battle scenes, but by singling out one southern family and showing what it did to them. The Bedfords, headed by Walter Connolly and Janet Beecher, live a happy and peaceful existence with their plantation and their daughter, Margaret Sullavan, a real flower of the old South who is in love with her cousin, Randolph Scott, who manages the plantation. The war breaks out, and the head of the house and his son go off to battle and to their death. When cousin Randolph the last to go, returns home at the end of the war he finds the Bedford mansion burned to the ground and the women of the family living in the old slaves' quarters. "So Red the Rose" should appeal to everyone.

Paul Muni and Josephine Hutchinson in "The Story of Louis Pasteur."



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Get Strength-Building IODINE into Blood and Glands!

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Must Add 5 Lbs. in 1 Week Or No Cost!

If you are weak, skinny and rundown—if you go around always tired, nervous, irritable, easily upset, the chances are your blood is thin, pale and watery and lacks the nourishment needed to build up your strength, endurance and the solid pounds of new flesh you need to feel right. Science has at last got right down to the real trouble with these conditions and explains a new, quick way to correct them.

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Try Kelpamalt for a single week. Notice how much better you feel, how well you sleep, how your appetite improves, color comes back into your cheeks. And if it doesn't add 5 lbs. of good solid flesh the first week, the trial is free. 100 jumbo size Kelpamalt tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but a few cents a day to use. Get Kelpamalt today. Kelpamalt costs but little at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send $1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

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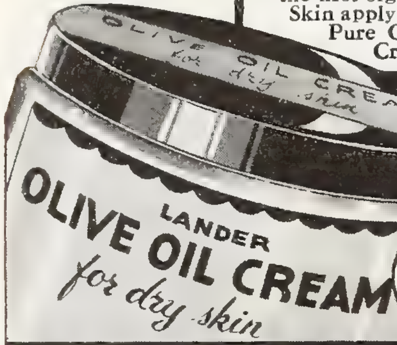

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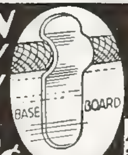

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★ STAR-SHEEN
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SOLD AT ALL 10c STORES

Preview Postscripts

The sons and daughters of the Old South in this play really are from Dixie; Margaret Sullavan was born in Virginia, a direct descendant of Robert E. Lee. Randolph Scott is also a Virginian and a graduate of the University of North Carolina. Harry Ellerbe is a native of Georgia and Elizabeth Patterson comes from Savannah, suh. An entire Southern village and countryside was constructed for the setting. A plantation sprung up in Sherwood Forest, forty miles from Hollywood. Over a hundred carpenters and painters lived on the location for three weeks. Beside building the large mansions, quarters had to be put up for five hundred slaves. The battlefield of Shiloh took more than two weeks to complete. All shrubs, flowers and vines were transported to Sherwood, planted and watered for three months before they could appear a natural part of the scenery. Interior scenes were shot on the studio sets. These contained some of the costliest "props" ever to be assembled on a set. For neither expense nor effort was spared to find authentic antiques to re-create the spirit of the time. William G. Beymer, noted authority on the Civil War period, was sent through the South to collect antiques and check on all the props and costumes to be used. Randolph Scott found that all those "horse operas" in which he was cast for his first few years in Hollywood weren't all lost time. But he wishes he had learned to be as much at home with a gun as he is on a horse. While doing a quail hunting scene on location, Randy pulled the trigger of an old-fashioned rifle and the ancient firearm promptly exploded, hurling the copper percussion cap into the flesh below his eye. First-aid treatment by the doctor, on location with the company, was administered and the ex-cowboy was advised to use only slingshots from then on.

★ Broadway Hostess

(Warner Bros.)

If Broadway were as uninteresting as some of the pictures about it, a wholesale evacuation would seem to be in order. This little number is not completely bad, nor is it good. Its theme is that startlingly new one which states that while Broadway and Park Avenue are but a drink or two apart on the city map, there's a social wall between them which is rarely scaled, and then only by guys with courage and persistence, such as, in our case, Lyle Talbot. Lyle is a Broadway boy who manages Winifred Shaw, a night club torch chanter. On Park Avenue we have Genevieve Tobin, who plays around with Lyle merely for the laughs. She's not sincere, see, but guess who is? The Broadway chanteuse. But Lyle wants the daughter of Park Avenue, and he starts a campaign to dazzle her with his wealth by opening a swank gambling joint. The place prospers until he gets himself in a jam with Genevieve's brother, a cad if ever we saw one—and we've seen one. From there on things are a bit too complicated to report, so let's just say that Phil Regan sings well in a supporting role and Allen Jenkins furnishes the so-called comedy relief.

★ One Way Ticket

(Columbia)

Perhaps you'd prefer a round-trip ticket on this one, for you may not want to stay long. Anyway, it's all about Lloyd Nolan, who is caught robbing a bank of $47.98, or some such sum, which is the exact amount his father had hoarded there when the bank closed its doors permanently. Lloyd gets a one-way ticket to the state penitentiary, where he captures the eye of Peggy Conklin. Peggy is not, as the country club set puts it, in stir—she happens to be the daughter of the captain of the guards, who is Walter Connolly. All of which elevates Lloyd to the post of gardener for the Connollys and the Conklins, and goes to prove that stone walls do not a prison make, for when Peggy goes off to college whom do you suppose she finds in her trunk? Right. Lloyd takes it on the lam, and turns up later as gardener at Peggy's sorority house. When the authorities close on him he grabs Peggy and dashes away to a hideout. The law is not to be denied, however, and both Lloyd and Peggy are apprehended. This time they both go to jail, promising, of course, to wait for each other. Somehow there didn't seem to be much choice in that decision.

★★★★ Mary Burns, Fugitive

(Walter Wanger-Paramount)

If you're looking for excitement, this picture will provide plenty. Thrills and chills are packed into the plot, besides as absorbing a love story as you've seen in many a movie moon. You'll be glad to find Sylvia Sidney in a role that does her justice, even if the law doesn't. She is Mary Burns who turns fugitive because of an unjust prison term given her for supposedly aiding U. S. A.'s current Enemy No. 1. Alan Baxter is the meanie who causes all the trouble for Mary and the G-Men. The characterization doesn't allow this screen newcomer much sympathy, but it should reap him a goodly supply of fan mail. Melvyn Douglas does a good job of making a snow-blind explorer romantic, while Pert Kelton and Brian Donlevy are too convincing for comfort as the toughest toughs ever to leer into a camera. The entire cast is competent and with a good yarn to boot this picture comes under the heading of excellent entertainment.

★★★ In Person

(RKO-Radio)

Seems rather strange seeing Ginger Rogers without Fred Astaire these days, but it should help to prove that the Rogers gal is capable of stepping out on her own when she's called upon to do so. In this one she is paired with George Brent, who, let us assure you right now, executes not one single dance step in the entire picture. George, in fact, is a sullen sort of guy who finds himself encumbered (the thought is Mr. Brent's) with Ginger as his guest at a cabin in the mountains. Miss R. is a movie queen who is suffering a nervous breakdown from an over dose of autograph fiends. In a disguise which is second only to a Karloff horror picture, she is "getting away from it all" in the pleasant mountain surroundings. For Mr. Brent's fans, it must be said that his intentions are nothing but honorable. He doesn't know Ginger is a Glamor Girl, and he has taken her to the mountain retreat only as a favor to his uncle. Yes, we said uncle. From there on things get complicated, as well they might, and in the process you are witness to a bright and diverting comedy and a couple of excellent Rogers' song and dance numbers. Alan Mowbray, Grant Mitchell and Samuel Hinds do well with the supporting roles.

BROWN BLONDES WANT GOLDEN HAIR?

Shampoo-rinse Washes Hair 2 to 4 Shades Lighter

WHAT girl with dull, brownish hair wouldn't give a fortune to be the possessor of gloriously radiant, golden hair? Any girl, of course. But now, thanks to Blondex, the unique shampoo-rinse, the drabbest, most faded hair can be made to gleam with gold for just a few cents. If *you* want golden hair, try Blondex today. One shampoo with Blondex will wash your hair 2 to 4 shades lighter. And *safely*, too, for Blondex is not a harsh bleach or dye. Start today with Blondex. Bring back the golden beauty of childhood. Be a true, alluring *golden* blonde. Get Blondex at any drug or department store.

BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO-RINSE

Connie Bennett is leaving Hollywood for awhile to do a couple of pictures for GB in London. She will do "Everything Is Thunder" and "The Hawk."

★★★ Splendor

(Samuel Goldwyn)

If it may be said that Samuel Goldwyn has a standard, it may also be said that "Splendor" is not up to it. Goldwyn productions, as a rule, are known for their excellent stories as well as for their handsome settings. In this latest number, the inferior quality of the story seems more obvious against the commendable backgrounds Mr. Goldwyn has provided for it. What we're trying to say is that "Splendor" is good, average entertainment, and perhaps we shouldn't expect more than that, so let's get on with the story. Briefly, it's this: Joel McCrea, son of a proud and once wealthy family, marries Miriam Hopkins, much to the aforesaid family's horror, for they expected him to marry Ruth Weston, an heiress friend who could have paid off the McCrea mortgage. Under the pressure from the family, and in an effort to get Joel on his feet financially, Miriam is forced into a situation with his cousin, Paul Cavanagh. Comes the denouement, and finally a happy understanding between the co-stars. Miss Hopkins has never been photographed more beautifully, and her presence adds considerably to the picture's entertainment value. The rest of the cast is first-rate, with a special nod in the direction of Ruth Weston, who makes the heiress believable and human.

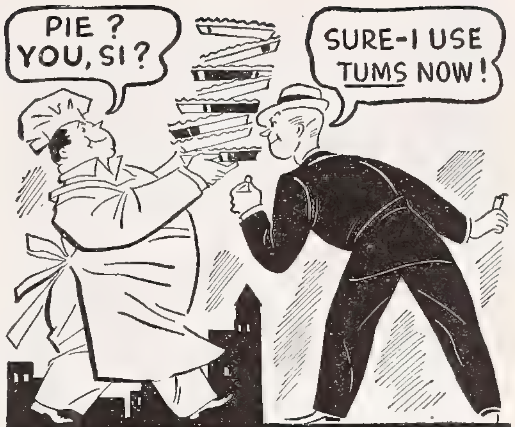
★★★★ The Story of Louis Pasteur

(Warners)

This is definitely not one of those "fair and Warner" pictures. It is tops in entertainment and marks an important step forward in the motion picture industry. The studio has given us here the biography of a great man. And when they prove how absorbing a drama can be built from the drab facts of a scientist's life, a whole new field for screen material is opened. The story of Louis Pasteur's love for humanity has more intense interest than any screen romance yet unreeled. Paul Muni's characterization of Pasteur is beautifully done. The great kindliness and patience of the scientist is portrayed so understandingly by Muni that he makes him an unforgettable personality. Josephine Hutchinson is well cast as the wife of Pasteur who comforted and believed in her husband when the world was scorning his theories. They are driven from Paris by the King's wrath after Pasteur discovers the cause of child-birth infections which have resulted in innumerable deaths. Then Pasteur is scorned by the French Medical Academy for his theory of vaccination and is subjected to the world's ridicule over his cure for hydrophobia. In the midst of his troubles, the scientist is stricken with paralysis. The plot is engrossing throughout, packed with suspense and dramatic situations. Anita Louise and Donald Woods are capable in minor roles, as is Fritz Leiber.

Preview Postscripts

This picture took only six weeks to shoot, but actual work took over two years. Research for the story was a long and involved procedure. All the instruments used in the laboratory scenes were authentic to the period. The microscopes were genuine ones used in that day, and other instruments which could not be traced were made according to Pasteur's sketches of them. The palace set was the most elaborate constructed on the studio sets, although the amphitheatre and Pasteur home necessitated weeks of construction. The French Provincial farmhouse was located after scouring the entire countryside. It took all of three weeks to perfect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I'VE GOT A COLD, I DON'T FEEL WELL, SIR
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The "doubles" for famous stars make an interesting group. The stand-in for Claudette Colbert is Pluma Noisom; for Crawford, Kasha Le Seuer; for Garbo, Chris Meeker and for Mae West, Virginia Rendell.

Jean Parker's back from England where she made "The Ghost Goes West" with Robert Donat.

Paul Muni's make-up. The pictures of Pasteur showed a fuller face and higher forehead than that of Muni. Finally a make-up was perfected which looked exactly like the pictures of the scientist, though it took three hours every day to get it on the Muni face.

★★ Another Face
(RKO-Radio)

This was originally titled "It Happened in Hollywood"—and such a series of situations could have happened in no other place. It's as hilariously improbable as the town itself and just as worth seeing. The yarn concerns an ex-killer (Brian Donlevy) who has his pugilistic nose remodeled. With the new streamlined profile he heads for Hollywood and is an over-night sensation. It looks like this novel form of hideout from Uncle Sam's sleuths is going to work for several reels before the dashing Donlevy gets tripped up. Molly Lamont, a new English actress, gives an excellent performance as the tripper-upper and Phyllis Brooks is good as the romantic blonde. Wallace Ford, the publicity-mad press agent, and Alan Hale, as the distraught "quickie" producer, furnish a year's quota of laughs. There is no lack of suspense, either, up to the climax when our hero holds G-Men and studio officials at the point of a gun after they have set an elaborate trap for him. Sure, it's drammer in large doses and completely silly in spots, but this celluloider is worth the price of admission any day. The good performances of the various members of the cast will surprise you considering that there isn't a prominent name in the entire list.

Preview Postscripts

This was a phenomenal picture, for most of it was shot without sets of any kind. The important scenes were taken at the studio gates, outside the sound sets, on the cat-walks (those high beams across the studio stages) and in odd corners of the lot. So if you want the low-down on the interiors of the studios you'll get the real thing here. To the luck of the Irish is what Brian Donlevy attributes his speedy rise in the cinema. Though he was born in Wisconsin, Brian's parents came from the Emerald Isle, and belong to the Donlevy whiskey tribe. He was enrolled by his hopeful parents in a military academy, but learning didn't take, so Brian ran away at sixteen and joined the army. After developing that jaw in military combat, Mr. Donlevy offered the Arrow Collar people the chance to photograph it. He was the best known Arrow Collar lad in the country. Jack Mulhall and Neil Hamilton were working in the same business in those days. . . . Wallace Ford has never been to school a day in his life. He was an orphan at nine and adopted by a Manitoba farmer. But tilling the good earth didn't appeal to Wallace so he hopped a freight train to St. Joseph a year later and began looking around for a means of livelihood. Theodore Roberts' Stock Company was in that town and Master Ford was given a job ushering. He finally worked up to be doorman, stage hand and at last got onto the stage itself. Now he's a member of the Lambs' Club in good standing and is famed as Hollywood's super story teller. No dialects excluded, including Ethiopian. Eric Rhodes, attention Mr. Ripley, is a Phi Beta Kappa. You can check with the University of Oklahoma on that.

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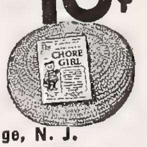

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The Jan Kiepura stories continue to drift in. The Polish tenor, while making his first American picture, "Give Us This Night," with Gladys Swarthout, had the boys at Paramount pretty much on edge with his temperament. Perhaps you've heard that he never speaks for two hours before he is to sing, and that he once made Bing Crosby put out a pipe in his presence. The best Kiepura tale, however, concerns Jack Oakie and his man Henderson. The Hendersons claim to fame in Hollywood is that Cracker acts as combination stooge and valet for Gary Cooper, and Cracker No. 2 fills the same position for Jack Oakie. During the making of "Collegiate," Jack sent his man to the wardrobe to bring back the clothes he was to wear for the day's scenes. Two hours later Cracker No. 2 returned empty-handed and announced: "I can't get a thing, Jack. Everybody over there is running around getting clothes for a guy named John Shapiro!"

■ ■ ■

Here's more foreign news. Mlle. Simone Simon, who arrived in these hills only a few months ago with no knowledge of English, is learning, but not rapidly. The other evening at a night club the little lady was shocked to note a lengthy split in the seam of her gown which revealed considerable Gallic anatomy. She hastened to a dressing room attendant who sewed it up, after which the Mlle., full of gratitude, smiled and said: "I beg your pardon very much." At that, the gal is making better progress than Anna Sten, but Sten was handicapped—she learned English from Sam Goldwyn!

■ ■ ■

Binnie Barnes is one of Hollywood's most consistent party throwers—and you'd be, too, if you had a swell little home in the hills such as Binnie possesses. A big affair recently honored Sophie Tucker, the last—

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Large SIZE 20c

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glisten like new . . . kills germs . . .
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toilet. (Directions are on the can.) Flush it, and the job is done. You don't rub or scrub. Don't touch it with your hands. Rust and stains go. Odors vanish. The toilet is safe! Sanitary! *Sani-Flush is also effective for cleaning automobile radiators (directions on can).* Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores—25 and 10 cent sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, Ohio.

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How a murderess was trapped merely because she got a permanent wave . . .?

The truth about a love affair so powerful that it led to murder . . .?

The story of the jilted suitor whose jealousy led him to commit a most shocking crime . . .?

Then, read the February

INSIDE DETECTIVE

"America's Most Interesting Fact-Detective Magazine"

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A more down-to-earth barroom banquet tossed by Pinky Tomlin and Coy Poe. Looking around for an excuse to celebrate, they found a swell one when they learned that their original screen musical, "The Arkansas Traveler," had been sold to 20th Century-Fox. It was one of those typically cornfed gatherings where all the gals were given rural costumes and the men folks were stopped at the door and adorned with whiskers. Among the neighbors, who carried on until almost milkin' time, were Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres, who seldom go partying, Tom Brown with Phyllis Fraser (Ginger's cousin), Toby Wing and Bob Hoover, and that retired old millionaire, Jackie Coogan, with Betty Grable. Music was provided by a one-man band, which gave everybody a chance to get up and shake the hay out of their hair.

■ ■ ■

You probably didn't know that Joan Bennett has an extra large yen to become an interior decorator, but hubby Gene Markey knows it, and with regrets. When Gene arrives home late from the studio he usually expects to find all the furniture in his room completely switched around. He doesn't mind that so much, but what really gets him is to find that his own private den has suddenly become the kiddies' playroom, and that his bedroom, since he last saw it, has been converted into a nursery. Joan really does some tasty decorating, according to Gene, but he wishes she'd furnish maps before she swings into action.

■ ■ ■

Funny how rumors spread in Hollywood. A couple of months ago, gay Saturday night affairs were hushed by the report that Claudette Colbert had been killed in an auto accident on the way to Palm Springs. The fact that there was no authentic source for the rumor doesn't mean a thing out here, for one of the

we'll gladly [illegible] The portly Mr. A. says he's played so many detective roles that he looks exactly like one—from the top of his head to the flat of his feet, you might say. To prove it he says he once followed a rough looking gent along the Bowery in New York, getting pointers for a detective play he was about to go into. After an hour of amateur sleuthing, the guy, according to Eddie, suddenly turned around and said, "All right, brother, take me to the station. I guess you got me."

■ ■ ■

Want to know what a chorus girl thinks about, or aren't you caring? Well, a questionnaire submitted to over forty charmers on "The Great Ziegfeld" set reveals that their favorite living person is Franklin D. Roosevelt, with Marconi a rather surprising second. Their favorite author is Dickens, by a nose, with Somerset Maugham at his heels. Even Leslie Howard drew a vote in this department—someone must have been reading his mail. Asked what they would do with a million dollars, one lovely lady replied: "Try and keep it." Others would buy yachts, take piano lessons, endow hospital rooms, and several would simply relax and spend it. About the only thing the girls agreed upon was that Bill Powell is their favorite actor. There's a bit of a bribe connected with that admission, however, for every afternoon during production Bill kept the shapely misses well stocked with hot dogs and ice cream cones.

■ ■ ■

Despite indignant denials from both sides, the big romance of the month is that of Sybil Jason and Dickie Moore. Moore, one of Hollywood's most eligible bachelors, still single despite his seven years, was working in "Anthony Adverse" when the brazen Jason spied him. She liked his looks, asked him to lunch, and he accepted. Since then they've been seen together on several occasions, and those in the know predict wed-

ding bells, unless some streamlined siren like Shirley Temple steps into the picture.

* * *

Speaking of the Temple miss, that young lady is doing mighty well for herself these days. During 1936, what with her studio contract and royalties from commercial products, Shirley's income will approximate $5,000 per week, which is enough, according to reports, to keep even a movie queen in kindergarten. With her father a bank employee and her mother one of the shrewdest business managers in Hollywood, it is safe to assume that most of Shirley's shekels are being tucked away for what is referred to, outside of California, as a rainy day.

* * *

At the preview of "The Story of Louis Pasteur," practically everyone connected with this good picture was on hand to share the bows and applause except the guy who deserved most of them. Paul Muni was decidedly missing. Even Mrs. Muni didn't know where the wandering husband was, although she intimated he had been spending a good deal of his time in the Chinese quarter of Los Angeles—just walking around getting in the mood for his role in "The Good Earth." Either Mr. M. is a thorough, painstaking sort of guy, or Mrs. M. is the best press agent in town.

* * *

Add to the Powell-Blondell romance notes: Joan recently sold her house on Lookout Mountain, where she and George Barnes staged their "ideal marriage," which was received so well by the critics but flopped after a brief run. Now Joan has herself a home at Toluca Lake, not far from the menage of Dick Powell. You might say it's just around the crooner, but you probably wouldn't.

* * *

A stage star's understudy gets a break once in a while in movie versions of Broadway musicals, but you never hear of a movie hero's stand-in except in an occasional fan story when he is allowed to tell the interviewer what a great guy the star is. So try and act surprised when we tell you that Bill Powell's stand-in will actually be seen in a picture. For five years, W. W. Dearborn, who is a chiropractor in his off moments, has faced the lights for Powell. In "The Great Ziegfeld," in which Bill has the title role, you'll see his chiropractor-stand-in portraying Daniel Frohman.

* * *

Can you imagine a crooner on horseback? You'll be seeing one in Paramount's "Rhythm on the Range," which will have Bing Crosby doing his husky baritone stuff astride a spirited nag. It's a western with music, and it is to be hoped that it doesn't give the regular western stars ideas—or the horses, either, for that matter. The nags are no strangers to Bing, who has a string of them burning up the turf at Santa Anita right now, so we look for a very swell picture. Besides, a horse opera now and then ought to take off some of the crooner's excess avoirdupois.

* * *

One of the most rabid autograph hounds in Hollywood is Fred Keating, the guy who

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gave up magic for the movies. Fred doesn't get his signatures from the stars, though. He gets them from his fans. When he received his first request for an autographed picture he offered an even trade—a photo for a photo. Right now the Keating den contains what is probably the only collection of fan pictures in the world. And some of them, it is our duty to report, are pretty weird.

■ ■ ■

Talked to Nelson Eddy on the "Rose Marie" set shortly before its completion, and found him in a high state of uncertainty. Seems he had been asked to sing on one of Grace Moore's radio programs. Miss Moore, who does her chanting for a product which keeps one's larynx in shape, was ill with—heaven forbid!—a sore throat. "Do you think I ought to do it?" asked Mr. E. "They've offered me $3,000, and I certainly could use it." So he sang for Gracie, and do you know why he needed that three grand? Well, he bought himself an electric organ.

■ ■ ■

If you saw Lily Pons sing her "Lakme" number in "I Dream Too Much," you'll probably remember that the costume revealed an ample portion of Mlle. Pons. Well, it seems the little lady was posing, in costume, for an advertisement when the photographer politely informed her that the president of the firm was something of a strict old gent, and would mademoiselle mind—well, covering up a bit. Lily complied, but not without comment. In her very best American, she announced, as she flung a robe about her: "You can tell Meestaire President for me—noots!"

■ ■ ■

Playing a circuit of famous Hollywood homes right now is an extremely amusing film, called "Blow-Ups." It consists of shots, with sound, of a number of our better-known stars, taken a moment after they've blown up their lines or forgotten a piece of business in a scene. Most of the epithets unfurled are strictly for private consumption, especially the vivid exclamations of one of your favorite portrayers of sophisticated roles. That gal knows more words than the Truck Drivers' Union!

■ ■ ■

Ever since Carole Lombard rented the Fun House at Venice and tossed a party that had everyone rubbing liniment on their spines for weeks, Hollywood hostesses have been frantic for novel (Hollywood for "screwy") party ideas. Sooo, when Grace Bradley came forth with the announcement that she was to sponsor a hay-ride party and barn dance, there was much tearing of blondined locks along the Boulevard. One star even offered Grace a check for $500 for the idea, but Grace turned her down and the Bradley bucolic goings-on are now part of Hollywood history.

■ ■ ■

Dropped in on the "Follow the Fleet" set and watched Ginger Rogers deliver a song number to a gang of sailors and their sweethearts. It was a dance hall scene, with the steppers picked from a local dime-a-struggle emporium, and their fancy ballroom manners furnish a lot of amusement for Fred Astaire, who was watching them from the sidelines. Ginger's stand-in, by the way, is Marie Osborne, who is about Ginger's age and bears an amazing resemblance to the Rogers gal. She was once Baby Marie Osborne, one of the best known child stars of the old silent days. At that time Ginger's only claim to fame was that her mother, Leila Rogers, wrote the scripts for the Osborne epics.

■ ■ ■

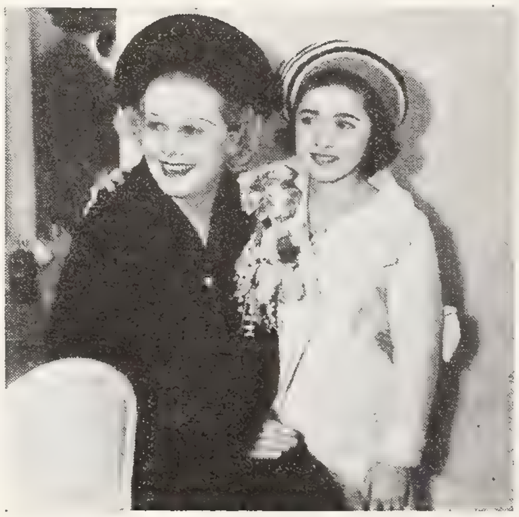
The rage at Palm Springs this year is the Racquet Club, and every week-end its pool and bar are cluttered with film favorites. All of which brings considerable joy to Ralph Bellamy and Charlie Farrell, who own the place. The boys must be taking their work seriously, for we saw them in the Brown Derby the other day in a huddle with the management over an ice-encrusted Planter's Punch. The B. D. was busy explaining and demonstrating their specialty, and Messrs. Farrell and Bellamy, between sips, industriously jotted down directions for making them.

■ ■ ■

Now that Joel McCrea is once more a proud pap, this little item can be told. A few days before he started work on "These Three" with Miriam Hopkins and Merle Oberon, his studio wanted him for a series of special poses with the two gals. The morning of the appointment arrived, as did a frantic call from McCrea to the studio. "Look," yelled Joel, "I can't possibly pose today. I've just had a baby, I've been up all night, and I look terrible!" Before the studio man could learn that it was a boy, and that it was really Frances Dee who had it, Mr. McC. had hung up. What price fatherhood?

■ ■ ■

It's always pleasant to ballyhoo an oncoming youngster. In this case it's blonde Marie Wilson, who furnishes the only bright moments in "Miss Pacific Fleet," and who is destined to go places. As the ga-ga young lady who wanders about the screen looking for a sailor named Smith, Miss Wilson's performance is just about tops in the dead pan department. Our spies tell us that she is a local product, hailing from a nearby small town, and that her natural shyness makes this type of role quite simple for her. And that's probably the first time bashfulness ever paid in Hollywood.



How do you like Harlow's new brownette locks? She's with Edith Fellows at the opening of Max Factor's new salon. And isn't that some hat?

■ ■ ■

Now that "Anthony Adverse" has finally gone before the cameras, probably the busiest guy on the set is George E. Stone. Mr. S. plays the role of "The Cat," and he is only too glad to buttonhole anyone within buttonholing range and impart the information that his make-up requires three and a half hours every morning, and that its application requires the assistance of two men. The worst part of it is, says George, that the finished product doesn't look at all like the original. That's what worried him the other day on the set when a fair weather friend told him he was looking great.

■ ■ ■

Gertrude Michael has recovered from her unfortunate automobile accident and she's devoting most of her spare moments to Dr. Wallace Neighbor, the medico who pulled her through. Some say it's gratitude, but there are those who call it love.

■ ■ ■

Michael Bartlett's most cherished possession these days is a concert grand piano, the gift of Theodore Steinway. The piano is installed in Bartlett's Bel Air home, and the reason he's so fond of it is that Steinway has presented only one other piano in these parts, and that one went to Lawrence Tibbett.

■ ■ ■

And Paula Stone, one of the town's lovelier red-heads, has just put her signature on a long-term contract with Warner Brothers. Daughter of Fred Stone, and one of the most beau-brummeled gals in Hollywood, Paula drew her first movie pay-check several years ago as an extra in the Will Rogers picture, "They Had to See Paris." Incidentally, over the fireplace in the Stone home hangs an oil painting of Rogers which is the most lifelike portrait of Will we've ever seen.

■ ■ ■

Gals, if you want to know how Grace Moore keeps that figure, here's her secret. She says tennis does it. When asked how many sets a day she indulges in, she replied that she never plays the game—she just watches it. Her husband, Valentin Parera, does the tennis playing for the family, and Grace is his gallery whenever she's not working. How watching tennis keeps a gal's figure Miss M. doesn't seem to know, but she insists it's worth a try.

■ ■ ■

A lot of youse guys will no doubt be pleased to learn that George Bancroft has returned to the screen. In fact, "Hell Ship Morgan" will probably be at your local theatre any minute now. Remember when George was all the rage in the days when he was the screen's Number One portrayer of he-men roles? Back in them days they used to say that Mrs. B. woke George every morning by waving half an orange under the Bancroft nostrils. Now that George is back playing tough guys once more, they're saying the orange doesn't work any more. He's so tough he insists on half a lemon.

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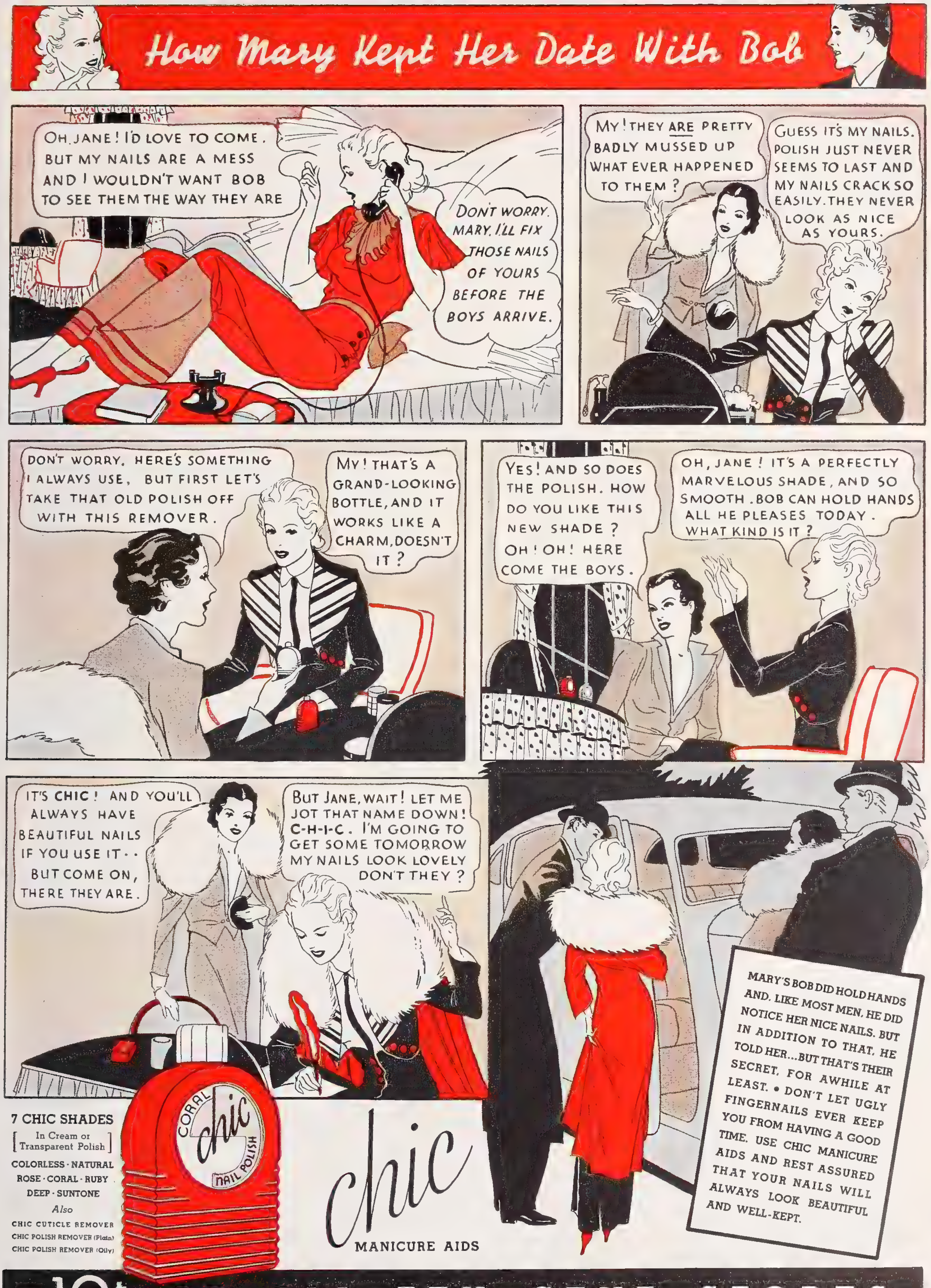
How Mary Kept Her Date With Bob
OH, JANE! I'D LOVE TO COME, BUT MY NAILS ARE A MESS AND I WOULDN'T WANT BOB TO SEE THEM THE WAY THEY ARE
DON'T WORRY, MARY. I'LL FIX THOSE NAILS OF YOURS BEFORE THE BOYS ARRIVE.
MY! THEY ARE PRETTY BADLY MUSSED UP WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO THEM?
GUESS IT'S MY NAILS. POLISH JUST NEVER SEEMS TO LAST AND MY NAILS CRACK SO EASILY. THEY NEVER LOOK AS NICE AS YOURS.
DON'T WORRY, HERE'S SOMETHING I ALWAYS USE, BUT FIRST LET'S TAKE THAT OLD POLISH OFF WITH THIS REMOVER.
MY! THAT'S A GRAND-LOOKING BOTTLE, AND IT WORKS LIKE A CHARM, DOESN'T IT?
YES! AND SO DOES THE POLISH. HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS NEW SHADE? OH! OH! HERE COME THE BOYS.
OH, JANE! IT'S A PERFECTLY MARVELOUS SHADE, AND SO SMOOTH. BOB CAN HOLD HANDS ALL HE PLEASES TODAY. WHAT KIND IS IT?
IT'S CHIC! AND YOU'LL ALWAYS HAVE BEAUTIFUL NAILS IF YOU USE IT·· BUT COME ON, THERE THEY ARE.
BUT JANE, WAIT! LET ME JOT THAT NAME DOWN! C-H-I-C. I'M GOING TO GET SOME TOMORROW MY NAILS LOOK LOVELY DON'T THEY?
CORAL
chic
NAIL POLISH

MARY'S BOB DID HOLD HANDS AND, LIKE MOST MEN, HE DID NOTICE HER NICE NAILS. BUT IN ADDITION TO THAT, HE TOLD HER...BUT THAT'S THEIR SECRET, FOR AWHILE AT LEAST. • DON'T LET UGLY FINGERNAILS EVER KEEP YOU FROM HAVING A GOOD TIME. USE CHIC MANICURE AIDS AND REST ASSURED THAT YOUR NAILS WILL ALWAYS LOOK BEAUTIFUL AND WELL-KEPT.

7 CHIC SHADES
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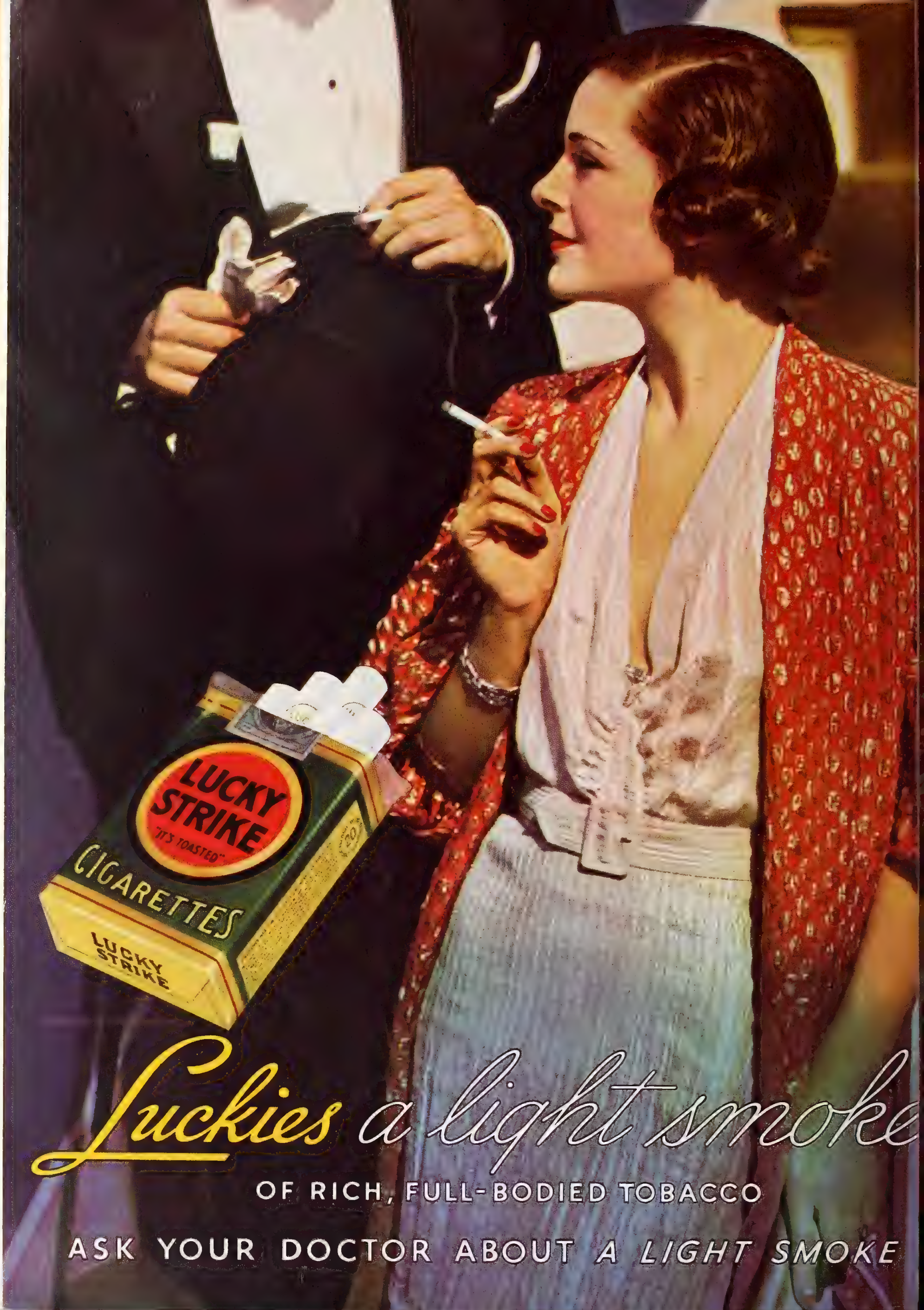
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"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE
Luckies a light smoke
OF RICH, FULL-BODIED TOBACCO
ASK YOUR DOCTOR ABOUT A LIGHT SMOKE

Modern Screen

ARCH
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Earl Christy

Inside Stories About GABLE · DIETRICH · CHAPLIN
OBERON · SWARTHOUT and many others . . .

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IRRESISTIBLE
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Irresistible BRILLIANTINE
Irresistible COLOGNE
Irresistible
Irresistible Eyes
Irresistible

The Victorians had a word for it, "Charm"; we have a word for it, "Irresistible." We not only have a word for it, we have a way for it.

Buy IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME if you want to be Irresistible. Be fragrant if you want to be pursued. Men adore fragrant hair, fragrant lips, and soft fragrant skin. The satin-smoothness of Irresistible Face Powder, the soft blush of Irresistible Rouge, the seductive coloring and creamy indelibility of Irresistible Lip Lure . . . these speak the language of enchantment.

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[UNTIL SHE SMILES]

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" makes her evade all close-ups—dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm

TWO PEOPLE meet. Perhaps there's a quick flare of mutual admiration . . . Then—she smiles.

A flash of white teeth set in firm gums—that's a lovely sight to see.

But a glimpse of dingy teeth and tender gums—and that magic moment is smashed into bits.

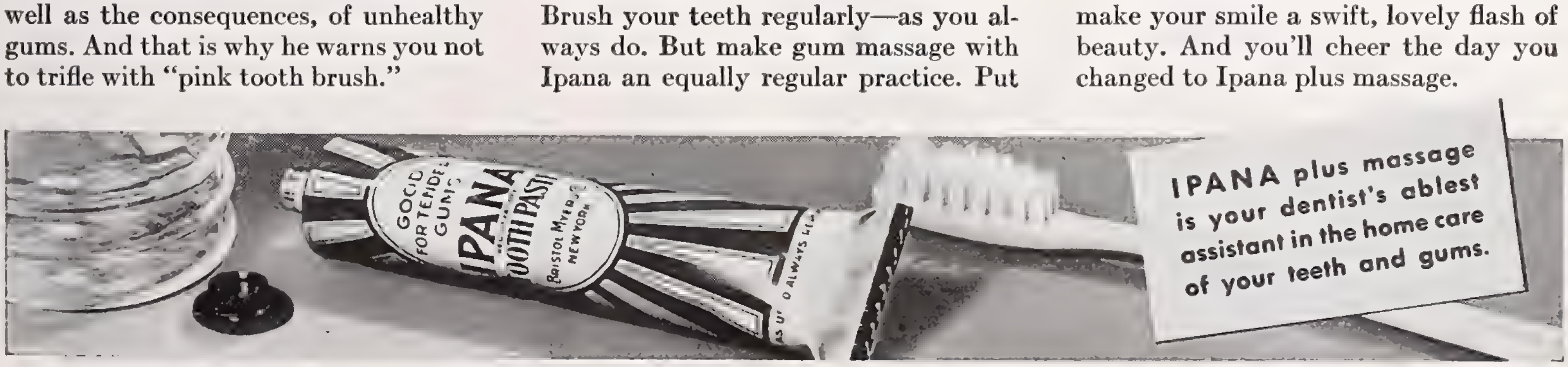
"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" IS SERIOUS

Your dentist *wants* to save you from the embarrassment, the inconvenience, as well as the consequences, of unhealthy gums. And that is why he warns you not to trifle with "pink tooth brush."

Unhealthy, ailing gums are common because coarse, fibrous foods have disappeared from our menus. And the soft, modern foods that have replaced them do not give teeth and gums enough work to do. Naturally, they grow flabby, tender and sensitive . . . and "pink tooth brush" is a signal that they need help.

Start today to massage your gums with Ipana—your dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums. Brush your teeth regularly—as you always do. But make gum massage with Ipana an equally regular practice. Put a little extra Ipana on brush or fingertip. Rub it into your gums. Massage them well. Back comes new circulation through the gum tissues. New firmness develops. There's a new and livelier feel to the gums. A healthier, brighter look to the teeth.

Remember that modern dentistry encourages this double duty. So make it an unfailing part of your daily routine. Keep pyorrhea, Vincent's disease and gingivitis far in the background. Keep your gums as healthy as you keep your teeth. You'll make your smile a swift, lovely flash of beauty. And you'll cheer the day you changed to Ipana plus massage.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IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS NEW YORK
IPANA plus massage is your dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums.

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* Longer, if you care to

better because you chew it

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LAXATIVE
NO TASTE BUT THE MINT

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Again they thrill you with Glorious Melody!

"YOU BELONG TO ME! I BELONG TO YOU!"

The singing stars of "Naughty Marietta" now lift their golden voices to excite all the world with the immortal melodies of the most vibrant and stirring musical of our time — "Rose Marie" . . . The romantic drama of a pampered pet of the opera and a rugged "Mountie" torn between love and duty, whose hearts met where mountains touched the sky . . . How you'll thrill with delight as they fill the air with *your* love songs — "Rose Marie, I Love You", and "Indian Love Call"! It's the first big musical hit of 1936—another triumph for the M-G-M studios!

Thrill to Jeanette MacDonald as she sings "The Waltz Song" from Romeo and Juliet, and with Nelson Eddy, the immortal duet "Indian Love Call"

'SONG OF THE MOUNTIES!' 300 rugged male voices led by Nelson Eddy in the most stirring song of our time!

Jeanette MacDONALD
NELSON EDDY
IN
Rose Marie

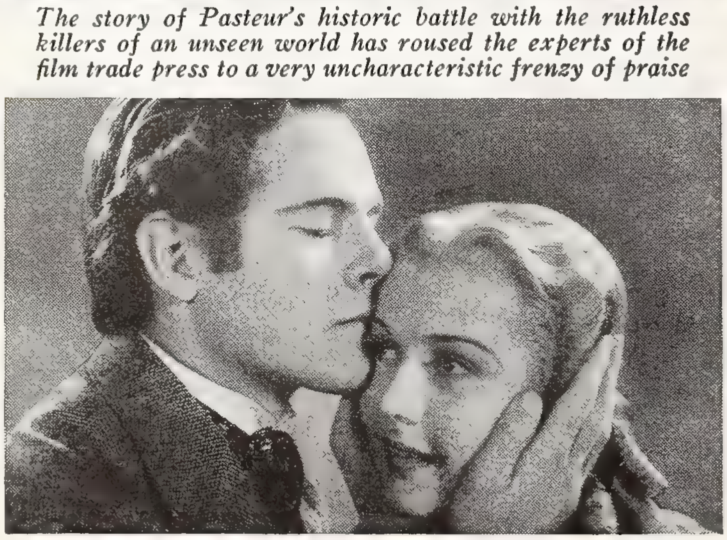
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
with
REGINALD OWEN • ALLAN JONES
Directed by W. S. Van Dyke • Produced by Hunt Stromberg

EXCITEMENT RIDES THE *Hollywood* RANGE . . . AS THE "TRADE" CRITICS *Preview*

*"THE LOUIS

PAUL MUNI's sensational new success throws the spotlight on some important personalities you never knew till now.

The story of Pasteur's historic battle with the ruthless killers of an unseen world has roused the experts of the film trade press to a very uncharacteristic frenzy of praise



Moving performances by Josephine Hutchinson, Anita Louise, Donald Woods, Fritz Leiber, and many others, have been a vital factor in the salvos of applause for "Pasteur"

WHAT is it that even the most conscientious film fan never hears about—yet is as well known and important in "picture business" as famous stars, directors, or producers?

Answer—a movie "trade paper" publisher.

If you were in the movie business the publications presided over by these gentry would be as familiar to you as your daily newspaper. Their reviews of new pictures are the first impartial comments published anywhere and usually have an important influence in determining at what theatres a production will be shown and for how long.

Being steeped in picture affairs to the eyebrows, these "inside" reviewers never hesitate to call a spade a spade and a flop a flop. Praise is the exception rather than the rule and it's rare indeed for the boys to agree unanimously in favor of any one production.

So you can understand why the film industry practically *in toto* sat up with a jerk one recent morning when they picked up paper after paper and found every one of them not only praising, but gushing like schoolgirls about the same picture—Paul Muni in *The Story of Louis Pasteur.*

FOR instance, they found seasoned, cynical Jack Alicoate's *Film Daily* notifying the world that *"The Story of Louis Pasteur* is distinguished and gripping drama that blazes a new trail in pictures. Warner Bros. have fashioned a story that grips from the start. Muni's performance is something to cheer about. William Dieterle's direction deserves lavish praise."

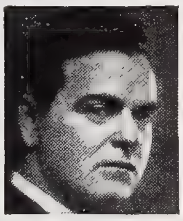
Veteran publisher Martin Quigley's *Motion Picture*

STORY OF PASTEUR"

Magnificently Muni re-creates the famous hero of humanity who fought a jeering world that we might live

JACK ALICOATE

Herald simultaneously informed the industry that "in *The Story of Louis Pasteur* the screen makes a great departure from prosaic formula....There is not a single trace of theatrical artificiality. . . . Expertly acted and directed, . . . its power to create and hold interest immediately, gripped the preview audience and kept it in hushed silence all the way through. . . . Here is a picture the worth of which is almost certain to impress both class and mass alike."



MARTIN QUIGLEY

At the same moment *Motion Picture Daily* under the editorship of peppery, astute Maurice Kann was broadcasting the news that "the theme of *The Story of Louis Pasteur* is so absorbing that the film is sure to win terrific word-of-mouth endorsement."

The daily edition of youthful, aggressive Sid Silverman's famous *Variety* chimed in with the unqualified statement that "in *The Story of Louis Pasteur* Warner Bros. have made a truly great picture. . . . It stands among the significant works of the screen. . . . Told in such fashion as to grip every audience it will reach, *The Story of Louis Pasteur* is headed for big acclaim. Profoundly stirring as sheer drama, it will widen the range of picture venturings. . . . Muni is superb. . . . Seldom has a picture preview shown so strongly-shared interest of men and women. Men were openly in tears of emotional response throughout the audience."

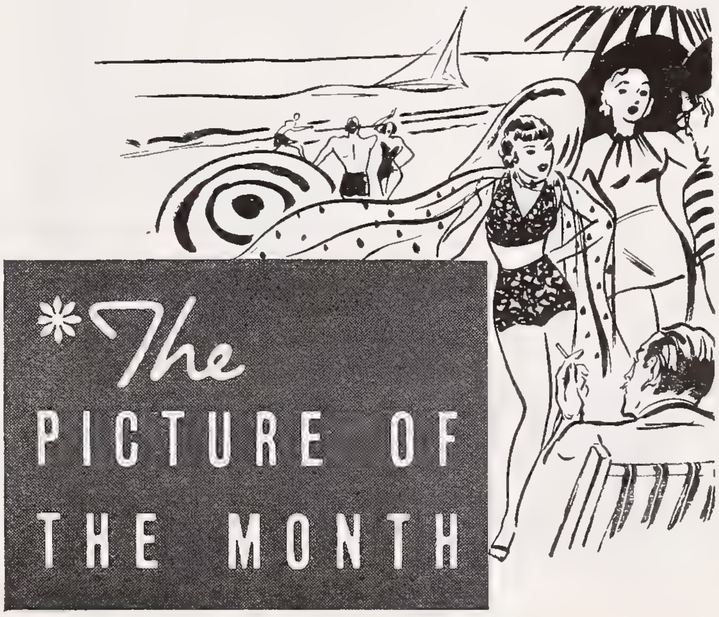
MAURICE KANN

"CHICK" LEWIS

And dynamic, hard-hitting "Chick" Lewis of the *Showmen's Trade Review* informed his followers that "this outstanding hit will send patrons away talking. A powerful production, impressive entertainment and a stand-out characterization by Paul Muni make this a prestige picture of importance with world-wide appeal."

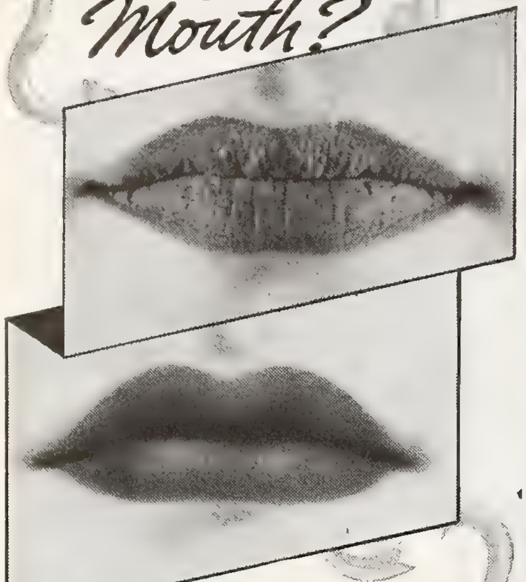
THESE are strong words, dear listeners. But we subscribe to every one of them! And we've reprinted them here as the most impressive tip-off we can give you on the extraordinary importance of this brilliant Cosmopolitan production.

Naturally it's been the talk of film circles ever since these remarkable reviews appeared. And *you're* going to hear a lot more about it before it's released by First National late this month.



*The PICTURE OF THE MONTH

How Old is your *Mouth?*



Five Years Younger

• **Use a lipstick that's warranted to make your Mouth look Young and Appealing**

IF YOUR LIPS are ever dry and rough looking . . . marked with little crinkly aging lines like the lines on a peeled orange . . . try the new Cutex Lipstick. See if it doesn't take off 5 years!

Cutex Lipstick is warranted to contain a special oil to nourish your lips and keep them young looking. Cutex Lipstick stays on for hours without drying your lips. It's delightfully smooth, yet never, never greasy.

No streaking, no ugly color rim. There's no excuse today for dry, rough lips. Try Cutex Lipstick today and be young! At your favorite store. 50¢ in 4 smart colors—Natural, Coral, Cardinal and Ruby to harmonize with Cutex Liquid Polish.

Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

CUTEX
Lipstick

MODERN SCREEN MOVIE SCOREBOARD

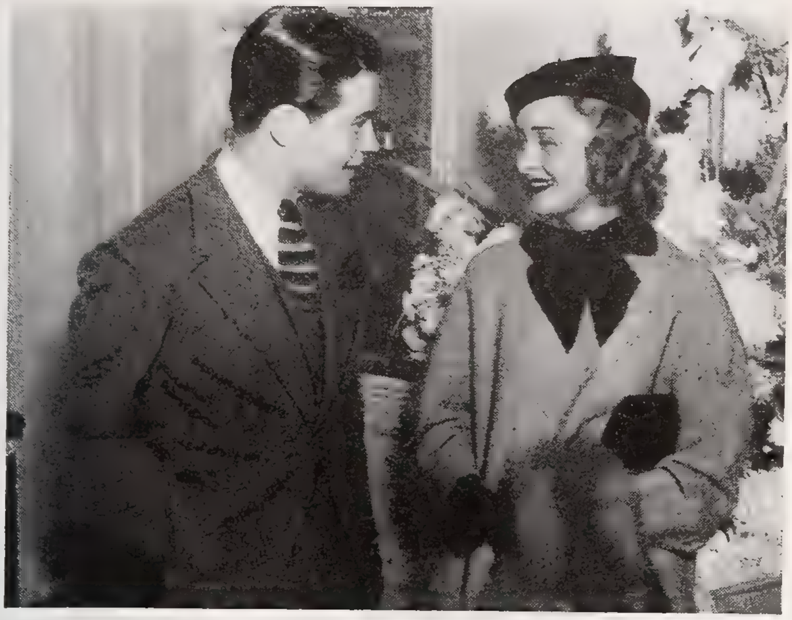
Picture and Producer	General Rating
Accent on Youth (Paramount)	3★
Age of Indiscretion (M-G-M)	2★
Ah, Wilderness (M-G-M)	4★
Alias Bulldog Drummond (GB)	2★
Alias Mary Dow (Universal)	2★
Alibi Ike (Warners)	3★
Alice Adams (RKO)	4★
Anna Karenina (M-G-M)	4★
Annapolis Farewell (Paramount)	2½★
Annie Oakley (RKO)	4★
The Arizonian (RKO)	3★
Bad Boy (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Barbary Coast (United Artists)	3★
Becky Sharp (RKO)	3★
The Big Broadcast of 1936 (Paramount)	3★
The Bishop Misbehaves (M-G-M)	3★
Black Fury (First National)	4★
Black Sheep (Fox)	2★
Break of Hearts (RKO)	3★
Brewster's Millions (United Artists)	2★
The Bride Comes Home (Paramount)	3★
The Bride of Frankenstein (Universal)	3★
Bright Lights (First National)	3★
Broadway Gondolier (Warners)	3★
Broadway Hostess (First National)	1★
Broadway Melody of 1936 (M-G-M)	4★
Call of the Wild (20th Century)	3★
Captain Blood (Warners)	4★
Cardinal Richelieu (United Artists)	4★
Car 99 (Paramount)	3★
Case of the Curious Bride (First National)	3★
The Case of the Lucky Legs (First National)	2★
Charlie Chan in Egypt (Fox)	3★
Charlie Chan in Shanghai (20th Century-Fox)	2★
China Seas (M-G-M)	4★
The Clairvoyant (GB)	2★
Clive of India (20th Century)	4★
College Rhythm (Paramount)	3★
Coronado (Paramount)	1★
Crime and Punishment (Columbia)	3★
The Crusades (Paramount)	4★
Curly Top (Fox)	3★
Dangerous (Warners)	3½★
Dante's Inferno (Fox)	2★
The Dark Angel (Sam Goldwyn)	4★
The Daring Young Man (Fox)	2★
David Copperfield (M-G-M)	5★
Diamond Jim (Universal)	3★
Don't Bet on Blondes (Warners)	2★
Doubting Thomas (Fox)	3★
Dr. Socrates (Warners)	2★
East of Java (Universal)	2★
Escapade (M-G-M)	3★
Escape Me Never (United Artists)	3★
Every Night at Eight (Paramount)	2★
Fang and Claw (RKO)	2★
The Farmer Takes a Wife (Fox)	3★
A Feather in Her Hat (Columbia)	2★
The Flame Within (M-G-M)	2★
Forsaking All Others (M-G-M)	3★
Four Hours to Kill (Paramount)	3★
Frisco Kid (Warners)	3★
Front Page Woman (Warners)	3★
The Gay Deception (20th Century-Fox)	3★
The Gilded Lily (Paramount)	3★
Ginger (Fox)	3★
The Girl Friend (Columbia)	1★
The Girl from 10th Ave. (First National)	2★
The Glass Key (Paramount)	3★
Goin' to Town (Paramount)	3★
Go Into Your Dance (First National)	3★
The Good Fairy (Universal)	3★
Goose and the Gander (First National)	2★
Grand Exit (Columbia)	1★
The Great Impersonation (Universal)	2★
Hands Across the Table (Paramount)	3★
Hard Rock Harrigan (Fox)	2★
Harmony Lane (Mascot)	2★
Here Comes Cookie (Paramount)	3★
Here Comes the Band (M-G-M)	1★
Here Is My Heart (Paramount)	4★
Here's to Romance (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Hold 'Em Yale (Paramount)	3★
Hooray for Love (RKO)	2★
I Dream Too Much (RKO)	3★
I Found Stella Parish (Warners)	2★
If You Could Only Cook (Columbia)	4★
I Live for Love (Warners)	2★
I Live My Life (M-G-M)	2★
The Informer (RKO)	4★
In Old Kentucky (20th Century-Fox)	3★
In Person (RKO)	2★
The Irish in Us (First National)	3★
The Iron Duke (GB)	3★
It Happened in New York (Universal)	3★
It's in the Air (M-G-M)	2★
Jalna (RKO)	3★
Java Head (First Division)	2★
King Solomon of Broadway (Universal)	1★
Laddie (RKO)	3★
Lady Tubbs (Universal)	2★
The Last Days of Pompeii (RKO)	4★
The Last Outpost (Paramount)	2★
Let 'Em Have It (United Artists)	3★
Let's Live Tonight (Columbia)	2★
Life Begins at Forty (Fox)	4★
Little Big Shot (Warners)	2★
The Little Colonel (Fox)	3★
The Littlest Rebel (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Lives of a Bengal Lancer (Paramount)	5★
Living on Velvet (Warners)	2★
Love in Bloom (Paramount)	2★
Love Me Forever (Columbia)	4★
Loves of a Dictator (GB)	3★
Mad Love (M-G-M)	2★
Manhattan Moon (Universal)	1★
Man of Iron (Warners)	1★
The Man on the Flying Trapeze (Paramount)	3★
The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Mark of the Vampire (M-G-M)	2★
Mary Burns, Fugitive (Paramount)	3★
McFadden's Flats (Paramount)	2★
The Melody Lingers On (United Artists)	2★

(*Continued on page 104*)

Here is a condensed version of the Modern Screen Movie Scoreboard! You'll find it simple to follow and a valuable guide in choosing your film entertainment. Instead of giving you the individual ratings of Modern Screen and authoritative newspaper movie critics all over the country, we have struck an average of their ratings. You'll find this average under the heading, General Rating, beside each picture. Ratings: 5★, extraordinary; 4★, very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor.

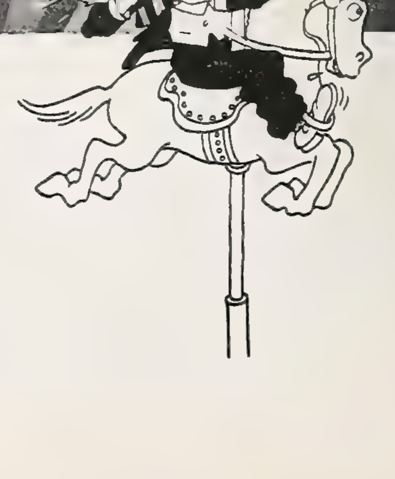
HOLLYWOOD SHOTS..

ALL-STAR SPECTATORS AT RECENT CINEMA DOINGS

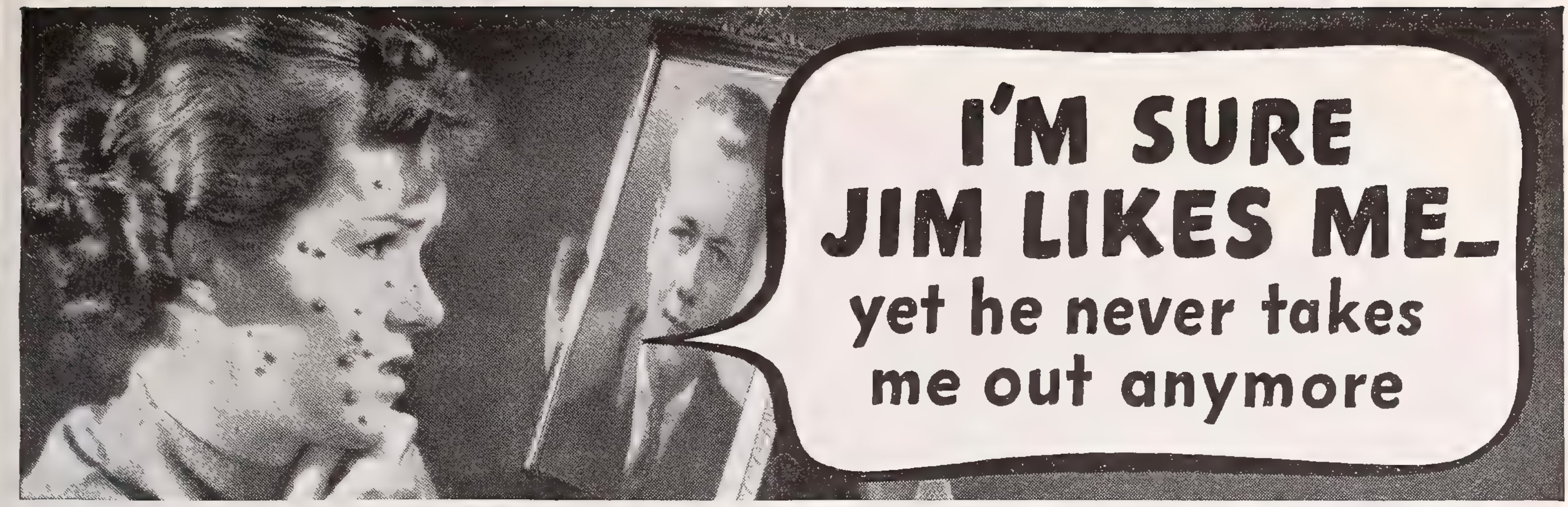


Cinema folks love to relax at some exciting sports event and they don't care much whether it's racing, fights, polo or tennis. Two recent events brought all the big names out to the sidelines—the pro tennis matches at the Ambassador Hotel and the polo match at the Uplifters' Club. Top row, left to right, you see the tennis rooters—Tom Brown with Marian Marsh, snapped in the hotel lobby. And next Bob Montgomery, plus sideburns, watches with Kay Johnson. Next row, left to right, Mary Pickford with Bob Taylor at the Uplifters' polo match. Did you ever see Mary looking any younger or more charming? And some indoor sports—harmonizing. Dick Powell, Edward Arnold and Bob Taylor, with Binnie Barnes at the piano. Right, Mickey Rooney, Edith Fellows and Freddie Bartholomew dolled up for a big party.

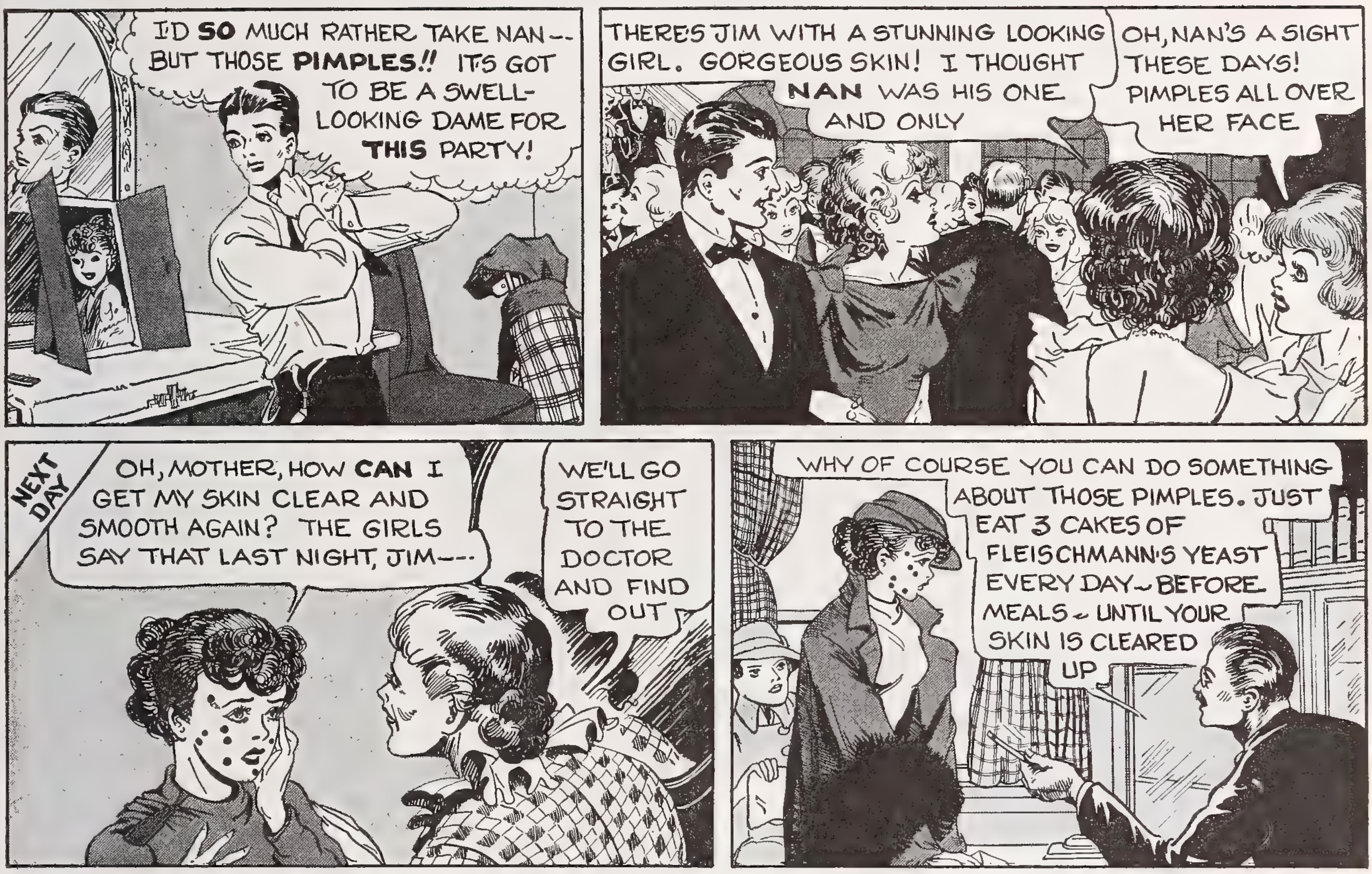
The year's first gee-gee running at Santa Anita race track brought forth every Hollywoodite who could get away from work. And here are some of the biggest betters and better biggies of the film colony. Below, Carole Lombard, looking very chic, arrives with Robert Riskin. Also below, Michael Bartlett, minus his moustache, squires Florence Rice (this looks romantic). Right, bottom to top, the Cedric Gibbons look pretty snooty as they pass Scotty's camera. Dolores Del Rio Gibbons also looks very elegant. Next Roger Prior arrives with—guess who?—of course, Ann Sothern. They still say it ain't love but they're always together just the same. And last, Cesar Romero gives Betty Furness some good betting tips. Betty's wearing one of those daffy hats she's famous for.



SPORT OF MOVIE KINGS


I'M SURE JIM LIKES ME_
yet he never takes me out anymore

BOYS CAN'T BE PROUD OF A GIRL WITH PIMPLY SKIN—


I'D SO MUCH RATHER TAKE NAN-- BUT THOSE PIMPLES!! IT'S GOT TO BE A SWELL-LOOKING DAME FOR THIS PARTY!
THERE'S JIM WITH A STUNNING LOOKING GIRL. GORGEOUS SKIN! I THOUGHT NAN WAS HIS ONE AND ONLY
OH, NAN'S A SIGHT THESE DAYS! PIMPLES ALL OVER HER FACE
NEXT DAY
OH, MOTHER, HOW CAN I GET MY SKIN CLEAR AND SMOOTH AGAIN? THE GIRLS SAY THAT LAST NIGHT, JIM---
WE'LL GO STRAIGHT TO THE DOCTOR AND FIND OUT
WHY OF COURSE YOU CAN DO SOMETHING ABOUT THOSE PIMPLES. JUST EAT 3 CAKES OF FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST EVERY DAY – BEFORE MEALS – UNTIL YOUR SKIN IS CLEARED UP

LATER
-THEN I'LL CALL FOR YOU TONIGHT. IT'S GOING TO BE A SWELL PARTY
SOUNDS LIKE FUN! WELL, I'LL BE SEEING YOU
JUST LIKE OLD TIMES – NOW MY SKIN IS CLEAR AGAIN

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated

Don't let Adolescent Pimples keep YOUR boy friend away

PIMPLES are all too common in the years that follow the beginning of adolescence—from about 13 to the age of 25, or even longer. Important glands develop and final growth takes place during this time. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin, causing pimples.

Clear up these adolescent pimples—with Fleischmann's Yeast. This fresh yeast clears the skin irritants out of your blood. Pimples go. Your skin is fresh and smooth again . . .

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals—plain, or in a little water—until your skin clears. Start today!

GOOD NEWS

It's open season for big social and sports doings

Arline Judge gets a corner in gents! Jack Oakie, Ed Robinson, Clark Gable, Arline and Carl Brisson.

Miriam Hopkins, Merle Oberon, Norma Shearer and Dolores Del Rio at the Di Frasso's shindig.

Russell Patterson

"Why not lead off this month's news with a Mae West item?" we have just asked ourselves, and hearing no reply at all, here is this month's Mae West item: As you know, Mae's leading man in "Klondike Lou" is Victor McLaglen. Now, Vic is big and tough, but around the ladies he's not exactly what you'd call a Gablemore. He is, briefly, shy. So our Mae took him in hand during a love scene, and in conspiracy with director Raoul Walsh, gave Vic what is known in technical circles as "the works." By the time the scene ended, the McLaglen countenance was crimson, and he still doesn't know that the torrid love episode was filmed, not for the picture but for Raoul Walsh's private collection of scenes that Mr. Hays and his hirelings will never view.

* * *

While we're on the subject of Mr. Walsh, it might be nice to mention a fine gesture on his part during the shooting of "Klondike Lou." During several weeks before Christmas, Walsh shot scenes which required the presence of a number of old timers. Instead of choosing his players at random from the casting office, Walsh ordered a couple of assistants to check on the financial status of the candidates. As a result, the neediest cases were given jobs and a much more pleasant Christmas than they anticipated.

* * *

Here's a conversation between a photographer and Claudette Colbert's

in our gay cinema town . . . By Leo Townsend

Cook's night out! The newly wedded Tones dine at the Cafe Lamaze. Joan looks very elegant but a trifle glum about something.

Grace Moore without hubby, Val Parera, is news! George Brent, left, and Clifton Webb squire the gal for this party picture.

Photos by Scotty

Doctor Pressman we thought you'd like to hear. Cameramen, as you know, are anathema to the good doctor—in fact, he doesn't like them. One of them cornered him a few weeks ago, however, and asked him to explain his aversion to the lensmen. "It's purely a question of ethics," replied the Dr. "News photographs hardly lend themselves to the dignity of the medical profession." "That's funny," said the photographer, preparing for a quick getaway, "the Mayo brothers never objected!"

■ ■ ■

We dropped in on Eddie Cantor's "Strike Me Pink" set the other day, hoping, to be frank with you, to get in on one of the big chorus numbers. Instead we drew Cantor and Parkyakarkas, with the latter suspended in mid-air by a series of wires. After a few attempts at the scene, director Norman Taurog called time out for lunch. We all marched over to the studio cafe, where all was serene until along about coffee-time when Eddie suddenly yelled: "Hey, where's Parkyakarkas?" A startled assistant rushed back to the set, and there was Mr. P., dangling just where he had been left. "Strike Me Pink," by the way, was originally "Shoot the Chutes." The title change came about when it was discovered that in England, where the Cantor epics make considerable money, "Shoot the Shutes" is an unknown expression.

■ ■ ■

Perhaps by this time Bob Montgomery and his studio have patched up their troubles, but as we go to press Mr. M. is not on the friendliest of terms with his bosses. Bob, it seems, objects to the philandering playboy type of role he has been playing, while the studio insists that the Montgomery public expects and likes him in that type of thing. Bob's major complaint, however, is that he wanted to play Romeo opposite Norma Shearer's Juliet. Bob doesn't begrudge Leslie Howard the role, but everyone knows he was disappointed in losing out on it.

■ ■ ■

Norman Foster and Sally Blane are tops among the film colony's lovebirds these days, and Hollywood is pointing with pride to what it believes to be an ideal—"ideal marriage."

(*Continued on page 15*)

REVIEWS

A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES

Above, Cary Grant and Katharine Hepburn give excellent performances in "Sylvia Scarlett." Next, Joseph Calleia, Jean Harlow and Spencer Tracy in the swiftly-paced "Riffraff." And, right, a scene from the Dickens' classic, "A Tale of Two Cities," with Ronald Colman and Elizabeth Allan.

By Leo Townsend

★★★★★ A Tale of Two Cities (M-G-M)

Fans of Ronald Colman owe a debt of gratitude to Charles Dickens for creating Sydney Carton. Playing the cynical and chronically inebriated young lawyer, Colman's performance can only be spoken of as perfect. It is highly doubtful, according to historians, that Mr. Dickens had Ronald in mind when he wrote his classic tome, but were he alive, and about today, he would agree with M-G-M that there is no better Sydney Carton in all Hollywood than Ronald Colman. It is his portrayal that lifts "A Tale of Two Cities" to the top in the month's ranking. Everyone is aware that Carton's destiny is the guillotine, where he makes the supreme gesture for the woman he loves, but one's interest is held throughout by the excellent acting of Mr. Colman and his colleagues. Notable among the large cast are Blanche Yurka (whose Madame DeFarge is second only to the star's performance), Elizabeth Allan, Edna May Oliver, and, in minor roles, Isobel Jewell, Walter Catlett, Billy Bevan and E. E. Clive.

Preview Postscripts

Mr. Dickens would have been staggered at what his brain-waves cost M-G-M. No expense was spared to make "A Tale of Two Cities" authentic in every detail. Over a year was spent in research alone. Costumes, scenery and properties were studied and collected from every available source. The largest set for this picture was that of the Bastille. Over 5000 extras were employed for this scene alone, which took several days to shoot. An interesting comparison between the mode of life in the French Revolution days with the elaborate and costly French palaces on one set and alongside was the set of the dreary, rotting hovels of the laborers and the famous gaol with its darkly stained floors and cobwebs swinging in the breeze. Those rats scuttling across the dirt floor were the real thing—at $5 a day. All the principal character actors and a large percentage of the supporting cast were English so four o'clock tea became imperative. An atmosphere of great dignity always pervades a company in which Mr. Colman is starred. Mr. C. indulges in great thought and little conversation while at work. The only time he seemed to be enjoying himself was on the way to the guillotine. The horse turned temperamental when faced with the milling mobs so the star took him in hand. Five days were needed to shoot this scene which takes less than five minutes on the screen. The

(*Continued on page 92*)

(*Continued from page 13*)

Note: When Fritz Leiber and his wife, Virginia Bronson, opened their new home in Beverly Hills they spent their first day there interviewing prospective cooks. After looking over all the candidates, they chose a middle-aged Mexican woman, who said she had several children to support and had been on home relief for months. Hired, she removed her hat and set to work, but Mrs. Leiber couldn't conceal her amazement at the gal's elaborate coiffure. Questioned about it, she said: "My hair? Ah, all my life have I wanted a *permanente*, so when the *presidente* put us on the *gratificacion*—what you call it?—I send my *niños* away to our relatives and save up two weeks to get one!"

■ ■ ■

Grace Bradley's hay ride party was probably the chilliest affair of the season. Guests arriving at the Bradley ranch in Van Nuys, were plumped into trucks spread with hay and transported to the Malibu Country Club at Malibu Lake, which had been given a bucolic going-over for the evening. Cornstalks decorated the walks, and everyone sat on bales of hay—everyone except Dorothy Lee, who sat on the prostrate form of a peacefully smiling young gentleman who had evidently done too much rehearsing for the affair.

■ ■ ■

Another highly unusual gathering was Paula Stone's cocktail party on the afternoon of the Bradley festivities. Paula's soiree was to honor her sister Dorothy and her husband, Charles Collins. At the appointed time everyone was present but the hostess and her guests of honor. An hour later, the first of the Stones came rolling in. It was Paula, in screen make-up, and she had just returned from a location trip. Another hour passed, and in marched Dorothy, fresh from a screen test. Her husband was also making tests, and couldn't be present at all. And at the last minute papa Fred Stone arrived, attired in backwoods costume. He had just come from work on "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." P. S. to the Stones: it was a swell party; you should have been there.

■ ■ ■

Competition for novel party ideas in Hollywood is so keen that Carole Lombard is reported to have offered Grace Bradley $500, and finally $1000, if she would sell her the "rights" to her hay ride party. After all, the Lombard gal has a reputation to maintain, for she is Hollywood's Number One novel party thrower. Her tops to date are the rough-and-tumble affair she sponsored at the Venice Fun House, and her Hospital party, at which food was wheeled in on stretchers and guests ate with scalpels and other physician's tools. It was all too, too medical, really. And now, just to give Carole more sleepless nights, comes the Countess Di Frasso with plans for a Physical Culture party—whatever that may be—at the Rollerdome in Culver City. Some fun, eh, Countess?

■ ■ ■

Little Jean Parker has been seen here, and occasionally there, with Igor Gorin, the baritone, but you can discount any rumors of hearts and flowers since they are both under contract to the same studio and Igor is in the process of getting a romantic build-up. Incidentally, Jean, who owns a style shop, should be told by her employees that organdie gowns in mid-winter don't really set a girl off at parties.

(*Continued on page 24*)

Unprintable

...but **TRUE!**

They're unprintable! The things that happen to your system when you take a harsh, quick-acting cathartic. Good taste forbids a detailed description

YOU OUGHT TO KNOW, for your health's sake, what happens when you introduce a harsh, drastic laxative into your system. One that works too quickly. One that upsets you, one that creates a violent disturbance...that rushes unassimilated food through your system . . . that rips and tears its way, leaving you weak, dragged down — internally abused.

But . . . we cannot tell you the graphic details here because they are *too* graphic. This is a family magazine . . . not a medical textbook.

This much we can say: whenever you need a laxative, be sure the one you take is *correctly timed*. Be sure it is mild and gentle. Ex-Lax meets these important specifications.

Avoid quick-acting cathartics!

Beware of laxatives that work too quickly! Ex-Lax takes from 6 to 8 hours to accomplish its purpose. It relieves constipation without violence, yet it is completely effective. Elimination is thorough. And so close to normal you hardly know you've taken a laxative.

Because of its gentle action, Ex-Lax doesn't leave you weak, as harsh cathartics do. It doesn't cause stomach pains. It doesn't nauseate you. And you don't need to fear any embarrassment afterwards. It is best to take Ex-Lax at night, when you go to bed. In the morning you will enjoy complete and thorough relief. Ex-Lax works overnight without over-action.

Good for the whole family!

Another thing people like about Ex-Lax is the fact that it is equally good for children and adults. Thus, you need only *one* laxative in your medicine chest. Millions of families follow this practice.

Ex-Lax has been recognized as a standard, reliable laxative for 29 years. More people use it than any other brand of laxative in the world.

A joy to take!

And here is still another pleasant thing about Ex-Lax . . . it tastes just like delicious chocolate. Isn't it foolish to offend your taste with some bitter, nasty-tasting laxative? Don't ever do it again . . . it's so needless.

Stop at your druggist's and get a box of Ex-Lax today, if it isn't already in your medicine chest. A box costs only 10c. There is a big, convenient family size at 25c, too.

GUARD AGAINST COLDS! . . . Remember these common-sense rules for fighting colds — get enough sleep, eat sensibly, dress warmly, keep out of drafts, keep your feet dry, and *keep regular*, with Ex-Lax, the delicious chocolated laxative. At all drug stores.

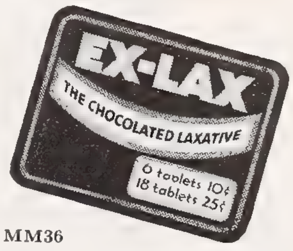
PLEASE TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!

(Paste this on a penny postcard)

Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.

Name____
Address______________________________________
City____________________________Age________
(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., 736 Notre Dame St. W., Montreal) MM36



Tune in on "Strange as it Seems", new Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time.

Enter

RUBY KEELER'S CONTEST NOW!

6th prize—Crosley All Metal Tube Console Radio.

Play hostess to this lovely star and win a big prize! It's easy!

Contest Rules

1. On the next page you will find the Ruby Keeler prize menu. Fill in each of the blank spaces (those that are preceded by asterisks) with the name of some food or special dish beginning with the letter on that line. Your complete menu should provide a balanced and appetizing meal. Then, in the space at the bottom of the menu, give your reason in ten words or less for wishing to see Ruby Keeler in "Colleen."

2. The prizes will be awarded to the persons who submit the best menus, typewritten or printed in pencil, with all the correct spaces filled in, with each dish on the menu beginning with the specified letter, and who, in the opinion of the judges give the best reasons (in ten words or less) for wishing to see Ruby Keeler in "Colleen." Neatness will count.

3. The first prize is $400.00 in cash; the second prize $250.00; the third prize $200.00 and the fourth prize $150.00. The fifth prize is a Crosley Shelvador Refrigerator; the sixth prize the new Crosley All Metal Tube Console Radio. There are five 64-piece H & W China Dinner Sets as seventh prizes. There are fifteen General Electric Hotpoint Portable Mixers as eighth prizes. There are ten Buffeteer Toaster Service Sets as ninth prizes.

4. The contestants may submit as many entries as they choose, each entry to be accompanied by the menu card coupon on the following page. No correspondence can be entered into regarding letters submitted to this contest. All letters, upon receipt, will become the property of MODERN SCREEN Magazine.

5. The decision of the judges shall be final, and in case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded.

6. No employees of MODERN SCREEN or members of employees' families are eligible to compete.

7. Send all entries to RUBY KEELER CONTEST, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. All entries must be mailed before midnight of April 15, 1936.

THIS is your *last* chance to enter the Ruby Keeler Prize contest and your *big* chance to compete for one of the wonderful prizes we are offering. One of the nicest features of this contest—apart from the useful awards—is its simplicity. You don't have to be a cross-word puzzle addict, a jig-saw puzzle expert or even a cook! All you have to do is to decide what you would serve to Ruby Keeler if she were to be your guest at dinner!

There is one rule that you must observe, however, so listen carefully and look at the sample menu on the opposite page as you read the explanation here. For this is important: every dish of your prize menu must begin with the initial given at the beginning of each line. The filled in menu card will illustrate what we mean.

The dishes do not need to be listed in the order in which they would be served. You can start off with dessert and end up with soup, if you choose, so long as you keep to the RUBY KEELER, COLLEEN line-up. One of the blank spaces, you will notice, has no initial heading it. In that space, therefore, you can add any dish you care to. This enables you to complete your menu (*Continued on page 90*)

5th prize—Crosley Shelvador Refrigerator.

Three more prizes—H & W China Set, Portable Mixer and Buffeteer Toaster Set.

Prizes

- 1st—$400.00 in cash
- 2nd—$250.00 in cash
- 3rd—$200.00 in cash
- 4th—$150.00 in cash
- 5th—Crosley Shelvador Refrigerator
- 6th—The new Crosley All Metal Tube Console Radio
- 7th—Five prizes of 64-piece H & W China Dinner Sets
- 8th—Fifteen prizes of General Electric Hotpoint Portable Mixers
- 9th—Ten prizes of Manning-Bowman Toaster Sets.

FILL IN THIS COUPON (PLEASE TYPEWRITE OR PRINT IN PENCIL) AND MAIL IT TO:

Editor, RUBY KEELER CONTEST,
MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

★R
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WHY I AM LOOKING FORWARD TO SEEING RUBY KEELER IN "COLLEEN"

....
....
Name...
Street...
City.................................. **State**...........................

THIS IS A SAMPLE COUPON. YOURS SHOULD LOOK LIKE THIS WHEN YOU SEND IT TO:

Editor, RUBY KEELER CONTEST,
MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

★R ROLLS
U
★B BOUILLON
Y
★ GREEN PEAS (ANY INITIAL)
K
★E EGG AND SARDINE CANAPE
E
★L LEG OF LAMB, MINT SAUCE
E
★R RASPBERRY ICE

★C (CANNED) CORN PUDDING
O
★L LYONNAISE POTATOES
L
★E ENDIVE SALAD, ROQUEFORT DRESSING
E
★N NUTS AND RAISINS

WHY I AM LOOKING FORWARD TO SEEING RUBY KEELER IN "COLLEEN"

BECAUSE SHE IS MY FAVORITE
TAP DANCER, AND SO PRETTY.
Name JANE SMITH
Street 99-22 BEVERLY AVE.
City BYRNETTE **State** IOWA

THE TREAT'S ON RUBY!

La Keeler wants you to crunch cookies with her

By Marjorie Deen

HAVE YOU a cookie jar in your home?

Well, if you have, here's your golden opportunity to secure new recipes from Ruby Keeler which will enable you to fill this kitchen treasure chest of yours with crispy, crunchy rounds of goodness.

But did I hear some of you say that you have no cookie jar? And no knack for making cookies? Well, that's too bad, really! For there is nothing more universally popular than the cookie family and nothing in the dessert line easier to make. Such at least is the opinion Ruby Keeler expressed to me the other day. And Ruby should know, for she is an enthusiastic "cookie cruncher" if your Modern Hostess ever saw one.

"AS A KID," said the petite Miss Keeler, "when I had a penny to spare (and those occasions were few), I'd never buy a lollypop or 'a penny's-wortha-candy' at the corner stationery store down under the elevated tracks. No, indeed, I'd get cookies—the two-for-a-penny kind at the bakery on the next street. I can still remember the delicious warm smell of baking bread that came out of that place as I stood—my little nose pressed against the window pane—feasting my eyes on the trays of goodies inside. With but a single cent, fairly burning a hole in my pocket, I'd put off the glorious moment of entering the shop while I pretended to myself that I couldn't make up my mind between the chocolate layer cake or the white frosted angel food. Naturally, I knew all the time that I couldn't possibly afford either. But do you think I cared? Not I! I knew I had money enough for two cookies and I asked no more of fate. To this very day I'd choose cookies in preference to cakes any old time at all."

I forgot to ask Mrs. Jolson whether her famous husband shares her enthusiasm for these baked sweets. But I'm perfectly sure, without asking, that there is one person who soon will be making very definite inroads on the cookie supply in the Jolson household. That's young Albert Jolson, Jr. For children adore cookies—from the tiniest tot who begs for one at Mother's tea table to the school child who cheers joyfully when cookies are included in his lunch box. And if it's true (which you know it is) that "men are just grown up little boys," it is just as true that they carry their liking for cookies on into manhood. Why only recently a man wrote a

THE MODERN HOSTESS,
MODERN SCREEN MAGAZINE,
149 MADISON AVENUE,
NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

Please send me a free leaflet containing Ruby Keeler's recipes for special cookies.

NAME...

STREET...

CITY.................STATE.........

Courtesy Borden's

A plateful of goodies.

popular song called "Lookie, Lookie, Lookie, Here Comes Cookie"—and meant it as a sincere compliment!

So let's be wise, follow Ruby's advice and reëstablish the old-fashioned cookie jar as a regular item of household furnishing. Let's fill it to overflowing with not one style of cookie, but several! You can buy these, of course, as Ruby once did, at the baker's. But better still you can have the home-made kind that Ruby now enjoys.

FOR THIS little lady has recipes for several kinds of cookies to which she is especially partial. Furthermore she allowed me to choose from among her favorites an outstanding example of each different type of cookie. Cookies, you know, fall under four groupings. Rolled Cookies, Dropped Cookies, Refrigerator Cookies and Filled Cookies, with a thousand variations possible on each theme. Later on we will discuss the four groups just mentioned in a very general way. But right here I want to tell you more about the recipes I have for you this month—those four pets of Ruby Keeler's. (I also want to tell you that you, too, can have copies of these recipes just by mailing in the coupon on the opposite page.)

The first of the cookie recipes in the leaflet, which is yours for the asking, is one that tastes just like an old-fashioned sugar cookie, but which is actually as up-to-date as the tap dancing feet of the person after whom it is named. The "Keeler Cookie" is delicious served plain, sprinkled with sugar, or frosted. Personally, I favor a frosted cookie for special occasions so I've included directions for

(*Continued on page 66*)

I WON'T STAY IN THIS HOUSE ANOTHER MINUTE! THE BIG BRUTE—COMPLAINING THAT HIS SHIRTS ARE FULL OF **TATTLE-TALE GRAY**.. AFTER I'VE SIMPLY SLAVED OVER THEM.

WHAT A LOT I'VE LEARNED IN TWO SHORT WEEKS! LOOK AT HIM TODAY... ALL KISSES AND SMILES BECAUSE HIS SHIRTS ARE SO NICE AND WHITE. MOTHER WAS RIGHT. THERE'S NOTHING LIKE **FELS-NAPTHA SOAP** FOR GETTING RID OF **TATTLE-TALE GRAY**... THAT SHOWS CLOTHES AREN'T REALLY CLEAN.

FELS-NAPTHA SOAP holds *two* marvelous dirt-looseners—*richer, golden* soap with *lots of naptha* added to it! When these two cleaners tackle the wash, even deep-down dirt hustles out. Fels-Naptha is safer, too. Grand for silk undies and stockings. And it's easier on hands—because there's soothing glycerine in every golden bar. Get some today at your grocer's. © 1936, FELS & CO.

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"

with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

Now! two forms of Winx Mascara which gives you

LONG, LOVELY LASHES so fascinating to men!

by LOUISE ROSS

FROM Paris comes the secret of this super-mascara called Winx. Instantly, it gives your lashes a natural accent. It makes skimpy, pale lashes look luxurious, sparkling, alive!

You'll never realize the power of beautiful eyes until you try either Cake or Creamy Winx—my perfected formula of mascara that keeps lashes soft, alluring. Your eyes—framed with lashes darkened by Winx—will have new mystery, new charm.

So safe—smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—Winx is refined to the last degree. Yet so quick to apply—a morning application lasts until bed-time.

Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascara. New friends are adopting Winx every day. Without delay, you, too, should learn the easy art of having lustrous lashes. Just go to any toilet counter and buy Winx. Darken your lashes—note the instant improvement.

Winx is presented in two convenient forms—the ever-popular Cake (in a box) and the new Creamy (in a tube). Each includes my perfected formula. They differ only in form. Each form has its enthusiasts—hence I offer both. They are for sale at all 10c counters.★

CAKE 10c CREAMY

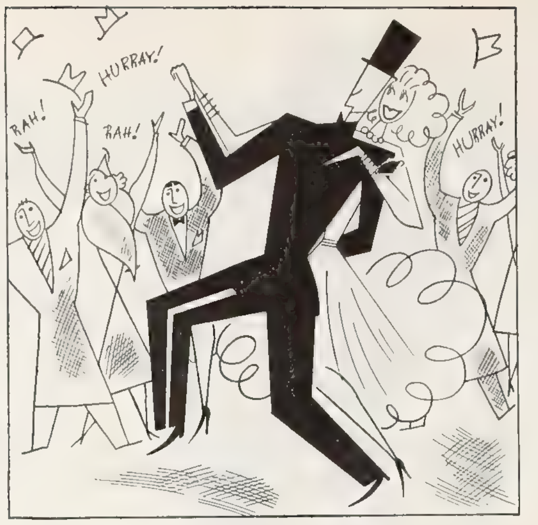
WINX for Lovely Eyes

★If you are not near a 10c store, you may order direct from Ross Company, 243 West 17th Street, New York City, by sending 10c, checking whether you wish ☐ Creamy ☐ Cake ☐ Black ☐ Brown ☐ Blue.

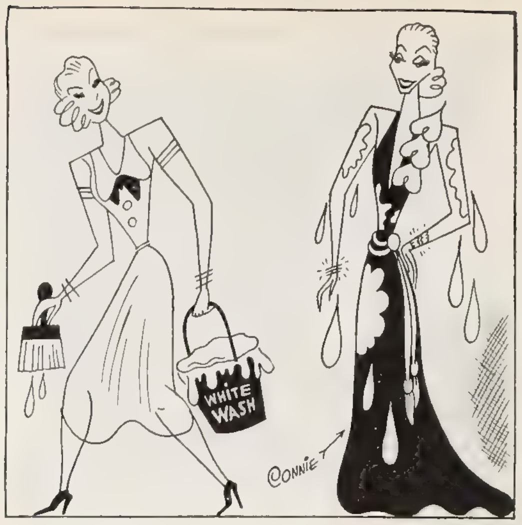
Name ....

Street ....

City .... State M-3-36


RAH!
RAH!
HURRAY!
HURRAY!

The Rogers-Astaire team can't be topped for perfection, says one reader.



'Tain't fair the way everyone pans La Bennett, a reader laments.

Between You 'n'

Write a letter and win a cash prize! Motion pictures offer a wide field for discussion. We want your criticisms, pro and con, on films, players, or any phase of movies that interests you. Ten dollars in prizes will be awarded each month for the six most interesting letters submitted—1st prize, $5; five 2nd prizes of $1 each. Be sure to send your full name and address. Modern Screen reserves the right to publish letters in whole or in part. Address: Between You and Me, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

$5 Prize Letter

Rogers vs. Powell

I guess I'll never be as burned up, riled, or irritated as I was when I glanced at a letter in your January issue concerning Ginger Rogers. To say that "as a dancing partner, Ginger Rogers is not good enough for Fred Astaire" and that Eleanor Powell would be "a tremendous sensation with Astaire" is certainly using very, very bad judgment. It is recognized that Miss Powell is a great feminine tap dancer, but her style and technique would not compare with the rhythm and charm of the Rogers-Astaire combination.

Astaire's and Roger's dancing blends into a completely harmonious delivery, expressing the very words harmonious rhythm. They so completely belong together as a dancing pair that they are beyond compare, both in ballroom and tap dancing.

Miss Powell's main forte is her tap dancing, which is superb, but she is most certainly not on a par with Ginger Rogers in any other respect.—Miriam Barr, Tucson, Arizona.

$1 Prize Letter

Romantic Lady

For some time I have been missing a little lady from the screen, and, when I say lady I mean just that. To me she has always been a sweet, modest girl, a pleasant change from the half-draped females with artificially slanted eyes, affected walks, etc.

Many of us have looked at her and found the qualities we should like a daughter to possess, in fact I wish she were my daughter so that I might know her better.

We have laughed with her, cried with her, and left the theatre with her pictures fresh in our memories. I shall never forget "Merely Mary Ann," "Daddy Long Legs," and "Sunny Side Up." I can still hear her singing "I'm a Dreamer."

So let's have more pictures with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, for together they spell ROMANCE.—Blanche Mott, New York, N. Y.

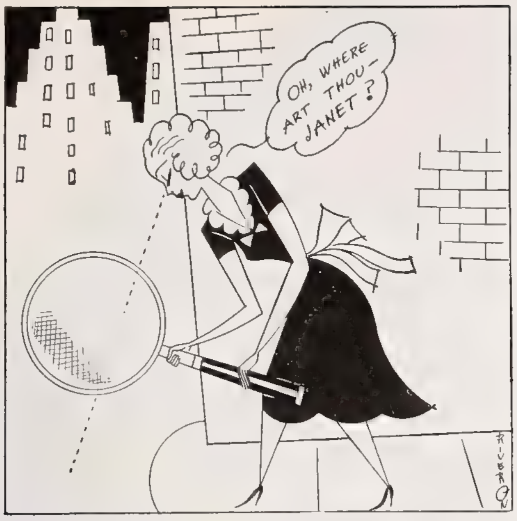
$1 Prize Letter

Defending Connie

It's about time someone came to the defense of Connie Bennett. Every magazine I pick up has some dirty crack about her in it. Once and only once have I read an article on her which stated that she was deathly afraid of crowds. Did it ever occur to anyone that Connie's so-called "high hat" is merely put on in self-defense?

She is accused by one of your readers of "posing with a cigarette in one hand and hot air in the other." If the script

Arizona girl wins $5.00!


OH, WHERE ART THOU— JANET?

The Gaynor gal's roles haven't been significant enough, says this lady.

me ..

calls for it, she's got to do it. Very few actresses could pull the same act and get away with it. Connie is the screen's prime sophisticate, one who can really put over the lousy parts handed to her. Let's have her in a picture where she really has a chance to shine.

Just as long as people sling sarcastic remarks about Constance, I'll be right here to defend "the most misunderstood actress in Hollywood."—Joan Goodwillie, Chicago, Ill.

$1 Prize Letter

Right You Are!

I second, third and fourth M. Woolsey's suggestion of Eddy and Swarthout in "Carmen." I'd second a motion for Nelson Eddy to sing anything, but he certainly would be some Toreador, and for a picture that part could be built up beautifully.

Harriet Bossard has the right idea about starved-looking stars. Some pictures leave us with the same impression we might have after a visit to a sanatorium. Too many of our leading players have an overwrought, high-strung look. That is probably why a fine, healthy specimen like Eddy made such a hit—Clark Gable, too, has always radiated sound health with nerves under control. I'm no Tarzan fan, but I don't like to see taught nerves or the evidence of them on display.—R. E. Dee, Peoria, Ill.

$1 Prize Letter

A Teetotaler Says—

In the December issue one of your readers said he was disgusted with the great amount of nudity on the screen. I believe there is another thing which is shown entirely too frequently on the screen and that is drinking.

Do producers and directors think that the only way to show people enjoying

(*Continued on page 100*)

So can you!

PANICKY?

Like a shadow, fear haunts you. Every minute you wonder—"Am I safe?"

But *why*—why risk that fear? Modess—the new and utterly different sanitary napkin—now banishes "accident panic." It's *certain-safe!* It stays soft! It stays safe!

SAY GOODBYE TO YOUR FEARS!

Dance and play—you're truly safe—with certain-safe Modess!

No striking through—as often happens with ordinary reversible napkins. No soggy edges! For Modess has a specially treated material on the sides and back. Wear *blue line* (the moisture-proof side) *away* from body and protection is complete!

Modess
This is the New Modess its "CERTAIN-SAFE"

End "accident panic"
—ask for Certain-Safe
Modess!

Try N-O-V-O—the new safe douche powder. Cleanses! Deodorizes! (Not a contraceptive.)
At your druggist or department store

Which type are you and do you know tricks to bring out your individuality? (Top, left) The Irish-American Alice Faye and, right, our own American Loretta Young. (Bottom, left and right) Two dark beauties, Mademoiselle Simone Simon and Señorita Rita Cansino.

BE INDIVIDUAL

By Mary Biddle

MAYBE IT'S the Irish in us, but this month we've decided to get fighting mad and go individualistic with a vengeance.

It—individuality—is the life of international trade in beauty. Think of Hollywood's imports; Garbo from Sweden, Dietrich from Germany, Merle Oberon from England, Dolores Del Rio from the romantic land of Mexico . . . a long string of names forging to the front. You'll find some talented newcomers on this page, and they're all youngsters with individuality. Here we have a tiny Parisienne, a Spanish señorita, a little blonde as Irish as a shamrock, and a young American girl. They are all as different as night is from day, so I've chosen them to support our individualistic theory in beauty, since they have already registered a "personality" trademark.

"In our make-up department, we don't merely put cosmetics on faces," declared Mel Burns, who is master of the greasepaint at RKO-Radio. "Rather, we deal in personality. The fact that it is radiated through the eyes and mouth means that we have to decide in which feature more personality lies, and bring out that feature through proper make-up."

"Then beauty itself is of minor importance?" I ventured.

"Yes," he responded frankly. "Show me an actress with a flawless face and, nine times out of ten, I'll show you a dumb actress."

Burns believes that women should learn to look at their faces impersonally, and that once they discover their best points and make the most of them, the battle is over. Moreover, he emphasized that by "best points," he didn't necessarily mean from the standpoint of mere physical perfection, but those through which their personalities are evident to the outside world.

Once upon a time Gloria Swanson fussed and fretted and worried over her nose as a screen liability. And it turned out that her turned-up nose became an asset; her profile became her "personality trademark," an intriguing part of her individuality.

Now let's turn our noses toward Paris. There is Simone Simon, the exciting French stage and screen star, who is making her debut in America with Ronald Colman in "Under Two Flags." Would you call her beautiful? Certainly not from a classical viewpoint. But she has something more important—an individuality, enhanced by her tiny unclassical nose. She accents her piquancy by make-up. Her long lashes and pert mouth are made up enticingly with mascara and lipstick, and her chiseled brows are accentuated with eyebrow pencil. She uses a Rachel Claire powder to enhance her naturally creamy skin. She wears smart, snug little dresses to enhance her figure. Yes, she is a pretty clever young sophisticate, we must admit.

Take these stars' beauty advice

Rita Cansino is the dancing daughter of a famous dancing family. Hers is the colorful charm that belongs to the beauties of Old Spain. It isn't beauty that she has . . . it is color, verve, vividness. She has an ivory complexion, dark brown hair and large brown eyes. She makes the most of her striking coloring by using a brilliant shade of lipstick and no rouge on her cheeks. Her powder is usually a dark rachel shade. She always pays particular attention to keeping her brows beautifully arched; too straight a line would detract from her special kind of distinction; too heavy a line would tend to coarsen her brunette coloring. Rita is wise enough to keep her hair sleek and smooth and long. "Long may the permanent wave," say I, but if in this permanented age you *can* wear long, straight hair, be individual enough to capitalize upon it.

FROM brunette to blonde, and to the palest of silken blonde hair we come to Alice Faye, a provocative vixen if there ever was one. She is of Irish-American ancestry, and we don't need to have kissed the blarney stone in order to call her "alluring." But beautiful? Certainly not. That isn't important where an Irish Faye is concerned. Alice has two important "personality trademarks," her eyebrows and her mouth. It takes the fairest of fair skin, wide-set eyes, and the most provocative of profiles to "carry off" eyebrows like hers. To most girls, they would give a ludicrous, doll-like artificiality, but to Alice they give a pert individuality. Such eyebrows would be utterly out of keeping with Loretta Young's flower-like beauty, but they're actually part of Alice Faye. Then her mouth. She is as generous with her lipstick as with her smile.

If you're interested in Alice's make-up, her powder is of a light naturelle shade, in consideration of her fair complexion. If you're lucky enough to have a fair complexion, use a light enough shade of powder. How many times I've seen a fair skin coarsened in appearance by the use of too dark powder. And you blondes, use brown mascara, not black!

Now we come to a different type of American sweetheart, with a little of the Irish, too, in her big brown eyes. It's Janet Gaynor, who, according to strictly academic standards, hasn't a single outstanding feature, and yet the wistful charm of her face has given her a hold on the heartstrings of the public. Part of her personality and appeal is her tininess. So many girls bewail the fact of their littleness; you want to go glamorous and sophisticated, and well, yes, (*Continued on page 92*)

"Let Camay open your eyes to

Your Own Loveliness"

MC From the very first time I tried it, I knew it was the beauty aid I needed. Camay can really open your eyes to your own loveliness.

Sincerely,

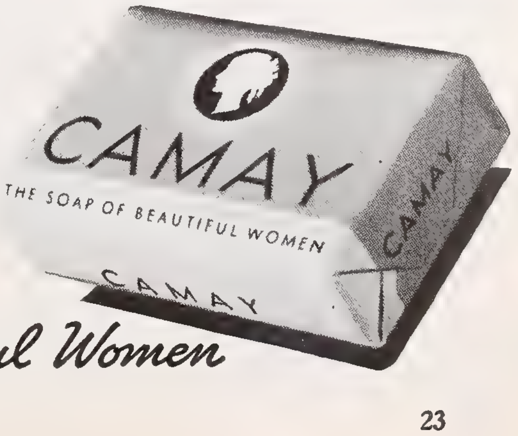
Boise, Idaho
September 3, 1935

Nellita Courtney
(Mrs. Stanhope Courtney)

THE "picture" of what every little girl hopes to look like when she grows up—describes Mrs. Courtney perfectly. Blue eyes, golden hair and a *complexion* as smooth and as fresh as a flower—a complexion Mrs. Courtney generously credits "to Camay!"

There's never any doubt about "Camay's beauty aid." You can *feel* those energetic little bubbles clean your skin in a way you know must be good for it. You can *see* the effect of its luxurious, creamy lather. You can fairly *watch* your skin grow smoother, clearer, and more attractive. Begin with Camay—today! Buy at least a half-dozen cakes from your dealer. The price is very low.

Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.



CAMAY

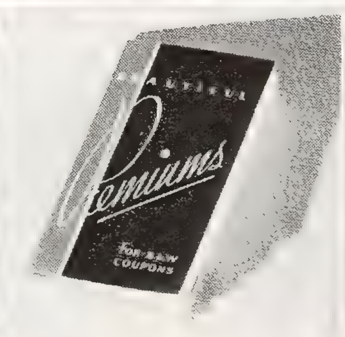
The Soap of Beautiful Women

WE'RE FOOLS ABOUT KOOLS—Who doesn't rave about this cigarette that's mildly mentholated to refresh the throat, smoothly blended to please the taste, cork-tipped, and packed with a valuable B & W coupon good for handsome premiums? (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) If you've never tried **KOOLS**, you're missing the parade! Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

KOOL
MILD MENTHOL
Cigarettes
CORK TIPPED
REG U S PAT OFF
SAVE THIS VALUABLE B&W COUPON
REDEEMABLE
15¢
25¢ in Canada
COUPON

SAVE COUPONS . . . MANY HANDSOME NEW PREMIUMS

Cigarette Box—Two shades of laminated wood. Chrome knob. 100 coupons



FREE. Write for illustrated 24-page B & W premium booklet, No. 10

Silex Coffee Maker—Pyrex and chrome. Electric. Makes 8 cups . . . 475 coupons

RALEIGH CIGARETTES...NOW AT POPULAR PRICES...ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

More Good News

(*Continued from page 15*)

Questions-Without-Answers: What well known director, promised a bonus if he finished a picture within a certain time limit, had his schedule and his dream of extra cash wrecked by the he-man star of the production, who had a habit of sleeping late mornings? A few nights after the finish of the picture, the director sat in a night club brooding over his loss when the star ambled in. What would have been a beautiful fist fight was spoiled by an army of waiters, who separated the two belligerents.

■ ■ ■

The most insured person in Hollywood these days isn't Garbo or Gable, as you might suspect, but Shirley Temple, a streamlined blonde whose presence is so valuable to her studio, 20th Century-Fox, that they have just taken out life insurance totalling $2,000,000. The policy was so large it had to be divided between four insurance companies, and it makes little Miss T. one of the most expensive young ladies in the world. With Shirley rated as the world's best box-office bet, we don't blame her studio a bit for taking such precautions.

■ ■ ■

We talked to Loretta Young, who has had her own romantic troubles, about Sally and Norman Foster recently, and she said, "It almost makes me weep to see two people so happy. If this marriage doesn't last, then nothing can survive in Hollywood."

■ ■ ■

The last shot on "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" was hardly completed when Henry Fonda breezed into New York for the holidays. He stayed at The Gotham, the cinema crowd's popular rendezvous.

(*Continued on page 105*)

Joan Bennett and husband, Gene Markey, have a quiet family game of billiards, at Arline Judge's recent party. Joan doesn't look as if she expected Gene to top her shot!

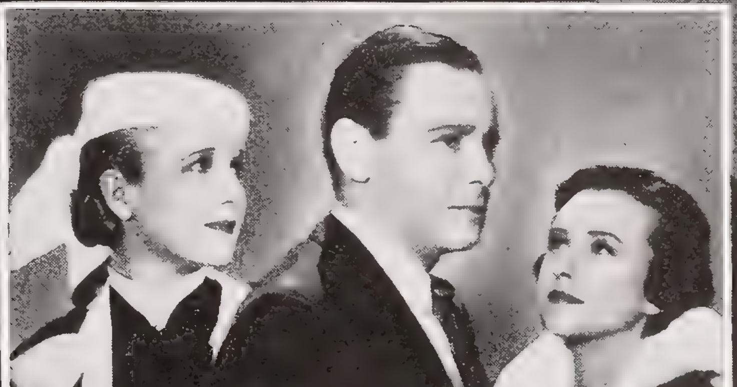
One woman gave him the thrill of reckless kisses. The other gave him the glow of a deathless love. And in the burning crucible of three souls in conflict is born this triumphant heart song of a million wives and sweethearts.

ANN HARDING *and*
HERBERT MARSHALL

in "The
LADY CONSENTS"

with
MARGARET LINDSAY
WALTER ABEL · EDWARD ELLIS
HOBART CAVANAUGH · ILKA CHASE
Directed by Stephen Roberts

AN RKO—RADIO
PICTURE



"You are the best I could get. And now I've got you—she'll never be able to win you back again!"

THE STAR OF "DAVID COPPERFIELD!"... THE HERO OF "WHAT PRICE GLORY!"

THE DIRECTOR OF "CHINA SEAS!"

Together they give their greatest in Damon Runyon's story of rollicking and exciting adventure!

"I TAKE MY FIGHTS WHERE I FIND 'EM!
I CAN LICK THE COCKEYED WORLD!"

VICTOR McLAGLEN

Freddie BARTHOLOMEW

IN

PROFESSIONAL SOLDIER

Timely as a radio news flash! Tender as a big brother's love! Thrilling as a machine-gun's rat-tat-tat! Uproarious and romantic as only a Damon Runyon yarn can be!

with

GLORIA STUART • CONSTANCE COLLIER
MICHAEL WHALEN • C. HENRY GORDON

A DARRYL F. ZANUCK
TWENTIETH CENTURY PRODUCTION

20th CENTURY FOX

Presented by Joseph M. Schenck
Associate Producer Raymond Griffith • Directed by Tay Garnett

NORMA SHEARER

Juliet, loveliest and most romantic of all Shakespeare's heroines, is reincarnated for the screen by Norma. We've waited so many months to know who Romeo would be, but the wait was worth it when the decision was made to give Leslie Howard the much coveted role. Norma never has looked more beautiful and don't you love her softly curled coiffure, which Adrian created for her as a perfect Juliet head-dress, copying it from a famous old painting?

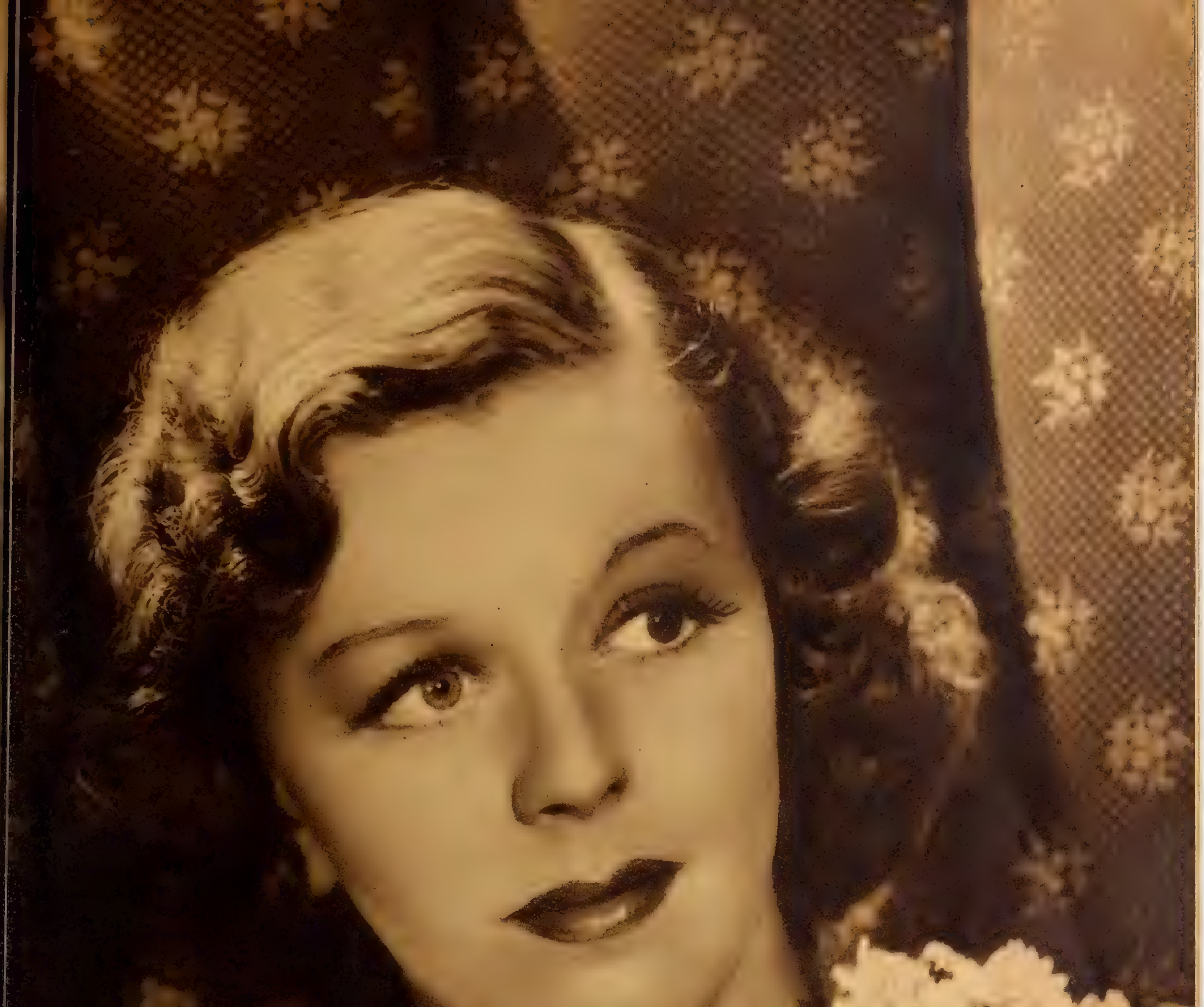
CLAUDETTE COLBERT

and HENRY FONDA

For the first time in months, Claudette has time on her hands. And being one of the busiest stars in the cinema town, it must seem swell to have no immediate picture scheduled after "The Bride Comes Home." Don't think the dynamic Colbert is relaxing for a second, however. Between getting her beautiful new home organized and nimbly dodging the news sleuths who dog her steps since she has eloped with her Dr. Pressman, she's as busy as a bird dog. As for Henry Fonda, you'll be seeing him in color! The rugged Fonda charm is going to set the femme fans palpitating when they see him mountaineering in that rip-snorting old melodrama, "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," now being revived in full color. Henry's heart interest is Shirley Ross, who may be Mrs. F. by now.

JOHN BOLES

A busy fellow is Boles. Hardly had he wiped off his make-up for "Rose of the Rancho" before he was putting on a fresh one for "A Message to Garcia" with Barbara Stanwyck and Wallace Beery.



MARGARET SULLAVAN

This is a very serious study of the prankish Maggie, who delights in playing practical jokes off screen. Perhaps she's in character for the romantic drama, "Next Time We Love," with James Stewart.

Charming Elizabeth Allan, having made a hit in "A Tale of Two Cities," has gone back home to England to play in a picture for Gaumont-British. Transatlantic commuting seems to be Hollywood's pastime these days.

ELIZABETH ALLAN

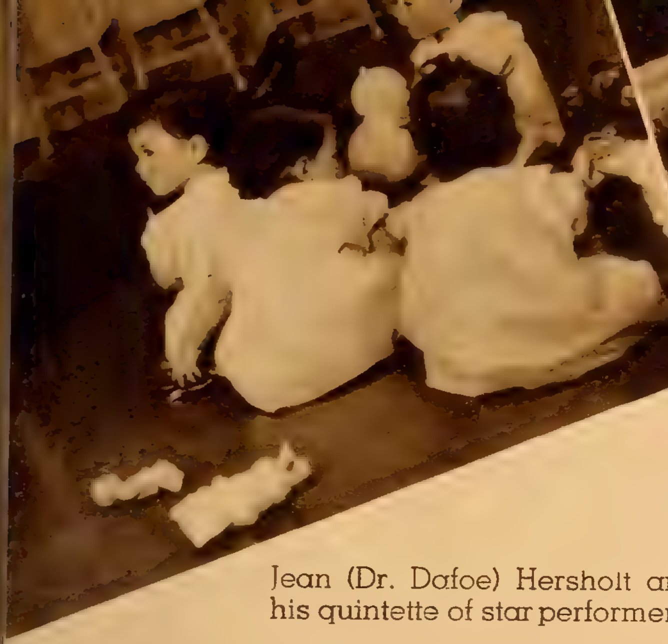
DESIRE

The best news of the year is that one of the screen's most thrilling twosomes is united again. Remember Gary Cooper and Marlene Dietrich in "Morocco"? If you do, you will know what an exciting pair they are as screen lovers. "Desire" is a romantic comedy involving Marlene, a beautiful Continental jewel thief, and Gary, a stalwart and very honest young American engineer. What happens when they meet and fall in love is something that will have you amused and charmed. Dietrich never looked lovelier than she does in this, her best picture—and her clothes! They are a whole fashion bulletin in pictures for all you feminine fans. Gary, of course, is the same grand romantic fellow who always turns out a swell performance. "Desire" is directed by Frank Borzage, who did such a fine job with Gary in "A Farewell to Arms."

(Adv't.)

LIGHTS !

Courtesy NEA Service, Inc.



Jean (Dr. Dafoe) Hersholt ana his quintette of star performers.

CAMERA ! IT'S THE QUINTS !

Here's the first story of five little Garbos who crashed pictures

By Gladys Hall

FROM the pocket of his coat, reverently, Jean Hersholt extracted a tiny wooden whistle in the shape of a doll. The round head was nicked and chewed, unmistakable marks of tiny teeth. I held it in my hand. It had been teethed on by —the Quintuplets!

And Jean, returned that very day, with Dorothy Peterson, Director Henry King & Co., from Callander, where they had been working with the famous babies in "The Country Doctor"—Jean, who owns, among other priceless treasures the most complete set of Hans Christian Andersen manuscripts in existence, said to me, "This little whistle is my most valuable possession, my treasure beyond

Courtesy NEA Service, Inc.

From left to right, the five stars, Yvonne, Marie, Emilie, Annette and Cecile. Marie looks very meek but she's the executive of all the "Quints."

any price. I carry it with me, always, for good luck."

"And I also want to tell you," said Jean, laughing, "that for the first time in my life I went up in my lines when I did my first scene with Mademoiselles Yvonne, Annette, Marie, Emilie and Cecile. I did the worst bit of acting I have ever done in my twenty odd years on the screen. I was terrible. I, who have worked with Garbo more often, I think, than any other one actor, was knocked right off my feet. I was awkward and ill at ease before those five self-possessed, incredible little personalities. *They* were not camera-shy. *I* was. They went to it like little veteran troupers and were what all fine actors must be, completely natural and uninhibited. No wonder I was floored. Why, I felt as though the Garbo personality had been turned on me not once, but five times!"

And then I heard all about them. Jean gave me the first and the exclusive interview on that fabulous excursion to one of the shrines of the world. The snow from Callander was barely melting from his shoes when we talked. And then, later, I talked with Dorothy Peterson and she gave me the woman's reaction to the five famous babies. And so, these are first-hand, eye-and-ear witness facts about the "Quints"—from Jean Hersholt, who plays the part of their beloved Dr. Dafoe and from Dorothy Peterson, who plays their nurse, two people who worked with them and played with them in their hospital nursery every day for six days.

THEY ARE identically alike, the Quintuplets (and by the way, you pronounce the much disputed word "*Quint*-uplets' with the accent on the first syllable, Jean told me. Thus does Dr. Dafoe pronounce it—and he should know!)

Anyway, they are identically alike, physically. They have precisely the same shade of hair, the same color eyes, the same tone of skin and shape of head, hands and feet. Their voices are alike, with the same tone and timbre. Rich little voices, all five of them.

But they are NOT alike in their personalities. Each one is a definite and distinct-from-the-other little individual. Each one has her own mannerisms and cunning "ways." Each one reacts differently. Dr. Dafoe cannot tell very easily which one is which when he comes up on them sleeping side by side. But the instant they are awake and at play anyone, who has been with them for an hour or two, can tell Cecile from Marie, and Marie from Annette and so on.

Marie, for instance, is by far the most independent, the most domineering of the five. She is the one from whom the others do not dare to snatch toys or make too free. She has been reported to be the smallest and frailest of the five. She is, Jean told me, actually only a few ounces lighter than her sisters. She is, too, the only one of the five who does not walk as yet. But the difference is not so marked as it has been said to be. And such slight physical difference, as there has been, is more than made up for by small Marie's sturdy independence of mind. She is the leader and the dictator of the group.

Dorothy Peterson told me that, while Marie does not walk, she has an extremely rapid and effective method of getting about. She puts her two hands flat on the floor, propels herself with her feet, her small behind sticking aggressively up in the air as she skitters about.

Yvonne is the most emotional of the five. She is the readiest to laugh, the quickest to respond to affection. She is the only one of the five who cried at all during the six days Jean worked with them. And that only for a very few moments. She has, Dr. Dafoe explained, reached the "shy stage," the coy feminine stage of being whimsical. She decided one day, said Miss Peterson, that she was "through with pictures" and retreated into a corner from which she had to be wooed and won again. It was obvious, Jean told me, chuckling, that she knew she was employing woman's most potent weapon—tears. She peered out from behind her fingers and gauged the effect nicely.

Cecile, Dr. Dafoe told Jean, went through this same shy stage a few weeks ago but had emerged from it, a new and very debonair woman by the time "The Country Doctor" company arrived. And she is, now, the most casual and off-hand of the five. A sort of "take things as I find them" attitude.

EMILIE and Annette are the most observant of the five. Emilie, for instance, recently discovered the electric light switch near her crib. She was overjoyed when she found out that, by pressing the button, she could turn the light on and the dark off. Dr. Dafoe had to send for an electrician to move the switch and install it elsewhere, electric appliances not being exactly the toys for eighteen month oldsters. Annette discovers the door knobs and toys that have rolled under chairs, things out of sight. She misses nothing.

They were not camera-shy in the least. As secluded as they have been, they never once cried or shrank back or evinced the slightest degree of fear when the company began to work with them. They were not nervous. They were merely healthily curious and interested. They are perfect demonstrations, Jean told me, of what science can do when it raises human beings—even little human beings as handicapped as these babies were at birth.

"They are also," Miss Peterson (*Continued on page 84*)

by Mary E. Parks

Gay, pert Wendy—you'd never know she'd been jilted recently. She's in "Don't Bet on Love," an apt title. Above, with Louis Hayward, a friend.

Wendy Barrie tells how to patch a broken heart

IF YOU ARE JILTED—THEN WHAT?

AFTER YOUR heart is broken—what?"

We sat in the garden of Wendy's Westwood Hills home. And pungent chrysanthemums and vivid China lilies flowered about the feet of the China-born young Wendy Barrie as she repeated my sad question, with a laugh—though the laugh, like the question, held a knife.

"After your heart is broken," she said, "violence! Do something violent, just at first. Do something different. To cut the cord, you know. Run away from wherever you are. If you live in a small town, go to a big city. If you live in a big city, go to some rural village. Anywhere—anywhere—so long as it is away!

"Or do something violent! Turn into someone you never were before. Do something radical and desperate. Do anything but *one* thing. Don't pity yourself.

"And another 'don't' to girls who have had their hearts broken—don't try to lick heartbreak by plunging into another love affair. It isn't a panacea, it's an irritant. It's the worst thing you can do. It's like trying to contract diphtheria in order to forget that you have measles. It doesn't work. It's stupid.

"And don't sit around dramatizing yourself. Yours isn't the only broken heart in the world—it's just one of many.

SERIOUSLY," said the wand-like child, with the honey-colored hair and the topaz eyes, "seriously, heartbreak is not a gentle malaise of the imagination. Heartbreak is an illness, just as the break of any bone or the breakdown of any organ in the body is illness. It belongs to the surgeons. Heartbreak is an actual physical disease. I know that no one has ever described it thus literally before. No one has ever thought of it clinically—always romantically. That's because of the poets. They've dramatized it. But I know whereof I speak.

"I lost twenty pounds when my heart was broken. And I say this exactly as I would say that I'd lost twenty pounds when I had typhoid

(*Continued on page 64*)

Above, Clark rests between shots at a "skeet" shoot. He and Gary Cooper, with him, are among Hollywood's best.

GABLE'S

How will Clark

THE ONLY possession I have ever craved, the only goddess I can serve faithfully for all my life is *FREEDOM!*" So said Clark Gable.

"I'm a tramp at heart," he continued. And with those words he gave the real "inside" story of himself, of all that he wants from life, even of the marital events recently headlined and hysterics-lined.

For though Clark, in due course of time, will be "in circulation" again—he won't be. Not really.

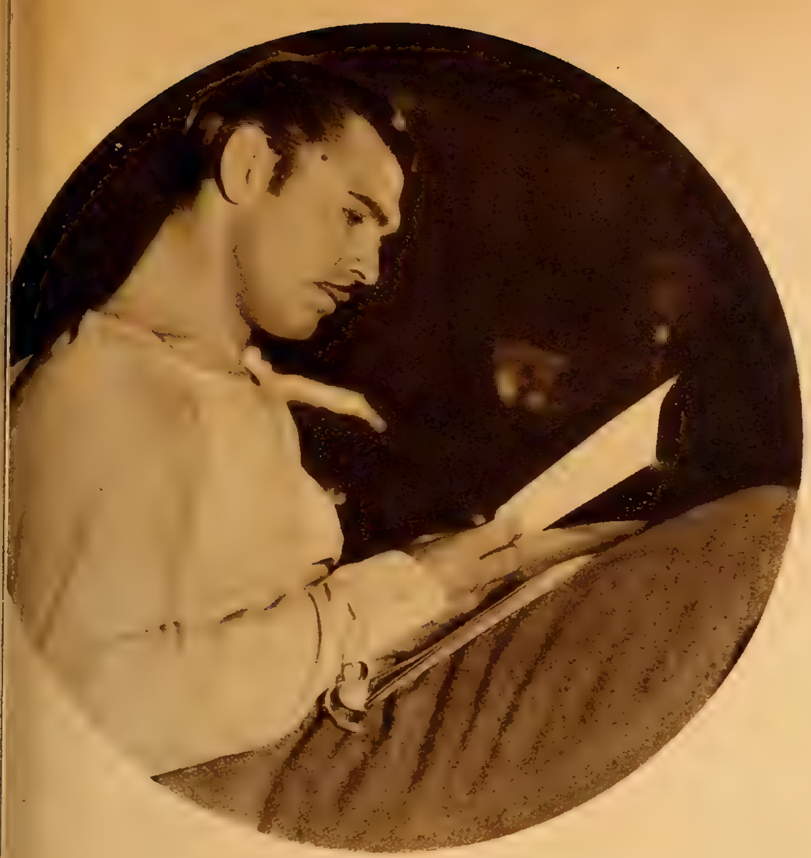
He looked magnificent as he sat there, in his dressing room. He seemed too big and vital for the narrow confines of the room. I could see marriage, domesticity, routine—all submerged beneath tempestuous seas.

No, not for one acre of ground, this man—not for four walls, nor for one woman, nor for the hearth—but for veldts, the prairies, the jungles, the untrammeled reaches of the air.

That is the "story" back of Clark Gable and all that he has done and all that he may do—*freedom.* The wide, wide world wherein he may stretch his arms and yawn, laugh and adventure.

We talked for three hours, for this is the first interview he has given since he took off for South America.

Now and then we were interrupted by a call from the director and Clark departed, perforce, to do a scene with Jean Harlow. Once Jean herself poked her "brownette"



Clark is no Beau Brummel, off-screen. He loves casual, slouchy clothes like these. He's reading some fan mail.

Another favorite Gable pastime, fishing. Note the proud grin as he holds up two beauties from a day's catch.

NEW FREEDOM

use it? Of course you know, he's alone now

By Gladys Hall

head in the door and summoned him. "Hi, there, you!" she said—and "Hi, there, right back at you," laughed Clark. They both carolled, "Love at first sight!"—and winked.

During Clark's absences on the set, I combed my hair with the Gable comb, brushed my suit with the Gable clothes brush, renovated my face with the Gable powder puff—and emerged disappointingly unchanged.

The Gable coat and hat—a careless looking raincoat and a brown Fedora—hung on a rack. A pair of the Gable socks were rolled up and thrown on the floor. The Gable dressing-table bore the comb, the clothes brush, one rather dreary-looking powder puff. A book on Astrology was on the couch, dog-eared. That was all. No dressy make-up box. No framed and autographed beauties—just a few meagre masculine necessities, neither very new nor very shiny. No "man" stood in attendance to dust off the risen star. Clark combed his own hair and forgot his face.

A YOUNG daughter of one of the studio firemen presented Clark with a home-made cake just as he was called to the set. I asked if I might have a piece while he was gone. "Certainly not!" said Clark-the-big-meanie, departing. He called back, laughing, "Well, just one piece—if you can find a knife."

I found one. I shaved off a piece of the crust and hid the rest of the cake. When Clark returned he eyed the shaving with amazement and me with disbelief and said, "For Pete's sake!"

The coyly hidden cake was produced and Clark ordered tea for two and we settled down again.

And that little incident is Gable all over—fun. He likes to kid. He likes to have a laugh, to give and receive snappy comebacks. If a lady languished at him, he'd list to starboard and be seen no more.

He said, gravely now, "Let's get one thing straight. I don't know what you want me to talk about, but I have my suspicions. And you may as well know that I will not discuss Mrs. Gable—not with anyone. I haven't discussed our affairs, I never shall. Not even my most intimate men friends have got a word out of me. All they know is what they have read in the papers. And if anyone 'quotes' me, which will be definitely *mis*quoting, since there aren't going to be any statements, I'll—" And Clark's expression was one to strike terror into the nerviest questioner.

"I know," he continued, "that all kinds of editorial articles have been and will be (*Continued on page 80*)

ARE WOMEN

Whether or not you

A LITTLE, curly-headed girl of thirteen stood on the platform of the Opera House in her home town, Deep Water, Missouri. She was giving her first recital. All the folks were there, family, friends, neighbors, schoolmates. There came the high note in a difficult aria, when to the horror and consternation of both family and friends, to the special anguish of the little girl's elder sister, Roma—*she failed to make that high note.*

Something like a long-drawn sigh echoed in that auditorium. Tears in the mother's eyes, and in the sister's . . . a suppressed titter perhaps, from the schoolmates, with the young cruelty of their age, who had long been impressed with the story "Gladys is going to be a very great singer, you know."

And then, to the astonishment of everyone in the audience, the child wheeled round on the platform and demanded of her teacher, who was accompanying her, that they start over again from the beginning! The teacher whis-

Successful Gladys Swarthout whose answer to a burning modern question should be of interest to every man and woman.

INFERIOR TO MEN ?

agree, la Swarthout's answer sets you thinking

pered frantically that this was never done. The small girl whispered back that that didn't matter, *it would be done now.* And the teacher, too embarrassed to persist in the maintenance of precedent, went back to the beginning. Perhaps she recognized dimly, in that unheard of moment, that she was in the presence of a smasher of precedent. On the second valiant attempt the little girl sang the high note so truly, so triumphantly that the entire audience rose to their feet and burst into wild applause—applause for the high note; applause, no less, for the high courage that had produced it.

And thus a great career was launched—for members of a wealthy Kansas City family were present that night and they offered, then and there, to finance the little Ozark Mountain girl's career—Gladys Swarthout was on her way.

There is nothing of the "Great Diva" about Gladys Swarthout. She doesn't believe in the legendary "operatic temperament." She wrinkles her nose in the way she has and says, "Singers who fly off the handle are usually trying to substitute temperament for voice."

No trumpets ring out when Gladys Swarthout approaches. She is, very simply, a dark, vividly alive young woman. She has nut brown hair and eyes and an olive skin. She wore, the day we talked, a navy blue cape suit, topped by a small navy hat. She wore dark lipstick and no other make-up. She sat on a divan in her dressing-room on the Paramount lot, her young and very good-looking husband, Frank Chapman, at her side. She might very well have been just young Mrs. Frank Chapman, spending her days playing golf, her evenings playing bridge, a member of a smart suburban set. She defers to her husband, as every good wife should. And it is well known, in Hollywood, that he is constantly with her, on the set as well as off, advising, consulting, encouraging.

AND SO when I said, "There has been so much talk about women being inferior to men—whether or not they are—it struck me that it would be intensely interesting for you, so successful a woman, to say what your honestly think." I said it, confident that Gladys Swarthout is the sort who would be interested in any question involving the human equation. She is. She smiled at Mr. Chapman and he smiled at her. It is quite obvious, to the most casual observer, that this is one of those rare marriages which is a perfect duet—the bass and the treble, harmonizing perfectly.

She said, "Oddly enough, Frank and I were discussing your question only last night. And I really do believe that I have the right answer.

"Women are inferior to men when it comes to real creative work. Women never create. They excel most when they handle material already created. They are inferior to men when it comes to great inventions, scientific discoveries, the building of things, the creating of the sources of material. I don't believe that we could find two women in all history who have achieved greatly in any real creative field. Oh yes, Madame Curie, I know. But even she worked with her husband. Edison, Rembrandt, the Wright Brothers, (*Continued on page 70*)

By Faith Service

Left below, Gladys Swarthout with Jan Kiepura and Benny Baker, centre, in a scene from "Give Us This Night." And right, relaxing from work with husband, Frank Chapman.

ABC
Breakfast
dinner
Shirley
Shirley's Fan Mail

FROM
TO EIGHT

Eight o'clock and no breakfasting on ice cream even for stars! Shirley drinks milk with fruit and toast close by, even as other girls.

Wheel! A spin before setting out for the studio. Shirley told us a Big Automobile Man—but very Big—sent her this snappy motor.

What a whirl! Every day is a busy one for little Miss Temple

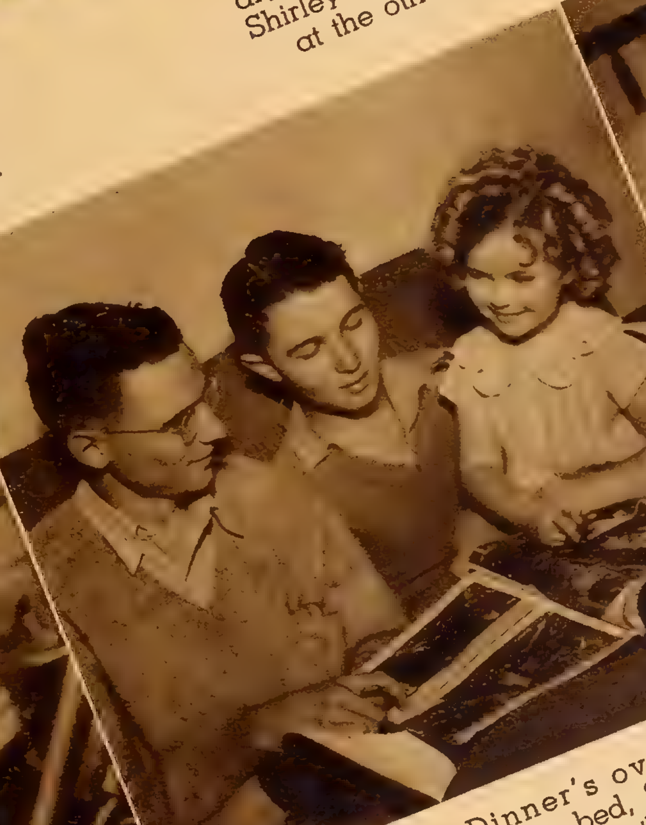
EIGHT WITH *Shirley*

Readin' and 'rithmetic at the studio between scenes. But our star and her stand-in, Mary Lou Isleib, admit it's as much fun as acting.

There's a swell spiral stairway on the "Captain January" set and it's from there Shirley likes to peer down at the others working.

"Dere frend:" But even her typewriter won't supply words for the fan letter Shirley's so puzzled over.

Home, after a hard day's work, and quick into her bathing suit for a plunge in the pool. Shirley just loves to swim.



Dinner's over and before bed, Shirley's two big brothers take a hand at entertaining their famous sister.

And so to bed—but not before prayers. All the Temple pets are included in these.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN, THE

In reality, this lovable screen tramp is a

AT LAST, there is another Charlie Chaplin picture to be chuckled over, and thousands of youngsters who have grown up to movie-going age since four and one-half years ago, when his last picture was shown, are having the fun of discovering him for the first time.

During that long lapse between "City Lights" and "Modern Times," I've burst into guffaws at the most unexpected and embarrassing moments, remembering a scene from "City Lights." I and a few million others. It was one of those subtle scenes that would take a psychology professor to figure out. He swallowed a whistle, and from then on, whenever making a sound would do him the most harm, he hiccuped and the whistle blew.

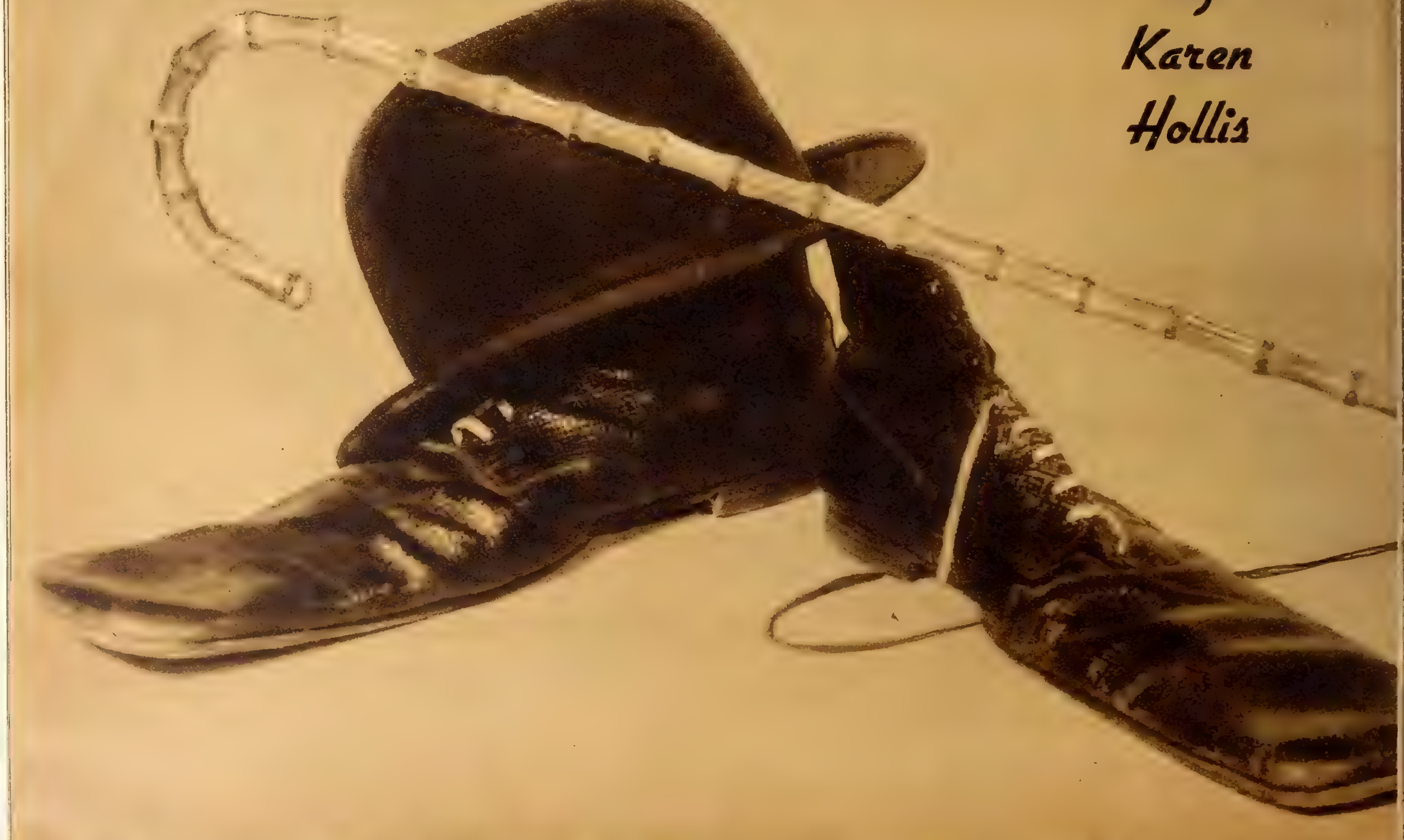
A lot of long-faced professors would have us believe that Chaplin is much more profound than that. They have put him into college textbooks on the psychology of humor. Reams of learned and very dull interpretations of his pictures have been written, but don't let that fool you. The actor who slips and gets his backstop stuck in a pail of water just when he is trying to make a dignified impression belongs to us shouters more than to the thinkers.

There ought to be a law providing that everyone see each Chaplin picture at its very first showing. Then we could shout down all the wet blankets who try to tell us about the mysticism, symbolism, and assorted hooey they discovered in his picture.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN himself is all things to all people. Stop any five of his most intimate friends (and you never saw a man who has so many intimate friends from here to Japan) and they will all tell you a different story. Mary Pickford, who counts him first among her friends, thinks he is the wisest and most dependable man she ever met. A famous author, who has often gone from New York to Hollywood at Charlie's invitation, only to find that Charlie has left town, considers him the most flighty minded and most undependable person he knows. But he'd go from here to Timbuctoo to spend five minutes with him.

Marion Davies thinks Charlie is the perfect party guest. When you have once been entertained by his untiring antics, all parties without him are a frost. A Hollywood delicatessen owner, who is one of his oldest friends, enjoys Charlie as a daily companion. He says he will sit silently munching rye bread and liverwurst for hours, then go out and prowl around the streets, and along the most sordid waterfront never saying a word, but obviously enjoying himself. H. G. Wells, who wrote "The Outline of History," and who has come from England to be Chaplin's house guest for several months, admires him tremendously because his unquenchable curiosity about

By
Karen
Hollis



SERIOUS FUNNY MAN

charming scamp, or a solemn chap at will

things and people has made him make up for his lack of schooling as a child by reading everything he gets his hands on, and listening intently to all the great men he meets. And he has met practically every great person alive in the world today from diplomats to bull fighters, from Professor Einstein to Peggy Hopkins Joyce. At *their* request, incidentally.

When I hear acquaintances talking about Charlie Chaplin, even people who have known him much longer and better than I have, I want to get up on a soap-box and scream, "He's not like that, he's like this." But everyone else feels the same way, so you can't hear a thing for the noise we make.

If you will let me ramble on, I'll tell you some of my most vivid memories of meeting Chaplin. Before anyone can get through an introduction, he says, "But surely we have met before." Nine times out of ten, he has guessed right. And does everyone get thrilled at that bit of kindly tact. Even if they have not met him before.

You are apt not to remember anything he said at your first meeting. That's because you probably did all the talking. He has a sweet, ingratiating way about him, that Chaplin.

I LIKE best to remember him at big parties. I have seen him stand behind a phonograph imitating an orchestra conductor. His anxiety, then relief, over a brief solo from the first violin, his dismay over a sour note, his frantic efforts to get more volume from his orchestra, make you see every one of the stodgy or temperamental, sleepy, or nervous, or arrogant players in his imaginary orchestra. His despairing shrug, as if to say, "I have to do everything around here, you men just aren't trying," is a masterpiece of caustic wit.

I have seen him walk around the guests at a party, impersonating a desperate man who thinks that perhaps he will take up picking pockets as a profession. It is nothing short of magic the way he makes you follow every thought of his, without words, almost without gestures. He makes you see what he thought of doing, but decided against. He makes you agonize over the poor man's temptation, and roar because a pretty girl distracts his attention from a fat bankroll.

Best of all is his parlor portrayal of a man visiting an art gallery. With his back toward you and a blank wall in front of him, you know that he is looking at beautiful landscapes that make him feel shut in from all the fragrance and freedom of the outdoors. You know that the still life of fruit and a dead fish make him hungry. Then he comes to a nude. He doesn't want to be caught staring at it, but he cannot resist. He rises to a perfect frenzy of curiosity and shyness that makes him look, turn away, look again, and turn away until his fellow guests are so worn out from laughter that they beg him to stop.

Don't get the idea that Chaplin is always the inspired clown. Quite the contrary. Back in June, 1929, he and Lindbergh were fellow guests at a small luncheon party on a yacht anchored in the Hudson. Lindbergh had recently returned from his solo flight across the Atlantic, and Manhattan was one shoving, screaming, persistent lot of maniacal hero worshippers who all wanted to get close to him and talk to him. At luncheon Lindbergh experienced the first moments of quiet in a hectic day. He seemed happy and hurried away to pressing engagements with obvious regret. As the dinghy bearing him toward shore splashed its way through the water, the disconsolate little figure of Chaplin practically hung over the rail waving "Good-bye."

THERE HE stayed, watching Lindbergh land, get in a car, and drive away. Eventually, Chaplin straightened up and turned a curiously wistful face toward the others on deck.

"I wish I'd had nerve to ask him for an autograph," he said earnestly.

The first time I met Chaplin was in his studio in California and I was disappointed in a way. He looked so sleek and polished and spoke with such a clipped British accent. He was kindly and deferential (I was with old friends of his) and frankly I wanted either the gay little clown I had seen on the screen or the curt, temperamental madman I had heard he was.

He explained to me patiently, as if it were a recitation he had repeated thousands of times, that in his screen character the mustache stood for vanity, the derby for attempted dignity, the tight coat and the cane an attempt to put up front, the baggy trousers and enormous scuffed shoes, inescapable poverty. The most important part of the tramp's make-up, he assured me, was the part you couldn't see, the rose-colored glasses through which the character sees everything. He expects the best, you see, when he has every reason to know the worst.

Another time he was at the home of friends, and a studio associate told me that no one had seen him for days, because although the company was waiting for him on the set, he had locked himself in his study and played mournful tunes on the violin all day. No one had felt sure enough of his job to go and disturb him. He told me about learning to play the violin as a boy. He just could not stick to tunes, but imitated animals instead.

STILL later, some years later, he was at a big luncheon in a private dining room at the Ritz-Carlton in New York. He had been smuggled in a back door, because unruly mobs surged around wherever he was—admiring, adoring mobs, but over-enthusiastic, to say the least. It used to make him quite ill when he heard that women had been hurt in crowds pushing forward to see him. He seldom travels now and that is one of the reasons.

However, in spite of precautions, several people learned where he was and a cordon of waiters had to hold the crowds outside the door. Finally a waiter came in and begged Mr. Chaplin to see a

(*Continued on page 89*)

Randy Scott discusses his personal plans

HE'S GOING TO BE Married

By Martha Kerr

RANDOLPH SCOTT spoke definitely.

"I'm going to be married. I've been jilted twice. I've had my heart broken. I'm going to stay married once I enter the holy estate. I'm not going to marry an actress. I'm not going to marry for a pretty face. I'm going to marry for companionship, not sex appeal.

"There is no such thing as 'love at first sight' for me. It is more important to me to feel respect for my wife than to feel emotional attraction. I want a living woman, not a pastime. I want a home, not a hotel. I want children, not lap dogs. I want stability."

And with these twelve or more headlines Randy Scott prefaced a talk which revealed the heart of a man.

We sat together, in a closed office, on the Paramount lot. And as I listened to the tall, bronzed Virginian talk it was difficult for me to believe that this was a business office. I could sense the old country place near Orange, Virginia, where Randy and his brothers and sisters were raised on "Shortenin' Bread." I could visualize the kindly father, an engineer and a gentle husband and father. I could imagine the sweet mother counselling with her sons.

When I came to, Randy was saying, "The title 'He's Going to be Married,' may be misleading at first sight, when I tell you that I have not yet found the woman. I wish I could. I want to be married. I wish that I could walk out of this door and find her there, waiting for me. But I won't," Randy said, with a smile, though his level gray eyes under that crown of russet gold hair were serious. "I won't because I wasn't trained that way. I was brought up very conservatively, you see. My mother instilled into me, into all of us, from infancy, the importance of self-control. She gave us a belief in dignity. She gave us to understand that we must control our emotions, discipline our impulses. She was gentle, but she was firm. I have not outgrown her teachings. In some minor ways I have had to conform to the change in the times. But, basically, I believe what she taught me to believe, and the sanctity of marriage is one of those beliefs.

Randy's next will be "Follow the Fleet."

I THINK that one of the real reasons why I have not married before this is because of what I have observed about marriage here in Hollywood.

"I said that I've been jilted twice. I have. Practically at the altar.

"The first girl was from my home town in Virginia. We went together for eleven years. She was the only girl I saw constantly all the time. And I believed, with all my heart and soul, that we would be married. So did she. I was terribly in love with her. I loved her as we love, perhaps, only once in a lifetime. The first love, you know. One that we never forget.

"I worshipped her. She was tall and very fair and utterly charming. She was old-fashioned in her ideals and modern in her love of life. She didn't smoke or drink, not because she disapproved of these things for others but because she disliked them for herself. She played the violin exquisitely. She played tennis. She loved golf and football and dancing. She was in love with life, and I—I was in love with her.

"There was only one tiny cloud on our horizon. Her mother had ambitions for her. I knew this and feared it. And constantly and sweetly she reassured me. She told me that she was aware of the plans and hopes her mother had. And she would seem to accede to them but, of course, nothing would come of them, for we had loved each other all our lives, hadn't we, and so we would be married. I was not to be silly about it at all.

"Then, I went to Florida and stayed there for two months. When I came home we had a date to go to a football game together. On the drive home, when the two of us were alone, I suddenly said to her, 'You are engaged to ——.' And she said only, 'How did you know?'

"I couldn't explain how I knew, how my heart had eyes, but I did know, and now she has been married for several years and perhaps it is better so.

"I thought that my heart was broken. I still think that it was. But broken hearts, like broken china, can be mended and if, through the slight (*Continued on page 78*)

Norman Scott Barnes, Joan's male heart interest.

SHE'S SINGLE Again

By William F. French

Joan did an about-face when marriage failed

ON THE NIGHT of the preview of "Shipmates Forever," a mysterious blonde stole the spotlight. Stepping from a car in the parking lot directly behind Warner Brothers' Hollywood Theatre, she gave the preview crowd the shock of the month.

She was a deliciously feminine, fashionably dressed, gorgeous girl that even the sharp-eyed autograph hounds (who can ferret a star out of any sort of make-up or disguise) were scratching their heads to tab.

"Who's that?" demanded one jumpy youngster, whose two well-thumbed, thick autograph books gave evidence of wide experience at previews, premieres and local rendezvous.

"Looks like Joan Blondell, only a lot classier," replied another.

"She's taller than Joan," announced a third, as they crowded closer. "Maybe it's her sister, Gloria."

We paused. She looked like Joan, only different. A lot different. For one thing, this girl did seem taller, and a lot snappier and more attractive.

We stopped. This was a mystery that had to be solved, for the girl had a carriage our easy-going Joan had never dreamed of. We stared and gasped.

THIS *WAS* Joan Blondell. A sly grin at us as she passed proved that. It was really Joan, but what a Joan! She was plumb gorgeous.

And the next day Warners' studios were buzzing with speculations and explanations of what had bitten their friendly, good-natured and somewhat careless Joan. Making up to knock the villagers' eyes out was not one of this blonde's weaknesses. Heretofore she had always been content to shuffle along in something comfortable, and to let the other girls do all the dazzling. So Joan's sudden bursting into bloom had everybody a little dizzy, though all were agreed that if divorce could accomplish a miracle like this it was worth looking into.

Of course, Joan's divorce is not the cause of this remarkable change in her, but she admits that the sudden awakening that accompanied that unhappy episode is directly responsible for it.

"I must admit," confesses Joan, "that I am looking at things quite differently than I did two months ago. Since then I have found out that I was all wrong, that I had to do an about-face, that I had to change my viewpoint, and a lot of other things, too.

"The difference

(*Continued on page 74*)

Joan Blondell, 1936 Model, has taken a new lease on life.

ADVENTURE'S NOT AN

Errol is a real

He's roamed the world for thrills, but finds acting worth its pay only!

HE'S ONLY twenty-six years old and into those twenty-six years, he's crammed more adventuring than you can find in the lives of any hundred ordinary men.

It was in the north of Ireland that Errol Flynn squalled his first challenge to the world, on a June day of 1909. His father, professor of biology at Queen's University in Belfast, looked upon the infant, marvelled at the processes of the science he taught, and wondered how much the baby had inherited of the traits of its ancestor, Fletcher Christian, who led the mutiny on the Bounty. Papa was soon to see, for young Errol wasn't yet out of his 'teens before he was a swaggering roistering, come-what-may and be-damned to-the consequences adventurer.

Still in his 'teens, he started out to sampl what there was in life to make it tangy. I 1928, he went to Amsterdam, as one of th British Olympic boxing team. There h whaled the stuffing out of assorted lads c various nationalities. It made him feel goo And that taste of the world made him wa more—the next thing he knew, he found hin self over in New Guinea, of all places, whe head hunters still eat human flesh and sho poisoned darts into white people. He ask

BEHOLD Dietrich

You'd like the witty, mischievous Marlene whom only her close friends really know

By Hilary Lynn

Above, a romantic close-up with Cooper in "Desire."

MARLENE DIETRICH is a vibrant personality, sparkling almost as brilliantly as the jewels she loves to wear. First and foremost, she has a grand sense of humor. She could live by her wit alone—without ever having to depend upon her beauty to fascinate. Too bad you can't meet her in person!

I'm not indulging in the favorite Hollywood pastime of telling you that "for the first time," the real Dietrich will be revealed. You *will* see Dietrich as she *really* is. In other words, through the eyes of those intimates who were allowed, to share her life-apart-in-Hollywood. People who saw her day and night during that period when she built a wall about herself and pretended, in between pictures, that she actually was living that sophisticated, high-tension life she had left abroad.

The make-believe drama which Marlene played in that special salon of hers, made brilliant by her presence and her tantalizing wit, was helped by the fact that none of her friends spoke English. Only to those who understand Marlene Dietrich's mother tongue has been made known the power of her personality—something, I am sure, never mentioned in anything you've read about her.

This remote-from-Hollywood life was helped also by the constant interchange of cablegrams between her and her family and friends abroad. There were never less than twenty a day. And whenever the illusion began to grow thin, Marlene would telephone across the sea and have a long conversation about trivialities—the sort of talk that goes on between friends who are sure to see one another every day. On one of these occasions she even asked her friend to close the window of her apartment because the roar of the foreign city's street cars was too loud in Hollywood!

Those privileged ones, who were allowed to see her true personality, will rave by the hour of her keen brain and dazzling wit.

"If Marlene could write as well as she can talk, she would be considered one of the most important writers of this age," her closest friend told me. "The comments she makes are worthy of the best wags of the day. Unfortunately, most of them are untranslatable because she always employs her native slang and colloquial expressions, and these can never be transferred from one language to another. But if you speak her language, you have the desire to take down her conversations in shorthand. Her graphic epigrams are smarter than the wisecracks of the most sophisticated Broadway comedy.

"However, you have to suppress your desire and hide your pencil because Marlene would consider that impulse as foolish as the adjectives which writers used to describe her.

"For example, she remarked of a certain rather crude Hollywood director, who was putting on ridiculous airs because his sudden success had gone to his head:

" 'He looks like a hay-seed with a monocle in his eye!'

"And about a gaudy feminine star, who had just lost her husband, and wasn't being very convincing about her 'great bereavement':

" 'Here comes the Merry Widow again!'

"One of her grandest little jokes," he continued, "is to suddenly break off in the middle (*Continued on page 88*)

George won't act where he can't breathe fresh air. That's why he's made hoss operas a business. He and Marguerite Churchill are bringing up daughter, Orin, with travelling ideas, too!

HE'S A TRAVELLIN' MAN

By Franc Dillon

George O'Brien can't stay put, so the world's his riding range

A GREAT director and an eager, young actor walked across the old Fox lot to the stage where the boy was to make a test for his first important role. What he lacked in experience, he more than made up for in appearance and he attracted more than one approving glance as he swung his lithe body easily along. He was being given this opportunity for two reasons: First, everyone around the studio liked him and, second, having tested every available leading man in Hollywood without finding the right one, they were jolly well up against it and ready to give any young man a trial. Especially if that young man were good looking and six feet tall.

"You haven't a chance, you know that, George," said the director, as they walked along.

"Yes, I know," George replied.

"You mustn't set your heart on it," the elder man continued kindly. "You know we've tried out about fifty fellows, all experienced actors."

"Yes, I know," George repeated stubbornly, as he set his lips in a firm, straight line and squared his shoulders as though to shake off any doubt in his own mind.

The following day it was announced that George O'Brien was the choice of William Fox for the leading role in "The Iron Horse," the most important picture to be made by Fox that year, but up to the last minute there was dubious shaking of the wise heads of the studio. He was *so* inexperienced and it was *such* an important picture. But they came to a decision at last.

"Well, we'll kill him or cure him in the first scene," said Director John Ford. "If he gets through the first day he'll do."

The first scene they made showed George swinging off a galloping horse onto a speeding train. He did it and the rest is history. George appeared in many important Fox pictures after that and in "Sunrise" established himself as a really fine actor.

But he was irked by the confining walls of the studio. He liked the outdoors. He could ride any horse that had four legs and, due to his athletic ability, had done quite a lot of doubling for stars in dangerous stunts. It was a natural sequence that when the Fox Company decided to make a series of Western pictures, George should be chosen as the star.

Audiences all over the country, fed up with too much sex and too little scenery in their screen fare, began to follow the George O'Brien pictures and he became one of the most popular of the cowboy stars. And although Hollywood producers have been repeating, with monotonous regularity, the verdict that "Westerns are out. The public is tired of 'Horse Operas'," George has kept right on making them, year after year. He has not only held his fans but made thousands of new ones with each picture.

Having had his fling at the (*Continued on page 81*)

PLAY YOUR HUNCHES

It's the way Merle Oberon bet on stardom!

by Dorothy Herzog

IT IS some 7,000 miles from Hollywood to a city in India named Darjeeling. Merle Oberon is the only actress in motion pictures who has made that long trek successfully. She traveled by way of London to click first in British, then in Hollywood pictures.

If the truth be known, Merle comes from even a greater distance than Darjeeling, India. That was but one stopping off place in her journey to the top. She was born in "down under"—in Hobart, Tasmania, an island off the coast of Australia. At the age of seven, she went on to India. At sixteen, she continued on to London. At 23, she arrived in Hollywood.

But if you want the real, inside picture of Merle Oberon—and she has never given it before—you'll have to travel back with her to Darjeeling, a small, slumbrous town high in the mountains—far from the bedlam of automobiles, street-cars, any sort of noise.

It is the darkest hour before dawn. A party of five people venture from a house in the more populated section of the town. Five horses have been saddled. The party mounts. They gallop toward the mountains.

No one in the party speaks. No sound is heard but the sounds of the night and the cozy clump of horses' hoofs. Forming a circle of phosphorous white before them is the snow-line of the mountains. It is the only light in the deep darkness. It is cold—very cold. The party reaches the ridge toward which they have been ascending. They quietly wait in the silence for the dawn. They face to the north and to the east. To the north they gaze into the mystery that is the "top of the world," the country of Tibet. To the east, they look to China and the direction of the sunrise to come.

A bird suddenly calls through the stillness. Another. Then, in the east, a ribbon of light melts through the blue-black sky. In swift beauty, the flowing light etches its pageantry of warm coloring through the heavens. The darkness retreats. A dazzling halo heralds the rising of the sun. Majestically, its rising is orchestrated by the singing of the birds, the cloudless ball of red ascends above the emblazoned horizon and a scene of mountainous grandeur is revealed in all its vital aloneness.

Merle Oberon has never forgotten that dawn.

"Though I've never been back since I left, some years ago," she said.

She left because a picture came to her with that dawn, a picture she is even yet not fully aware of.

"I left," she put it, "because of a hunch."

"And that?" I asked. (*Continued on page 72*)

Merle is soon to be seen in "These Three."

What have these new favorites that older stars

(Above) Hard work and training have made Eleanor Powell as graceful as she is. Next, the charmingly wistful Luise Rainer.

SYLVIA'S ADVICE TO

THEY SAY comparisons are odious—or is it odorous? I never can remember. Anyway, odious or odorous, I have a few comparisons on my mind and you know by this time I have a habit of speaking that mind of mine. These comparisons are going to do you some good and give you some hints, so pay attention, babies.

I've been going to lots of movies lately, partly because it's my job and partly because I've heard such tales about four newcomers to the screen that I had to go and see for myself.

"See 'Broadway Melody'!" they told me. "Eleanor Powell is marvelous!" Well, I had seen Eleanor Powell dance and while I admitted that her feet are the slickest that ever donned tap shoes, I wondered how the screen would treat her.

"See 'I Dream Too Much'!" they said. "Lily Pons' voice would win applause from a wooden Indian!" I said I'd heard her at the Metropolitan in New York—I will admit good music is one of my weaknesses—and while I had beaten my palms numb at her skyscraper notes, I wondered how she'd look on the screen.

"See Luise Rainer!" I was commanded. "She's new,

lack? What have they which you haven't?

Left, Lily Pons offers a lesson to the pint-sized gals, who are too thin in spots, and if you have a figure like Rosalind Russell's (next) you must watch your hips.

By Madame Sylvia

THE "NEW GIRLS"

she's lovely, she's entrancing!" Uh-huh—I thought back upon Anna Sten—remember all the raves about her? And the girl from Austria—what *was* her name? And that girl from Germany—isn't it terrible, I can't remember *her* name either. And all the other lovely ones who were supposed to have made Europe forget all about its war debts. Fräulein Rainer, however, was supposed to be different.

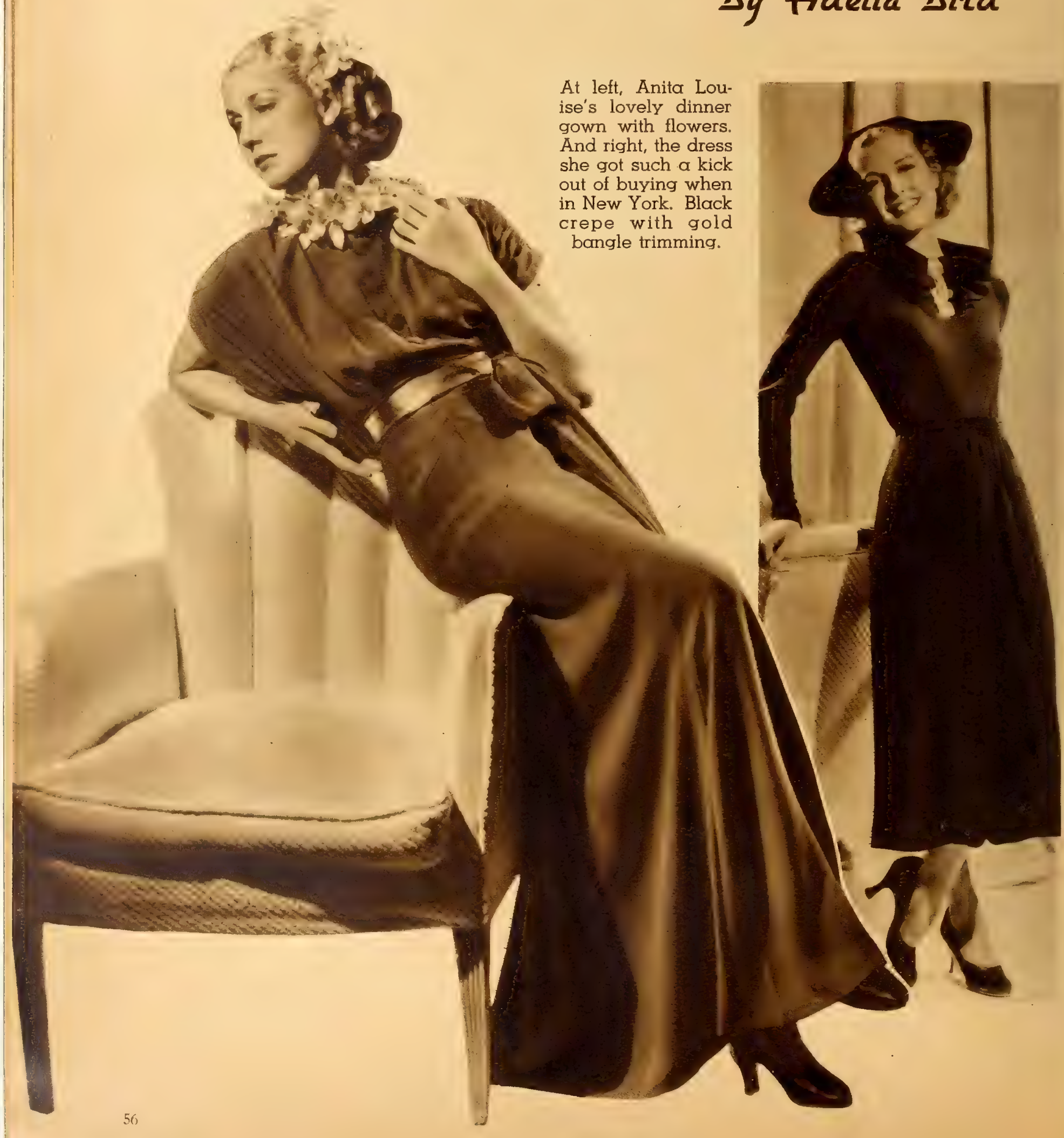
And then there were those who said, "See Rosalind Russell! Smart, chic, slim—ah, Rosalind will go places!" But I had them there—I *had* seen Rosalind, in person and on the screen, and I am all set to agree that she will go places, if she watches carefully each step she takes on the way to those places.

While I was watching Eleanor Powell—and having a swell time, too—I kept thinking, "There's a girl named Ruby Keeler who can tap dance like a streak. She has a nice figure and pretty legs. But what is it that Eleanor has which Ruby lacks? Well, there is trained bodily grace, for one thing, but, of course, that comes from Eleanor's rigid ballet training. While her feet do everything but spell "Hooray for (*Continued on page 76*)

WHAT THEY LIKE

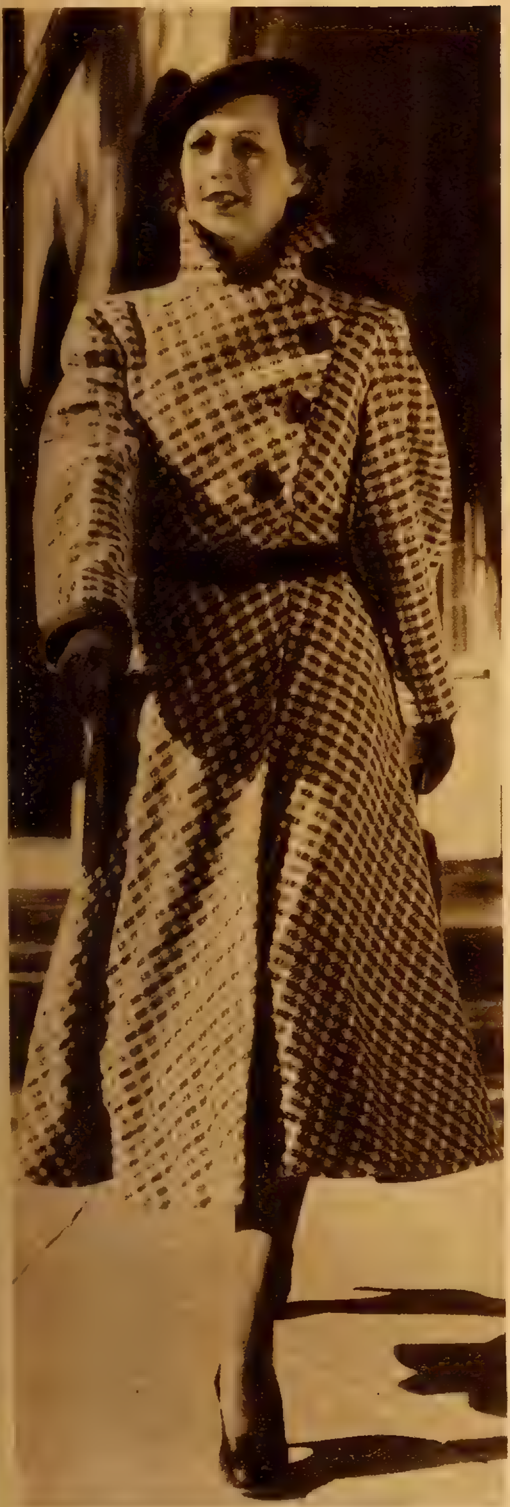
Anita Louise, Betty Furness and Jane Froman talk about their pet clothes hobbies and aversions

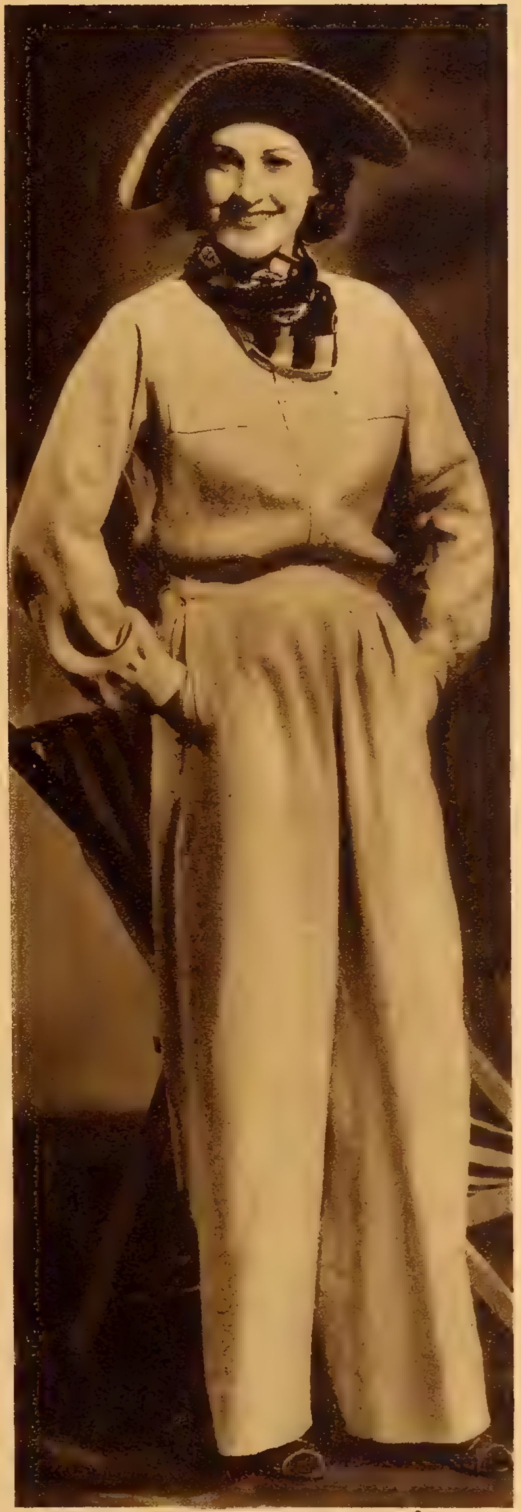
By Adelia Bird

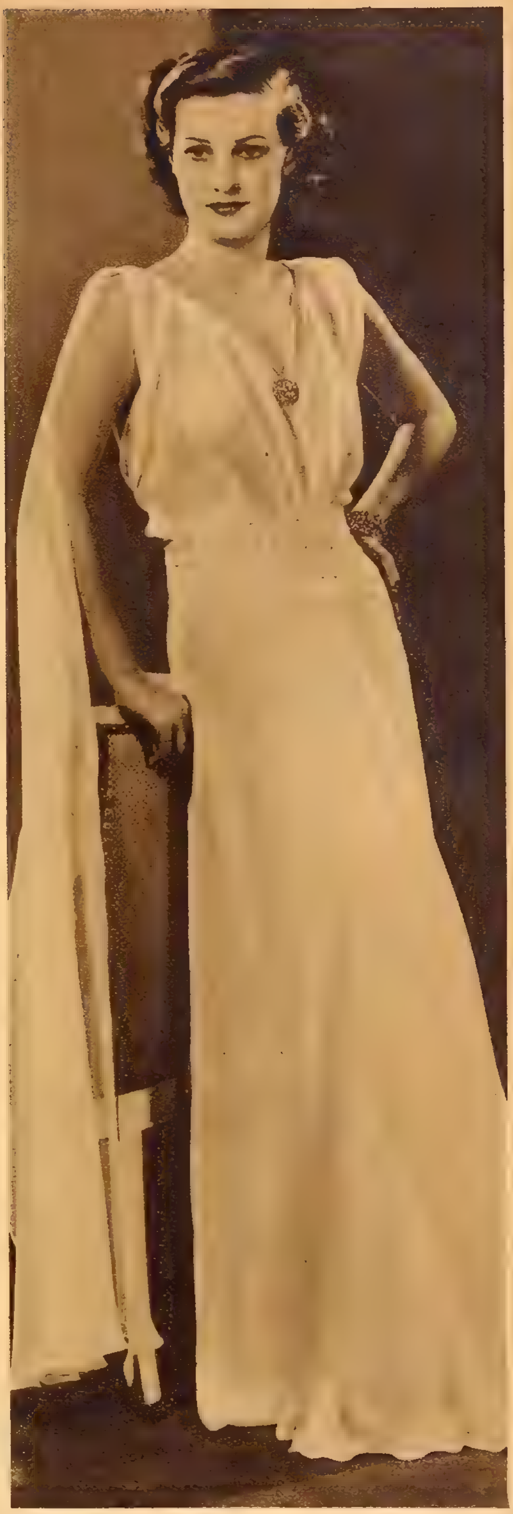


At left, Anita Louise's lovely dinner gown with flowers. And right, the dress she got such a kick out of buying when in New York. Black crepe with gold bangle trimming.

TO WEAR







Left to right, you see three of Jane Froman's favorite costumes. First the checked wool coat she wore in "Stars Over Broadway" and which she bought afterwards for her personal wardrobe. Next, two-piece rustic linen pajamas to go back to California with her. The pockets are uniquely placed high on the blouse. And isn't the beach hat giddy? And last, one of her pet evening gowns of graceful white chiffon.

I HAD a date with Anita Louise for three o'clock at her hotel. I thought that we would just sit and talk about clothes—her likes and dislikes. But no, Anita Louise was looking for a Dubonnet red afternoon dress and nothing would do but that we must shop for it that very afternoon.

On only a brief visit to New York for the premiere of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," she was using every spare moment, between personal appearances and interviews, in relentlessly tracking down her red dress. You'd have to know Anita to understand how seriously she takes her clothes. There's no hit-and-miss system with her, she knows beforehand what she wants and she'll go without rather than to buy a color, fabric or line that doesn't become her.

When we were out of earshot of Anita's mother, she confided to me that we were heading for an exclusive and expensive shop that her mother frowned upon for her.

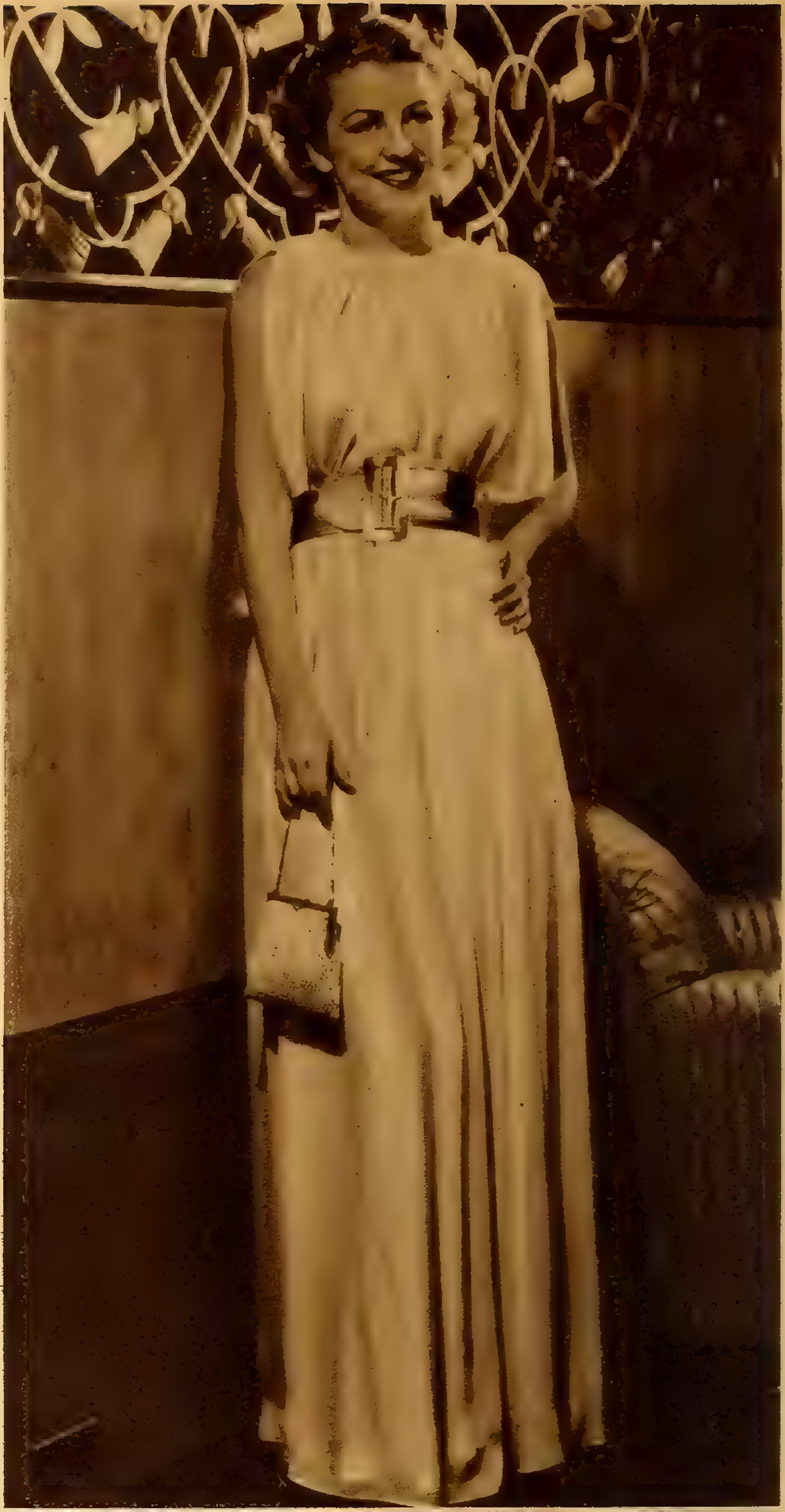
"We'll just look," she said, "because I can't afford to spend as much as they probably would charge for a simple afternoon dress. But I would love to have just one dress from there!"

I suggested that they had a debutante department where the prices might be a little lower. She doubted it, but anyway we soon were in the dress salon, where models were trailing up and down the room in very stunning costumes. Seated on a lounge, with practically everyone in the room staring at us, Anita carefully explained what she wanted, a very simple afternoon dress in Dubonnet red. Dresses came forth in every imaginable shade of wine red, but not in Dubonnet.

"Wouldn't you think that it would be easy to find a dress in the particular shade I want, especially when it is so smart this season?" wailed Anita. "This has gone on for days and I have tried one place after another, but nothing comes of it."

I was amused at her sad plight because so often I had had the same experience myself and had finally compromised with something else rather than go on with the tiring search. I imagine you have, too, haven't you? But not Anita. We looked at a dozen dresses while the whole sales force became increasingly upset at not being able to please their young Hollywood client. Finally, with regrets, we departed. I allowed as how her mother would be relieved to know that she hadn't succumbed to any of the dresses, for frankly I was rather thrown by the price-tags on the simple little models. Anita Louise grinned.

"Really, you don't think for a minute that I buy expensive clothes all the time, do you?" she asked. "I buy good things, but not a lot of them. The reason that I want to spend a little more on this particular dress is because I don't expect to buy another this winter. I wear so many plain dark colors, like navy blue and black, that once in awhile I get a kick out of buying a dress in some color that is smart just for a season, like this lovely Dubonnet shade. (*Continued on page 86*)



Betty Furness joins the chiffon worshippers; Anita Louise and Jane Froman are the other two. Grecian simplicity in line with the modern dash of a gold kid belt. Her diamond mesh bag is smart. And below, cocktails in the Savoy Room in blue and silver metal shot crepe, a gay fuchsia hat with feather flowers and a new Schiaparelli bag. Also her pet sports jacket and a new fob scarf pin.

DISCRIMINATING WOMEN ARE TALKING . . . ABOUT CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

Miss Mary de Mumm

"Camel's flavor is so mild that you enjoy the last one as much as the first. In the enjoyment of smoking and in its effect, Camels certainly make a great difference."

Miss Vivian Dixon

"I always smoke Camels—they're so much milder and smoother. And I never get tired of their flavor. Camels never give me that 'I've been smoking too much' feeling."

Miss Mimi Richardson

"Smoking a Camel is the quickest way I know to relieve fatigue. Camels always refresh me. And I love their taste. They seem to be milder than other cigarettes."

Mrs. Langdon Post

"Enthusiasm is very contagious. Look at the way the smart younger set are all smoking Camels. I think I know why. Camels never affect your nerves."

You either like Camels tremendously or they cost you nothing

We have a vast confidence in Camels. First, we know the tobaccos of which they are made—and what a difference those costlier tobaccos make in mildness and flavor. Then, too, we know the genuine enthusiasm so many women have for Camels.

We are, naturally, most anxious to have you try Camels—to smoke a sufficient number to be able really to judge them. And of course it's only fair that such an experiment be made at our risk. If you don't like Camels, they cost you nothing. If you do like them—and we're sure you will—their flavor, their mildness, the new pleasure you'll get from smoking them, will make this experiment worth your while.

We invite you to read and accept our money-back offer.

Money-Back Invitation to try Camels

Smoke 10 fragrant Camels. If you don't find them the mildest, best-flavored cigarettes you ever smoked, return the package with the rest of the cigarettes in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund your full purchase price, plus postage.

(Signed)

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

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TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
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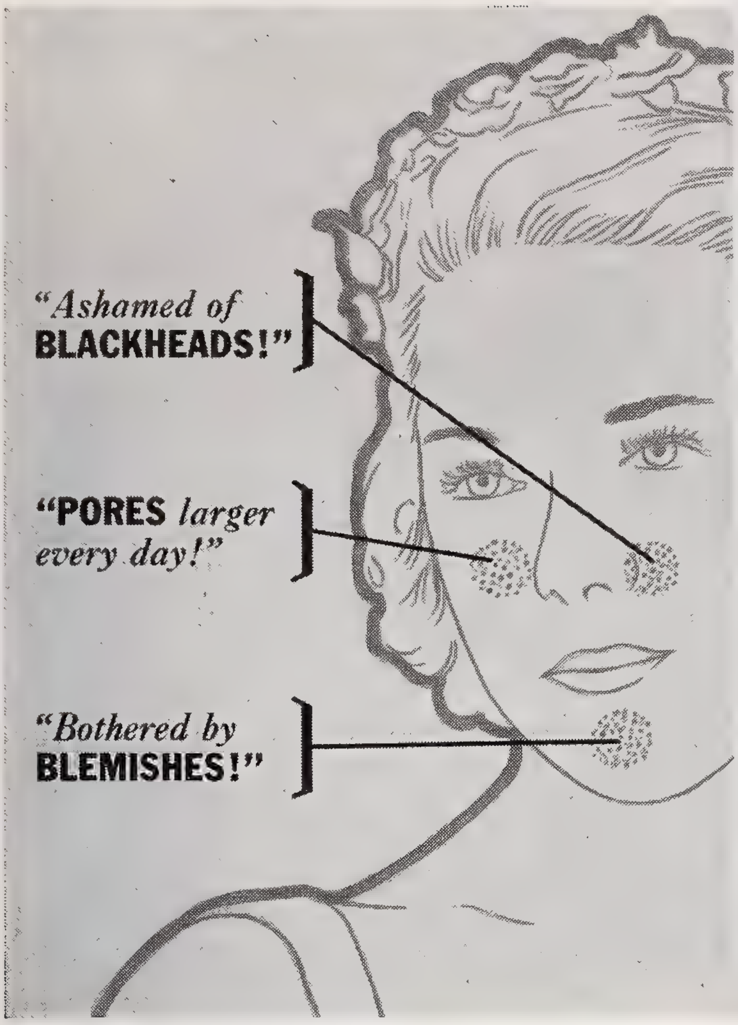
COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

Love Call

The romantic Eddy-MacDonald team could not have gotten a better break than to have "Rose Marie" as the follow-up to their triumphs in "Naughty Marietta." Nelson, as the stalwart Northwest Mountie, and Jeanette, as the Canadian gal, are just what the fans ordered. All your favorite tunes from this beautiful operetta are resung in the MacDonald treble and the Eddy baritone—especially "Indian Love Call," which never fails to thrill despite years of repetition.


"Ashamed of **BLACKHEADS!"**
"PORES *larger every day!"*
"Bothered by **BLEMISHES!"**

Miss Phyllis Konta, whose fresh, glowing beauty startled society at her debut, says: "I use Pond's Cold Cream—how could I have blackheads or blemishes!"

3 Common Skin Faults

with the same Starting Place—Your Under Skin

Miss Eleanor Roosevelt

daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Latrobe Roosevelt of Washington, D. C. Her skin is fine textured, delicate. "Pond's Cold Cream," she says, "freshens and tones my skin. For years it has kept my pores fine as can be."

ASK any girl what skin fault bothers her most—A surprise, if it isn't one of these! Blackheads and blemishes are forever coming, once they get a start. Every new one, a new embarrassment. And who does not fret over coarse pores?

The three commonest skin faults—and the ones that show up most. Any one of them can spoil the prettiest face!

All three have the same secret beginnings—in the *under layers* of your skin! Learn to strike at them there, *where they start*—and you have the key to getting rid of them.

Underneath, tiny oil glands are overworked. They give off a thick clogging oil. Pores stretch. Dirt settles in them. Blackheads! . . . Later, blemishes.

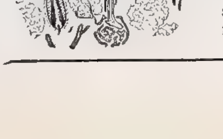
But it's simple to fight off all three. You can rouse that faulty underskin, keep little glands, nerves and cells functioning healthily—with the regular use of Pond's Cold Cream. For, Pond's specially processed oils sink deep—loosen that clogging matter. As you pat it in smartly, you reach your underskin—stimulate it deep down!

Every Night, bring out the dirt, make-up, and skin secretions with Pond's Cold Cream. Wipe it all off. Now apply more cream. Pat it in hard—to get at that neglected underskin!

Every Morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment. Your skin comes softer every time. Powder goes on beautifully.

Keep up these Pond's patting treatments. As blackheads soften, take a clean tissue—press them right out. Now blemishes stop coming. Your skin becomes finer textured. Your whole face takes on new winning charm!

Pond's Cold Cream is pure. Germs cannot live in it.



How they begin

Below that dark top layer, oil glands, nerves, cells must be active to keep your outer skin fine, smooth, clear. When they fail, skin faults start!

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE

and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. C-50, Clinton, Conn.

Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name________________________________

Street________________________________

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BRIGHT EYE DEAS

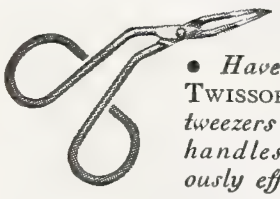
by Jane Heath

NINE women out of ten turn their backs to the light because they think it unflattering; but make this test; you'll never do it again!

First, make up your face. Then take your KURLASH and curl the lashes of *one eye*. Touch them with LASHTINT and put a little SHADETTE on the upper lid. Now take your hand mirror and seek the full light of your brightest window. You'll find that one side of your face seems infinitely better looking . . . softer, lovelier in coloring, with starry eye and sweeping lashes.

You'll know then why the loveliest women use KURLASH daily. ($1 at good stores.)

At the same window you'll have a chance to see how naturally LASHTINT darkens and beautifies your eyelashes . . . without looking "made-up" either! It comes in 4 shades, in a special sponge-fitted case to insure even applications. $1, also. And the same holds true of SHADETTE. Even in the daytime it isn't obvious—just glamourous. In 10 subtle new shades at just 75c each.



• *Have you tried* TWISSORS—*the new tweezers with scissor handles—marvelously efficient*—25c.

Write JANE HEATH *for advice about eye beauty. Give your coloring for personal beauty plan. Address Dept. MM-3.*

Kurlash

The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

Adventure's Not An Act With Flynn

(*Continued from page 49*)

liked it, and decided that when he went back to civilization, he'd tackle the stage or screen. But first, he had something else he wanted to do—some pearl fishing. He made some money at it and got enough fun to be able to write a book about it. He's doing that now.

Right in the middle of his pearl-fishing, he got a cable from the film company he'd hired his boat out to. They said they could use him at Tahiti. He sold his pearl business and went to Tahiti where he discovered he had a role in the British version of "Mutiny on the Bounty." This isn't to be confused with the American-made picture. It was just an English quickie and it's never been shown in this country. "Thank the patron saints!" says Flynn.

He liked acting, and when the picture was done, he sailed for England. There he got some stage work, had a film test made, came to Hollywood—and now here he is, playing one of the season's finest roles, "Captain Blood," and is married to Lili Damita.

He met up with Lili in the middle of the Atlantic ocean. . . . !

You know how it is on shipboard, don't you? There was a moon, shining full and sensuous—and there was Lili Damita—young, alluring and vivacious. Lili superbly aloof, however, with that disdainful arrogance that is characteristic of her, giving not one of the shipboard Romeos a tumble. Not one, that is, until . . .

"It was her darned arrogance that made me hopping mad," Errol told me. "I'd worshipped her in Paris, though she didn't know I was alive. Then when I met her on shipboard, I thought it was my big chance. So I got her alone. And then that darned high-hat stuff. I tell you, I never wanted to see the stuck-up little so-and-so again, ever! And I told her so. She hated me just as cordially. We never got within ten yards of each other again, the whole voyage."

AND Lili told me, afterward, "Yes, of a *certainement*, I hated thees fellow. He was so—what you call heem?—so cocky, so stuck-up, thees young fellow w'at nobody even heard of before! He was unbearable. I nevair wanted to see heem again, evair!!"

. . . and so what? Well, so six months later these two, who hated each other, eloped from Hollywood to Yuma because they were in such a hurry to get married that they couldn't wait the three days California interposes between license and wedding.

That's the kind of a guy Flynn is. He takes a gal who hates him on sight and makes her marry him.

How'd he get the "Captain Blood" role? Well, Warners had been trying out a lot of Hollywood leading men for the part, but none of them had the fire, the recklessness, the to-hell-with-things air that they wanted the character to have. Flynn, who'd come over on one of those wishy-washy contracts, itched for a chance at the role, but nobody even thought of him.

"I'd have given a leg to play it, but I didn't have a chance. I was an unknown," he explained. And then somebody saw him swaggering down one of the streets on the Warner Burbank lot. They saw him rolling along, his eyes sparkling with an indefinable something that has died, long since, in most Hollywood actor's eyes. Some big shot, it was who saw him, and the next thing Flynn knew, he was being tested for the role. He got it!

And so here I was, in the green room of the cafe on the Warner lot, talking to him. His hair was long, for the role. He came stomping in, hitched up his leather knee-breeches, picked up a menu, and beckoned a waitress. I rather expected him to bellow something like, "Yo ho ho! Come hither, my pretty wench, and bring me a sizzling joint of beef and a bottle of rum, and bestir your pins, lass!"

INSTEAD, he lifted eyes which were paradoxical in that they snapped with a masculine vigor and fire, and yet were actually beautiful! He turned them on the waitress, and she melted into a fluttery smile.

"What," he asked, "is this egg foo yung?"

"It's a Chinese omelette," she explained, "with bamboo shoots, almonds and herbs and . . ."

A shudder ran up and down "Captain Blood." He gasped.

"Enough, enough!—er—bring me an egg-yolk, a raw egg yolk—some ketchup—and some worcestershire sauce. . ."

She scurried away. I grinned. I know what egg yolk, worcestershire sauce and ketchup betoken. Flynn smiled wanly at me. "Uh-huh," he admitted, "it was that sort of a night."

After he had swallowed the raw yolk with the burney sauce, he felt better. He rounded out some empty spots in his life story. He told me of the time he and a pal joined up with the Hong Kong Volunteers for the Chinese trouble, a few years ago.

"We thought we'd find some fighting and some looting and some—well, never mind. But instead, they made us shovel snow for five days on end, so we deserted and went to Manila, where there isn't any snow, ever."

He roamed the world in his talk. I asked him, finally, how Lili liked his wanderlust.

"She doesn't," he said.

"And what are you going to do about it?" I asked.

"Well—I'm going to stay here, for a while. There's so much money to be made in Hollywood. I want to make enough to be free of the petty tyrannies of not having it. I want to go places, without having to travel third class. But I do want to go places."

"You can't go places and make a success here, at the same time," I pointed out.

"I know it, damn it," he growled, and that faraway look shone in his eyes. "But after all, life is only what you get out of it in the living, isn't it? I do want money but I won't pay too much of myself to get it. I hate discipline. Time clocks are abhorrent to me.

"But—bosh!—I'll be good for a few years, I think. I hate the very sound of 'settling down,' but I've got responsibilities now! And so I've got to settle down—for a while, anyway.

"Lili says she'll go with me, to faraway places, some time in the years to come—after I've made good here. She'll go with me to India, where she has some important friends. She's never been there. I have, but I traveled third class. Only punks travel third class there—and natives. This time, I want to go back,

(*Continued on page 64*)

"Girls with soft smooth skin have *appeal*"...

says
MARGARET SULLAVAN

YOU want the charm men find so irresistible. Margaret Sullavan, lovely star of Universal's "Next Time We Love," tells you how to win it.

Don't let Cosmetic Skin steal away good looks—romance!

"USE all the cosmetics you wish," Margaret Sullavan advises. This charming star knows it's *easy* to guard against Cosmetic Skin if you remove cosmetics *thoroughly*.

It's when stale rouge and powder *choke your pores* that Cosmetic Skin develops . . . dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarging pores. "I avoid Cosmetic Skin by removing make-up with Lux Toilet Soap," Margaret Sullavan says.

Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather goes pore-deep, removes every trace of dust, dirt and stale cosmetics. It's made to keep skin lovely—and it does! That's why 9 out of 10 screen stars use this soap.

LUX
LUX
TOILET SOAP

(*Continued from page 62*)

first class, and show them. Lili says she'll go with me in a few years. And to Australia, too. She rather imagines when she gets within a mile of Australia, they'll start shooting arrows at her. I want to show her Australia. Maybe New Guinea, too. She's heard a lot about it.

"But I don't mind telling you, that if I didn't have responsibilities I could go right now, couldn't I?"

And he scratched the sole of one foot with the tip of the other.

If You Are Jilted—Then What?

(*Continued from page 37*)

fever. I was anemic. My glands played hob with me. My skin and hair were lifeless. My circulation was off. My blood count was down. I just didn't function, that's all.

"And so, the first and most important thing to do after heartbreak is what you should do after any shock, any illness—build up the body. Get your health back. That's what I did. Systematically. Deliberately. Under doctor's orders.

"Oh, there were the first few, crazy weeks of bitterness, of course. The natural, melodramatic reaction of a sick person thinking I'd be better off dead, considering the relative advantage of poison, guns, dizzy roofs. After that, I got down to the business of convalescence."

I knew something, as you who read may know something, of the tragic tale of young Wendy. The newspapers carried accounts, mostly garbled. The young heir to many American millions . . . the pretty girl who came to America to marry him . . . .

SOME of the details I learned that day as Wendy talked. She was saying, "You know that I was born in Hong Kong, China? Dad's a K. C. there—King's Counsellor. Rather a jolly thing to be. My sister and I were born there. I lived there until I was eleven. All I wanted in those dreamy days was to look pretty and to have—a baby. I've always wanted to have a baby, more than I've wanted anything else in my life. I was forever dressing up, as a child, in scarves and bits of lace and things and posing in front of mirrors. And I always posed with a doll in my arms.

"When I was eleven I was sent to London to enter the Convent of the Assumption. Five years there and then to finishing school in Lausanne, Switzerland. When I returned to London, Mother and I were lunching one day at the Savoy Grill. Have I mentioned that I believe in Fate? Oh, but absolutely! I have nothing much to do with my life. Fate is the supreme dictator. And so, that day at the Savoy, Alexander Korda was also lunching there. He saw me. He came to my table and asked me whether I had ever been in pictures. I told him never. He asked me whether I would like to be. I said 'So much.' And so I began by playing the feminine lead in 'Wedding Rehearsal' opposite Roland Young. Dad was furious. He will not admit, even today, that he sees me in pictures. But he does. I've found out! And so I made several pictures, over there in England. And then I fell in love! Oh, a dreadful, dizzy, crashing head-on fall.

"I'd known Bill for ages. I'd gone to his cousin's wedding in Paris. We'd all played around together, in London, in Paris and the Lido and Biarritz. It had all been terribly glamorous and exciting and colorful and sweet. He was a spoiled child, with a heart of gold, and I was a spoiled child who had given my heart away and didn't have one anymore—and most of my senses, too, I guess. I was terribly happy and really quite terribly in love and very terribly and triumphantly sure that we would soon be married and have a home and a baby of our own.

"And then he asked me to come to America. His mother was there. In New York. He would go ahead, he said. I should follow in a week's time. He would meet me at the pier. We'd be married.

"I broke my contract in order to go to America to be married. That didn't matter. Nothing mattered to me save that he had gone ahead to prepare for me, that he would be there waiting for me when my ship came into port.

"I had," laughed Wendy, not too gaily, "the most incredible trousseau. You see, everyone in Europe knew about us, knew that we were to be married. And everyone, of course, knew him—and his millions. And all of the leading jewellers, furriers, designers in London and Paris simply pleaded with me to help myself—and I was young and very greedy. Tomorrow I would be married with youth and love and gold and—a baby.

"And so I sailed. The ship drew into harbor. We docked. I stood, with my friends, all laughing and excited, at the ship's rail, looking over, confidently, for that one beloved face. *He was not there. No one was there.* No one, for me. He had not come to meet me. No one had come to meet me. But it wasn't possible! I'd had cables aboard ship. I had his letters, making our plans, telling me what ship to sail on, advising me that he had engaged a suite for me at a smart hotel.

"And he was not there. I knew, then.

AND then and there I did the best piece of acting I have ever done, or ever will do so long as I live. I laughed. I laughed, a lot. I said that, of course, I'd known it all along, known that he wouldn't be able to meet me, that he had been called out of town on urgent business (he, who never had any business, who even had police escorts when he went to football games, lest he be delayed in getting in). He'd cabled me the change of plans, I said. He was returning within the week. We would be married then. I'd just been a cut-up, not telling them sooner. I couldn't let them *see* my heart break, you know. That is a horrid sight.

"I went off alone, protesting gaily that it was quite all right, just what I'd expected, but *just* what I had known for days. I probably deceived no one, but I didn't 'lose face,' as the Chinese say.

"I didn't know a soul in New York. Only his friends whom I had known, casually, abroad. I didn't know where to go so I went to the hotel where the suite had been engaged for me. I had very little money. I was terrifically in debt. The furs and jewels I had been flattered into buying began to weigh me down like the solid gold they were to cost me—are still costing me. I had burned my bridges—my contract—behind me. I couldn't, I wouldn't go back.

"But why resurrect the whole horrid

(*Continued on page 66*)

Lovely hands

DEMAND A POLISH THAT DOESN'T STREAK OR PEEL

GLAZO'S AUTHENTIC COLORS WEAR 2 TO 4 DAYS LONGER

WHAT are the things that every smart woman expects of her nail polish? It must be outstandingly lovely! It must apply easily and evenly, without streaking. It must wear long and gracefully, without peeling or chipping—or your nails will soon look shabby.

Glazo's glorious colors are approved by beauty and fashion authorities. Glazo has solved the streaking problem—and it's the easiest to apply, with its special, improved brush. And because Glazo is so superior in quality, it wears days longer than you've been accustomed to expect.

Just try Glazo, and discover how lovely your hands can be. Formerly much more, Glazo Manicure Preparations are now only 20 cents each.

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. . The Smart Manicure

WHY SHOULDN'T I TAKE IT EASY ON WASHDAY WHEN THERE'S A MODERN SOAP THAT SOAKS CLOTHES WHITER AND BRIGHTER WITHOUT SCRUBBING OR BOILING? NOT ONLY THAT, BUT—

Rinso actually makes my clothes last 2 or 3 times longer. That's because Rinso's active suds *safely* lure out dirt and get clothes whiter and brighter without harsh washboard scrubbing. Even stubborn dirt on cuffs and edges yields to a little gentle rubbing between the fingers.

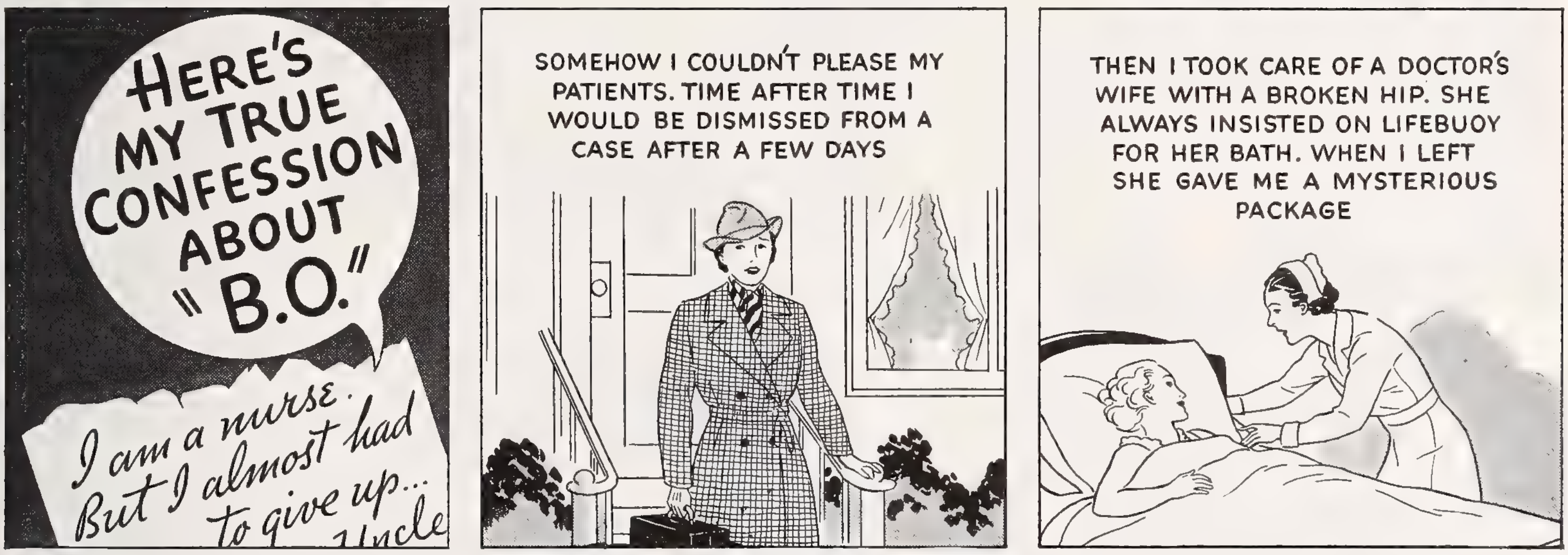
Rinso gives thick, sturdy, lasting suds—*even in hardest water.* No chips, bar soaps or powders ever needed. Wonderful suds for dishwashing and all cleaning. They get rid of grease like magic. Dishes don't have a greasy film left on them. And Rinso is kind to your hands—it doesn't make them red, rough looking. Try Rinso—and see!

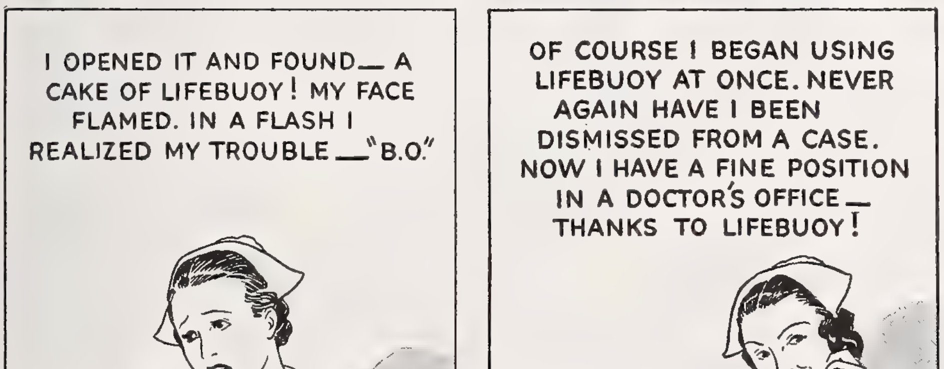
Grand for washers, too

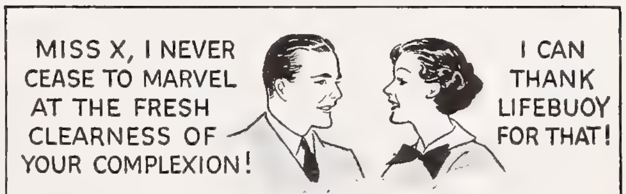
Rinso is recommended by the makers of 33 famous washers for safety and for whiter, brighter washes. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Buy the BIG economical household package.

Rinso
THE GRANULATED SOAP

THE BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP IN AMERICA


HERE'S MY TRUE CONFESSION ABOUT "B.O."
I am a nurse. But I almost had to give up... Uncle
SOMEHOW I COULDN'T PLEASE MY PATIENTS. TIME AFTER TIME I WOULD BE DISMISSED FROM A CASE AFTER A FEW DAYS
THEN I TOOK CARE OF A DOCTOR'S WIFE WITH A BROKEN HIP. SHE ALWAYS INSISTED ON LIFEBUOY FOR HER BATH. WHEN I LEFT SHE GAVE ME A MYSTERIOUS PACKAGE


I OPENED IT AND FOUND— A CAKE OF LIFEBUOY! MY FACE FLAMED. IN A FLASH I REALIZED MY TROUBLE—"B.O."
OF COURSE I BEGAN USING LIFEBUOY AT ONCE. NEVER AGAIN HAVE I BEEN DISMISSED FROM A CASE. NOW I HAVE A FINE POSITION IN A DOCTOR'S OFFICE— THANKS TO LIFEBUOY!

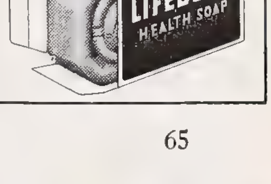

MISS X, I NEVER CEASE TO MARVEL AT THE FRESH CLEARNESS OF YOUR COMPLEXION!
I CAN THANK LIFEBUOY FOR THAT!

PROTECT *your* complexion with gentle, deep-cleansing Lifebuoy! See your skin grow smoother, younger! "Patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women prove Lifebuoy is 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

A timely warning!

This letter in picture form, from a real nurse, is a *real* warning to everybody. Use Lifebuoy! It purifies pores, stops "B. O." (*body odor*).

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau


LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

(*Continued from page 64*)

body of the facts?" Wendy said. "Let the dead past bury them, as I hope it will. I had a letter from him, quite soon. His mother had sent him away. She would not allow him to marry an 'actress.' He couldn't marry without his mother's consent. There would be no money. What could he do without money? He had never even *thought.* He wrote that he had instructed his valet to meet me. The valet had had the order countermanded, of course. If he had met me, he would have lost his job.

"His mother wouldn't see me. None of them took the trouble to know me, to find out about my family. Horrid things were said about me. I couldn't go about chanting, 'I am the daughter of a Counsel of the King, the niece of a surgeon to the King.' I only know this—that I could forgive everything but the lack of courtesy. If I should announce to my mother today that I was about to marry a ne'er-do-well she might try to dissuade me, but she would certainly meet him, accord him courtesy.

"A few of his friends came to call. One of them, a woman, was very kind. She took the pains to see the cables and letters he'd sent, asking me to come. Another friend of the family persuaded me to give those letters and cables into his 'safe keeping.'

"And there I was," said Wendy, "jilted. Broken-hearted. Figuring the sweetness of death as against the bitterness of life.

AND then the need for violence came upon me. I had to move, to get away, to shift the scene. I came, instinctively, I think, to Hollywood. I don't know why. I had exactly $500 between me and—what? I had never been on the stage. I had never made an American picture. I had broken my English contract.

"How would I stand—or fall? I didn't really care.

"Perhaps because I didn't care, probably because of clever maneuvering on the part of my agents, I found myself with a Paramount contract. I have half a dozen other exciting propositions to consider, too. I shall remain here in Hollywood until I have made good. Then New York and the stage. He could not marry an actress. But I shall work until I am such an actress as adds lustre to that calling. And only until then. I shall not spend my life on either stage or screen. I'm really not an actress. I want to have a home of my own.

"And so," said Wendy, relaxing in the gold sunlight, "I think I have answered your question—'after a broken heart—what?'

"I made a drastic change first. Violence. I set about building up my body. I ate correctly. I played tennis strenuously, at first, so that I would be physically tired, and able to sleep. I took no chances on those wide-awake night watches when the ticks of a broken heart become intolerable. I didn't read much. I advise against reading for those suffering from the heart malady. Too inactive. Action is the thing. I worked like a dog. I began to regain my shattered health—and I can tell other girls that once they feel sound and healthy again their 'heart trouble' will trouble them no longer.

"I didn't go about with other boys. I knew that that sort of thing would serve only to irritate the wound. I let love alone.

"I am still working hard. I am paying off my debts. I am proving to myself, and to the world, that I can stand on my own two feet, earn my own money, make my own name, mend my own heart.

"I don't hate *him.* I don't know how I feel about him. I won't know until I see him again, and one day, I shall. I've had cables from him, asking me to meet him in Paris, things like that. I haven't gone. But I shall see him again. I wouldn't be positive that I was cured until I could prove myself immune through contact.

"I'm going out a little now. And I have one very close, dear friend, Louis Hayward. I met him in London. We've a lot in common. We spend a great deal of time together. Love? I don't know. I am still letting it alone.

"One of these days I shall love again, of course. And then I shall say good-bye to my career. I shall have my own home, my baby. And I shall remember heartbreak as one remembers a troubling dream, stirs and sighs—and forgets."

The Treat's on Ruby

(*Continued from page 19*)

making a couple of simple frostings on the same recipe card. You can embellish these cookies further by using fancy cutters, bits of citron or maraschino cherry, nuts, raisins or white frosting curleycues on chocolate, as suggested in the picture accompanying this article. You can be as imaginative as you please along these lines—making the decorations suit the occasion—as long as you have a cookie as worthy of embellishment as this one is to work on.

The second card will give you a Brazil Refrigerator Cookie. Here's a really new flavor for all of you. You'll find these easy to make as well as delicious.

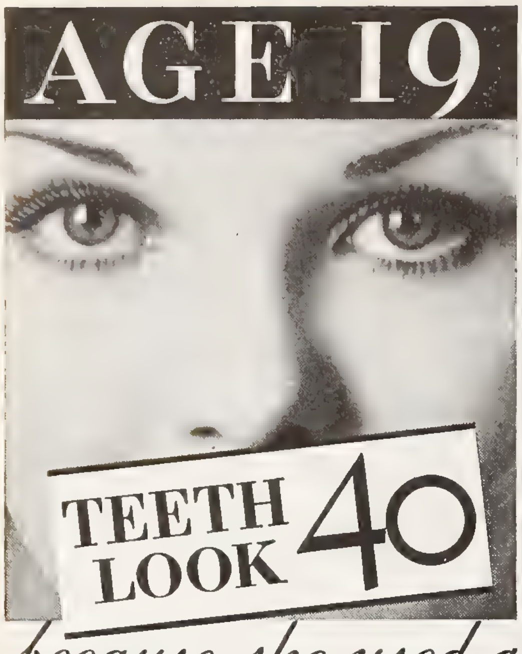
YOU also have a "date" right now to try out Ruby's third cookie recipe which calls for dates (just as you suspected) and oatmeal—these need neither rolling nor chilling. These cookies when mixed are dropped from a spoon onto a greased cookie sheet—a fact which will endear them to many of you.

The fourth card gives you directions for making "Whirligigs" which are a bit tricky, I'll admit, but honestly don't you long to surprise the family sometimes with something that looks ever so professional? Well, then, here's your chance. Like most tricks, it's easy once you know how. Each of the things you must do is carefully given so you will have no difficulty following directions, step by step. And the results? Crisp little rounds, topped with circles, each circle filled with a spicy, fruit filling that makes these cookies very special indeed.

You'd have a hard time, I'm thinking, choosing between these four cookies, but fortunately no choice is necessary for they are all included in this month's Modern Hostess leaflet. Just fill out that coupon and mail it in to secure these cookie successes.

The first, and most usual type of cookie to come under consideration is the "rolled" variety. As is the case with all cookies, the mixture for this type must be well seasoned and thoroughly blended. It must be baked at the required temperature for the right length of time. After cooling

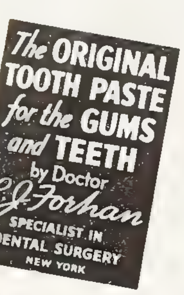
(*Continued on page 68*)



because she used a **HALF WAY** *tooth paste*

Don't waste another day on half way dental care. Superficial cleansing may keep your teeth white—*for a while!* But when your neglected gums grow soft and tender, all the half way measures in the world won't preserve your teeth.

Now—while your teeth are still firm and sound—replace half way care with the tooth paste that does both jobs. Forhan's whitens your teeth and fights the menace of spongy gums at the same time.


The ORIGINAL TOOTH PASTE for the GUMS and TEETH
by Doctor R. J. Forhan
SPECIALIST IN DENTAL SURGERY
NEW YORK

Why quit half way in caring for your teeth when Forhan's gives *two-fold* protection at the price of most ordinary tooth pastes? Be safe. Get Forhan's today!

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DOES BOTH JOBS **CLEANS TEETH SAVES GUMS**

Your **Kodak Picture ENLARGED**

FREE 8x10 Inch ENLARGEMENT of any SNAPSHOT

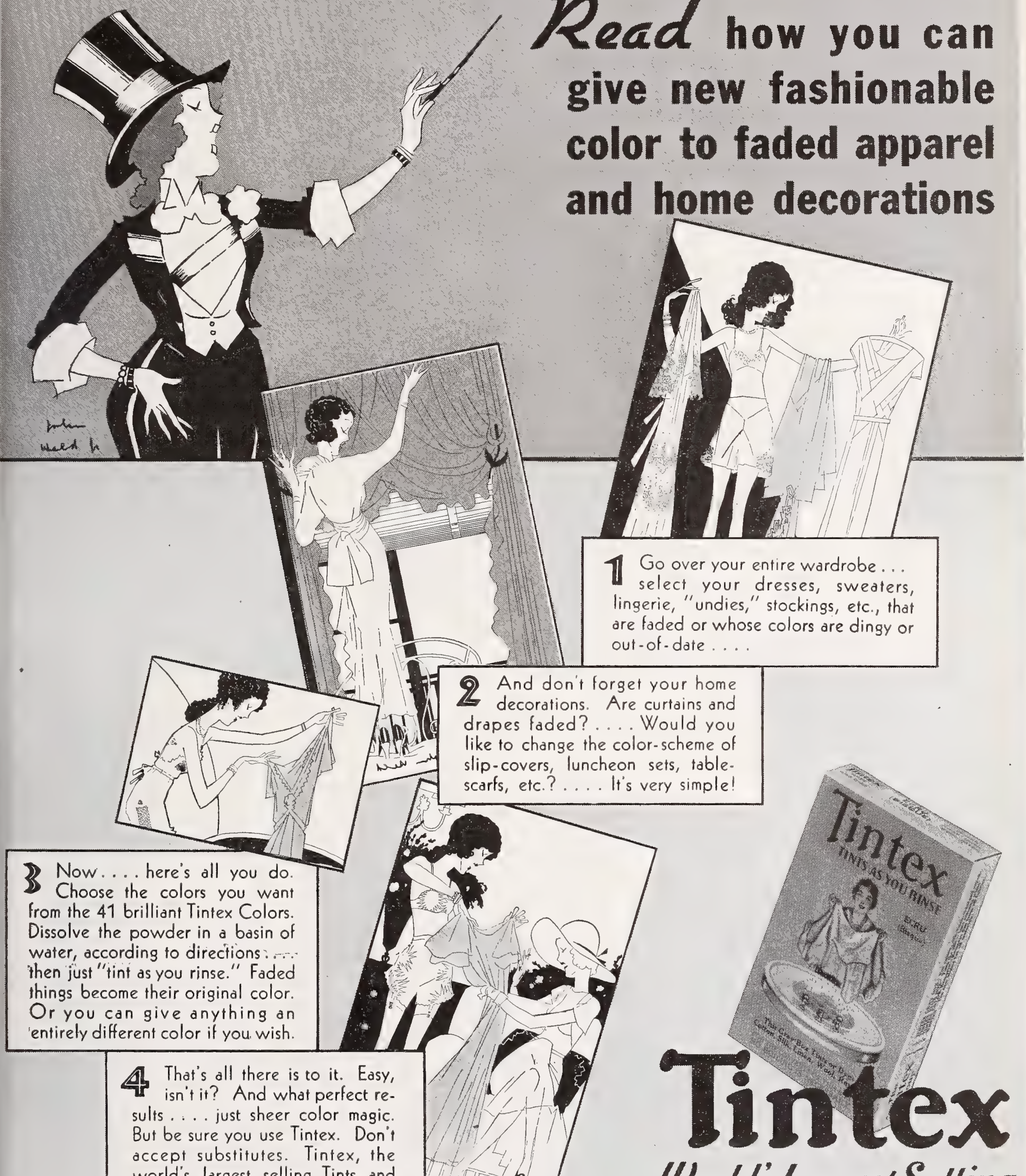
Your favorite snapshots of children, parents and loved ones are more enjoyable when enlarged to 8x10 inch size—suitable for framing. These beautiful, permanent enlargements bring out the details and features you love just as you remember them when the snapshots were taken. Just to get acquainted, we will enlarge any kodak picture, print or negative to 8x10 inches—FREE—if you enclose 25c to help cover our cost of packing, postage and clerical work. The enlargement itself is free. It will also be beautifully hand tinted in natural colors if you want it. We will acknowledge receiving your snapshot immediately. Your original will be returned with your free enlargement. Pick out your snapshot and send it today.

GEPPERT STUDIOS Dept. 24J Des Moines, Iowa

A FREE, EASY LESSON . . .

BY THE TINTEX COLOR MAGICIAN

Read **how you can give new fashionable color to faded apparel and home decorations**



1 Go over your entire wardrobe . . . select your dresses, sweaters, lingerie, "undies," stockings, etc., that are faded or whose colors are dingy or out-of-date . . . .

2 And don't forget your home decorations. Are curtains and drapes faded? . . . . Would you like to change the color-scheme of slip-covers, luncheon sets, table-scarfs, etc.? . . . . It's very simple!

3 Now . . . . here's all you do. Choose the colors you want from the 41 brilliant Tintex Colors. Dissolve the powder in a basin of water, according to directions . . . . then just "tint as you rinse." Faded things become their original color. Or you can give anything an entirely different color if you wish.

4 That's all there is to it. Easy, isn't it? And what perfect results . . . . just sheer color magic. But be sure you use Tintex. Don't accept substitutes. Tintex, the world's largest selling Tints and Dyes have been proven "best by test" of millions of women.

Tintex

World's Largest Selling

TINTS AND DYES

PARK & TILFORD, *Distributors*

AT ALL DRUG, NOTION AND TOILET GOODS COUNTERS

A SOILED TOILET WILL
Glisten Again

Don't be annoyed by rust stains, spots and incrustations in a toilet bowl. They're easy to remove. Without unpleasant scrubbing. Let Sani-Flush do the work for you.

Sani-Flush is a scientific formula, created to remove ugly marks from toilet bowls. Buy a can. Try putting a little in the bowl. (Follow directions on the can.) Flush the toilet. See how the porcelain sparkles! Odors are killed, not covered up. Sani-Flush is odorless.

You can purify the hidden trap under the toilet bowl with Sani-Flush. No other cleaning method can do this. *Sani-Flush is also effective for cleaning automobile radiators (directions on can).* Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores—25 and 10 cent sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush
CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

Your Iron Fairly Glides!

ELASTIC STARCH

QUICK ELASTIC
HOT STARCH IN 30 SECONDS

This modern way to hot starch offers you advantages worth knowing. Simply add boiling water to dissolved Quick Elastic—no mixing, no cooking, no bother as with lump starch. Ends sticking and scorching. Restores elasticity and that soft charm of newness.

Special TRIAL OFFER

THANK YOU

THE HUBINGER CO., No. 980, Keokuk, Ia.
Send me your trial offer check good for 5c on the purchase of a large 10c package of Quick Elastic Starch, and your free folder, "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

Name..........

Address..........

(*Continued from page 66*)

on a wire rack, the finished products should be stored in a jar with a tight fitting cover. In addition to these general rules the following suggestions should also be followed if you want to get good results.

The cookie dough, mixed and seasoned according to recipe directions, should be rolled with a lightly floured rolling pin on a lightly floured board so that as little flour is added as possible. Sometimes, you know, the dough is a bit on the soft side and we are tempted to add flour indiscriminately during the rolling process. However, since this will make your cookies brittle, rather than crisp and tender, I suggest instead that you try chilling the dough for half an hour in the refrigerator. It will then be much easier to handle.

Of course, there are some folks who seem to have a deep and abiding dislike for a rolling pin except as a weapon of attack! For such as these I suggest "refrigerator" cookies for this type does not need rolling. The dough is shaped into a long cylindrical roll which is then carefully wrapped in waxed paper and stored in the refrigerator. It will keep for days! When you want cookies you simply slice off as many as you have time to bake and in ten minutes or so you have a fresh tempting supply. Yummy! It makes me hungry just writing about them. Guess I'll make up a batch of those Brazil cookies of Ruby's tomorrow—for they are a perfect example of refrigerator cookie.

THE cookies that are "dropped from a spoon" come under our third heading. "Dropped" cookies are perhaps the easiest of them all—but there is a "perhaps" about it. For if the dough is not just right, the cookies have been known to run together in the pan during the baking process—which definitely is not as it should be! You'll never have this difficulty, however, if you follow the Oatmeal Date Cookie recipe I am giving you in the leaflet. These cookies are soft, not crisp. And let me remind you here that *soft* cookies and *crisp* ones should not be stored in the same container or you will discover to your sorrow that the supposedly crisp ones get soft, too!

The dressiest members of the cookie family are the filled cookies, which require both rolling and filling, skill and patience. The fruit filled "Whirligig" recipe of Ruby's will teach you how to acquire the necessary skill, but if you haven't any patience I advise you to stick to other varieties. However, those of you who like an unusual cookie—the sort to make your family happy and cause your friends to ask to borrow your recipe—be sure to try making these filled cookies. The recipe in the leaflet will prove extremely helpful.

And speaking of friends borrowing recipes, why don't you suggest to your friends that they send in for recipe leaflets, too? Surely they would be delighted to have a set of their very own and would have you to thank for this suggestion.

The following is a simple macaroon recipe you'll probably like to make up now. Before giving it to you, however, I want to urge all the readers of this department to enter our Ruby Keeler Prize Menu Contest. There are many wonderful prizes for folks who enjoy cooking and I don't know a single soul who'd turn up her nose at a couple of hundred dollars!

COCOANUT DROPS

⅓ cup sweetened condensed milk
1 cup shredded cocoanut, firmly packed
½ teaspoon almond extract
1 egg white
a few grains salt

Add the condensed milk, almond extract and salt to the cocoanut. Blend together thoroughly. Fold in stiffly beaten egg white. Drop by teaspoonfuls on a well oiled baking sheet. Bake in a slow oven (300°F.) about 15 minutes, or until firm and golden brown.

Ruby Keeler Contest News

Our Modern Hostess Editor has made out the following list which should be of great assistance to everyone who plans to enter the Ruby Keeler Contest, described on pages 16 and 17.

Listed below are food and cooking terms, arranged in alphabetical order. Naturally—at the present time—you're interested only in those which can be used in the contest. Therefore, we are giving you words beginning with B, C, E, L, N and R—since these are the letters that appear at least once in your Keeler Menu.

You are not restricted to the use of the words given here, of course. Probably you, yourself, will think of many that we have overlooked. But remember, your menu must provide a balanced meal—not one with two meats, three desserts and no vegetables.

So out with your pencils and paper, all of you, and try your skill at this fascinating new pastime. There's no reason why the men folk shouldn't be as good at it as the women, either, for here's their chance to tell the world what they like to eat without knowing how to prepare them.

Come along, then, everybody. Here's a long list of helpful words to start you off on the right track. And there are splendid prizes, as you probably know. They are pictured for you on page 16—except the money, and we'll leave it entirely up to you to make your own picture of what you could do with *that*, if you should win it. All these wonderful prizes are ready and waiting to be sent to the winners—*Editor.*

Dictionary of Food, Cooking and Menu Terms Beginning with B, C, E, L, N and R

"FOOD TERMS" refers to the names of foods, such as eggs, meats, bread, milk, fish, etc.

"COOKING TERMS" refers to different ways of preparing foods, such as broiling, stewing, mashing, baking, etc.

"MENU TERMS" refers to the names of special dishes, such as Bavarian cream, ragout of beef, scalloped potatoes, etc.

SOME FOOD TERMS BEGINNING WITH "B": Beans, Broccoli, Bread, Beef, Butter, Beets, Bran, Bacon, Bananas, Bass, Brazil Nuts, Brussels Sprouts, Beans, etc.

SOME COOKING TERMS BEGINNING WITH "B": Baked, Boiled, Boned, Browned, Beaten, Buttered, Breaded, Braised, Broiled, etc.

SOME MENU TERMS BEGINNING WITH "B." Boston Baked Beans, Beef à la Mode, Brownies, Biscuit Tortoni, Brisket of Beef, Brown Betty, Butterscotch Sauce (or Pie), Brown Sauce, Bechamel Sauce, Bouillon, Boston Cream Pie, Breaded Veal Cutlet, etc.

SOME FOOD TERMS BEGINNING WITH "C": Cabbage, Cream, Cauliflower.

Calf's Liver, Cocoanut, Carrots, Chicken, Crackers, Cranberries, Coffee, Chutney, Chow-Chow, Corn, etc.

SOME COOKING TERMS BEGINNING WITH "C": Creamed, Candied, Canned, Caramelized, Chopped, Curried, (in) Chafingdish, (en) Casserole, etc.

SOME MENU TERMS BEGINNING WITH "C": Compote of Fruit, Caramels, Consommé, Creamed Soups, Crab Ravigote, Crab Meat Cocktail, Corn Fritters, Cornbread, Cheese Soufflé, Chowder, Canapés, Cocktails, Camembert Cheese, Conserve, Coleslaw, Corned Beef Hash, Cobbler (apple or peach), Croquettes (of veal, chicken or other meats), Croutons, Curry of Lamb, Club Sandwich, Claret Cup, Crepes Suzette, Chicken Maryland, Chicken (roasted, fried, broiled, en casserole, etc), Cinnamon Toast, etc.

SOME FOOD TERMS BEGINNING WITH "E": Eggs, Eggplant, Endive, Escarole, Elderberries, Eels, etc.

SOME COOKING TERMS BEGINNING WITH "E": (All taken from the French) Escalloped (thin slices); Emincé (in small pieces); En Brochette (on a skewer); En Casserole (cooked and served in a casserole); En Coquille (cooked and served in a shell); etc.

SOME MENU TERMS BEGINNING WITH "E": English Mutton Chops, English Chow-Chow or Chutney, Eclairs, Egg Nogg (frozen); Eggs Benedict, (Eggs Goldenrod, Cocotte, Rivoli, au Gratin, Shirred, Baked, and countless others); Egg garnish for spinach, salads, etc.; Eggplant (stuffed, fried, scalloped); Egg Custard (or Egg Custard Sauce); Egg Canapés (with Sardine, Caviar, Ham, Watercress, etc.); Egg Balls for Soup, etc.

SOME FOOD TERMS BEGINNING WITH "L": Lamb, Lamb Chops, Liver, Lobster, Lentils, Lettuce, Lemons, Leeks, Lapin (rabbit), Lamb Kidneys, etc.

SOME MENU TERMS BEGINNING WITH "L": Loin of Pork; Leg of Veal, Lamb, or Mutton (roasted); Lady Fingers; Lamb Croquettes (Lamb Fricassee, Barbecued, Stewed, Crown of, Casserole of, Breast of, Saddle of); Lemon Pie (Lemon Pudding, Sauce, Cake, Butter); Lemonade; Lemon Ice; Lettuce and Cucumber Salad (Lettuce and Tomato Salad or other combinations); Liver en Brochette, Liver and Bacon; Lobster Thermidor (Lobster Creamed, Broiled, Newburg, Canapés, Etc.); Luncheon Rolls; Lyonnaise Potatoes; Lentil Soup; Layer Cake; etc.

SOME FOOD TERMS BEGINNING WITH "N": New Potatoes, New Asparagus, Noodles, Nuts, etc.

SOME MENU TERMS BEGINNING WITH "N": Noisette of Lamb, Napoleons, Neapolitan Ice Cream, Nesselrode Pudding, Neufchatel Cheese, New England Boiled Dinner, New England Clam Chowder, Newburg Sauce, Noodle Soup, Nut Bread (Nut Candies, Cakes, Bars, Salted, Glacéd), Nut and Cream Cheese, Balls, etc.

SOME FOOD TERMS BEGINNING WITH "R": Rabbit, Romaine Salad, Rusks, Rolls, Ry-krisp, Rice, Raspberries, Radishes, Rhubarb, etc.

SOME COOKING TERMS BEGINNING WITH "R": Roasted, Rechauffée (reheated in brown sauce), Riced, Raised, etc.

SOME MENU TERMS BEGINNING WITH "R": Russian Dressing, Riced Potatoes, Ravioli, Roquefort Cheese (or Salad Dressing), Russian Tea, Rhubarb Pie (or Pudding), Raisin Pie (or Pudding), Raspberry Cream Pie, (Raspberry) Sauce, Ice, Pudding, Jelly, Sherbet, etc.

"THIS IS WHAT I CALL A "MILLIONAIRE'S DISH!"
YET IT COSTS LESS THAN 3¢ PER PORTION!

WHAT A SURPRISE WHEN YOU TASTE IT!

"A MILLIONAIRE'S DISH" is exactly right. If you had a high-priced chef in your kitchen, he *couldn't* prepare spaghetti that would taste any more delicious than Franco-American!

Eleven different ingredients are used to make the sauce. Zestful tomato purée is smoothly blended with golden-mellow Cheddar cheese, then skillfully seasoned to savory, mouth-melting goodness. "Perfect!" you'll exclaim when you taste it. "The best spaghetti I ever ate."

Costs less than home-cooked

Imagine, you actually pay less than 3¢ a portion for this delectable dish. A can holding three to four portions is usually no more than ten cents. That wouldn't cover the price of all your ingredients plus the cost of cooking them at home, to say nothing of the time and trouble you're saved. No cooking or fussing needed; simply heat and bring to the table. "And it actually tastes *better* than home-cooked," women declare. No wonder so many are changing to Franco-American.

Delicious "economy" meals

Are you worried over rising food costs? Is it hard to plan economical menus your family will enjoy? Call on Franco-American to help you! Its tempting, piquant sauce adds savory zest to a simple meal, gives cheaper cuts of meat a truly "expensive" flavor, transforms left-overs into a dish fit for a king. And here's another saving. Franco-American contains so much real food value it can easily take the place of meat at lunch or supper. Order several cans from your grocer today. Your family will love it—and so will your budget!

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MASCARA . . EYE SHADOW . . EYEBROW PENCIL
EYELASH TONIC CREAM . . EYEBROW BRUSH

Are Women Inferior to Men?

(*Continued from page 41*)

Marconi, Michael Angelo, Verdi, many more—all were men.

"Women are splendid entertainers. They are good singers and musicians, clever aviatrixes, actresses and designers—but they seldom, if ever, author their own plays, build their own planes, weave their own materials, write their own music. They use, you see, the material man has created for them.

"I believe this," said Miss Swarthout, with a glance at her husband who was listening attentively, "I believe that women have the creative force, quite as much as men—but it is biological. It is used for the bearing of children, it has to be. We are so designed by Nature and therefore we cannot divert our creative force into other channels. It always has been, it always will be, impossible.

"Women with natural gifts," said Miss Swarthout, "would seem to be the exceptions. They're not, really. For even *they* are using the material of others, as in the case of a singer. I, for instance, didn't create the instrument in my throat. I sing naturally. I always sang, quite as I always talked and breathed. I would sing in the kitchen, in the nursery, on the open road, wherever I happened to be. I couldn't help singing—it was born in me.

"But I do think—don't you, Frank?—that given a natural ability women are often superior to men."

"I know it," said Frank Chapman, his bright blue eyes meeting her brown ones, with a challenging smile.

"NO, but really," Gladys Swarthout said, with her serious eagerness, "I believe that women have more patience than men, more persistence, more true courage—just because we have more fear, more timidity to overcome. I know that whenever I am faced with a new job, as when I had my first audition at the Metropolitan and was accepted, I suffered agonies, actual torments of fear. I felt that I couldn't make it. . . . I thought I would faint or collapse before the curtain rose. But once I began to work I worked until. . . ."

"Let me interrupt for a moment," Frank Chapman said, removing a pipe from his mouth. "I can say things that Gladys probably won't. For whatever is the answer to this question of women's inferiority to men, they are certainly more modest than men. I believe—and I should know—that women are superior to men in almost all of the things that make for great success. They may not be able to create as men create. I agree with Gladys that the creative force of woman is directed, by Nature, into the maternal channel. But it may also be that man has conspired with Nature to keep woman's creative force directed that way. We men have kept women in the nursery, in the kitchen or in the drawing room. During the last few years, they have escaped into the arena with some amazing results. But whether that is so or not, women certainly top men when it comes to what they do with success.

"I have watched Gladys display more energy, more patience, and persistence than nine out of ten men who occupy similar positions to hers in the musical world. She proved her determination when, a child of thirteen, she broke all precedent and turned failure into success. She proved it again, a year later, when she sacrificed her beautiful dark curls to adopt a hairdress that made her look eighteen so that she could fulfill an engagement as soloist in a Kansas City church. And also when, terrified, she sang with the Minneapolis Symphony with the result that she was so flooded with concert offers, after her rendition of Max Bruch's 'Ave Maria,' that she couldn't meet half of them. Later when she was prevailed upon to try for an audition with the Chicago Civic Opera Company, she didn't know one role, completely—yet she went for the audition and was accepted. She devoted that entire summer to work, learned twenty roles and gave fifty performances.

"She proved her capacity for hard and

That seedy-looking gent with Paula Stone is none other than Harold Lloyd. Harold chews on hay for local color at the Bradley Barn Dance and Paula is all done up as a pioneer farm wife.

unremitting work the summer she spent abroad where we met—" and again he smiled at her with that sharing look. "There were three seasons with the Ravinia Opera Company and then the 'Met'—during her first season there she gave fifty-six performances, topping all of her associate artists, men and women, in the number of performances.

"She has been afraid but she conquered her fear, tired but she disregarded it, unprepared but she dared.

"They say that women have not the moral integrity of men. Yet Gladys lived for several years in small boarding houses, without any of the rich caparisons of the rising operatic star so that, on the night of her first appearance at the Metropolitan, she could sign her last check—final payment of the debt she owed the Kansas City friends who had financed her.

"We met in Florence and fell in love—and once again, Gladys proved her courage—"

"Oh, no," Gladys Swarthout said, her hand on her husband's arm, "that wasn't courage, Frank, it was love. You see," she turned to me, "he means that it took courage because there had been a first marriage for me which was not successful. My first husband was a business man. He couldn't understand professional life. And just as I believe that the right love, the right marriage is absolutely necessary to a woman's success, so I know that the wrong sort of marriage can wreck it. My first marriage would have wrecked me, had it lasted. But when I met Frank—I knew. From the first moment I knew a great many things—and one of them is this—that the real answer to your question is that women and men are, or should be, equals. We are interdependent. Which is as it should be. Male and female—halves of the perfect whole and only when the halves are united can achievement be full and mature.

FRANK and I speak the same language—not only musical but in all ways, little and large. We have the same likes and dislikes, the same hopes and ambitions. We both love country life, even though our work keeps us in cities. We console one another by promises about someday—a home in the country, flowers and animals, sons and daughters. We both love the same 'little things' of life—Robert Louis Stevenson is our favorite author, Noel Coward our favorite playwright, our pet play is 'Private Lives' and of the operas, 'Falstaff," with Verdi as our preference in composers and the collecting of French furniture for a hobby."

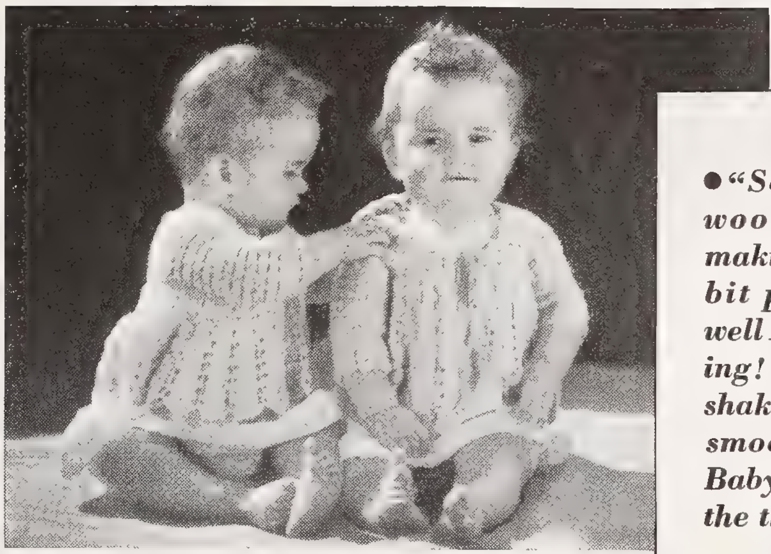
"I detest parlor games, pajamas for women and stupid gossip . . . so does Frank. I never smoke and Frank *bites* his pipe. Frank proposed to me the night I made my debut at the Metropolitan, in the role of a blind old mother, wrinkled and grotesque. It has been *right*, you see, from the very beginning.

"I won't go so far as to say that I wouldn't go on, that I would fail if it were not for Frank. I do know that it would take me twice as long to reach my goal, that the way would be terribly lonely and doubly burdensome. It took courage to come to Hollywood. I might have put it off, if Frank had not encouraged me, come with me."

"You really came to Hollywood," interposed Frank, "because you are avidly curious about ventures in new mediums."

"Yes, of course. But I was terrified. I didn't know how I would photograph, after all, I'd had some success at the Metropolitan—I didn't know how this new medium would affect me or my career. And I don't know yet," smiled Gladys. "It was so blistering hot the whole time we were

● *"Oo-hoo, Mother! Come right away—Sister's getting all fixed for a big cry. And you know how catching it is! If she cries, I'm going to, too—'cause she's my own twin and I feel so sorry!"*



● *"See here—this woolly sweater's making her a little bit prickly. How well I know the feeling! Wouldn't a few shakes of our slick, smooth Johnson's Baby Powder be just the thing?"*

● *"Some for me, too? Oh, how nice! I just love to feel that soft, slippery powder going all tickly down my neck. Let's not have it just at bath-time—let's have it often! Then we'd never cry!"*

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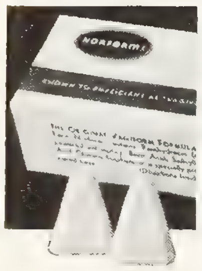

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making 'Rose of the Rancho' that I was barely conscious. I wasn't conscious at all of the camera. I believe that I photograph, on the screen, more like myself than I do in still pictures.

"The point is that although women are inferior to men when it comes to creating, they balance that by creating in their own sphere, in their own predestined channel . . . as mothers. In all other ways, I should say, men and women are equal, the woman needing the man, the man the woman . . ."

The front office called Miss Swarthout. She was due to record. We said goodbye, as old friends, not acquaintances of a few moments. She is easy to know, this dark and beautiful young woman with the magical mezzo-soprano voice. She is human before she is anything else, a woman before she is a star of any medium.

As I walked along the row of star dressing-rooms, I felt that a new star had come to Hollywood . . . not the diva of the "Met" but the little, courageous girl from the Ozark Mountains . . . for the friendly, alert young woman I had been talking with is still that little girl who would turn back and "begin from the beginning"—and because of this sturdy human quality, Gladys Swarthout will end her career, as she began it—on a true, triumphant note.

Play Your Hunches

(*Continued from page 53*)

She considered. "It's following an overwhelming urge to do something without apparently any logical reason for doing it."

"Was that the hunch that made you leave?"

"Yes, to try the movies."

She was living, at that time, with her uncle and aunt. Her uncle is an officer in the British-Indian army.

"They didn't approve of my idea," Merle continued her story, "but I'd already decided to carry on with my hunch."

"Do you always follow a hunch?"

"Always. It's right, you know. But with me, I had no notion how to begin a movie career, especially so far away from any of the studios. The first thing I had to decide was which studios I would tackle, London or Hollywood. I decided on London—also a hunch. Then I had to find out what people I should see and where they were located. I got that information from movie magazines, and one day I was just on my way."

But even when she arrived in London from India, Merle was still "just on her way," for the going was hard and no doors were opened to her. She worked in a night club. She went the studio rounds. Insignificant parts came her way. It didn't look any too hopeful, until one day Alexander Korda enjoyed one of those daring moments that directors do enjoy on occasion. He was looking for an actress to play the role of Ann Boleyn in his talkie, "The Private Life of Henry VIII." He happened to remember the Oberon girl. He gave her a screen test. She made good. He cast her for the part. She played it to a fare-you-well. Korda placed her under contract in London. United Artists placed her under contract in Hollywood. Merle Oberon found herself in the dawn of her talkie career.

"It's most gratifying," she expresses it.

But she still functions according to "hunches." It's highly probable, now that she has become a figure of importance in pictures, that this faculty may one day be used against her. As soon as a star doesn't agree with her producer and advisors she is said to be hard to get along with.

"But if I've a hunch it is or it isn't right to do certain things," Merle questions, "isn't it to the advantage of everyone that I follow it?"

I don't know. But it was just that sort of action that prompted her to break off with a well-known star when their romance was on the verge of his getting a divorce to marry Merle.

"He adores his children," she recognized. "Sooner or later, if we had married, he would have missed them so keenly that he would have longed to be with them. I couldn't stand between him and this happiness."

She severed that relation without leaving any loose ends dangling around to knot up the premises later on.

SHE'S extraordinarily frank in talking about herself. She doesn't mind in the least speaking about David Nivens, the handsome young British juvenile, who dashed on to New York from the Coast to meet her when she landed from London this last trip.

"Are you going to marry David Nivens?" I asked tactfully.

She laughed. "There's no marriage for me for at least two years."

"Why?"

"I shan't really be settled for two years," she explained, and added, "if I am then. You see, I have to alternate with pictures in Hollywood and London. That keeps me pretty much on the go, and I detest traveling."

"You've covered plenty of mileage already," I commented.

"I don't think about it," she replied.

"Well, then," I questioned, "if marriage is out—what about romance?"

"I suppose I shall be reported engaged when I get back to Hollywood," she anticipated with lively interest.

"Aren't you engaged to Mr. Nivens?"

She shook her head. "But when one goes out with a man she is said to be engaged to him, isn't she?"

"Do you mind?"

She smiled. "It does no harm, does it?"

"It depends who's talking about you," I countered.

"Well, we all run that chance." She let it go at that.

As you may suspect, she's quite a decisive personality. Douglas Fairbanks, Senior, is one person who perceives and respects this trait in her.

Doug was in the party that Merle took to see the premiere of "The Dark Angel" when that picture bowed into London. She asked Doug, on that occasion, if he thought she should make "Cyrano de Bergerac," the picture Alexander Korda wanted her to co-star in with Charles Laughton.

Doug answered pointblank, "You're going to do what you want to do anyway. Why ask me?"

She decided not to do the picture. The chances are she had already decided before asking Doug, but opinions, even when asked for, don't sway her. They merely serve to light her ideas.

She is an interesting mixture, this Oberon youngster. Five feet-two of vitality, she gives the impression of being all over the place—which isn't true. She merely makes sure that she knows what is going on that concerns her. She wastes no time fencing about what she wants. She uses words of one syllable to say what she has to say. Her favorite jewel is her aquamarine ring. She doesn't go in very much for jewelry. She loves riding horseback. She likes the water. On the Coast, she lives in Santa Monica, her front yard dipping into the Pacific Ocean—the same Pacific that will one day take her back to India via the west. She wears very simple clothes—sports things, usually, during the day. When she wears evening dress, she goes without stockings. She has a trick of looking at a person candidly and calmly.

SHE is a little cynical about love. As an experience it has its whirl but it isn't too trustworthy. She has had her horoscope read once, but she forgets what she was told. She has never been to a fortune-teller. Once, a woman at a Hollywood party read her palm and told her some things that later happened. She thinks that sort of outside help might become a weakness, unless a person was careful to use his own discretion in facing life and conditions.

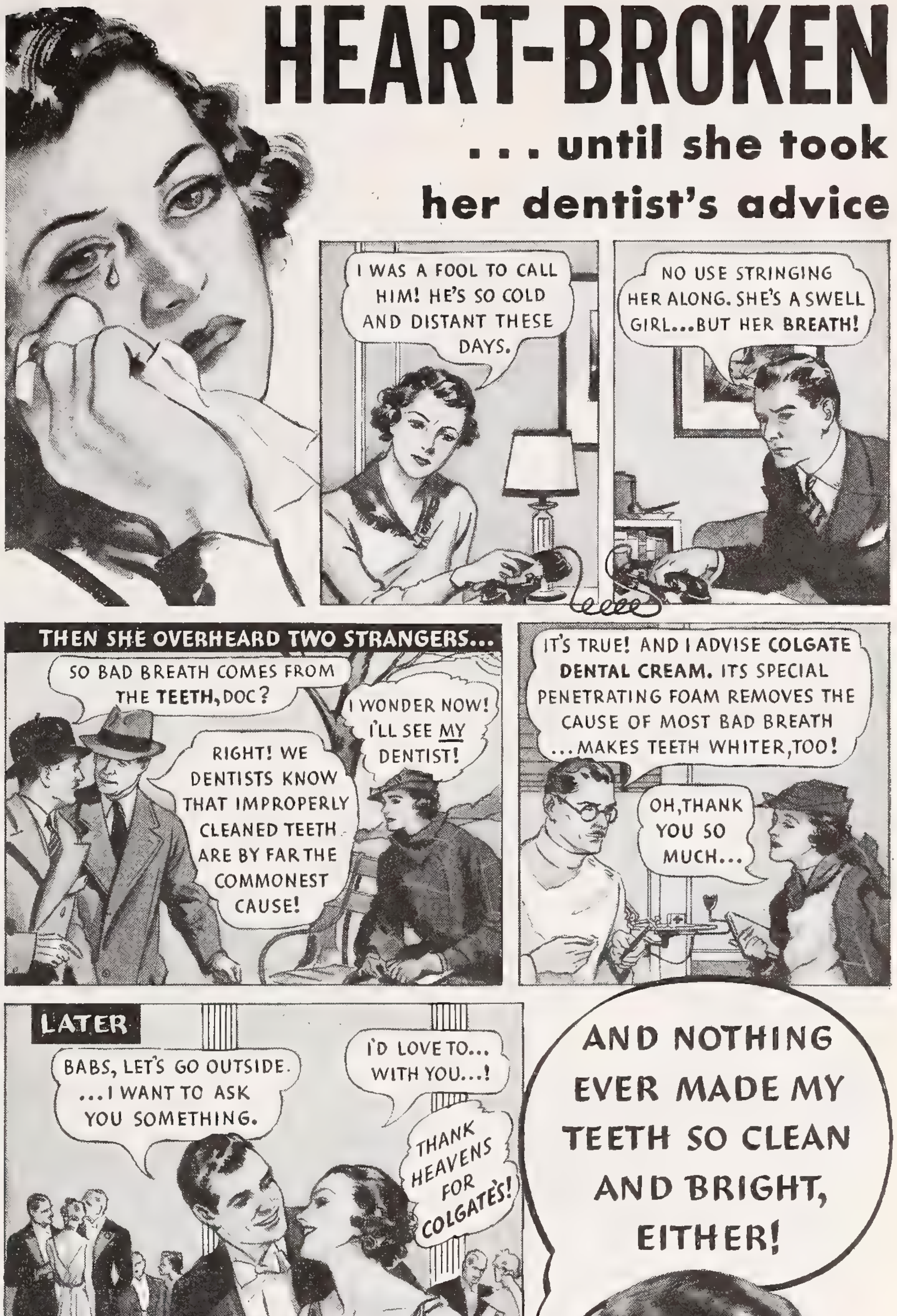
She likes people. She likes good food, too. She doesn't diet—never has—never has any notion of doing it, though she doesn't make any definite decision about such future problems. She isn't fearful about herself or her career. Success is nice, but she has known obscurity and she lived in and through that without fear. She isn't money conscious. It isn't what something costs, to her; it's what it means to her that counts. She likes perfume but has no favorite. A spring green is her favorite color. She has never gone in for "isms." She isn't impressed by names. She is impressed when she reacts favorably to meeting names. She is just as impressed if the person is unknown.

She enjoys reading but she doesn't speak of this voluntarily. She's amazingly tactful, though her frankness might give the opposite impression. She sees through people but doesn't embarrass them by letting them know that. She plays no politics, which might give the idea that she is doing just that.

She doesn't mind being talked about. She loves dogs. She brought an airedale puppy over from England this last trip, which sends her canine quota to three. She isn't extravagant but she isn't parsimonious, either. She has chestnut hair and chestnut eyes and that young, clean charm that goes with health, and courage, and vitality.

She has no dream she wants to realize, but there is a dream she is going to realize. She's a girl who has seen the dawn on "the top of the world." She'll live it as she once saw and felt it and she'll follow her hunches in the doing, both in and out of emergencies. She'll hold her own no matter where she is because she understands where she fits into the picture.

. . . Between You and Me offers you cash prizes each month for your movie thoughts. Have you sent in your contribution?


HEART-BROKEN
. . . until she took her dentist's advice
I WAS A FOOL TO CALL HIM! HE'S SO COLD AND DISTANT THESE DAYS.
NO USE STRINGING HER ALONG. SHE'S A SWELL GIRL...BUT HER BREATH!
THEN SHE OVERHEARD TWO STRANGERS...
SO BAD BREATH COMES FROM THE TEETH, DOC?
RIGHT! WE DENTISTS KNOW THAT IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH ARE BY FAR THE COMMONEST CAUSE!
I WONDER NOW! I'LL SEE MY DENTIST!
IT'S TRUE! AND I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THE CAUSE OF MOST BAD BREATH ...MAKES TEETH WHITER, TOO!
OH, THANK YOU SO MUCH...
LATER
BABS, LET'S GO OUTSIDE. ...I WANT TO ASK YOU SOMETHING.
I'D LOVE TO... WITH YOU...!
THANK HEAVENS FOR COLGATE'S!
AND NOTHING EVER MADE MY TEETH SO CLEAN AND BRIGHT, EITHER!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

MAKE *sure* you don't have bad breath! Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes *all* the decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums and around the tongue—which dentists agree are the source of most bad breath. At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredient polishes the enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

Try Colgate Dental Cream—today! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate's. If you are not entirely satisfied after using one tube, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will gladly refund TWICE what you paid.

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"GERMS – you might as well scram. I'm covered with Mennen Oil"

"Sleeping's such a pleasure and comfort, nowadays. Not much reason left to cry—'cause my skin feels so good, and I know I'm protected 'gainst germs and infection—with this famous Mennen Antiseptic Oil. They told my wonderful mummy about it at the hospital. Seems nearly all the hospitals* now give their babies a body-rub with this oil—all over, every day. Gee, hospitals and mothers are swell to babies—protect us from chafing, chapping . . . and most of all from those nasty, dangerous germs that cause infection. Well, I think I'll dream now. . . ."

**Nearly all the hospitals that are important in maternity work use Mennen Antiseptic Oil on their babies, daily.* You *baby deserves it, too.* W. G. Mennen

MENNEN
Antiseptic
OIL

She's Single Again

(Continued from page 47)

you see in me is the result of that about-face. The results are far greater than you can see on the surface, even though you say the visible change in me is astonishing. Because the change inside is even greater than that which is visible to the eye. It simply had to be.

"When I discovered that my marriage was a failure, that I had failed where I wanted most to succeed, I settled down to do a little real thinking. I was going to find my faults and remedy them."

IN this connection it is interesting to note how differently this Joan regards divorce from the other Joan—Joan Crawford. My shorthand notes show that, in talking with me shortly after her divorce from Doug, Jr., Joan Crawford said: "Some people may think our marriage was a failure. I don't, personally. I don't think it was a failure because both Douglas and I gained something from it. I don't care what experience a person has, it is not a failure if he gains as a result of it. From my marriage I gained experience, self-respect, character, insight and I didn't lose anything. I gained more, too—self-sufficiency."

Regarding her divorce, Joan Blondell says: "I cannot convince myself that my marriage was not a failure. It was a terrible failure. I should have been able to put it above anything else and make a success of it. But I couldn't.

"I said to myself. 'I have failed in marriage, but I am going to succeed in my work. I am going to find my faults and remedy them. I am going to change as much as is necessary to get all I can out of life.'

"Before that, I didn't have any great urge to win all the success I could. I was willing to go along and take things easy, and not submerge myself in order to gain efficiency.

"But now I have something to work for. I have my beautiful son to think of. I have his future to protect. So I am going to do the things that are necessary to succeed to the point where I can have a nice bank account for the young man, and where he will be proud of his mother.

"To accomplish that I am going to make the most of whatever I have, and am going to use angles to success that I have never used before. I shall be nice to people I have never been nice to before, and play the game to the best of my ability. I am dressing the part and acting the part, and I am trying to develop qualities I always neglected heretofore.

"When I weighed myself I found I was wanting in many respects. Six months ago I couldn't be annoyed extending myself to be gracious to somebody who didn't strike my fancy. I preferred to go around in pajamas and sneakers, doing as I pleased and worrying about nobody. I would much rather be chummy with a property man or an electrician I liked than to try to please a visiting celebrity or someone about the studio who could help me.

"I was sure I was right in this, and congratulated myself on being absolutely sincere and above catering to anyone. I felt my world was secure, and that I could go on doing just as I pleased.

"But I got a shock that knocked all that out of my head, and that set me to finding my faults and trying to remedy them.

"Now that I dress carefully and do everything a girl should do to make the most of herself and her opportunities, people show decidedly more interest in me. I attract more attention and hear more favorable comments than ever before. This new personality of mine gives me added confidence. It has made me feel important. And, altogether, it has given me quite a new outlook on life."

Of course, everyone has been talking of this change in Joan, of this new Blondell. For there is a new Blondell. You can see it in her face, her manner, her clothes. You can hear it in her laughter. You can recognize it in her work, oh so plainly. It has given her a new appeal.

Don't imagine for a second that it has turned Joan into a flippant butterfly, or into a calculating woman. Joan's love of solid, substantial, down-to-earth things would prevent the one, and her frankness, generosity and sincerity would prevent the other.

An hour on the set with Joan brings out a dozen definite examples of the change of attitude of other players and studio workers toward Joan. What a marvelous object lesson she would be for any girl who is debating the possibilities of remaking herself, and wondering if it would really be worth while.

And if a girl wanted a very pleasant evidence of what this has done for Joan, she should see Dick Powell glow at Blondell's approach. Having Hollywood's most eligible young man sort of "hangin' around" is quite a testimonial in itself. And, believe you us, that's just what Dick is doing.

Both Joan and Dick will tell you they're just friends, and have been for a long time. But even on that basis, Dick will tell you Joan is getting "pretty nifty."

We happened to be with Joan on Dick's birthday, and you should have seen the merrymaking that went on at the little informal party they gave that lad on the "Colleen" set, with Joan officiating.

Of course, Joan is still pretty blue over her failure to make a go of her marriage. And she is too honest to attempt to shift the blame. She doesn't put the responsibility on Hollywood, either. Instead she says:

"OUR failure wasn't the fault of marriage or of Hollywood. And certainly not of our work. I would be ashamed to attempt to alibi by saying that we failed because of the demands of our profession. Because marriage has as good a chance in Hollywood and in pictures as it has in New England. The trouble was with George Barnes and me, not with outside influences.

"There is nothing wrong with marriage. Every girl should marry when the right time and the right man comes along. I think it would be a very lonely and useless existence without marriage. You can make marriage successful no matter where you are. Public life has nothing to do with it. You could be happy living in a revolving door, if you loved each other and were willing to pay the price of a successful marriage."

No dodging of issues here, is there? Because Joan Blondell is too honest and too frank to put up any such smoke screen.

Although Joan has been hard hit, she

doesn't mope or whine. She doesn't believe in dramatics, or in being morbid. And she hates the sight of a long suffering appearance. Nor does she try to laugh it all off, for it is a serious thing to her.

The discovery that her marriage was a failure made Joan very unhappy. But it didn't whip her, for with the realization that her dream of happiness was over came the knowledge that she would have to pull herself together. The simple and unpretentious way in which she did this may be a recipe of great value to someone else who is facing unhappiness.

"If you have something hard to take," says Joan, "instead of thinking it's the end of the world and settling down to let it eat your heart out, make up your mind to snap out of it. Instead of suffering in silence, do something to take your mind off it. I would look about until I saw something pleasant to rest my eyes upon. Perhaps it would be a painting, a beautiful scenic view, or best of all, my baby.

"After centering my mind on something pleasant, and building more pleasant thoughts around it, the unpleasant memories and worries would disappear. So, little by little, the tension and the gripping unhappiness let go.

"I discovered that a number of pleasant little things will finally overcome one unpleasant big thing."

And these are the reasons for the remarkable change in Joan Blondell.

Dorothy Lee, as a jazzy Annie Oakley, dances with Johnny Arledge at Grace Bradley's Barn Dance. These kids seem to be enjoying the fun.

"Near Blonde"
—till the right powder changed her into a True Blonde

DON'T you often find yourself being called a blonde by some—"not a blonde" by others? This girl, too . . .

Her hair still has some of its baby blondeness. Her skin is very fair. Yet, with the powder she used, she looked mousy, dim—a plain in-between.

The Color Analyst told her to try a blonde's pet shade—Pond's Natural. It made her over! Her skin brightened with a delicate flush, a luminous look. She, herself, said: "Pond's Natural lights up my skin so much that even my hair and eyes have more of that true-blonde sparkle!"

New shades add life

What Natural does for near-blondes—one of the other Pond's shades will do for you. They all add life to the skin.

A new discovery made this possible. With an optical machine (see small picture above) Pond's color-analyzed over 200 girls' skin—all types. They saw what Nature uses to bring beauty. Actual tints hidden in the skin itself!

Take a blonde skin, for instance. A hidden tint of ***bright blue*** gives it that dazzling transparency. While a creamy skin gets its glowing enchantment from a hidden note of ***brilliant green!***

Now Pond's has invisibly blended these beauty tints into new, different shades of powder. Thus, you can powder "life" into your skin! Dull skins, pale skins, sallow and florid—each gets the very tint it needs from one of these . . .

NATURAL brings a fine transparency
ROSE CREAM brings a brighter radiance
BRUNETTE brings soft, creamy clarity
ROSE BRUNETTE brings a warm glow
LIGHT CREAM brings a pearly tone

Pond's Powder spreads evenly, clings. Glass jars show shades, keep the perfume. Prices reduced—35¢ and 70¢. Boxes, 10¢ and 20¢, increased in size.

Over 200 girls' skin color-analyzed to find hidden beauty tints—now blended invisibly in Pond's new powder shades!

FREE **5 Lively New Shades Mail coupon today**
(This offer expires May 1, 1936)

POND'S, Dept. C94, Clinton, Conn. Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's new Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.

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If you feel tired, nervous and out of sorts

—there is usually a definite reason for this

Now let's reason sensibly

Don't try to get well in a day . . . this is asking too much of Nature. Remember, she has certain natural processes that just cannot be hurried.

But there is a certain scientific way you can assist by starting those digestive juices in the stomach to flowing more freely and at the same time supply a balanced mineral deficiency the body needs.

Therefore, if you are pale, tired and run-down . . . a frequent sign that your blood-cells are weak—then do try in the simple, easy way so many millions approve—by starting a course of S.S.S. Blood Tonic.

You may have the will-power to be "up and doing" but unless your blood is in top notch form you are not fully yourself and you may remark, "I wonder why I tire so easily."

Much more could be said—a trial will thoroughly convince you that this way, in the absence of any organic trouble, will start you on the road of feeling like yourself again. You should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food . . . sound sleep . . . steady nerves . . . a good complexion . . . and renewed strength.

S.S.S. is sold by all drug stores in two sizes. The $2 economy size is twice as large as the $1.25 regular size and is sufficient for two weeks treatment. Begin on the uproad today.

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Do not be blinded by the efforts of a few unethical dealers who may suggest that you gamble with substitutes. You have a right to insist that S.S.S. be supplied you on request. Its long years of preference is your guarantee of satisfaction.

SSS TONIC

Makes you feel like yourself again

Sylvia's Advice to the "New Girls"

(Continued from page 55)

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer," her body sways with a charming balance, as if it had been put together by some special, secret trick. Which it hasn't. Just hard work, determination and training have gone to make one think so. And her face—it's so animated! That's it—what Eleanor lacks in regularity of feature and longness of eyelash, she makes up in animation."

But I was more concerned about the legs. I know how these dancing stars have to go on working like galley slaves, thinking up new steps and stunts. Their legs may be as strong as steel, but they mustn't get bulgy muscles or the close-ups will tell on 'em. And when they put on poundage—especially around the hips, which is usually the first spot Mama Nature picks on, I know how hard it is to get rid of that solid, dancer's poundage.

And that goes for any of you active, healthy young gals whether you know anything about tap-dancing or not, but who, suddenly, in spite of an average, healthy life begin to develop a bulge on the hip or an ungraceful line of the thigh or leg. So before I go any further, I'm going to give you a few exercises that are good for keeping you limber and supple, and which will correct certain figure faults which are the result of too much dancing, too much swimming, too much sitting or too much what not. Here they are. Hop to it!

The first one is so simple that it makes rolling off a log look difficult. It's the old-fashioned polka step. (In case you can't remember that far back . . . it's a dance!) Come on now, we'll do it together. Ready? One, two, three and hop. Now on the other side, one, two, three and hop! Keep it up, first on one side then the other. Put plenty of spring into it, baby) and hold your arms up above your head. Let your body sway in rhythm. Be as light and graceful about it as possible. And don't forget the hop! A good fast tune on the radio is a great help. Do this every morning for five minutes.

Now for the next one. Sit down on the floor. Your legs are straight out in front of you with the knees straight, please. Your feet can be about eighteen inches apart. Now with arms up, bend the body forward and touch your forehead to your knees. Don't let me catch you bending those knees. Go on, keep trying—even if you can't do it the first crack out of the box. And if you hear a few cracks . . . never mind . . you are just loosening up those rusty joints.

The third exercise is the famous back-bending one. Stand about eighteen inches from the wall, with your back to the wall. Bend over backwards and place the palms of your hands on the wall. Keep on bending as far as you can, placing your hands further and further down on the wall toward the floor. Now walk along sideways, using your hands to help you balance yourself. Maybe some day you'll get to the point where you can bend over backwards—way, way over—without the help of the wall. But don't try to do that until you have had plenty of wall-practice.

There you are girls, do each one of these exercises for five minutes each morning and you won't know yourselves. You'll get rid of those bulges and be healthy besides. (Incidentally, these exercises will greatly help to relieve constipation.) But wait a minute now, there's more to come.

The other night we went to see "I Dream Too Much," and like a good many others I came out of the theatre humming an aria. My husband said, "What's the matter, darling. (Yes, he still calls me darling), don't you feel good?" And I said, "I was thinking." He said, "About what?" I said, "About Grace Moore. Remember Grace when she came to Hollywood the first time?" He said, "Uh-huh," with the accent on the "Huh," because the Grace Moore of those days, was not the Grace Moore of today. Grace was a patient of mine, one of my prize babies. I had Gloria Swanson in tow at the same time and Gloria was my first responsibility—I was supposed to drop everything when Gloria needed me. And I was in a constant state of dropping, I can tell you! Well, Grace came to Hollywood with a first-string music teacher in her entourage. Gloria, whose voice had a few kinks in it that had to be ironed out for the talkies, wanted the music teacher. And Grace, whose figure had a few kinks in it that had to be ironed out for close-ups, wanted me. They got to arguing about it all. Me, I didn't care as long as my conscience was clear and I could catch up on my sleep.

But it seems that Grace won her point and acquired me. And Gloria won her point and got the Italian do-re-mi boy. So, okay, I told Grace to come on over and we'd get to work. Well, sir, I'd no sooner have Grace ready for the cameras before she'd get a peeve on at somebody and then she'd up and go away on a vacation, take it easy all day and undo all the good work that had been done. That was one of the reasons she left Hollywood with considerably less fanfare than when she came in. *And* one of the reasons that, when she came back the second time, she didn't make the same mistakes. The second time she put up the stiffest fight for success you've ever seen. She won. And I still cheer for Grace, because I love a good fighter.

To get back to Mademoiselle Pons . . . Lily Pons will not make the mistake of putting on weight. But she may make the mistake of putting it on unevenly and in the wrong spots. That little prima donna offers an object lesson to all pint-sized girls . . . to thin girls with narrow chests . . . to underweight girls who just can't seem to put on a pound where they want it. Remember this: when you want to develop and gain correctly, you must build-up all over; then keep the excess weight off the spots where it is not wanted, by special exercises for those spots. I mustn't take up the space for it now, but I have a "Special Building-up Diet" that will help you put on firm, healthy flesh. If you would like to have it, just write and ask me for it and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your reply.

More comparisons. I watched Luise Rainer in "Escapade," and I saw at once what she had which so many other European stars-of-one-picture lacked. She is exotic without being peculiar. She is piquant without being too itsy-bitsy and cute about it all. She has a touch of charming wistfulness without that heavy, melancholy, boogey-man effect of some of the stars. She has an aloofness that is quite intriguing, but she doesn't shut herself up in a phoney shroud of mystery at the drop of a hat. These are mental and spiritual characteristics that I am merely mentioning so that, if the shoe fits, you can put it on. In private life she is natural, without being a hoyden. She wears no make-up except lipstick, but she never looks ill-groomed. Her hair is cut in a Raggedy-Ann style, but not so raggedy that it looks untidy. In other words, she shows good taste—does not overdo things. Either instinct or much study has taught her the difference between the charm of an artistic, carefully-careless appearance and freakishness. I see lots of girls who I wish would devote a little study to that art.

If you are the sort of person, then, who in type or temperament at all resembles this vivacious little Fräulein, watch out for these things: if it pleases you to go about with no make-up, be sure that your skin is faultless and clear enough to stand it; if you cannot be bothered with the fuss and detail of a formal coiffure, make sure your hair is glossy enough to look pretty without a definite wave, and well brushed enough to have some contour; if you adore to put on careless old clothes and have a couple of fits at the mere sight of a girdle, be sure your figure is slim and straight, as a matter of fact it has to be just about perfect.

DO you know what struck me most forcibly about Luise Rainer? While everyone was remarking about her big eyes and cute accent, I was watching her walk. She is a small person, yet she walks with the dignity of a queen. So few people walk really well, that I think I'll give you a hint or two about that very necessary everyday function. Many of you point your toes out when you walk. That's wrong. Always put your feet straight in front of you. Never spread your feet at an angle. Strengthen the muscles in your knees, so they won't sag. (I have an exercise for this.) When your leg muscles are pulled up, you will have the springiness in your walk that is necessary for a graceful carriage. Keep your shoulders back and your head up. I don't mean to exaggerate and stick out your chin like an English Bull dog. Just be natural about it.

And now for the last of these four "new girls"—Rosalind Russell. In a way, the most "average" of these four, because Rosalind is neither a marvelous tap-dancer nor a phenomenal singer nor has she the kind of glamor which the girls from abroad bring over with them in their trunks. She is just a nice, well-bred, clever young American girl who happened to devote her time to acting. She also happened to find her way to the M-G-M lot, where there was already a girl named Myrna Loy. The M-G-M moguls took one look at Rosalind's brunette beauty and heard her crisp, precise diction come over the sound track and they thought, "This one will do. And if anything should ever happen to Myrna . . ." Oh, they wouldn't admit that in a thousand years, but don't tell me they didn't think it. However, that's beside the point. A few months ago, something almost did happen to Myrna, but that difficulty is apparently patched up and the two girls are there on the lot, both busy and happy.

Casting my critical eye over these two girls, at present I find very little fault with either. Their figures are straight and graceful. But Rosalind has to watch her hips and Myrna mostly the upper part of her body and her chin-line. Their make-up is clever and restrained—except for the false eyelashes which—oh, well, most of the stars are wearing them, so I guess I'll just have to wait until the fad blows over. Their voices are pleasant and well-modulated. But there is one thing that always irritates mama and which I want to mention as a word to the wise. It's mannerisms. You know Myrna Loy's trick of chin-lifting—that quick lift of the

what Greyhound means to

THIS MAN'S FAMILY

"Here comes Helen—within a minute of the time she promised in her letter! Isn't it grand she can get home so often . . ." (You see, Helen comes home from Stevens College nearly every week-end—without losing an hour of class time, or making a big dent in her allowance.)

Give Dad credit . . . he's the one who started this Greyhound habit, four years ago. It was Dad who showed his boss how to cut sales travel expense in half, by switching to Greyhound. At once, they found that they could reach dozens of new towns, and dig up a lot of profitable new business. No wonder Dad is slated for the sales manager's job.

Mother was a little blue when the family moved here from Centerville, but how she has brightened, since Greyhound has given her a quick, easy way to visit her friends back in the old home town, and to make occasional shopping trips to the big city!

Isn't it fine when old folks take a new lease on life? Grandmother will never forget that eventful trip last spring, through the glory of western mountains, to visit her daughter out on the Coast. She contends that Greyhound bus drivers are just as gallant as the young men of her girlhood.

But let Jimmy have the last word . . . "Say! I oughta know all about Greyhound buses! Our basketball team chartered one of 'em for our last out-of-town game—and we'll save enough this season to get new uniforms."

Greyhound travel is at its best in winter and early spring . . . buses thoroughly warm and comfortable, manned by drivers who have held highest national safety records for years. Why not plan your next trip this way?

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YOUR SKIN'S SO LOVELY DARLING!

TO CLEAR UP SKIN TROUBLES

Try This Improved Pasteurized Yeast That's Easy to Eat

In case after case, pimples, blotches, and other common skin troubles are caused by a sluggish system. That is why external treatments bring you so little lasting relief.

Thousands have found in Yeast Foam Tablets an easy way to correct skin blemishes caused by digestive sluggishness.

Science now knows that very often slow, imperfect elimination of body wastes is brought on by insufficient vitamin B complex. The stomach and intestines, deprived of this essential element, no longer function properly. Your digestion slows up. Poisons, accumulating in your system, cause ugly eruptions and bad color.

Yeast Foam Tablets supply the vitamin B complex needed to correct this condition. These tablets are pure yeast—and yeast is the richest known food source of vitamins B and G. This improved yeast should strengthen and tone up your intestinal nerves and muscles. It should soon restore your eliminative system to healthy function.

With the true cause of your condition corrected, pimples and other common skin troubles disappear. And you *feel* better as well as *look* better.

Don't confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. These tablets have a pleasant, nut-like taste that you will really enjoy. And pasteurization makes them utterly safe for everyone to eat. *They cannot cause fermentation* and they contain nothing to put on fat.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today. Refuse substitutes.

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Free! MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY
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Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets.

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chin which she uses to emphasize her words? It's very attractive—the first eight times. If you have personal mannerisms which your friends—or your mirror—tell you are attractive, watch out that you don't overdo them. In fact, I'd say that the minute you begin to get conscious of them, discard them entirely. I've seen girls with pretty hands who used those hands prettily—so prettily and so often that, as the brother said in "Alice Adams," the air was full of them. Then there are the nose-wrinklers and the eyebrow-lifters. The girls who flutter their eyelashes, the gigglers and the girls who toss back their heads when they laugh, on account of it shows off their pretty throats to advantage. Don't overdo things like that.

Now, darlings, I've finished today's lesson. I want you all to get busy and get all the loveliness and health that belong to you. Are there any questions? Write me your problems, whatever they are. I will help you with your beauty, your figure, general health and other difficulties. It is my work and I love it. And remember this: to me *your* problems are more important than the movie stars' and furthermore I read and answer every one of your letters myself, and everything is strictly confidential. Let's work together. Sit down and WRITE NOW! It doesn't cost a thing. Just a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

And here's a surprise for you! I've just finished a special consultation and measurement chart. It will help you check and control your weight. Would you like to have one? You would? Okay, darlings, just send in the little coupon below.

Madame SYLVIA,
MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Ave.,
New York City, N. Y.

Dear Madame Sylvia:

Please send me your SPECIAL CONSULTATION AND MEASUREMENT CHART for weight control.

Name ....

Street ....

City .... State ....

(Please enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope)

He's Going to Be Married

(*Continued from page 46*)

remembering colors my desires, my emotions, my standards even now—well, how could it be otherwise? Eleven years are very long years when one is very young, and they sink deep.

"The other—ah—jilting," said Randy, this time with an amused smile, "happened after I came to Hollywood. And the lady was very different from the girl back home. She was dark. She was vivid. She was beautiful. She was very modern. She had been twice married and twice widowed. Perhaps she was afraid. Perhaps she did not love me enough. Whatever the reason, whatever her motive, she decided, at the last moment, that she had rather not. . . .

"The first time," said the tall Southerner, who has played so many Westerners, "the first time I loved with my heart, all of it. The second time with my emotions. And the third, and last time, I shall love with my head.

"I am looking, now, for very definite qualifications. I mean, I believe that marriage should have a basis, that one should say, 'I want such and such from marriage.' It sounds very much like a vital statistic—an 'Intention To Wed' with a detailed list of requirements.

"My standard has nothing to do with physical qualifications. I have no picture of an ideal girl which I carry around in my mind's eye. I'm sure that I would not recognize the future Mrs. Scott if she stood before me at this moment. For I don't care particularly, what she looks like. I have no preference for either a blonde or a brunette. I don't care how old she is, or how tall, or even," Randy laughed, "how fat!

"I do care what she is like inside. She must not be an actress. I will not marry a professional. Not, at any rate, one occupied in screen work.

"She must be domestic enough to want to supervise my home with competence and dignity and charm. Because I want a home—with the linens kept in lavender and the silverware shining and the floors waxed and the table bountiful. I do not want a hotel where people I barely know 'drop in' for drinks.

"She must be a woman who wants motherhood. Because I want children. I want a family. And I want a woman who will mother that family and not turn our children over to nursemaids.

"She must be a woman for whom I can feel a profound respect. Such a respect, I hope, as she will be able to feel for me. I have seen enough marriages where both parties have fallen off their pedestals, and the shattered pieces, for some weird reason, remain together. With horrid results.

"If anyone should ask me what I think is the most absolutely necessary ingredient in love and marriage I should say, mutual respect.

"Which brings me back to what I said a few minutes ago—that watching many of the Hollywood marriages has kept me from erring on more than one occasion.

"Not that I am often tempted. I'm not. I'm not easily attracted to women. I don't believe that I could fall in love at first sight. I'm not emotionally impulsive.

"And the very nature of my work is my safety-valve. For, after all, the very basis of our work in pictures is sex. We make love to the most beautiful women in the world in every picture we make. And while it would be gross exaggeration to say that I fall in love with every lovely lady I'm cast opposite, it would also be grossly untrue to say that there is no emotional element between us. Of course, I feel attracted while we are working together. Of course, I feel an emotional appeal. And the result is that I get rid of a great deal of surface emotionalism that would, otherwise, be pent up inside of me.

"Since it is a part of my day's work to make love to pretty girls I am some-

Farmer Frank Albertson and his wife step out to neighbor Grace Bradley's for her big hay-de-ho party!

what immunized. I am not so likely to be carried away by a pretty face after working hours. I am not like the chap in an office who may see one or two beautiful girls in the course of a week's work, may have a personable secretary and being thus curtailed, emotionally, he falls madly in love the first time a fair charmer trips across his line of vision.

"Then, too, the nature of my work teaches me how superficial sex attraction can be. A momentary thing. Gone, as some sun-breathing flowers are gone, with the setting of the sun. I have learned, through my work, that I must look for something more than mere sex attraction when I decide to marry. There must be something between my wife-to-be and myself which will develop and strengthen and mature.

"And so," the tall young Virginian said, rising and walking to the window and back again, "I am going to be married with the hope, the profound hope of staying married. My head rules my heart now. And I am hoping that my head will dictate wisely for me and for—for her, wherever she may be, whoever she may be. But if I make a mistake—as anyone may—then I should, of course, divorce. For if there is one thing in the world more important than any other it is harmony.

"I am going to be married—and it is my prayer that our marriage will be a true one, housed by the four walls of a home, made substantial by the rearing and raising of children, made holy by time and respect and love and faith."

To spank or not to spank?

Would you punish a child for this?

SHOULD A CHILD be spanked when he refuses to take a laxative he hates? Millions of mothers say: "NO!"

They believe in working *with* the child —not *against* him. So when their children need a laxative they use one all youngsters love to take — *Fletcher's Castoria!*

Do you know that even the taste of Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children? It's one laxative they take without struggling. *And that's mighty important.* For the gagging a child undergoes when forced to take a bad-tasting laxative can seriously upset his digestion.

But good taste is only one reason why you should rely on Fletcher's Castoria. Another reason is . . . Fletcher's Castoria is SAFE, gentle—yet thorough.

Unlike some "grown-up" laxatives, Fletcher's Castoria has no strong, purging drugs. It won't form a habit—and it will *never* cause griping pains.

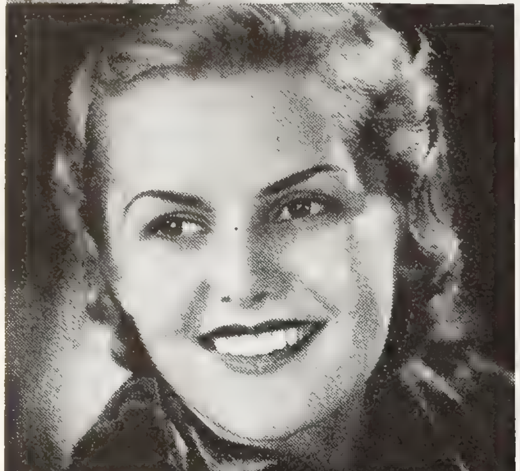
Your druggist sells Fletcher's Castoria. Get the thrifty Family-Size Bottle tonight. The signature *Chas. H. Fletcher* appears on every carton.

Chas H. Fletcher
CASTORIA
The Children's
Laxative
from babyhood to 11 years

"SHE HAD THE KIND OF LIPS MEN LIKE TO KISS"

SAID

GARY COOPER



Popular male star gives his reasons for choosing the Tangee Girl

GARY COOPER, star of "Desire", a Paramount Picture, picks the most kissable lips in lipstick test.

● We presented three lovely girls to Gary Cooper. One wore *the ordinary lipstick*... one, no lipstick... the third, Tangee.

"Her lips look kissable," he said, choosing the Tangee girl, "because they look natural."

And other men agree. They don't like to kiss lipstick either, and that's why Tangee is so much in vogue today. Tangee makes your lips glow with natural color, but it avoids "that painted look," because *Tangee isn't paint.* If you prefer more color for evening, use Tangee Theatrical. Try Tangee. In two sizes, 39c and $1.10. Or, for a quick trial, send 10c for the special 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

● **BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES**... *when you buy. Don't let some sharp sales person switch you to an imitation... there's only one Tangee.*

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

New FACE POWDER now contains the magic Tangee color principle

TANGEE
TANGEE ROUGE
TANGEE
TANGEE CREME ROUGE

★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY MM36
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin) 15¢ in Canada.

Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

Name____________________
Please Print
Address____________________
City____________State________

Gable's New Freedom

(*Continued from page 39*)

written. I can't help that. I will not have authorized them. And I don't care what they say as long as they don't quote me as saying it. My name will be linked, as it has been, ridiculously, with every feminine letter of the alphabet. I don't give a hang for myself. I do hate to be a source of embarrassment, however unintentional, to any woman. And that's that!"

"But your life from now on? Will you talk about that?"

"Why not?" said Clark. "My new freedom will consist in my living as I've always lived—only more so. I never did much partying about. Now I'll do less. I haven't been anywhere since my return from South America. I always have worked all day and gone home at night to read or play bridge. I always went hunting or fishing when I had time off. I always attended the races. I'll do the same now—*plus.*

I HAVE a new clause in my contract which gives me six weeks of every year free for a trip. This year I went to South America. Next, I'll go to China. The year after to India and then to Tibet, Greece, the Isle of Malta and to all of the remote corners of the globe. I'll always fly. That's what I want and that's what I have—now.

"And I'll travel *alone.* Kipling says, doesn't he, that 'He travels fastest who travels alone?' Well, he must have meant me, among others. Alone and by air. The combination should get me places.

"I don't even want another man to go with me. Too apt to impose restrictions, and no matter how congenial you may be, there's bound to be a conflict of opinions.

"I'm a lone wolf at heart and always have been. My mistakes have all come from disregarding this basic law of my nature. Now I shall observe it. That's all."

And I thought again, as he talked, sitting on the edge of a chair too fragile for him, "No one woman could hold this man. He isn't a woman's man at all. He's too charged with a restless, reckless vitality, too untamed of spirit. He's a gypsy. He has a huge impatience of shackles. He has no place—he simply doesn't belong in night clubs, boudoirs, salons.

He doesn't care for clothes. He never uses screen make-up—a powder puff is poison to him. He doesn't want possessions. He wouldn't know what to do with luxury. He scorns softness, small talk and coquetry. He laughs, uneasily, in the face of feminine adulation. He is like a bull in the china shop of marriage.

He was saying, "I'm living in a hotel in Beverly Hills. I like that, too. I don't want a home. I have no sort of use for a place which binds me with taxes, upkeep and the fetters of possessions. At the hotel I can sleep and eat, come and go, as I please and when I please. I can breakfast at five in the morning if I feel like it—and I often do—and no routine is disturbed. I can't abide routine. It stifles me as physically as a pillow over my face."

"So many things money can buy," I suggested.

"What?" demanded Clark. "Huge estates, you mean, swimming pools, flocks of cars, interior decorators, parties—the things that belong to the luxury standard?

"But I *have* all those things and no strings to 'em. The world is huge enough to do me for an estate. I can jump a tramp steamer any day without responsibility. I can swim in the seven seas which don't have to be drained, scraped or sterilized. I can only wear one suit at a time, sleep in one bed, read one book and eat one meal.

"No, I wouldn't know what to do with vast possessions. But they would know what to do with me. And here's what: They would drive me mad in time. I want to move and keep moving. I want to inherit the earth, not ten fenced acres of it."

IS this all you want of life?" I ventured, thinking of all the richness at his very hand, the romance, the proffered hearts of the composite femininity of the world.

"What d'you mean, 'all'?" Clark asked, his laugh resounding. "I've just told you I've got the earth and more. I've got my work, too. I like to work. I've done it for so long that it doesn't hold any particular excitement for me, no novelty, but it keeps me moving, gives me an interest. And now, between times, I can go where I please. What more is there to want?"

"Well," I said, fascinated by the vision of the thousands of women who have mobbed him for his autograph, a word, a smile, a nod—"well, I mean women. Don't you ever think it might be fun to adventure amorously—just a dash of Casanova, y'know?"

"Gosh, no!" laughed Clark. "I like women, of course. I like companionable women with a sense of humor, women who can laugh with a fellow. I don't know what to do with strange ones who look at me goggle-eyed. They make me feel uncomfortable. They always have. It's not going to be any different now. My new freedom is the freedom of the seas—and no sirens on the rocks, either.

"Besides, it's a lot of hooey—women being 'crazy' about a star— whether it's me or the next one. They can't care about me because they don't know the real me, the man behind the star. It doesn't make sense. Every time I appear in public I imagine people are saying 'Oh, so *that's* Gable, is it?' (which is ridiculous, for Clark is handsomer off the screen than he is on—and "regular").

"Look," said Clark, in the tone of voice one uses to teach a very dumb child a simple lesson, "the day I was leaving South America a crowd came to the airport. How they knew I was leaving, I'll never know. They are more rabid fans down there than they are up here, if possible. I kept as much to myself as I could and as I was waiting to take off, I found myself standing next to a nice looking girl of about twenty. She looked sensible and she was staring at me. I said to her, on an impulse, 'Look here, what made you come down here to see me?' And she answered, 'Curiosity.' She spoke the truth and I liked her for her honesty. Curiosity—that's the answer. But I'm not a curiosity, I'm just a man like any other and all I ask is to live my life in comfort and freedom."

I recalled the very first interview I ever did with Clark. It was right after M-G-M realized what manner of star they had "in the bag." I remember saying, "How will you feel if at the end of the year you find yourself in the spot Valentino once occupied—when women literally tear the clothes off your back?" And Clark answered, an honestly naïve horror in his fine eyes, "I think it would be sorta repulsive." Well, he still thinks so.

"When you're in Hollywood and working, what do you do evenings?"

"I usually go home to the hotel, lock the door, go to bed and read."

I said briefly, but with feeling "Pig!"

"'Pig'?" inquired Clark politely.

"Pig," I reiterated firmly—"with all the romance in the world just waiting 'round the corner, with all the eager-eyed girls, all the amorous adventures, and you shut yourself up in your room to read!"

"I can't seem to make you understand," said Clark, in the loud, rather labored tones in which one speaks to the slightly deaf, "that's just what *I want to do!* And, that's what freedom is for!"

Clark laughed. His hands made a gesture dispensing with the world, the flesh, the devil and all the angels.

I said, "Is it out of turn to ask whether you think you will ever marry again?"

"Nope, not out of turn. But I don't know. I can't say that I won't. I may, but it's a bit soon. I'm not unmarried yet —and I never look ahead. Some day, no doubt, I shall have encompassed the earth, since there are limitations even there. And when that day comes, and after the screen has hung a 'To Let' sign on my dressing-room door, I may buy a ranch out here in California and settle down—some.

"But first," said Clark, stretching out his arms, that lazy smile curving his mouth, "there are the seas to be sailed, the skies to be explored, the lakes to be fished and the mountains to be scaled. There's freedom—and it's mine!"

He's a Travellin' Man

(*Continued from page 52*)

other kind, George prefers to make Westerns. He doesn't make them just because he can ride a horse.

"Of course I prefer them," he will tell you enthusiastically. "But we don't call them Westerns any more. You know a Western used to be a picture in which the heroine wore a sunbonnet and the hero rode a horse. If the hero was called upon to act he simply expanded his chest and followed it in a straight line across the stage.

"But that's the old-fashioned idea," George laughed. "We're making 'outdoor dramas' now. We buy the best stories available and hire actors who can act as well as ride a horse. In my last two pictures—'Thunder Mountain' and 'Whispering Smith Speaks'—there aren't any horses. They're both railroad stories. We go wherever the script sends us for background. I went to England for exteriors for 'Cowboy Millionaire' and recently I've worked in Arizona and Mexico. There is more drama, to my way of thinking, in some of the wonderful scenery we have photographed for our pictures than there is in any film made in a studio. While the Clark Gables sweat away under the hot lights, I'm outdoors on a horse having a swell time—doing the sort of thing I like to do."

A year ago George terminated his contract with the Fox Company by mutual consent.

"Westerns are out," Fox executives told him. "You'll have to get back into the parlor."

"I don't believe Westerns are out," he

A beauty bath like
unbelievable magic!

✿ The whole world is diligently striving to educate women to develop greater personal charm and beauty — and the now recognized outstanding beauty secret is the Linit Bath, for its results are *immediate,* and it is amazingly economical.

✿ *Just imagine stepping out of your bath and after drying, finding that your skin is soft and satiny smooth as a rose petal.*

✿ Prove to yourself this claim made for the Linit Bath, by making this simple test on your hands. Dissolve some Linit in your basin water, wash your hands as usual and, after drying, *feel your skin.* It will be soft and smooth as the rarest old velvet. This is also the *immediate result* obtained when Linit is used in your tub water, for the Linit Bath accomplishes the *same thing* for the entire body.

✿ And remember, the Linit Beauty Bath does away with the damp or semi-dry feeling of the skin that usually follows an ordinary bath. Linit leaves on the skin an exceedingly fine porous coating of powder which absorbs perspiration *without* clogging the pores, makes dusting with bath talcum unnecessary and imparts to the body an exquisite sense of personal daintiness.

for fine Laundering

Don't overlook the directions on the Linit package—recommending Linit for starching. Linit makes even ordinary cotton fabrics look and feel like linen.

Linit

LINIT
FOR THE BATH
LINIT
FOR THE BATH

LINIT IS SOLD BY ALL GROCERS

The Bathway to a Soft, Smooth Skin

Do you know the 8th WOMAN?

Why be miserable, or even uncomfortable certain days of every month? Be that eighth woman who lets Midol carry her serenely through those difficult days. There used to be eight million sufferers every month. Today a million women are smart enough to use Midol and escape this regular martyrdom to pain.

You can depend on Midol. Tiny tablets, perfectly pleasant to take. *Not* narcotic. A merciful medicine which specialists recommend for regular pain. Nature doesn't make the woman who uses Midol give up a cherished "date" for the theatre — or even a dance. It means freedom!

This truly remarkable medicine may be taken any time, preferably at the first sign of approaching pain, to avoid the suffering altogether. But Midol is effective even when the pain has caught you unaware and has reached its height. It is effective for hours, so two tablets should carry you through your worst day.

You get these tablets in a trim little aluminum case. All druggists have them —they're usually right out on the toilet goods counter. Or, clip coupon:

An enjoyable evening, no trace of pain; the time of month forgotten—thanks to Midol.

Try it MIDOL *free!*

For the proof that Midol does relieve periodic pain, send for a free trial box to MIDOL, Dept. E-36, 170 Varick St., New York.

*Name*____________________

*Street*____________________

*P. O.*____________________

And just what goes on? Erik Rhodes, with a Harpo Marx touch, rests his leg in Glenda Farrell's and Addison Randall's laps. At the Bradley hick party.

told them, "and I'll not be a parlor hero. I like making Westerns. I'll quit."

AND he was just confident enough to form his own company with Sol Lesser and John Zanfdt, and begin a new series of "outdoor dramas." And who do you think releases these pictures? Certainly! Twentieth Century-Fox! So George is still a Fox star.

His contract calls for a three months' vacation after each picture, so the minute he finishes work and the picture is cut, off he goes on a trip.

George is married to the beautiful Marguerite Churchill who, in talking with a friend recently, confessed that she was first attracted to her husband because he travelled so much.

"He made a lot of pictures," she said, "but he managed to have time to travel all over the world. There was no place you could mention that he had not visited or contemplated visiting in the near future."

What was at first a mutual interest developed into an enthusiastic love affair and George and Marguerite were married.

"And we've been travelling between pictures ever since," he laughed.

"I'm strictly not a routine man," he said. "I can't stay put. I don't want to stay in one place and be the pillar of the town and rust and rot and grow stale. I want to go every place and see everything before I'm too old and it all passes me by.

"Marguerite is the same way. She likes to travel and see everything and is the best sport about packing up and leaving at a minute's notice. A lot of girls wouldn't do that," he added, with a note of pride.

"We thought having a baby would change all that, slow us down for a while, you know, but we had taken two trips before she was three months old. We left her home because she's better off there with the nurse, but we'll soon be taking her along. You see children every place you go. They're on boats, trains and planes. They seem to have every convenience for them these days," he said hopefully. For it is one of his dreams to take his little Orin Ynez (named Ynez because that is the name of the Mexican town where George and Marguerite were married) all over the world with them.

"Of course, when she is older and going to school, we can't be jerking her out in the middle of a term and taking her to Japan or Singapore, but that is all the more reason why we want to do our traveling now," he said firmly.

"We have a home at the beach. It's not a big place but comfortable, and we call it headquarters."

Recently the house next door to the O'Briens' temporary home caught fire in the middle of the night and burned to the ground. Immediately George got his family organized. The baby and the nurse and all the important baby things were bundled into the limousine, which stood in front of the house ready to leave at a word. That attended to, George climbed onto the roof with the garden hose and kept his house wet until the fire chief said the danger was over. Then the O'Briens went back to bed.

"Now let's get organized," George said, when his company arrived at a location near Sonora a day early and found camp wasn't prepared. "Let's fix the beds for those who have to work early in the morning and the rest can go to town to a hotel."

In no time this was done and everything was "organized" for an early start next morning.

A FEW miles away Warner Baxter and his company were making exterior scenes for "Robin Hood of El Dorado," and every night while George was in that camp, Warner was his dinner guest. For the O'Brien company is noted for its good food and every actor in Hollywood knows it. When on a distant location they have a chuck wagon, but when they are working within fifty miles of Hollywood they never eat box lunches, as every other motion picture company does. They have a caterer and the best food money can buy is served them from the swank Victor Hugo in Beverly Hills. Good food, George thinks, comes under the heading of organization.

"You save money, there is better feeling and the men work harder if they are well fed," he declares. "All we were up there for was the scenery and we got, in eleven days, what it took Warner's company five weeks to get—even with Warner taking his meals with us!

"Good food on location is insurance against temperament, which is old-fashioned anyway. We have to have good feeding in making outdoor pictures, we work so hard."

George introduced the chuck wagon while he was a Fox star, but before it was put into use he had to show the business manager that for 24c a meal he could feed the men on location better meals than they were getting in the 50c box lunches.

His vacations were always spent at some job that kept him outdoors. It was during one vacation that he met Tom Mix. Because George was husky and looked able to carry the heavy camera equipment over the hills, he was taken on as a camera assistant. That was his introduction to Hollywood and he stuck to the camera for six months. His fine physique got him small parts in pictures and he began doubling for stars. "It wouldn't be fair to tell who they were because some of them are still stars," he explains.

You'll hear it often said by stars that they wouldn't ask a double to do anything they wouldn't do themselves. In George's case it is true. Only last week in a scene for "Whispering Smith Speaks," his latest picture, George was supposed to jump from one moving train to another, speeding in the opposite direction. George wanted to do it himself but the director refused to allow him and sent for a double.

"We can't afford to take a chance," the director argued. "If anything happened the picture would be held up."

GEORGE agreed. But when the double arrived and was told what he had to do he refused, and a second double was sent for. While they waited the director made closeup shots of George about to make the leap. Frank Good, who has been George's cameraman for years, sidled over to George and whispered: "Are you going to do it?"

"Sure," George replied. So Good set up his camera to catch the whole scene instead of just a closeup. The engineer, not knowing that George was going to jump, speeded up and the entire company gasped as our hero landed lightly on his feet on the other train.

"It was nothing," George said afterward. "I can do my stunts better than most stunt men and it's better for the picture if I do them myself."

"Well, we won't retake it," the director commented grimly.

George is mindful of the fact that to his youthful fans he is a hero and for that reason he never takes a drink or smokes in a picture.

"I always get my man before I'm so embarrassed I have to light a cigarette," he laughs. But, strangely enough, George is never seen smoking or drinking off the screen, either.

At the opening of the operatic season in New York last Fall, George and Marguerite were present. During intermission a strange gentleman approached George in the lobby and said: "It seems strange to see you here. I thought you didn't belong, but on second look I guess you do."

"Why were you surprised?" George asked. "Because I haven't my horse with me, or don't you like me in evening clothes?"

"I love music," he continued, putting the gentleman at ease. "I studied piano for eight years. I ride my horse for a living. This is my pleasure."

A huge crowd as well as a vast radio audience was treated to a bit of his ready Irish wit at the premiere of the picture, "Midsummer Night's Dream" in Beverly Hills. Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien were a handsome couple as they arrived in front of the theatre. Marguerite was pushed in front of the microphone in the lobby, introduced as "Miss Churchill" and asked to say something, which she did charmingly.

Maureen O'Sullivan has answered the call to London, too. She'll do "Soldiers Three" for GB.

"And now we have George O'Brien," said the announcer, as he pushed George toward the microphone. "Tell our radio listeners what *you* think of the Warner Brothers for bringing Shakespeare to Hollywood, George."

Smilingly George stepped up to the "mike." From his debonair manner you would never guess that he had a problem. He *must* let everyone know that the beautiful woman who had just spoken was his wife; he must say something nice about the picture and he must do it quickly. He did all those things in a most forthright and subtle manner when he said:

"I always agree with Mrs. O'Brien."

POWDER TROUBLE
CAN'T PUT POWDER ON THIS ROUGH SKIN!
1 SECOND LATER
GRAND! POND'S VANISHING CREAM FIXES THAT
BEDTIME
OVERNIGHT, TOO—FOR EXTRA SOFTNESS

ROUGH "POWDER CATCHERS" *Melt Away* AT A TOUCH!

SKIN FEELS BABY-SOFT... SMOOTH

You know those flaky little bits that rough up your skin?—especially on your nose and chin. Such powder catchers!

They are really countless little cells, forever drying up. Flaking off on the top of your skin! This is a natural process which goes on day in, day out—the skin's way of throwing off old dead cells.

"Then how can skin come smooth?"

You can *melt away* those powder catchers! A leading dermatologist says:

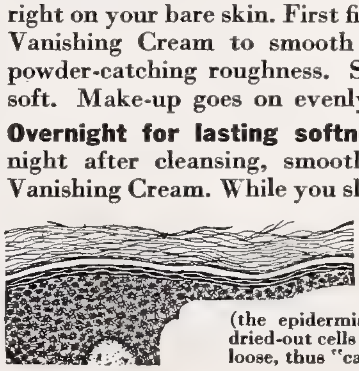
"Although cells on surface skin are constantly drying out, becoming horny—they can be melted off instantly with a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream). Then the young cells beneath come into view and the skin has the smoothness of a child's."

Do this yourself with Pond's Vanishing Cream. It has that keratolytic property which melts off dried surface cells. This explains how Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths skin so quickly!

Touch it to your face. There and then you feel every roughness melt away, disappear. Look again and see how soft your skin is. Powder can't "catch" on a skin like this!

For a smooth make-up — Never powder right on your bare skin. First film on Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth away every powder-catching roughness. Skin becomes soft. Make-up goes on evenly and clings.

Overnight for lasting softness — Every night after cleansing, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream. While you sleep, it brings your skin an extra softness. Your face is cool, not a bit greasy. Next morning, you'll find your skin decidedly softer!



Cross-section of outer skin (the epidermis) showing how dried-out cells on top skin flake loose, thus "catch" powder.

Mrs. Alexander Cochrane Forbes
Grandniece of MRS. JAMES ROOSEVELT
says: "Pond's Vanishing Cream melts away roughnesses... keeps my skin smooth for powder."

8-Piece Package POND'S, Dept. C-136, Clinton, Conn. Rush 8-piece package containing special tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream, generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

Name____________________

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Lights! Camera! It's the Quints!

(*Continued from page 36*)

told me, "something of an advertisement for children who have never had the emotional stimulus of petting and adoring aunts and uncles, grandmas and grandpas. Science has been mother and father to them, aunt, uncle and grandparents. The results are so perfect, so glowing and healthy that, as Jean said, "I can only say that were my wife and I to have another child, I could wish for nothing better than one exactly like any one of the Quintuplets. I have never seen more perfect specimens, mentally and physically, anywhere."

They are jolly babies, good-natured, friendly among themselves and with others. They never whine. They never fret. When they roll about on the floor, pulling each others' hair, kissing and laughing it is all happy play. They are never little "meanies." They have, each one of them, sunny dispositions.

Their habits are, of course, 100 per cent normal. They sleep sixteen hours a day. Jean told me that when they arrived in Callander and reached the famous hospital, the babies were having their naps. And they were out of doors in their leather perambulators, side by side. The perambulators were covered with snow, the thermometer registering *17 degrees below zero!* And when the babies were brought in, at the appointed time and not a minute before or after, their eyes were like dark diamonds and their cheeks were damask peonies. They always take their naps out of doors and below zero weather holds no terrors for them.

They eat the food prescribed for the average husky eighteen months old child. Chops and cereals, fruit juices and spinach. They all love spinach! Not one of them, in fact, is fussy about her food. They eat anything given them and love it! They have never been "problem children" either as regards to their food or any of their other habits.

And they all eat the same things. There is no special diet for Cecile and another one for Emilie. Once in a great while, Dr. Dafoe told Jean, one of them may break out with a slight rash and when that happens, he changes the diet for a day or two until the rash clears up. But that is the only time any difference is made in their feeding.

THEY have the requisite number of teeth. In fact, they are slightly above normal both in their physical and mental development. Once every month two psychiatrists, one from New York, the other from Toronto come to Callander to observe them. And they report that the babies are far advanced in some ways for their ages and a bit behind in some others—but that their average is above normal.

And it must be borne in mind, as Dr. Dafoe pointed out to Jean, that the babies are not really eighteen months old—they are, really, only about fifteen months, having been two and a half months premature at birth. And so, when they are checked as eighteen months old children, this should be taken into consideration.

They all speak a few words in English. They say "Da-Da" to Dr. Dafoe. They say "ta-ta" very politely when they are given anything. They can say "ball" and "doll" when they are playing with these toys. But the rest of their infant patter is in French. They are learning to speak French before they speak English. Their two nurses, Mlle. Cecile and Mlle. Yvonne are French and talk French to them entirely. But as Dr. Dafoe speaks English to them, they are well on the way to becoming accomplished linguists before they are two.

Nurse Yvonne, Jean told me, takes a little extra-special pride in the accomplishments of Mlle. Yvonne Dionne while Nurse Cecile takes the same extra-special pride in Mlle. Cecile Dionne.

They have a storeroom under the hospital full of toys—every kind of toy ever devised by the ingenuity of Santa Claus—toys contributed by friends and "admirers" from every corner of the globe.

And their favorite toys are clothes-pins! The old fashioned clothes pins of the kind that nip on.

They adore their combs, too. They love to play with them and to comb each other's hair—they do it very gently, there is never any pulling and crying about it.

They will, in fact, pass up balls, dolls, games and all kinds of glittering playthings for their clothes pins and their combs. They all like small toys better than large ones. Thus the small wooden whistle, now so proudly owned by Jean. He put it in his pocket one day, while working with them, mistaking it for a clothes-pin which he was supposed to have in his pocket for one of the scenes in the picture.

They each have five tiny sets of garments, complete from the rosy skin out. And each garment, even the small panties, has the name of the owner embroidered thereon. Each set is exactly alike except that the small frocks are different colors . . . pastel blue for Emilie, Marie the pastel pink, Cecile the pastel green, Annette the pastel yellow and Yvonne the white.

While Jean and Miss Peterson were up there, five small fur coats were sent as gifts, white rabbit fur, with caps to match. And even these had their names embroidered in the linings and each lining was a different pastel color.

They call Dr. Dafoe "Da-Da" and they are, Jean told me, crazy about the good doctor—as well they might be! They know him, of course, better than they do anyone save their nurses. The balance of their household consists of a housekeeper and there are ever present, of course, the Canadian Provincial guards doing sentry duty around the high wall surrounding the hospital.

Dr. Dafoe visits the babies twice daily. And the first thing in the morning one of the nurses calls him and reports the morning weights and the developments, if any, of the night.

WHEN the good doctor enters the nursery they run to him, all five of them en masse and make a concerted drive for his attention. And their reactions are perfectly feminine. For if he picks Cecile up first, Annette claws and tugs at his trouser legs until her turn comes—and so it goes, five times.

"We were only allowed to work with them for a short time each day," Jean said, "and Dr. Dafoe was right there with us, his eyes on the babies, every minute. His word is law. The longest stretch of time we ever worked with them, at any one time, was fifty-five minutes one day. Another day we only worked eight or nine minutes. The babies became very hilarious and Dr. Dafoe stopped us, saying that they were over-stimulated.

"Every care and precaution was used by each one of us. I had to have my nose and throat sprayed each day as I entered the

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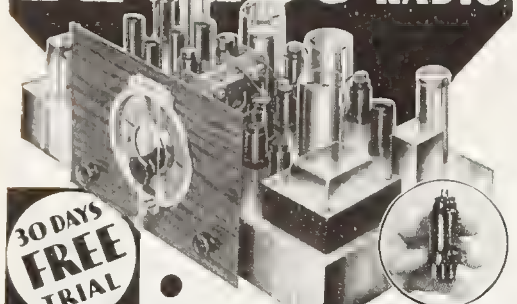

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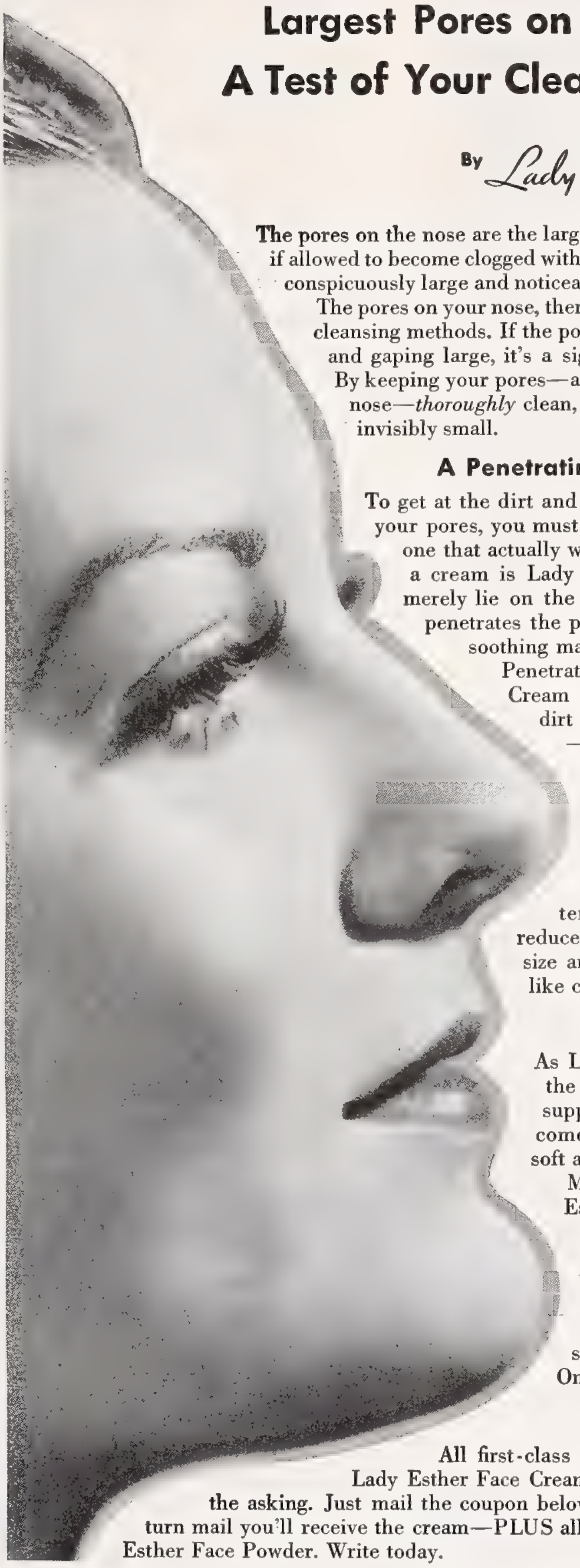
hospital, as did the others. They allowed us only one cameraman and one electrician. These two men, with Director Henry King, Miss Peterson and myself comprised the cast and crew in Callander. Both Mr. King and I were very anxious to take our wives with us on the trip and planned to, but we were asked, courteously but firmly, to bring with us the very minimum number of people we could. The children are so sedulously guarded, you know. The public may come and look at them at certain hours in the afternoon—but only from a distance. No one but Dr. Dafoe, the nurses and the housekeeper actually ever breathe the air they breathe. And their parents, too, of course, whenever they come to see them. Which is whenever they want.

Jean said: "I have played all kinds of parts, bits, leads, starring roles—and I certainly consider this the greatest part, the biggest thing that has ever happened to me in my whole career. I couldn't believe it when they sent for me to come to talk about 'a picture.' In fact, I had made up my mind that I would turn it down, no matter what it might happen to be. I had just been assigned one of the biggest parts I've had in some time in a picture on my home lot, and I was grimly determined that I would not be switched. And then, when I was asked, 'How would you like to play the part of Dr. Dafoe in "The Country Doctor"?'—Well," said Jean, "I tell you, I had to run right home and tell my wife about it, I was so excited! And do you know, when it was announced that I was to play the title role, I had cables from Denmark and London, congratulations from almost everywhere. On our return trip complete strangers would come up to me and ask to shake my hand—the hand that had fondled the Quintuplets. Twenty-two newspaper men and women went with us, representatives from almost every big newspaper and syndicate in the country.

"This may be the 'Quints' only picture. I do know that they are never to be 'exhibited'—as the word is used in connection with the Siamese Twins or the Singer Midgets—or any other departures from the norm. They have, now, a trust fund of $200,000 and the Government is going to make a park of the acreage surrounding the hospital so that they may have a safe and roomy playground. I believe that the present plan is for them to have governesses and tutors for a time and then, eventually, to go to school with other children.

"I spent four evenings, while up there, with Dr. Dafoe in the pine-panelled library of his comfortable home nearby. We sat and talked half the nights through. I saw some pictures of the babies, taken at birth, which made me realize, as I had not before, the miracle which Dr. Dafoe has wrought. It's difficult to believe that the five lively, bright, satin-skinned youngsters I played with ever had been these weird little atoms, all tummies and heads, no legs and arms to speak of.

"The doctor and I had many things in common. For the doctor collects first editions and so do I. The doctor has an eighteen-year-old son named Alan—and I have an eighteen year old son named Alan. We did not," Jean chuckled, "have motion pictures in common, certainly. Dr. Dafoe had never heard of me until I was on my way to Callander. He had never, I think, heard of any screen personality. He has only seen two pictures in all his life and one was an ancient film called 'Sunshine Sue' or something like that—the other a short of the Quintuplets. He is simple, kindly and deeply wise. He is completely unworldly. He could go to any city in the world and turn patients away by the thousands. He will remain where he is, and *as* he is.



NOSE PORES

Largest Pores on Your Body—
A Test of Your Cleansing Methods!

By Lady Esther

The pores on the nose are the largest on your body. For this reason, if allowed to become clogged with waxy excretions, they will become conspicuously large and noticeable.

The pores on your nose, therefore, are a good test of your skin-cleansing methods. If the pores are plugged with waste matter and gaping large, it's a sign your methods are insufficient. By keeping your pores—and this includes the pores of your nose—*thoroughly* clean, you can keep them normal in size, invisibly small.

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"I do not," Jean said, "in any way attempt to imitate Dr. Dafoe in the picture. I am not using his name even. I am called 'Dr. Luke.' I have not tried to copy his mannerisms, nor even his appearance other than to gray my hair and mustache. I am playing, simply, a country doctor who steps into the limelight of a wondering world when five babies are birthed—and live. I only hope," Jean said, "that I will be able to convey something of the fine and modest spirit of the man I am supposed to represent . . . well, it was a tremendous, an unforgettable experience."

And—"It was thrilling," said Dorothy Peterson.

What They Like to Wear

(Continued from page 58)

"You know," she continued, "everyone thinks that the minute you get to be anybody in Hollywood, you buy a mink coat. Well, mother won't even let me think about having one until I'm twenty-one. I did persuade her to let me have this summer ermine that I am wearing but that was only because she hates cheap furs and thought this was youthful enough for me."

THE result of the shopping trip was that the right dress finally was found at Hattie Carnegie's—but it wasn't red, it was black. Carnegie's is one of the most exclusive dressmaking establishments in New York, a great favorite with many of the older stars such as Katharine Hepburn and Connie Bennett. Anita Louise was so excited about buying a dress there that it wasn't until she had made the purchase and was about to leave that she discovered one terrific drawback. Looking at the neck of the frock, she said wistfully:

"Oh dear, there isn't a label in this and I did so want a label." Fortunately, the Carnegie labels are sewn into the side seams so everything was swell.

That shows you what a kid Anita is, despite the fact that she is a poised young woman and a star who should be quite blase about any label in a dress. She gets as much kick out of buying a dress at a famous dressmaker's as you or I would.

She's a very sensible gal, wears simple clothes and not very expensive ones, except for a few sprees now and then like the Hattie Carnegie dress. Incidentally, you can see the dress on page 56, for Anita posed in it especially for me before returning to the coast. It's the cute black crepe afternoon dress with its full gathered peasant-like skirt and fitted bodice set off by an unique draped collar. The gold gypsy bangle clip on the collar is duplicated on her black, off-the-face felt hat that looks so much like a French peasant's bonnet. You can see it up under the wing-like brim at the left side of the Chapeau.

In evening gowns, Anita likes soft, clinging fabrics best, especially chiffon. One of her favorite evening gowns is photographed. It's more of a dinner gown with its deep shirred armholes and buttoned bodice with high neckline. The girdle is silver kid fastened with a tie of the fabric. A charming detail is the flower necklace and the two matching flowers caught in her hair. Anita knows how to add these touches skillfully, in fact, in her clothes she has the taste and sophistication of a much more mature person, yet she never wears clothes that are too old for her.

Looking critically at her, I would say that one of her greatest charms is her clean, scrubbed look and her beautifully cared for golden hair.

Quite the opposite of Anita Louise is Betty Furness, a New York bred girl, who spends her brief holidays in the city, snooping out bargains in the smaller shops along Madison avenue and in such huge emporiums as Macy's and Bloomingdale's.

Over cocktails in the Savoy room of the Savoy Plaza hotel, we talked clothes and more clothes. Not only talked but later took photos of some of her pet purchases. Betty, like Anita Louise, is blonde and has a great flair for smart things.

"I won't wear or pose in anything that I don't think suits me," she told me. "That's not being arbitrary either, I just can't feel at ease in clothes that don't suit my personality and you can't be truly smart unless you do feel comfortable in your clothes."

I ASKED her about the difference in the type of wardrobe she needs for Hollywood and what she needs in New York.

"Oh, there's a great difference," she said. "For instance, there's no need for what you call a street dress. You know, like the dress you have on, a black wool or silk crepe that is tailored and that you would wear all day to business. Our need is sports clothes in Hollywood. I wear them all day long. When I want to dress up for a cocktail party or dinner, I either wear a dress like this one that I have on, or an ankle length dinner gown."

The dress which she had on was the metal shot crepe which she is wearing in one of the photographs on page 58. Utterly simple, its outstanding detail is the high neckline with gathered collar that stands up like a ruche around the neck. This is in a beautiful shade of blue with silver threads woven in it and is regulation afternoon length. Betty said I could tell you that she only paid sixteen dollars for it—imagine! With this she wore a small fuchsia colored antelope hat with two feather flowers poised like bat wings right in front. The centers of these were the same color as the blue of her dress. The smart bag is an original Schiaparelli model in black patent leather with a new cloisonne trimming in a blue to match her dress. Very smart and very new.

In adjusting her hat for the photographer, she turned to me and said, "I wear it straight because I think it looks newer than all the hats that are tipped to one side or another. I love mad hats and indulge myself in them—it's really my one great extravagance. You see I have created a reputation for wearing crazy hats in Hollywood and I can't let my public down!"

She was crazy about the clothes she wore in "The Magnificent Obsession."

"John Stahl, our director, was very fussy about the clothes and so they were all sent out from Carnegie's and especially selected for Irene Dunne and myself. I bought several of them after the picture was finished."

Continuing on the bargain theme which we had started earlier, she said, "I have a friend here in New York who is constantly on the search for cute, but inexpensive clothes for me. She knows all the little shops and when I arrive for a short stay, all I have to do is to go with her and pick up the clothes she has already snooped out for me. It's a grand system and saves me time. For instance, that white chiffon evening gown—I simply adore it and yet I only paid eighteen dollars for it because I knew just where to go and find it at that price. The gold kid belt is a terribly smart detail on a frock of such simple Grecian character." The dress mentioned is the one shown on page 58. With it Betty carried an evening bag of a new diamond mesh with a chain handle.

The trim yellow jacket, also photographed, is the sort of thing that she finds indispensable in Hollywood. She wears this with all sorts of skirt and dress combinations and various changes of accessories. The day she posed in it, however, she was wearing brown accents. A brown Ascot scarf and a jaunty brown felt with a huge beige-flecked feather. The smart monogrammed fob pin was a new gift—gold with brown wood. She had an amusing bracelet that would make a slick accessory for all of you—we couldn't get a good picture of it so I shall have to describe it. It was gold, also, and was formed by her nickname "Betty" in letters, each linked together like a slave bracelet and backed by a thin chain.

Betty thinks one of the focal points in good grooming is the hair, although she apologized for the way her hair looked because she didn't seem to think it was quite right. I thought it looked charming. She paints her lip rouge on with a small camel's hair paint brush, which I thought was a swell extra tip for all of you. The results were so smooth and perfect in outline.

After having talked fashions and shopped with two blondes, I was delighted to get some tips for all you brunettes, from a new star in Hollywood but a long standing favorite of radio, pretty Jane Froman.

Jane was back from the coast for a brief stay after having finished her first picture. She confessed that it was a joy to discuss fashions after so many interviews about her career and marriage. As it happened, we got off on marriage before we were through! Jane is very happily wed and can't resist mentioning her husband even when talking about clothes.

New York doesn't mean a shopping binge for her like it does to Betty and Anita Louise. In fact, she doesn't buy clothes except when she feels she hasn't another decent thing to put on.

"You see," she explained, "I was brought up in a convent and from wearing uniforms, year in and year out, clothes became terribly vital to me. So much so, that when I started to earn my own living, the first thing I thought of was accumulating a wardrobe of smart clothes. I didn't earn much so I really had to plot to buy nice ones. Why, do you know that I still wear the first fur coat I ever bought and nothing will ever seem so exciting to me again in the way of clothes!" Now that she can have all the clothes she could possibly wear, she doesn't care a hoot for them—she thinks that there isn't any kick to shopping unless you have to worry over whether or not you can afford this or that thing.

"My needs are comparatively simple," she continued. "I have to have more evening clothes than anything else because of my broadcasting. It's lucky that I love them or else I would be bored to death having to shop for so many. My only other requirement is sports things. In Hollywood I adore the custom of wearing pajamas or slacks and shirts for daytime. They are so comfortable and convenient. What's more, they save wear and tear on your good things. I really haven't another dress, outside this one that I have on that is suitable for daytime wear here in New York!" The costume she referred to was a charming deep red affair with a broad brimmed hat to match. She didn't like the hat because it didn't "do" anything for her. Does that sound familiar to you?

JANE doesn't have any system or rules about her shopping. She buys what she likes in both color and style—she selects accessories to go with whatever fancy she pursues. She's very natural looking with lovely dark brown hair and hazel eyes. She was simply thrilled at what the studio did for her in make-up. I asked her if she didn't resent a little the fact that they saw fit to change her make-up. She said emphatically no because she never realized how much there was the matter with her until she was made up for screening. To hear her talk you would think she was some sad, mousey little soul that had just found glamor through the studio, rather than the tremendously vivid, attractive person she is.

She was crazy about the clothes which Orry-Kelly designed for "Stars Over Broadway." So much so, that she bought several after the picture was finished. One of her pets is photographed, the stunning checked sports coat with full skirt and diagonal buttoned closing. She said that Orry-Kelly is a perfect genius at making the lines of the figure show up to their best advantage in clothes. Where a hip is inclined to be a little broad, he

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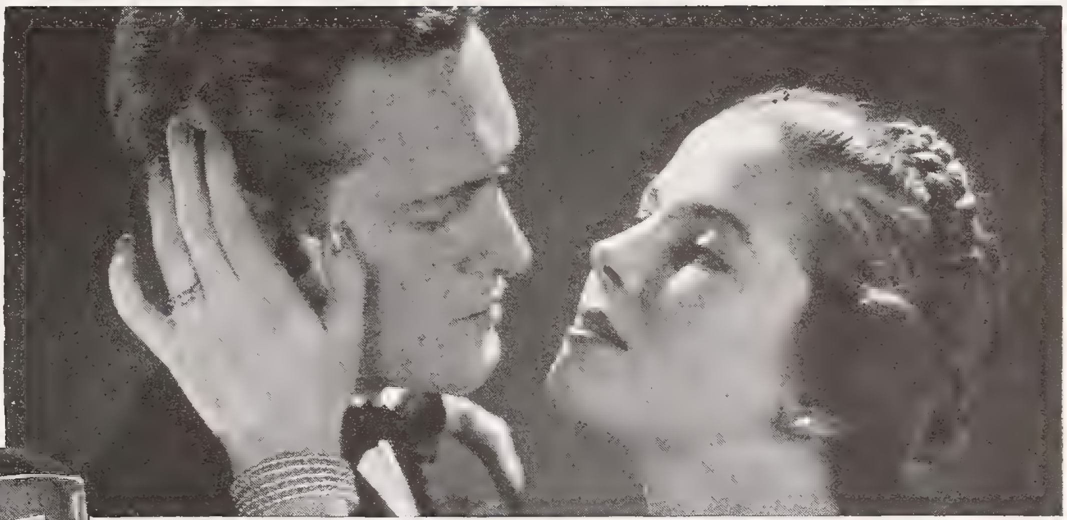

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carefully cuts the skirt so that the fullness falls in just the right spot to create an allusion of an unbroken, slender line. She loves his evening clothes.

Jane, like Betty, gave me a swell tip on make-up. The day we lunched she was suffering from a miserable cold which had made faint shadows under her eyes. She asked me if I wanted to see how to get rid of that tired look by the simplest sort of dodge. It's this, she takes her dry rouge puff and dusts a faint glow of pink under her eyes and across the bridge of her nose. Then she powders lightly over it—the result is simply amazing.

Blondes, brunettes, red heads and in-betweens! Do you want a preview of flattering new spring colors? If so, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Adelia Bird, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y., and ask for the ADVANCED SPRING COLOR CHART FOR TYPES.

Behold Dietrich!

(*Continued from page 51*)

of a sentence, when she has us all roaring, make her eyes go starry, arrange herself in one of her most languorous attitudes, and say: 'Ach, ja, I am so glamorous, so exotic, so seductive—that it *hurts!*' "

Being Marlene Dietrich's friend is a career in itself. Those who enjoy this privilege have time for little but this all-absorbing relationship. Haven't you known people who affected you so powerfully that all your own problems vanished into thin air? People who made you feel there was nothing so important as their whim of the moment, their interests, their desires, who made you their willing slave and constant shadow? Marlene Dietrich is one of these fabulous creatures.

But don't misunderstand. She doesn't mean to be commanding or imperious. On the contrary, Marlene is the soul of generosity and kindness. She seems to spend her waking hours thinking up ways to enrich the lives of her friends and to entertain them. When she isn't telling funny stories, she is plying them with savory dainties prepared by her own hands—all much too rich for a steady diet, but so delicious they can't be resisted. One of the favored few told me that during his six months as a member of the inner Dietrich circle he gained twenty pounds.

That's how the legend grew that Marlene, off-screen, becomes the domestic, retiring *hausfrau* whose chief delight is to stand over the oven in her perfectly appointed kitchen and bake a luscious cake. True, Marlene likes to cook and she does it expertly. But she does it, not because she is essentially domestic, but because she believes—to paraphrase Lord Byron that "man can do without poetry, music and books, but certainly man cannot do without cooks!"

This role of bountiful hostess Marlene plays to perfection. She doesn't confine it to her few intimate friends. For instance, on the set, her generosity is outstanding. Every other week is gift week for her co-workers and the crew when Marlene's around.

The day she finished "Desire" she distributed a few gifts on the set. Gary Cooper received an imported leather traveling case. The assistant directors and most of the technicians and crew each received wallets in which crackled crisp new fifty-dollar bills. The set hairdresser rated a pair of Italian marble lamps.

Recently she gave Jessmer Brown, her maid, a new coupe just because she thought Jessmer's car was growing shabby. And on an average of every ten days, Jessmer's mother, who happens to be the studio janitress, finds twenty-five dollars pinned to a note with her name on it in "Miss Dietrich's" dressing-room.

Witty, brilliant Queen Dietrich—as capricious as a ruler with power of life or death.

A benefactress who sincerely wants to make life pleasanter for her devoted subjects! Yet—and here's the rub—every move she makes is motivated by sudden, unpredictable impulses. Not even a psychologist could chart her behavior or prophesy her next move. Which is one reason why she will always be fascinating.

Which is also the reason we label Marlene by such adjectives as sensational—exotic—erratic. She does whatever comes into her mind at the moment, without any thought of how people might interpret her actions. She never does anything for effect, having no desire to startle or shock. But if she happens to do so, it never troubles her.

When she decided to wear trousers and top hats, she did so only because she felt more comfortable in them. The ensuing publicity bewildered and irritated her. "Why should people be so interested in what I do?" she asked naïvely.

I tried to explain to her that she, more than any other screen actress, excepting Garbo, represented to these same people all the color, romance and mystery which they find lacking in their own lives. She laughed and shrugged her shoulders.

Most women can be catalogued. Some more easily than others. In each, there is usually a predominant quality which is obvious to the most casual observer.

But Marlene Dietrich falls into none of the usual categories. Sometimes she hovers on the verge of one, other times she's completely immersed in the opposite. Any one of a hundred alternate roles in real life seems to suit her as perfectly as either trousers or clinging feminine garments. She's as volatile as mercury and as changeable as a chameleon.

She's the dramatic, capricious, slightly terrifying woman of mystery and intangible allurement one hour—drooping hands and drooping eyes, misty far-away thoughts, with a general pervasive air of melancholy about her. The next, she's a romping child up to no end of mischief.

And when you finally settle down with a sigh of relief, all worn out trying to keep up with her sleight-of-hand character changes, she turns around and shows you a Madonna. The mother brooding over her child, Maria.

And now for the surprise which I've been saving up 'til last. It disproves all those ridiculous stories current about a year ago, concerning the harmful Svengali-Trilby influence Von Sternberg exerted over Marlene. If there was anyone who wielded the influence it was Marlene. Was—and always will be!

Seeing her for the first time when he went to Germany to search for an actress who could play the starring role in "Blue Angel," Von Sternberg said, "If that woman doesn't accept the role I am offering her, I shall never make a picture!"

And he meant it.

I know the IMPORTANCE OF GOOD COFFEE TO *men*

EVERY CUP ALWAYS THE SAME

WHEN COFFEE IS MADE THE *Drip-O-lator way*

Most men take their coffee seriously. Meals may not always be a perfect delight, but there is no reason why that one finishing touch —GOOD COFFEE—should ever fall short of perfection. If you follow the instructions, with every genuine Drip-O-lator you can make perfect coffee every time. Look for the name in the base. It is your guarantee of satisfaction.

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THE ORIGINAL DRIP-O-LATOR IS SOLD BY ALL LEADING CHAIN, DEPARTMENT & RETAIL STORES

I'm the CHORE GIRL

The All-Copper, Sponge-Cushioned Pot Cleaner. The Big Moment in anyone's kitchen. I do all the things you don't like to do. I keep clean and bright all those pots and pans (and oven glass) that are forever getting greasy and grimy and soiled with burnt-in fats or charred with pastry crust. It's no trouble for me to whisk it all away in jig-time and save at least 15 minutes after each meal. I'm a glutton for work, yet I'm kindly on pans and never dangerous on hands because I'm a well-knit, all-copper cleaner that doesn't shred, splinter or rust. I'm ready to move in and go to work today. Salary: 10c a month.

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LARKIN *invites You!*

HERE'S an invitation to be a Larkin Club Secretary. Just by introducing our new Edna May Dress Club you can earn charming frocks for yourself, as well as other big Rewards. Get our new Edna May Dress Folder just off the press! It brings you America's greatest dress bargains like the smart little street frock in this advertisement.

260 A BROAD CLOTH 98¢

14-44 BROWN OR COPEN.

Mail a postcard to-day. Just say: "Send me the Edna May Dress folder and Club information."

Larkin Co Inc

664 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Charlie Chaplin, the Serious Funny Man

(*Continued from page 45*)

little girl just for a moment. She would not leave, and she was simply heartbroken to think that he was so near and she could not see him. So he told the waiter to escort her in, greeted her cordially, and chatted for a few moments. After she left, he glanced around a little dazed.

"I hope that I struck the proper paternal note," he said to the people nearest him, "but you see it was difficult. Neither of my wives was much older than that."

Chaplin's affairs of the heart have not been happy until now. No one seems to know whether he and the lusciously-beautiful Paulette Goddard are engaged or married, but anyone with half an eye can tell they are grand, congenial friends.

Chaplin today seems happy on the surface, but if he really were I do not think he would keep us waiting nearly five years for a new picture from him. He must be brooding over his early hardships, the death of his mother who never fully recovered from a London air raid though she lived on for years, the raffish mudslinging of the two young wives who divorced him for neglect and cruelty, the gaudy vixens who have momentarily interested him and who have screamed to the world that he was too stingy to buy a ton or so of diamond bracelets for them, the suits for back taxes from the government, the plagiarism suits by the dozen (all of which he won), the European vacation so long anticipated and during which he managed in one way or another to antagonize almost every country he visited.

Maybe you think he should rise above brooding because he stands alone as an idol of the world, with only Mickey Mouse as a possible rival.

But Chaplin in one of his rare bursts of confidence to a newspaper man recently said, "I got most of the things I wanted, but I found out after I got them that I should never have wanted them."

Two seasons at the Bradley Barn Dance, i.e. June 'n' January or your old pals, Toby Wing and Sir Guy Standing doing a fast gallop about the floor! What is this twosome, huh?

Your Beauty Shop gives you added charm. Go there every week. And, to help beautify the natural shape of your mouth and lips, enjoy **DOUBLE MINT** gum daily.

WRIGLEY'S
DOUBLE MINT
CHEWING GUM
PEPPERMINT FLAVOR
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WRIGLEY'S
DOUBLE MINT
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FIVE STICKS

International stage and screen star — Miss Heather Thatcher

TATTOO YOUR LIPS

with transparent South Sea red, as the tropic enchantress does

Pasteless, transparent, highly indelible color for lips . . . instead of pasty coating. That's TATTOO! Put it on like lipstick . . . let it set a moment . . . then wipe it off, leaving nothing on your lips but clear, tempting South Sea red that only time can remove . . . and that will give your lips a touch-thrilling softness they have never had before. Five luscious shades . . . each attuned to the spirit of red adventure! Make your choice at the Tattoo Color Selector by testing all five on your own skin. CORAL . . . EXOTIC . . . NATURAL . . . PASTEL . . . HAWAIIAN.

$1 at drug and department stores

TATTOO

A Discovery About DRY SKIN

Asteatosis

ROBS VICTIMS OF SKIN BEAUTY!

Asteatosis makes your complexion rough, dry and unattractive.

Overcome DRY SKIN by using Lander's new OLIVE OIL CREAM for cleansing and nourishing Dry Skin.

WHAT IS ASTEATOSIS?

Asteatosis is the medical name for the failure of the sebaceous glands to feed oil to the skin. Physicians recommend OLIVE OIL to treat Asteatosis. Lander's pure OLIVE OIL CREAM will nourish and lubricate dry skin. Try it today!

LANDER OLIVE OIL CREAM for dry skin

LARGE JAR 10¢

LANDER FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK

Scotty, shame! That's no way to take a picture of a gal at a party. Ginger Rogers digs hayseed out of her orb while husband, Lew Ayres, sits by unhelpfully!

Enter Ruby Keeler's Contest Now!

(*Continued from page 17*)

card in such a way that you will have a well balanced meal—a dinner such as you would be proud to serve to a delightful guest, like Ruby.

When you have filled in your menu with ten dishes (beginning each with the right initial, remember) write clearly at the bottom, in the space provided—in ten words or less—"Why I'm looking forward to seeing Ruby Keeler in 'Colleen'." Just state your reason simply, as we have illustrated.

Of course, there are *lots* of reasons for wanting to see "Colleen." On page 91 you will find a short synopsis of the story, with pictures of some of the outstanding scenes in this amusing musical. These will suggest so many reasons for enthusiasm that you should have no difficulty in deciding on a ten word one that will be a knockout!

Doesn't it all sound like fun? And easy too, if you'll just study the contest rules and the sample menu carefully. Then fill out your own prize menu and send it in. Send in several if you wish to, only be sure that coupons accompany each of your entries.

Tell your friends about this wonderful contest, too. For they'll enjoy working out a menu (it's really like a game) and what's more they may have you to thank for winning one of the prizes.

And such prizes! Several money awards—each sufficiently large to gratify some long cherished wish! An electric refrigerator with the practical Shelvador feature that women rave about! A big Crosley Radio to bring the world into your home! Five complete sets of china—gay with sprigs of tiny flowers! Fifteen General Electric Mixers—the portable kind that win instant favor! And ten Manning-Bowman toaster trays that are simply the last word for entertaining. These prizes certainly are well worth trying for, aren't they?

Here are a couple of helpful hints to make things easier for you. Fill in the two "E's" and the two "L's" on your coupon-menu first. Once you have them out of the way you'll find that the rest is smooth sailing, just as it would be in a cross-word puzzle if you already knew some of the words! The index of any good cook book will be of great assistance to you also. But here perhaps is the best news of all—at the end of our regular cooking article, (which this month features Ruby Keeler's Cookies) you will find Food, Menu and Cooking Terms, listed in alphabetical order. Be sure and look at them for they will prove most helpful.

The Story of "Colleen"

Donald Ames (Dick Powell) is the heir to a large New York estate, but instead of being the proverbial good-for-nothing heir, Don is the efficient and business-like "brains" behind the management of the estate's many properties. In fact, he has tactfully contrived to keep his very eccentric uncle, Cedric Ames (Hugh Herbert), busy at harmless tasks in an impressive office, and at the same time convince him that he is running the show.

Among the Ames' properties is a building leased to the Modiste Shop of Carlo (Luis Alberni), whose first assistant, and the only one in the near-bankrupt establishment with an ounce of intelligence, is Colleen Reilly (Ruby Keeler). Comes the day when Joe Cork (Jack Oakie) who assumes he is Colleen's fiance, overhears the Ames name mentioned in connection with Carlo's shop. Quick-witted Joe immediately decides to make the gullible Cedric the first victim of his newest get-rich-quick scheme. Instead, he manages to land a job as Cedric's executive assistant.

In this capacity, Joe prevails on Cedric to make a tour of the Ames properties—the first stop being a candy factory. Here Cedric, who is as putty in a pretty woman's hands, encounters Minnie (Joan Blondell), a chocolate dipper. Deciding that her present job is unworthy of her, Cedric buys out Carlo's shop and sets up Minnie as manager.

Don hears of this incident and rushes to Carlo's to see what can be done. There the attractive assistant, Colleen, convinces him that the shop can be made to pay if properly managed. Impressed with the girl's arguments and finding himself falling in love with her, he decides not to close the shop.

Meanwhile, thwarted Uncle Cedric takes it upon himself to spite his meddling nephew by adopting Minnie as his daughter. Horrified at this new turn of events, Cedric's wife, Aunt Alicia (Louise Fazenda) and Don appoint a lawyer to draw up settlements for Minnie and Joe, and order the shop to be closed.

In the ensuing confusion Colleen's name is included in the settlement list, and she is handed a check for $10,000. Hurt at this seeming insult as well as the closing of the shop, Colleen accepts the money and takes a job operating a modiste shop on a transatlantic liner.

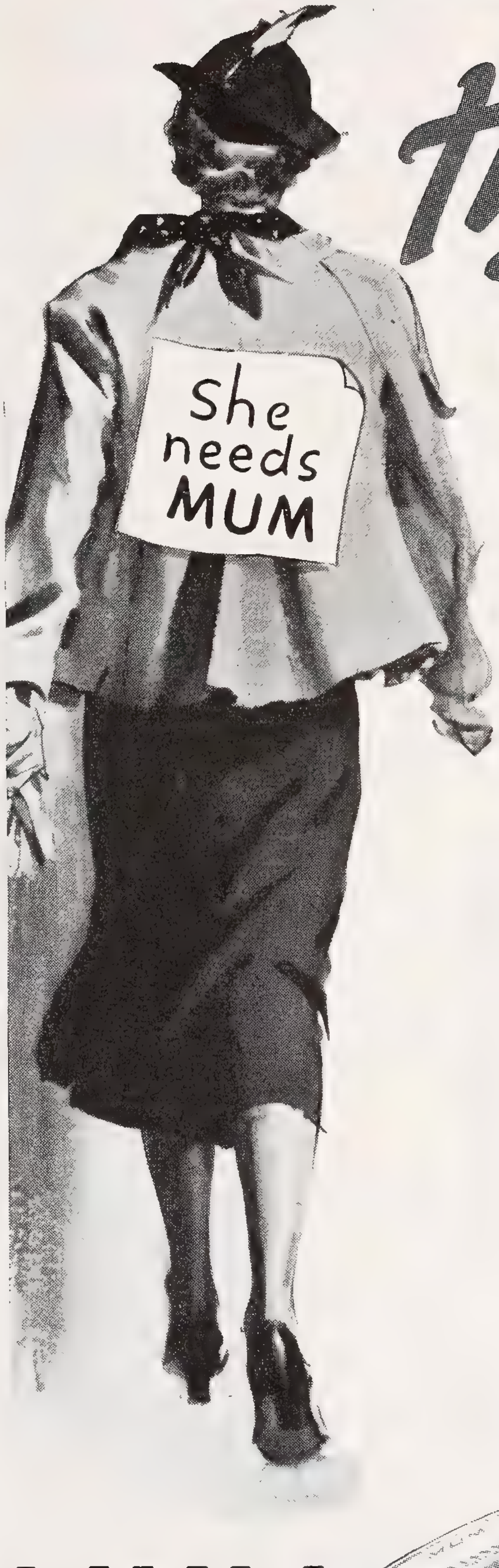
Don, when he learns of this mistake, searches in vain for Colleen and finally, in despair, decides to go to Europe with Cedric and Alicia.

The liner on which they book passage is also the one on which Colleen is working. Don and Colleen meet in the radio room where each is planning to send the other a message. Don tries to explain the mix-up, pursuing Colleen to the ballroom, and finally convinces her that he loves her. She, in turn, forgives and admits her love for him.

Meanwhile Cedric, now in pursuit of a willowy brunette, bumps into Joe Cork and Minnie, who are enjoying the fruits of their ill-gotten settlement. Minnie, overjoyed to see her "unkie-punkie" again, starts to throw her arms around him and Uncle Cedric leaps through a porthole.

. . . Turn to Page 68 for additional Ruby Keeler Contest News

Do you know anybody who deserves



this tag?

MEN avoid her. Girls refuse to bother with her.

"A careless, untidy person who is unpleasant to be with"—that's the way they think of the girl who carries the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her person and clothing.

Too bad. For she misses so many good times. Her real friends would like to tell her what the trouble is, but after all, they feel, the girl of today should be alert to the danger of underarm odor in herself.

She should know that the underarms need *special daily* care. Soap and water alone are not enough.

And the modern girl knows the quick, easy way to give this care. Mum!

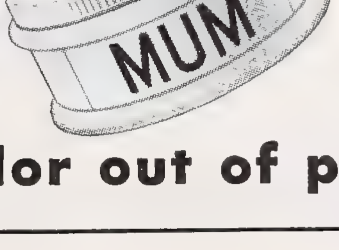
Half a minute, when you're dressing, is all you need to use Mum. Or use it after dressing, any time. For Mum is harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too. You can use it right after shaving the underarms.

And you should know this—that Mum prevents every trace of perspiration odor without affecting perspiration itself.

Don't label yourself as *"the girl who needs Mum."* Use it regularly every day and you'll be safe! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

MUM



USE MUM ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO and you'll never have a moment's worry about this source of unpleasantness.

takes the odor out of perspiration

for SMART, AUTHENTIC Spring Dresses moderately priced . . . WEAR Fashion Frocks

WISE women who know style and value are selecting their new spring clothes direct from the great Fashion Frock dress factory through the local representative in their town.

Fashion Frocks are never sold in stores but only this one way — DIRECT to you. And because of this method you get the smartest dresses at substantial savings.

You can see the most stunning spring dresses and select the ones most suited to you, right in the comfort of your home. You are assured correctness in every detail of style, fabric and color because we have stylists in all the world's fashion centers who create in Fashion Frocks the authentic style trends for each season. Your satisfaction is guaranteed. Let your local Fashion Frock representative show you these lovely new spring dresses. Drop us a card and we'll have her call.

No. 671 FINE PEBBLE CREPE $6.98

Special Work for Women

Ambitious women can make good incomes as our representatives and get their own dresses without a penny of cost. No investment or experience necessary. If you are interested write us fully, giving dress size.

FASHION FROCKS, INC.
Dept. CC 250 Cincinnati, Ohio

How to make SWEET PEAS - JONQUILS - ROSES - 22 FLOWERS IN ALL 10c

Simply send for a copy of the fascinating new 32-page book, "How to Make Crepe Paper Flowers," and you can start at once making gorgeous bouquets of all your favorite flowers — so perfect your friends will insist they are real! The simple, step-by-step instructions show you how to make delicate sweet peas, golden jonquils, gay tulips — 22 different flowers in all — for home decoration, for friends, as gifts, to sell. Send for a copy of the book now — and remember, for best results, insist on Dennison Crepe Paper, obtainable at department, stationery and drug stores. Use coupon.

DENNISON'S
Dept. Q-192 Framingham, Mass.
Please send me the new book "How to Make Crepe Paper Flowers." I enclose 10 cents.
Name ....
Street (or R.F.D.) ....
City .... *State* ....
Why not let us include some of these other Dennison Books? Check those you want and enclose 10c for each.
__*New Dennison Crafts* __*New Crepe Paper Costume Book*
__*Party Games, Stunts & Decorations* __*Cellophane Craft Book*
__*New Showers and Announcements Book*

Dennison Crepe

Be Individual!

(Continued from page 23)

admit it, seductive, too. Let me remind you that it's the little girls who appeal to a man's protective instincts, that do more heart-smashing than any other type. Littleness, wistfulness, sweetness, these are Janet Gaynor's "personality trademarks." Her brown eyes, soft mouth, dimpled chin and curly copper-colored hair, are what we love best about Janet, but it's her wistfulness that makes her individual.

Yet another American sweetheart is Loretta Young. Right here I can imagine your challenging me with, "You can't say that SHE isn't beautiful." Yes, Loretta has moments of really breath-taking beauty. But it is the personality reflected through her beauty, rather than her beauty itself, which has made her outstanding. It's a radiance about her that shines through her eyes, and her smile. And to you who gaze at Loretta Young's loveliness, I would say this. You cannot tell what you may have in your own nature as it shines through your eyes or expresses itself in the curve of your mouth which may do much more for you than the possession of a conventionally beautiful face.

Loretta enhances that starry look of her eyes with the clever use of mascara, so that her eyelashes are like delicate fringes. Have you ever noticed how very wide open she keeps her eyes? None of this heavy lidded languor for her.

There's a softness about Loretta as much as a radiance which gives her a certain poetic loveliness. She wears ruffles and frills, flowers and picture hats; her wardrobe is all softness and femininity. Her hair is always arranged in loose waves and ringlets. Her lips look warm and "dewy." She confines her wardrobe almost entirely to blue for daytime, and white for evening. These are soft colors that complement the blue of her eyes and the delicacy of her charm.

And since it's around Valentine's Day, I might remind you that blue is the color accredited with creating an intimate "just you and me" atmosphere. It is the color of devotion, and if you have blue eyes, you might well remember that. But if you have brown eyes, you still have the old slogan to stand by, "Red and yellow, catch a fellow."

Here we've been so busy being individualistic, we haven't had time to flutter around about it's being Valentine time. Whatever your individual make-up problems may be, however, I'll be glad to consider them in a personal letter. Perhaps we can work out some sort of "personality trademark" for you, too. And because we haven't gotten around to any cosmetic news in the light of Valentine's Day, I've prepared a special bulletin for you, "The Valentine Vanity Case." I've always maintained that the way to a man's heart is through an appeal to his admiration, so I give you recipes for glamor in "The Valentine Vanity Case." I seem to be writing quite a puff about my own bulletin, but I'm anxious for you to take a peek into "The Valentine Vanity Case." See if it doesn't just about close my case for the individualist's way to a man's heart.

Mary Biddle,
MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me your bulletin, "The Valentine Vanity Case."
Name ....
Address ....
Kindly enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope. Personal questions always receive personal replies.

Reviews—a Tour of Today's Talkies

(Continued from page 14)

only time Hollywood sees Mr. Colman is on the set. Any spare moments are spent somewhere on the coast of Mexico, leading a sailor's life with his cronies, Richard Barthelmess, Clive Brook and Bill Powell.

★★★ Sylvia Scarlett

(RKO-Radio)

If you can accept the premise that Katharine Hepburn, in male attire, can be mistaken for a man by people as close to her as her travelling companions, "Sylvia Scarlett" is good entertainment. Katie appears quite mannish in some scenes, but keen observers could rightfully maintain that there are times when she swishes just a bit. Not-so-keen observers such as Cary Grant and Brian Aherne, however, accept her as one of them until the moment she appears before them in garments generally associated with her own sex. In the first place, Miss H. assumes masculine raiment in order to help her father (Edmund Gwenn) get from France to England. On the trip they meet Cary Grant, a minor racketeer, and the three of them decide to go into business—shady, of course—together. From there on the story is too complicated for complete description, so let us merely note that in their travels the trio meets a buxom servant girl (Dennie Moore) who marries Mr. Gwenn, the foursome gone straight, tours the English countryside in extremely amateur theatricals, and during this barnstorming Miss Hepburn meets Brian Aherne. Parts of "Sylvia Scarlett" are highly amusing, and it is our duty to report that Cary Grant, who furnishes most of the picture's better moments, walks away with the show.

Preview Postscripts

This is the first Hollywood picture to be regulated by the moon. Production was held up until the full moon in order to get those remarkable mountain scenes. Santa Monica Canyon, just outside of Hollywood, provided the mountains . . . Katharine Hepburn's cook and Director George Cukor's chef almost came to blows while the company was on location. It started with a friendly rivalry between the star and director regarding the merits of their respective cooks, but developed into a real mountain feud. For each day the irate defendants sent cars laden with their particular specialties to the company and demanded a vote on what was better and why . . . Miss Hepburn proved she could take it in this flicker. Besides having her titian locks chopped off, innumerable risks were undergone for the stunts which the plot required. . . . It is due to the Hepburn gallantry that Princess Natalie Paley is alive to tell this tale today. In a supposed rescue scene of the Russian actress from the wild waves, the rip-tide took it all too seriously and began carrying the two out to sea. Miss H.'s rescue scene was more realistic than comfortable. Natalie Paley is the daughter of Grand Duke Paul, who was uncle of Czar Nicholas. At the outbreak of the Revolution, she and her two brothers escaped from Russia with their nurse, disguised as peasant children. They travelled to Finland afoot in the dead of winter and awaited their mother, the Princess Olga, who escaped after her husband had been put to death. Tea rooms, millinery shops and various odd jobs were resorted to by Natalie until the opportunity presented itself for screen acting. She is now married to Lucien Lelong.

★★★★ Ceiling Zero
(Warners)

Ceiling zero, in case you don't know your aviation terminology, is that dread condition when the fog settles itself on the earth and makes landing as much a test of a pilot's good luck as it is of his skill. In this instance, it also serves as a title for a well-made and vigorously paced treatise on commercial aviation, which owes its success to the able direction of Howard Hawks and the expert and believable performances of a cast headed by Jimmy Cagney and Pat O'Brien. Those of you, who feel you've already seen your quota of Cagney-O'Brien films, will do well to reconsider, for in this one the boys are allowed a respite from their usual bickering hard guy roles. Cagney is Dizzy Davis, an airmail pilot with a bizarre sort of recklessness both in the air and on the ground, and O'Brien is Jake Lee, traffic manager of Federal Air Lines. The problem of getting the mail through, which is not new to movie audiences, is handled so skillfully that even the technical end of it is made interesting. It's Cagney's show, aided considerably by O'Brien, Stuart Erwin, Isobel Jewel and June Travis, the latter one of the most attractive of the screen's newcomers.

Preview Postscripts

To the United Air Lines, as well as the brothers Warner, goes credit for this picture. Sanctioned by the U. S. Post Office Department, the United Air Lines loaned the studio all necessary equipment, including a number of Boeing planes, baggage trucks, dispatch forms, weather reports and maps, radio sets, head sets, helmets, mail bags, stewardess' equipment, Northrop and Lockheed planes. Every airline offered fullest cooperation on hearing of the Warner plans, being familiar with the Commander Wead stage play and the beneficial effects it was having on the air transportation industry. A life-sized radio room, augmented by a weather report bureau, was installed on stage 2 at the studio and further equipment with Paul Mantz, old-time flier and airport executive. The set was approved by Col. J. C. Cone, head of the national air regulations. Mantz had a pleasant way of instructing the cast. Each noon a group would have lunch served in a plane as they flitted over the state, tuning in on the various airports and learning flying technique first-hand. A dozen aviators and stewardesses were placed under contract, while a number of famed stunt flyers were given extra work during production. Largest collection of

NO WONDER SHE NEVER HAS A DATE _ SHE'S SO SKINNY!
I'M HAVING GRAND TIMES SINCE I GAINED 12 POUNDS

NO LONGER ASHAMED OF MY FIGURE

ALWAYS PLENTY OF BOY FRIENDS

Posed by professional models

How Thousands Quickly Gain 5 to 15 lbs. This New Way

THERE'S no excuse today for thousands of men and women to be "skinny" and friendless, even though in the past they could never gain an ounce. For here's a new easy treatment for them that puts on solid, naturally attractive pounds—*in just a few weeks!*

Doctors now know that the real reason why many find it hard to gain weight is they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Now with this new discovery which combines these two vital elements in little concentrated tablets, hosts of people have put on pounds of firm flesh—the women normal curves—*in a very short time.*

Not only are thousands quickly gaining normal good-looking pounds, but also naturally clear skin, freedom from miserable indigestion and constipation, glorious new pep.

7 times more powerful

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from special cultured ale yeast imported from Europe, the richest known source of Vitamin B. By a new process this yeast is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.* Then it is ironized with 3 kinds of strengthening iron.

If you, too, need Vitamin B and iron to build you up, get these new Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist at once. Then, day after day, as you take them, watch skinny limbs and flat chest round out to normal attractiveness, skin clear to natural beauty—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of enough Vitamin B and iron, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money will be instantly refunded.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out seal on box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health. "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results guaranteed with very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 33, Atlanta, Ga.

model airplanes ever assembled was found at the studio during the filming.

★★★ If You Could Only Cook (Columbia)

What would you do if you were a wealthy young man about to marry a young lady you didn't love—and who didn't love you? Herbert Marshall, the gentleman in the case, takes a stroll in the park. Here he has the good fortune to encounter Jean Arthur, a young lady in search of employment. Together they scan the want ads, and almost before Herbert realizes it he has joined Jean in a butler-cook job at the estate of Leo Carrillo, an ex-gangster of considerable notoriety. It will probably come as no surprise to learn that Herbert, who is the screen's most elegant butler, finds himself in love with the cook. Complications arise, as one might well suspect, but along with them you are witness to a bright and merry comedy which turns out to be the best of this month's lighter entertainment. For one thing, it retrieves Herbert Marshall from the self-sacrificing roles he's been handed lately and brings him back to sophisticated comedy, where he seems so much more at home. As for the rest of the cast, a round of applause is due Jean Arthur, Leo Carrillo and Lionel Stander.

Preview Postscripts

Bill Seiter had some gloomy moments while directing this picture. The cast had organized a "Laugh a Day" club, the idea being that each one must tell a story daily for the enjoyment of the others. So the cast would assemble and howl with glee at the tales told by everyone. By everyone, that is, but Director Seiter. The funnier his stories became the glummer the cast looked. He had developed an inferiority complex fit for an elephant by the time the hoax dawned on him. . . . Leo Carrillo rates as tops around Los Angeles, for his great-great-grandpappy was first provisional governor of California and his grandfather was first mayor of Santa Monica, where Leo has now built a home in exact duplicate of the adobe home where he was born. He was one of eleven children, all expert linguists, who made it a practice never to speak the same language at home at the same time that someone else might be using it. Which may account for Mr. Carrillo's first stage appearance. He told Chinese stories in Italian accent at a Spanish theatre . . . Jean Arthur knows what it means to fight your way up the old success ladder. Starting in two-reel comedies, she graduated to westerns. Then suddenly found herself in poverty row "quickies." She was "washed up" as far as Hollywood was concerned. Jean set her very nice teeth, blondined her locks, lost twenty pounds, fell in love and came back to town a new woman. She refused any but featured roles and was rewarded with stardom during this picture. The news was the studio's gift to her at a gala birthday party given Jean by the cast on the set . . . Acting was the last thing on Frieda Inescort's mind. In fact, it wasn't there at all. She wanted to be an ace secretary above all else. Having made the grade to the extent of being Lady Astor's right hand gal, she applied for a job with the British Consulate. In Washington Frieda couldn't resist the impulse to tell Winthrop Ames what was wrong with his plays. He offered her a role as a way of improving them and the British Consulate lost his office helper.

★★★ Whipsaw (M-G-M)

You'll like "Whipsaw" mainly because it brings Myrna Loy back to the screen. Another item is that it pairs her with Spencer Tracy, and they, surprisingly enough, emerge as a screen team worthy of further attention. As far as the story goes, it's merely another cops-and-robbers idea, strengthened considerably by the performances of Mr. T. and Miss L. Myrna is a crook who breaks away from her mob and decides to go straight, but the law, in the person of Tracy, pursues her, hoping to solve a diamond robbery. Spencer, impersonating a fugitive mobster, fools almost everyone but Myrna, who knows he's a federal agent. Just to show you how tough it is for a girl to go straight, the diamonds have been planted on Myrna by her former accomplices, which sort of has both sides out searching for her. However, the story is a minor item, for if you go to "Whipsaw" you go to see Loy and Tracy, and you can sue us if you don't think they make you forget any flaws in the plot department.

Preview Postscripts

All is sweetness and light between M-G-M and Myrna once more. Whatever pangs burying the hatchet cost both parties, it afforded the Loy fans nothing but pleasure. . . . Spencer Tracy has spent his life surprising people. He began with his parents. They thought Spence was being safely educated in a Milwaukee parochial school. On investigation of a hookey report they found the lad making a saloon his headquarters, with his boon companions "Mousie" and "Rattie," the saloon keeper's sons. Followed several futile attempts to get him educated, then Spence took matters in his own hands and enrolled in the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, living on rice, pretzels and water for a couple of years. A job in Ethel Barrymore's "Royal Fandango" company made him feel that every pretzel was worth while. Until a caustic critic remarked that Mr. Tracy looked "like he had been picked up by a property man."

★★★ Riffraff (M-G-M)

Done in the hard-boiled manner, "Riffraff" at times becomes too consciously tough for its own good. Jean Harlow, a comely canner—or canstress, if you prefer it—is in love with Spencer Tracy, a guy who freely admits being the best tuna fisherman in the world. Their scenes together are invariably tempestuous, but their dramatic value would have been improved had director Walter Ruben toned down the shouting. Miss Harlow is, of course, as effective as the script allows her to be, although it's a pity that as gifted an actress as she should be confined to specializing in hussies. Spencer Tracy, who never gives a poor performance, is excellent as the flamboyant fisherman, and Una Merkel, portraying Miss Harlow's somewhat slovenly sister, steals the picture despite the fact that her role is a secondary one. Others in the cast whose work is exceptional are Joseph Calleia, Mickey Rooney and J. Farrell MacDonald.

Preview Postscripts

Jean Harlow's gone off the platinum standard for good. It's "brownette" now, all youse girls who would have the last gasp in shades. Music may soothe the savage breast, but it only causes Jean and Joan Crawford to weep. In fact, the two M-G-M lasses can't emote without it. Jean arrives every A.M. on the set with purse in one hand and portable "vic" in the other. It's white kidskin lined with mirrors. To go with it she has the largest collection of records extant in Hollywood. . . . The ugliest sets ever seen on the studio lot were constructed for

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this flicker. Tumbledown shacks, dilapidated buildings and gloomy street scenes occupied an acre of the lot. The property department had to scurry around and get worn out horsehair settees, junked cook-stoves, ragged carpets and similar trimmings. It costs practically as much to get sets like this constructed as it does to build those elaborate ones . . . Mickey Rooney had the time of his young life on this picture. For one thing he became enamored of Miss Harlow, for another he organized a football team among the players, and his third and greatest joy came from setting off those fire-crackers. There's always a gloomy side of a situation, though, and for Mickey it was the fact that a tutor sat on the set daily, waiting to snatch him the minute a scene was over. Then he had that haircut. And that was a real trial for him, since Mr. Rooney is a man-about-town at fourteen and felt too embarrassed by the length of his locks to appear much in public.

★★★ Collegiate

(Paramount)

It's a tuneful farce featuring Jack Oakie as a guy who inherits a girls' school from his aunt. The school is in the red until Jack runs into Joe Penner, an amnesia victim whose hobby is giving away $100 bills. Penner is immediately sold an interest in the school, and the Oakie influence makes itself known. History books are tossed out the window, and the young ladies are tutored in tap dancing, cosmetics, clothes and a few other practical subjects. It's one of Oakie's better performances, and he's ably assisted by songs from Frances Langford, comedy by Ned Sparks, the music of Gordon and Revel, and the lovely ladies of the Leroy Prinz ensemble.

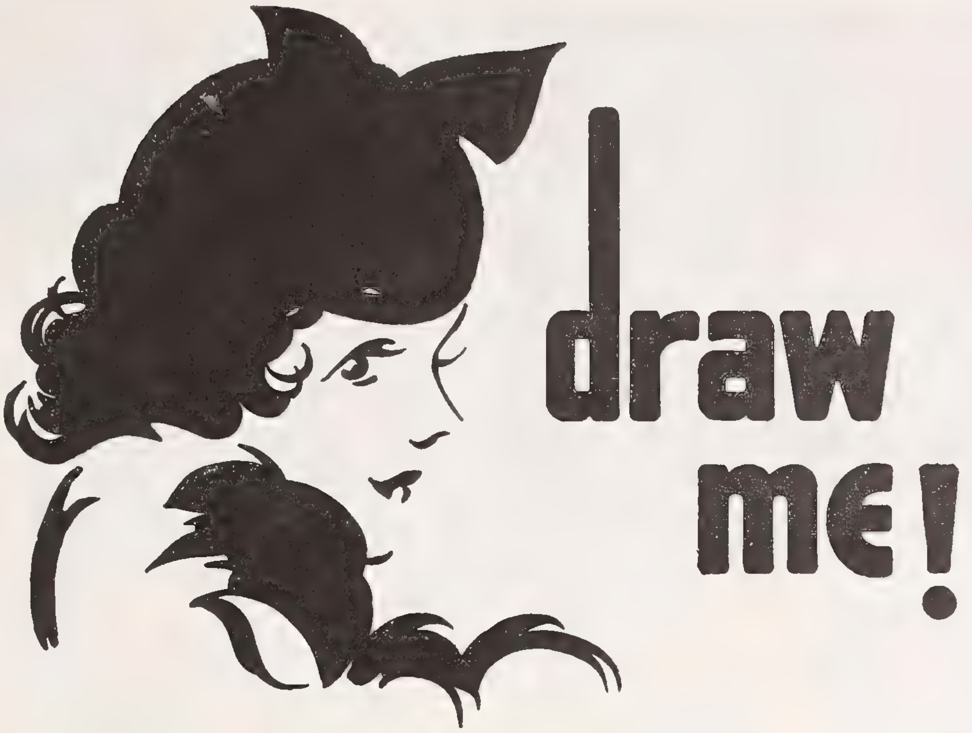
Preview Postscripts

With such a cast, there was bound to be excitement on the set. But the tops came when the studio announced a one-hundred-dollar bonus to anyone on the lot who could get a picture of Ned Sparks with a smile or even a suspicion of one lurking on his visage. Cameramen, cast and directors snooped around Mr. Sparks for six weeks with Leicas and Brownies hidden in vest pockets. But Paramount still has the cash . . . Joe Penner is a native Nagdbechkereckian. You'll find it on the map somewhere in the vicinity of Budapest. He arrived in America at the age of nine, not with a duck but with his grandfather. They both had tags affixed to their coat lapels bearing the information that they were to be forwarded to Detroit, where Joe's parents would claim them. His first real job came when he answered an ad for a mind-reader's assistant on the stage. The big chance came one night when the chief psychic was incapacitated and Joe's powers swung the act along. Jobs with less mental and financial strain followed for a few years, before he landed in the "Greenwich Village Follies." In 1934 Joe was voted America's outstanding ether artist by the radio fans. . . . Jackie Coogan was a constant visitor on the set. Reason being Betty Grable. They announced their intentions to wed following the picture's completion, and set off for a three months' personal appearance tour in order to feather the nest.

★★★ Professional Soldier

(20th Century-Fox)

The news that "Professional Soldier" concerns itself with a revolution in a mythical kingdom probably starts this review off on a note of alarm. If so it's unintentional, for despite a familiar theme "Professional Soldier," by virtue of intelligent dialogue and good casting, man-



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Paula Stone, Tom Brown, Marie Wilson and Beverly Roberts having a gay time together.

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ages to keep itself entertaining and swiftly paced throughout almost all of its unreeling. Top honors go to Victor McLaglen, who continues to be the expert performer the critics proclaimed him to be in "The Informer." As Colonel Michael Donovan, a soldier by nature and by trade, Victor is commissioned, at a handsome price, to kidnap the boy king of whatever-the-name-of-the-mythical-kingdom-happens-to-be, and hold him until the revolutionists take over the government. On his venture he takes Michael Whalen, a good-looking screen novice. You can picture their surprise when the boy king turns out to be Freddie Bartholomew. What's more, his guardian, Countess Sonia, is Gloria Stuart. Young Mr. Bartholomew goes with them willingly, being under the delighted impression that they are Chicago gangsters and heroes of his extra-curricular reading. There are several lively adventures before the young man returns to his throne—lively because of the presence of the lusty McLaglen. The entire cast can be credited with first-rate performances, even though it is our private suspicion that young Mr. B. is becoming just a trifle smug. Just around the edges, perhaps, but still and all, smug.

Preview Postscripts

Gloria Stuart claims she participated in the coldest love scene ever filmed in Hollywood. Director Tay Garnett is responsible for the chill. It was his idea to shoot the picture through one night and on into the sunrise. Though he doesn't claim to being particularly romantic, Tay can appreciate a good moon when he sees one. So, with a full moon on the program one night, he informed Gloria and Michael Whalen that they were due for a love scene in the 20th Century-Fox gardens that night. The fact that as the moon came up, the thermometer went down, didn't spoil the director's enthusiasm a bit . . . Problems were encountered in that firing squad scene, too. When the squad corporal gave the order for the customary manual of arms, a scene of utter confusion resulted. The soldiers snapped into the manual, but each in the manner to which he was accustomed. The squad consisted of a Russian, a Frenchman, a British "Tommy" and five former dough-boys of the A.E.F. Vic McLaglen saved the day and tempers by acting as drill sergeant and perfecting them in U. S. army maneuvers.

★★ Chatterbox

(RKO-Radio)

With this picture, Anne Shirley becomes the newest star on the Hollywood skyscape. She's worth it, too, having the ability to turn on a most amazing number of emotions at the slightest provocation. What's more, those facial calisthenics are sincere and attractive. In spite of a wobbly story, Miss Shirley has the audience entranced from start to finish. It is her picture, except for a grand scene between Edward Ellis and Granville Bates, grandfather and father respectively of the heroine and hero. With a little blackberry cordial and a little more imagination, they begin extolling the merits of their ancestors. That one episode is worth your money. Phillips Holmes is the earnest young artist who chooses to starve in a garret rather than subject his "spirit" to his father's money. Mr. Holmes does as well as could be expected with such a role. Margaret Hamilton is very good as the strait-laced boarding-house keeper, who tries to straighten out matters between Anne and Phillips and only manages to get them beautifully snarled up. Erik Rhodes is among those present, too, but in a part that doesn't give him a chance to show off the Rhodes' talents to any great extent.

Preview Postscripts

Anne Shirley's just celebrated her seventeenth birthday, but she's a veteran of fourteen years' standing in the moom pitchers. Ann spends every spare moment that can be wangled away from studios and studies at the movies. She's Hollywood's most ardent fan . . . Edward Ellis has also been a professional since the age of three. Brought up in a theatrical family, he made his debut on a Michigan threatre stage where his father was playing the bewhiskered villain, in a blood-chilling thriller. Newsboy, professional baseball player, salesman of a number of things, and a long list of other occupations has occupied Mr. Ellis' time since then, but always he comes back to the footlights. After a two-year run in "The Bat" on Broadway, he came to Hollywood for a trial job. He's been in constant demand ever since . . . This is Phillips Holmes' first American picture in two years. He's been visiting in Italy and England and making pictures in those countries. In Italy he was under the jurisdiction of Mussolini, who in case you don't know it, has full say-so about the movies, too. Those paintings in the picture, also in case you never suspected it, are painted by Phillips. At one time he planned to become an artist. His present plans are to make enough money in the movies to allow him to retire and live the life Boheme . . . Margaret Hamilton is really a kindergarten teacher on a tear. She taught for five years, then took to little theatre work in Cleveland to keep from passing out due to boredom. New York followed after one taste of the theatre, then "Another Language" and recognition. Paul Merserve, famed landscape artist, is her husband.

★ The Great Impersonation

(Universal)

The only thing great about this *is* the impersonation. For the rest we found it pretty dull stuff about a plot to blow up the world in order to prevent war. This basically sound idea is mixed up with all kinds of mysterious goings-on, blood-curdling screams, bat-infested ancestral halls and ladies who go out of what is termed their minds. In the midst of all this Edmund Lowe remains suave, handsome and unperturbed until the last five minutes when he gets busy and shoots the man who is just going to pull the trap which will blow up the universe. The cast on the whole is too competent to waste on such plotting. Mr. Lowe hasn't surprised us with a good role since we can't remember when. Wera Engels is a young lady who could do well by a fair chance, too. Valerie Hobson again gets the bad breaks. This time it is a husband, whom she finally gets rid of, only to have his spook back hanging around. If you like stories that dabble in political plotting, romance, pseudo-sophisticates, comedy, beautiful spies, sentiment, mystery, and murder, why then you'll like this.

Preview Postscripts

The bog from which the wild and wicked gent is driven in that exciting scene, was constructed on the studio lot. A three acre swamp with all the trimmings was built at a cost of several hundred dollars, then burnt to the ground to provide that real smoke and flame seen on the celluloid. The Los Angeles fire-department enjoyed themselves that day, having been called to stand around and prevent the fire from spreading to the studio . . . Alan Crosland had to think up all the spooky effects for this one. But the blood-curdling screams sometimes made him pale. Crosland directed the first talkie made—"The Jazz Singer"—in case you've forgotten history . . . Valerie Hobson has evidently dedicated herself to a life of horror. Since her arrival in the Hollywoods the gal has been in constant demand for chillers. Foremost horror experts claim that Valerie is the perfect foil for grewsomeness. Nothing scares her while making these epic pix, she claims, except the fact that her screaming apparatus may wear out . . . Wera Engels is known as Hollywood's League of Nations. Born in Keil, a German naval port, she was brought up in Tsing-Tao, where her father was governor. She vacationed in Japan and Russia, was educated in Paris and married a catain of the English flying corps in Constantinople. Wera is in demand in every country where pictures are made, since she personifies the studio exec's idea of a "typical girl" in every land. She's worked in Austrian, Russian and French pictures. English scouts were hunting for the ideal type, hired her and David Selznick spotted her in their production . . . In one scene Director Crosland became annoyed with Miss Engels. He didn't like the way she was kissing Edmund Lowe. "I'm trying to kiss him as I thought an Englishman would prefer," alibied Wera. "Forget his nationality, and get to work," directed the director.

★★★ King of Burlesque
(20th Century-Fox)

The monarch mentioned in the title is Warner Baxter. With Jack Oakie, he is proprietor of the most successful burlesque show on New York's 14th Street. With success comes ambition, and the former torso tycoon moves uptown to become Broadway's leading musical comedy producer. His burlesque days have taught him what the public wants, and he let's 'em have it. (What the public wants, it seems, is Alice Faye in tights.) Then comes the evil day when he falls for a society belle, puts art in his productions and loses his shirt. Park Avenue deserts him, but good old Broadway stands by. In fact it's Alice Faye, with a million dollars in limbs and almost a hundred thousand in cash, who puts both at Warner's disposal and with them he returns to his former glory. That's the story, and if you think it's a good one you're highly mistaken. What makes this a good picture is the fact that it gives Jack Oakie plenty of opportunity for his effective comedy—his impersonation of Al Jolson is one of the picture's highlights—and that it boasts several good tunes and a supporting cast which includes Arline Judge, Dixie Dunbar, Gregory Ratoff, Fats Waller, Kenny Baker and Nick Long, Jr.

Preview Postscripts

In anticipation of an accident which never occurred, a first-aid crew of a half dozen men and two trained nurses made their headquarters at Stage 16 for almost two weeks. 25 girls were on that set swinging from 40-foot high trapezes for a musical scene. This act was cited by veterans as the most dangerous and original performance ever seen on the screen. Difficult routines of dancing and acrobatics were indulged in by the gals as they swung through the air with the greatest of trepidations. Six cameras photographed the act . . . Sammy Lee, dance director for 20th Century-Fox, has some words of wisdom for all who would aspire to chorus jobs. First, of course, learning to dance would be a help, then a girl should color her hair to match her personality. "A redhead has a three-to-one chance over a brunette of getting a job," quoting Sammy, "and a

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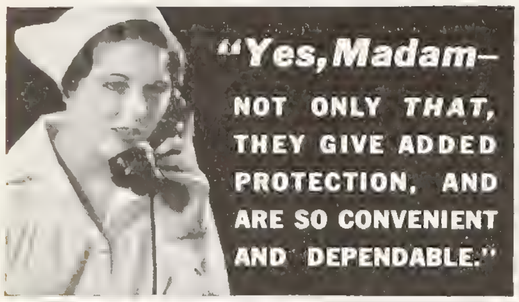
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brunette has almost a ten-to-one chance over a blonde." So peroxide is becoming a drug on the Hollywood market . . . Important though seldom heard of, is the studio "stooge." Through a metamorphosis difficult to analyze, the Hollywood stooge has graduated from the ranks of cheerful simpleton to something a little hotter in the social scale. No star is without one of these necessities, who are a combination of valet, stand-in, companion, petty-cash disburser, buffer, court-jester and errand runner. The business is so serious to most of them, that after two weeks in a star's company, the stooge will take on the exact mannerisms, speech and even looks of his employer. Lowe "Cracker" Henderson, is so much like his boss, Jack Oakie, that they're often confused. Lowe is the brother of Eugene, Gary Cooper's man-of-all-things. Eugene was Oakie's first stooge, but Gary persuaded him to leave Freckles Oakie. So Jack hired the brother, paid him twice as much salary and to cinch it this time put "Cracker" under contract. Tops in the profession average around $50 per week.

★★ We're Only Human
(RKO-Radio)

Preston Foster is our nominee for tough-guy-of-the-month. Portraying a hard-boiled detective, he fears no one and his particular delight is wading into a gang of hoodlums single-handed. This pastime, for your information, also brings him harsh words from his superiors, for while his methods look fine in the papers, they do not conform to the department's idea regarding the pursuit of criminals. In his travels he meets Jane Wyatt, who is perhaps the world's most beautiful newspaper reporter. Jane takes our man in hand and informs him his bravery means nothing, since he has never known fear. Her statement is proven about half a reel later, when Preston gets himself a few bumps which make him temporarily blind. When he recovers he finds himself minus the old gusto for conflict, which is, of course, the proper moment for the supreme test to be introduced. Whether or not he meets the situation and emerges a genuine and authentic hero we shall leave to your imagination. Anyway, Foster makes his role believable and interesting, and it is good to see the lovely and talented Jane Wyatt on the screen again.

Preview Postscripts

That knock-down drag-out battle between Foster and Auer was the genuine article. There's nothing Preston Foster would rather get his teeth into than a good fight. Mischa Auer isn't that pugilistic but figured he'd rather take a sock at Foster than let his double have all the fun. So the battle was on. Director Jimmy Flood was the only one to remain unimpressed. "Just a couple of cream puffs," he opined . . . Preston started on the road to fortune via the newspapers. He sold them on New York street corners. Later he wrote them, but found it a dull life so joined up with a chorus. He graduated to the leading man class in "Two Seconds" and was an instant success. It was a good many years ago that James Gleason made his stage debut at four months. His parents were actors in the show and thought it as good a way as any to keep an eye on Jimmy. Since that time he has appeared on more stages than he can recall, served in the Spanish American War, spent two years in the Philippines, married Lucille Webster, had a son, Russell, and now has a three-fold movie contract to act, write and direct . . . When Jane Wyatt was asked her opinion of domesticity she replied, "I admire it profoundly in others." A week later Edgar Warren, writer, married her anyhow.

★★ Two in the Dark
(RKO-Radio)

A murder mystery which is novel only in the fact that its solution is obtained without the aid of a bibulous Philo Vance, it offers average entertainment to filmgoers who fancy themselves amateur detectives. When Walter Abel finds himself wandering in a park, his mind a complete blank, he encounters Margot Grahame, who happens to be there because it offers no rent problems. On their way to a police station to enlist the aid of the law in Walter's dilemma, they buy a paper and discover that the description of the suspect in a newly-committed murder mystery tallies neatly with the Abel features. From there on the story concerns itself mainly with Walter's pursuit of his identity, which leads him eventually to the answer to that ever-popular question: Who done it? Mr. Abel is satisfactory in the lead, and Miss Grahame is as lovely as she is miscast. Others are Wally Ford, who plays a newspaper man like an actor playing a newspaper man, Gail Patrick, and a pair of villains named Leslie Fenton and Erin O'Brien-Moore.

Preview Postscripts

Margot Grahame wanted to be a detective as a child, and hasn't forgotten that craving in spite of innumerable English stage appearances, 41 English pictures and our American ones. When she retires from the screen, Detective Grahame will come to life. Born in Capetown, South Africa, of theatrical parents, Margot was given a role on the stage at five years. Margot's as versatile an actress as has struck Hollywood in some time. Not only in screen roles but in off-screen life. She kept the cast highly entertained throughout the shooting of this one with a different set of antics every day . . . Eric Blore is one Englishman who's in Hollywood for keeps, providing he gets the chance. He thinks American pictures are superior to the English product. "Not that I don't think the English pictures are improving," explains Eric, "but I can't understand their bloody accent any more." . . . Erin O'Brien-Moore is a native daughter of Los Angeles, not the Emerald Isles. She wasn't going to be an actress at all, but a sculptress, according to early ambitions. Since the time she changed her mind, Miss O'Brien-Moore has appeared in more than eight hundred performances.

★★★ Whispering Smith Speaks
(20th Century-Fox)

Again we have George O'Brien proving that out in the West men are men and prefer women like Irene Ware. He's given up horseback riding this time and tears around the country in a locomotive. Wearying of papa's millions, made in a railroad game, George sets out to make his own fortune. It isn't long before Irene comes into his life. She's in the R. R. game, too, being manager of a one-train track in the sticks. Suspense, comedy and action follow, with the usual good dose of vim, vigor and vitality. O'Brien pictures can always be counted on for good entertainment and this is no exception. City folk should never miss one, for the directors seem to can oxygen right along with sound. Besides a good story and excellent work by the leads, the supporting cast is well chosen. Frank Sheridan gives a first-class characterization of the hero's father and Maude Allen is pleasing in the role of the heroine's mother. Spencer Charters and Vic Potel provide some real laughs as the engineer and fireman of the one train which the track can boast. You can take the whole family to this picture and enjoy it yourself.

Preview Postscripts

"Genevieve" is the star of this celluloider, though she wasn't mentioned on the credit sheet. She first saw service in 1895 and was the pride and joy of the Southern Pacific railroads, being the most modern engine on the roads. For the last twenty years "Gen" has been retired from active service but earns good money from the movie studios . . . George O'Brien refuses to use a double, though the studio has implored him to do so many a time. They even tried to get a clause in his last contract to the effect, but Mr. O'B. will have none of that softie stuff. That's an actual scene you see in the picture where the brave O'Brien jumps from the locomotive to the freight car. According to actual fact, the locomotive was whizzing along at thirty-five miles per hour and the freight at fifteen. Which makes a nice jump—to look at . . . Irene Ware is a former Miss America. She won the coveted title three years ago at Galveston, and forgot it three minutes later. She's one of the best sports around the studios, and no location trip stumps her. In fact, she prefers them rough and would rather act in outdoorsy pictures than any of the more sophisticated drawing-room epics. She'd rather handle a locomotive than a cup of tea any day.

★★ The Perfect Gentleman
(M-G-M)

As a vehicle for the ingratiating talents of Frank Morgan, this little number comes under the heading of satisfactory, if not exciting, entertainment. It is pleasant, mainly because Mr. Morgan with the screen practically to himself, manages to be consistently amusing. Although he is all that the title implies, he is also a blustering ne'er-do-well and a constant source of embarrassment to his son, who happens to be a young gentleman of the cloth. For instance, when dear old dad appears at the bishop's tea in a state of alcoholic enthusiasm the son, to put it mildly, is somewhat perturbed. Mr. Morgan, realizing the error of his ways, heads for London where he meets a robust queen of the music halls and joins her act. The vaudeville siren is Cicely Courtneidge, one of England's favorite comediennes, and, while some of her comedy is a bit broad for this side of the Atlantic, she is competent and even on occasions funny. Heather Angel and Herbert Mundin are excellent in supporting roles, but it's Mr. Morgan's show.

Preview Postscripts

A couple of weeks of work and this picture was ready for release. Such speed being the combination of good director, simple settings, snappy dialogue, experienced cast and colossal luck . . . Cicely Courtneidge makes her bow to American audiences in this one. As English as crumpets, she comes from a long line of theatre people. Rosie Knott, English actress, was her mother, and her father was a famed actor manager, John Courtneidge. Cicely could imitate before she could say ga-ga and vaudeville contracts were hers at ten years of age. Supposed to fall in love with Jack Hulbert in a stage play, she liked it so well that she soon became Mrs. J. Hulbert . . . Herbert Mundin's another Englisher. His rise as a comedian parallelled a general decline in the art of comedy. The stooge, or a dozen of them to every comedian, was becoming the vogue, but Herbert stuck to a one-man team and still swears by it. Sir Joseph Mundi, famed character actor, was his grandfather. His

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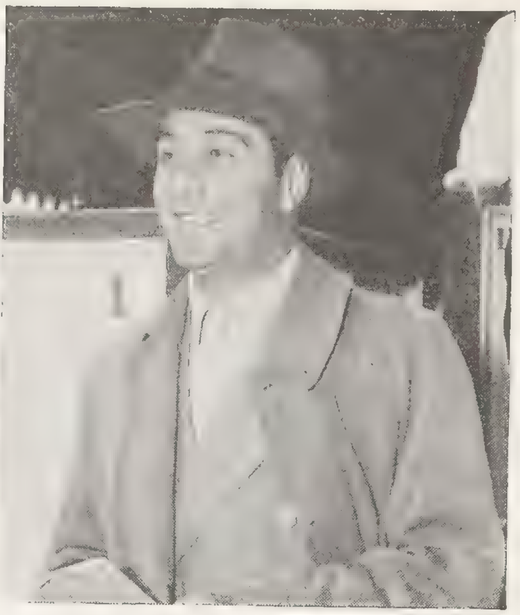


Snappy-looking Ric Cortez at the Santa Anita racetrack.

father turned to the church while son Herbert became a telephone engineer. He was assigned to install telephones in the Elstree studios. That was in 1920 and they're just getting the phones to work now. "I, myself," says Mr. M., "left the telephone company in a short time, for reasons the management didn't care to discuss with me." Frank Morgan started out in life to be a brush salesman. Ringing doorbells soon palled on him, so he decided to give higher education a try. After several years at Cornell, Frank abandoned his studies and went West to be a cowpuncher.

★★ Seven Keys to Baldpate

(RKO-Radio)

With the Messrs. Shakespeare and Dickens enjoying such a revival, the studio had an excuse for disinterring this classic. At least "Seven Keys to Baldpate" needs an excuse by this time. Or maybe just a new title—"The Bad Penny" f'rinstance. The only thing that sent chills down our spine was Gene Raymond's coy glances. In all justice to Mr. Raymond, though, he may have meant to look sinister or even scary. Bright spots in the picture are Henry Travers and Erin O'Brien-Moore. Mr. Travers does a choice bit of acting as the "spook" of Baldpate Inn and Miss O'Brien-Moore is good in the role of a gangster's moll. Margaret Callahan is right pretty for the romantic lead and Murray Alper looks vicious enough to make his gangster characterization convincing. He also provides some good laughs in his earnest desire to be true to the profession and wipe out everyone who might prove troublesome. The supporting cast is competent in every role, which makes it fair to middlin' entertainment if you are familiar with the plot or not.

Preview Postscripts

Baldpate Inn isn't entirely imaginary. At least not since an inn by that name has been built in Estes Park in Colorado. The proprietor has the greatest collection of keys in the country, too. Since he set about his collection, keys have been sent him from every corner of the globe, by former guests at the hotel and friends of theirs. One is over 5000 years old, another is the key to Mozart's wine cellar, besides countless keys to jails and the homes of prominent people the world over . . . One of the grandest sets ever to be built on the lot was the inn lobby. It was complete with stuffed fish, horse-hair furniture and all the trappings common to hostelries in bygone days. The set was closed to visitors almost all the time. Not due to temperamental actors this time, but because of the cobwebs, which had to be given the best of care . . . This is the first time Erin O'Brien-Moore has ever been done away with in a picture. And she doesn't like it. Not when it requires practicing with a revolver. Every time a "shot" of the shooting scene was to be made, she would insist on looking at the gun first to see if it was loaded. As a steady diet Miss O'Brien-Moore prefers other types of roles, thankin' ye . . . Margaret Callahan came to Hollywood from Little Theatre groups in the East. Now she thinks the fillums are a better expressive medium than the stage can ever pretend to be. She has the most unusual hobby in Hollywood—a jewelry mender-upper. Developed the talent at school on the watches, rings, etc., of her friends, and now has the complete equipment of a professional patcher.

Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 21*)

themselves is to place them in a drinking scene? If they are of this opinion, they are sadly mistaken. Naturally, there are a large number of theatre-goers who enjoy seeing people imbibing liquor, but there is a still greater number of people to whom these scenes are thoroughly disgusting. Why not give the latter class a break? It is becoming more and more difficult to find a film where no drinking is shown and I think it's high time something was done about it. What do you fans think about it?—Hiriam Holdridge, Lima, Ohio.

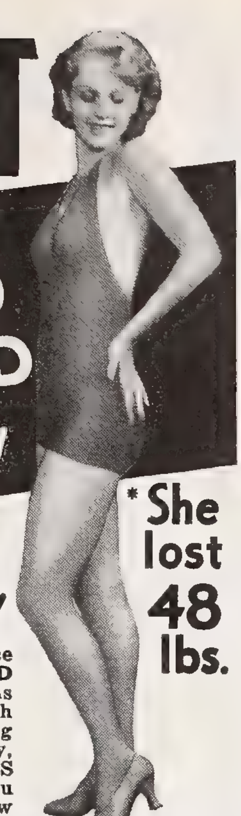
$1 Prize Letter To Shirley Temple

I'd paint of you a picture,
  But the difficulty lies
In finding just a color
  To match your smiling eyes.
And you are a living poem
  So wonderful and real,
A written one could never
  Such loveliness reveal.

You precious little girl,
  So full of joy and life,
You came into this world
  To help and mend its strife.
Your smiles and each dimple
  And every dance and song
Should teach us to be happy
  Our whole life-day long.

I have a lot of pictures
  Of you upon the wall.
With each expression different
  But sweet and perfect all.
And each and all resemble
  A perfect little star,
Our darling Shirley Temple
  That twinkles near and far.

—E. W., Brooklyn, N. Y.



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If Joan Crawford's critics would get out and work like she did, they would not have so much time to talk about her hair or her lips or her clothes. What we want is a good picture and any time you see a film with Joan in it, you get your money's worth. We can't find anything wrong with Joan Crawford. She is a self-made woman. If there were more like her there would not be any need for people, who are too lazy to work, to live on "relief."—A Fan, Philadelphia.

Muni Rates at Hen Party

At a tea which I gave recently for about twenty of my girl friends, Paul Muni's name came up for discussion. Believe it or not, all of them chose Mr. Muni as their favorite actor.

It is hard to realize that the kind doctor in "Dr. Socrates" and the cruel gangster in "Scarface" were one and the same person. Only a man of Muni's scope in acting is capable of such fine performances. "Black Fury" and "Bordertown" were also marvelous examples of his exceptional talent. He has the ability to handle any type of role given him with an utterly disarming naturalness—Ann Geese, Minneapolis, Minn.

Well—

Orchids to one Dick Powell for his last three pictures—"Shipmates Forever," "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Thanks a Million." You were just swell. And your voice? Need I say it. I don't care, Mr. Powell, if you aren't as slick and suave as George Raft or not as he-mannish as Clark Gable—you're the average American young chap.—Florence Blair.

Irate Fan

Where does Martha Thornton, in the January issue, get her scatter-brained ideas that "All we fans are tired of Gable, Crawford, Tone," and "Give us more of Eddy—but not too much"?

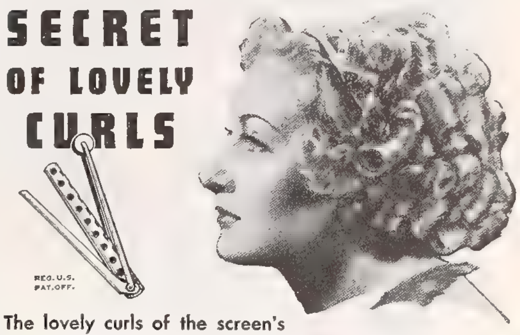
"Mutiny on the Bounty" carried Clark Gable to the heights where he rightfully belongs, and there is not a finer young actor in Hollywood than Franchot Tone. His stirring plea for justice in the latter part of "Mutiny on the Bounty" was a real masterpiece. And Mrs. Franchot Tone is a swell person (in spite of those prejudiced persons, who can find nothing better to do than to call her a "clothes horse"). Furthermore, who could ever tire of Nelson Eddy's voice?

And so, Miss Thornton, speak for yourself, but don't use the phrase, "we fans." You'll have more than one irate fan of the above stars down on your head if you do. —M. Franklyn, Montreal, Canada.

Hollywood's Newest Gamble

Warner Brothers, may I congratulate you for so brilliantly bringing to the screen that great epoch, "Captain Blood"? This immortal story of Rafael Sabatini transferred to celluloid, makes a most colorful and interesting photoplay. The picture is far above average from the standpoint of acting.

It introduces that handsome new star, Errol Flynn, in the role of a buccaneer. He resists the temptation to overact, justifying the producer's faith in him with this first important role of his. He appeals to men, and the feminine fans will rave about him.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But Flynn isn't the only performer who turns in a praiseworthy characterization. Applause is merited by Olivia De Haviland, Basil Rathbone, Guy Kibbee, Ross Alexander, and Lionel Atwill. I have no hesitation in commending it to the attention of every movie-goer.

Again, thanks for your vivid picturization of "Captain Blood."—Doris DeFabry, Newark, N. J.

A Tribute to Thelma Todd

Here's to the queen with laughing eyes,
Here's to the one who sneered at sighs,
Over the top she was ready to go
No matter who might be the foe.
With hair spun with gold
And a heart that way, too,
She made us take hold
When we thought we were through.

Yes, here's to a girl who knew sorrow and pain,
And yet never wilted in spite of the rain.
My lips cannot say what my heart would unfold
So richly deserved, this tribute I've told.
But yet there is more and more and still more
She did her part—down to the core.
Our darling of laughs is sleeping tonight,
Salute her, dear comrades, it's no more than right!—Ruth Bush, Detroit, Michigan.

Too Much Temple Publicity?

I quite agree with numbers of your fans as to the limited publicity and opportunities accorded to some of the so-called lesser stars.

I think that the singing, dancing and acting of Sybil Jason in "The Little Big Shot" was fully equal to anything done by the renowned Shirley, good as she is. Jane Withers and Edith Fellows, also, do quite as well.

It is positively sickening to have all of the applause directed toward one performer. Why can't we hear more of Sybil Jason?—George Nowlin, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Just a School Girl

I'm just a school girl, but I have very definite ideas about a star's acting. Well, Merle Oberon should receive loads of orchids in my estimation for her swell acting in "The Dark Angel," also for the way she wears her sport clothes. I will admit that she was just as beautiful as the Chinese wife in "Thunder in the East." Oh, heck, I can't praise her enough, so I will leave it to the rest of her fans to give her more orchids which still will not be enough. I'm sure an article about the one and only Merle Oberon would be greatly appreciated.—Virginia Calkins, Mason City, Iowa.

You Are Asked a Question

I would like to ask you MODERN SCREEN fans a question. Have you ever seen anyone more human and good-looking and yet minus that disgustingly "pretty face" that we meet up with so much these days? Have you ever seen anyone who was a more perfect example of masculinity than this Fred MacMurray chap?

We of Kentucky would like to see lots more of him—and also read lots more about him. Come on, gals, get busy and root for him.—Margaret Anderson, Louisville, Kentucky.

TRAPPED IN A HAREM!
SOLD AS A LOVE SLAVE!

He towered above her in the opaque blackness of the desert evening. A faint dry breeze brought to her from his flowing robes the scent of sandalwood and tobacco and the clean smell of well-kept Morocco leather. "Really," she murmured, "I've been in Egypt several months, but no one has taken the trouble to insult me." "Insult you?" repeated Ahmed Mahun quietly. His tone was spiced with scorn. "How is it possible to insult a girl of twenty who would marry a reprobate like Falconer? You don't know, of course, what he is, what he does for his living. Do you know that the man is a trader in women?" he wound up brusquely.

If Carlotta had heeded the stranger's warning, she might never have been sold into slavery, kept prisoner in a harem!

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Bright Thoughts

I should like to see:

1. Fay Wray, Josephine Hutchinson and Erin O'Brien Moore as three sisters. Don't they look exactly alike, though?
2. Grant Withers and Joel McCrea as brothers. You can't tell 'em apart!
3. Edward Everett Horton as a wise-guy gangster.
4. Margaret Lindsay and Fred MacMurray co-starred.
5. Claude Rains as Napoleon.
6. Katharine Hepburn as Eustacia in Thomas Hardy's "The Return of the Native."

I should like to have:

1. Arthur Treacher as my butler.
2. Ginger Rogers as my kid sister.
3. Frank Morgan as an embarrassed uncle who visits me at least once a week.
4. Sybil Jason as the daughter of the folks next door who'd come over every night, to sit in my lap and sing to me, "I'm Rolling in Money."
5. Lionel Barrymore as a friend of the family in whom I could confide.
6. Merle Oberon as my slightly plump girl friend.—Mr. Fan, New York City.

Just a Thought

What right do all these so-called "movie fans" have to criticize so severely some of our best actors and actresses. After all, they are doing their best, trying to please us and a little friendly criticism is all very well. But when it comes to downright insults from certain "fans," I think it is time that they learned the good old saying, "If you can't say something good about a person, why say anything at all?"—Margaret Suttner, Columbus, Ohio.

A Plea

Year after year, patiently, quietly, anxiously I have waited and now the lid has flown off! I see that they have filmed "Resurrection" four times. They have made hundreds of mediocre "silents" into just as mediocre "talkies." But where are the eyes of the directors! Just think of what vitaphone and technicolor would do for "The Volga Boatman." Please give us "The Volga Boatman" again.—Frances Barnett, Newark, N. J.

Wise Suggestion

My suggestion to those who think that Shirley Temple has changed so radically in the last few months and those who think that she has made enough pictures, is for them to stay away the next time her films are shown in their cities, then they won't find anything wrong with her. To me, and no one can change my mind, she is still the sweetest, most adorable little actress on the screen.—A Shirley Temple Admirer, Bristol, Tennessee.

Anybody who couldn't enjoy seeing one Shirley Temple picture per week couldn't enjoy joy, and in all human fairness should be put out of the misery that living must be to them. Shirley is Hollywood's knockout for the depression. Bless her, and give us more and more of her.—M. McCaskill, Iowa City, Iowa.

Wotta Night

I have just about laughed myself sick at those merry mad Marx Brothers in "A Night at the Opera." I've never heard so many good gags and puns in one picture. Groucho tosses off enough wisecracks for two comedies. However, he is not my favorite. I like Chico best of all, he is so pathetic and that very pathos is the mark of real comedy.

If you go to see it—and you really owe it to yourself—get a seat on the aisle, for you will surely be rolling in it before the picture is over.—Bessie Toles, Colorado.

A Justified Complaint

Can't something be done to keep fine pictures like "David Copperfield" and "A Tale of Two Cities" from being cut? Mother and I saw "A Tale of Two Cities" in Omaha yesterday and when I read the resume, I felt that I had been "jipped." The prison scene with Lucie Manette and Sydney Carton had been deleted. Along with this picture were "Little America with Admiral Byrd" and a Walt Disney film, both very fine—lasting over an hour, though. Why let theatres that cut classics show them?

We would like to see Ronald Colman in another Dickens classic. I have never seen a finer character actor than Colman. Congratulations to the whole cast, too, for their fine acting.—Jane Cox, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

What's this, Paul Cavanagh holding hands with Binnie Barnes? It's all in fun, for Binnie's much devoted to her English spouse.

Skinny, Weak Rundown Nervous..!

How NATURAL IODINE Builds Worn-Out, Pale, Sickly Folks Into Strong, Red-Blooded Men and Women!

Kelpamalt, New Mineral Concentrate from the Sea, Rich in NATURAL PLANT IODINE, Feeds Starved Glands—Must Build Rich, Red Blood, Put on Lbs. of Solid, "Stay-There" Flesh, Give Steady Nerves and Day-Long Energy in First Week or Trial is Free!

Here's new hope and encouragement for thousands of even naturally skinny, weak, worn out, haggard-looking men and women whose energy and strength have been sapped by overwork and worry, who are nervous, irritable, always half sick and ailing. Science says the principal cause of these rundown conditions is "GLANDS STARVING FOR IODINE." When these glands don't work properly, all the food in the world can't help you. It just isn't turned into flesh. The result is, you stay skinny, pale, tired-out and rundown.

The most important gland—the one which actually controls body weight and strength—needs a definite ration of iodine all the time—NATURAL ASSIMILABLE IODINE—not to be confused with chemical iodides which often prove toxic. Only when the system gets an adequate supply of iodine can you regulate metabolism—the body's process of converting digested food into firm flesh, new strength and energy.

To get NATURAL IODINE in convenient, concentrated and assimilable form, take Kelpamalt—now recognized as the world's richest source of this precious substance. It contains 1,300 times more iodine than oysters, once considered the best source. 6 tablets alone contain more NATURAL IODINE than 480 lbs. of spinach or 1,387 lb. of lettuce.

Try Kelpamalt for a single week and notice the difference. See flattering extra pounds of "stay-there" flesh appear in place of scrawny hollows. Notice how much better you feel, and if you don't gain at least 5 lbs. in one week, the trial is free. 100 jumbo size Kelpamalt tablets—4 to 5 times the size of ordinary tablets—costs but a few cents a day to use. Get Kelpamalt today. Sold at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send $1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

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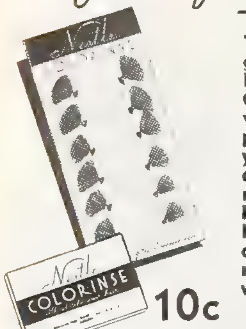
Kelpamalt Tablets

Manufacturer's Note:—Inferior products—sold as kelp and malt preparations—in imitation of the genuine Seedol Kelpamalt are being offered as substitutes. Don't be fooled. Demand genuine Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets. They are easily assimilated, do not upset stomach nor injure teeth. Results guaranteed or money back.

Youthful looking HAIR



To be always well groomed, with youthful, lustrous hair, use Nestle Colorinse. This harmless vegetable coloring compound magically rinses youth into your hair . . . a gleaming, glinting, glamour that gives to any hair the perfect highlights of its own natural color. Colorinse is easily removed — a shampoo washes it away.

10c for a package containing 2 rinses at all 5 and 10 cent stores. To select your particular color, use the Nestle Shade Selector

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The NESTLE-LeMUR COMPANY, N.Y.

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Modern Screen Movie Scoreboard

(*Continued from page 8*)

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Magnificent Obsession (Universal)	2½★
The Melody Lingers On (United Artists)	2★
Men of Tomorrow (London Films)	1★
Men Without Names (Paramount)	3★
Metropolitan (20th Century-Fox)	4★
A Midsummer Night's Dream (Warners)	5★
Millions in the Air (Paramount)	1★
Mississippi (Paramount)	3★
Miss Pacific Fleet (Warners)	1½★
Mr. Dynamite (Universal)	2★
Murder in the Fleet (M-G-M)	2★
Murder Man (M-G-M)	2★
Music Is Magic (20th Century-Fox)	1½★
Mutiny on the Bounty (M-G-M)	4★
Naughty Marietta (M-G-M)	4★
Nell Gwyn (United Artists)	3★
New Adventures of Tarzan (Republic)	1★
A Night at the Opera (M-G-M)	4★
A Night at the Ritz (Warners)	2★
No More Ladies (M-G-M)	3★
Oil for the Lamps of China (First National)	4★
Old Curiosity Shop (BIP)	2½★
One More Spring (Fox)	4★
$1000 a Minute (Republic)	2★
One Way Ticket (Columbia)	2½★
Orchids to You (Fox)	2★
O'Shaughnessy's Boy (M-G-M)	3★
Our Little Girl (Fox)	2★
Page Miss Glory (Warners)	3★
Paris in Spring (Paramount)	3★
The Payoff (Warners)	2★
The People's Enemy (RKO)	2★
People Will Talk (Paramount)	2★
The Perfect Gentleman (M-G-M)	2★
Personal Maid's Secret (Warners)	2★
Peter Ibbetson (Paramount)	3★
Princess O'Hara (Universal)	3★
Private Worlds (Paramount)	4★
Public Hero No. 1 (M-G-M)	3★
The Public Menace (Columbia)	1★
The Rainmakers (RKO)	1★
The Raven (Universal)	2★
Red Salute (Reliance-United Artists)	2★
Remember Last Night? (Universal)	2★
Rendezvous (M-G-M)	3★
The Return of Peter Grimm (RKO)	3★
The Right to Live (Warners)	3★
Roberta (RKO)	5★

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Sanders of the River (United Artists)	2★
Scrooge (Hagen-Twickenham)	2½★
The Secret Bride (Warners)	3★
Seven Keys to Baldpate (RKO)	2★
Shadow of Doubt (M-G-M)	3★
Shanghai (Paramount)	2★
She (RKO)	2★
She Couldn't Take It (Columbia)	2½★
She Married Her Boss (Columbia)	4★
Shipmates Forever (First National)	3★
A Shot in the Dark (Chesterfield)	2★
Show Them No Mercy (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Silk Hat Kid (Fox)	1★
Smart Girl (Paramount)	2★
Society Doctor (M-G-M)	3★
So Red the Rose (Paramount)	3★
Special Agent (Warners)	2★
Splendor (Goldwyn)	2★
Star of Midnight (M-G-M)	3★
Stars Over Broadway (Warners)	3★
Steamboat Round the Bend (Fox)	3★
A Tale of Two Cities (M-G-M)	5★
Thanks a Million (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
The 39 Steps (GB)	4★
This is the Life (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Three Kids and a Queen (Universal)	2★
The Three Musketeers (RKO)	3★
Thunder in the Night (Fox)	2★
Times Square Lady (M-G-M)	2★
Thunder Mountain (20th Century-Fox)	1★
To Beat the Band (RKO)	2★
Too Tough to Kill (Columbia)	1★
Top Hat (RKO)	4★
Transatlantic Tunnel (GB)	3★
Transient Lady (Universal)	2★
Traveling Saleslady (First National)	2★
The Triumph of Sherlock Holmes (GB)	2★
Two for Tonight (Paramount)	1★
Vagabond Lady (M-G-M)	2★
Vanessa (M-G-M)	3★
Way Down East (20th Century-Fox)	2★
The Wedding Night (Sam Goldwyn)	4★
We're in the Money (Warners)	2★
The Werewolf of London (Universal)	2★
West Point of the Air (M-G-M)	3★
Wings in the Dark (Paramount)	3★
The Woman in Red (Warners)	2★
Your Uncle Dudley (20th Century-Fox)	2★

Bill Tilden gives Patricia Ellis and Grace Durkin some coaching on the fine points of tennis.

FOR CHEST COLDS

Distressing cold in chest or throat should never be neglected. It generally eases up quickly when soothing, warming Musterole is applied.

Better than a mustard plaster, Musterole gets action because it's NOT just a salve. It's a *"counter-irritant"*—stimulating, penetrating, and helpful in drawing out local congestion and pain.

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STOPPED IN ONE MINUTE

For quick relief from the itching of eczema, blotches, pimples, athlete's foot, rashes and other skin eruptions, apply Dr. Dennis' cooling, antiseptic, liquid D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION. Its gentle oils soothe the irritated skin. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back.

D.D.D. *Prescription*

. . . The Quintuplets—yes, all five of them—will make their movie bow on the April cover of MODERN SCREEN.

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WHY writhe and squirm helplessly under itching torture? Millions have found in Hydrosal a veritable blessing for relief of rashes, eczema, athlete's foot, pimples, poison ivy. Itching stops almost instantly. Smarting and burning disappears. Angry redness soon vanishes. Successfully used by doctors and hospitals. Vitally different from common salves, lotions. Approved by Good Housekeeping. Get Hydrosal from your druggist now! Liquid or Ointment, 30c, 60c.

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RASHES • ECZEMA

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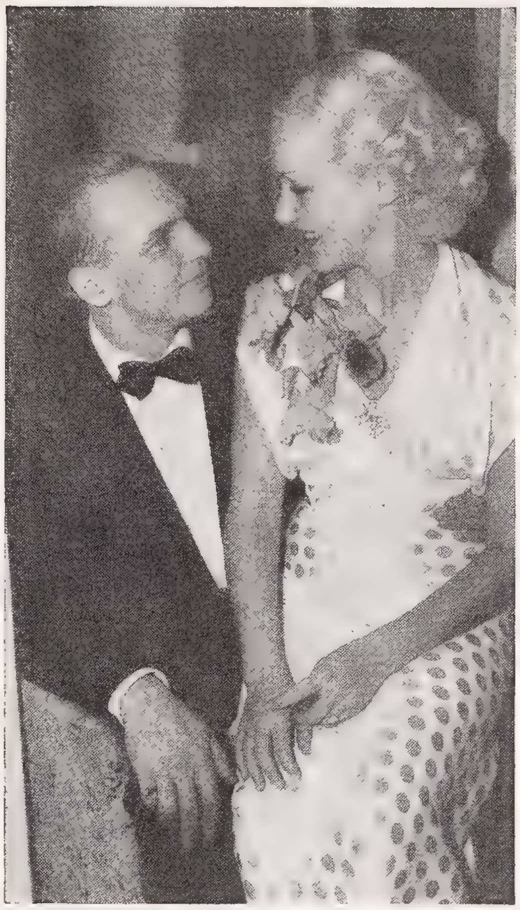


This engaged pair, Jackie Coogan and Betty Grable, are touring the country together in vaudeville.

More Good News

(Continued from page 24)

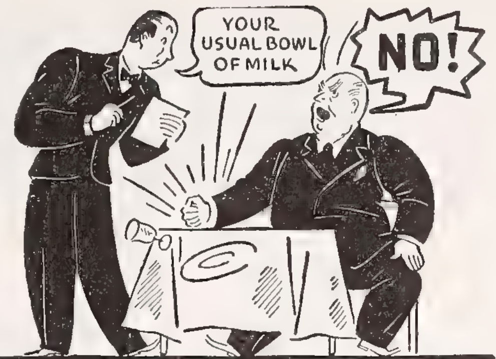
Come to think of it, there's been a dearth of Sam Goldwyn stories of late. Mr. G. has probably been too busy with other things to devote much time to his epigrams and retorts, but here's a brand new one you might like. It happened during the completion of the Cantor picture. At the finish, Sam was ecstatic. "It's the best Cantor picture we've ever made," he enthused. "Why, the comedy is positively unsuperb!"

■ ■ ■

It has long been a Hollywood policy to send party invitations to twenty people and expect a hundred, so Barbara Stanwyck should have known what to expect. Seems she was sponsoring a small party at a night club a few weeks ago, and had reserved two tables. On her guest list was a radio official and his wife, who turned up with four extra men—and two girls for each of the four gents. A lovely time was reported by all.

■ ■ ■

The opening of Max Factor's new make-up plant drew more guests than any Hollywood affair during the past year. Invitations, said to have cost $2.00 each, were delivered by special messenger, and the reception itself, scheduled from four to ten in the P.M., lasted well into the following morning. A complete tour of the plant was available for anyone wanting to know the secrets of cold cream, or what goes into your favorite lip rouge. (We still don't know what goes into it, but it looked awfully nice.) People lined the streets for a block on either


YOUR USUAL BOWL OF MILK
NO!

OLD KING COLE
IS A MERRY OLD SOUL
NOW THAT HE EATS ROAST BEEF . . .
HE HAS HIS TUMS
IF HEARTBURN COMES . . .
THEY GIVE HIM *QUICK RELIEF!*

LEARN HOW TO EAT FAVORITE FOODS
Without Heartburn . . . Gas . . . Sour Stomach

MAKE the test that has switched millions to Tums. Munch 3 or 4 of them after eating a meal of your favorite foods or when too much smoking, hasty eating, last night's party or some other cause has brought on acid indigestion, sour stomach, gas, belching or heartburn. See how food "taboos" vanish. You are not taking any harsh alkalies which physicians say may increase the tendency toward acid indigestion. Instead a wonderful antacid that dissolves only enough to correct stomach acid.

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TUMS ARE ANTACID . . NOT A LAXATIVE
EAT LIKE CANDY TUMS STOMACH DISTR 10¢
HANDY TO CARRY

FREE: Beautiful five-color 1936 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples of **Tums** and **NR.** Send stamp for packing and postage to A. H. Lewis Co., Dept. 2C-51, St. Louis, Mo.

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AT LEADING 5c and 10c CHAIN STORES

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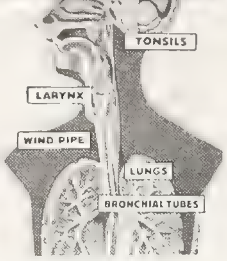
COUGH STOPPED quicker by "Moist-Throat" Method



DID you know that when you catch cold the thousands of tiny moisture glands in your throat and windpipe dry or clog? Thick phlegm irritates your throat, *making you cough.*

It is necessary to stimulate those glands to pour out their natural moisture. Pertussin does this. It "unclogs" the glands—loosens phlegm—soothes your cough away.

***Over 1,000,000 doctors' prescriptions for Pertussin were filled in one year,* according to Prescription Ingredient Survey issued by American Pharmaceutical Assn.**

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..."Pertussin stopped Jackie's bad cough next day!" writes Mrs. P. Fernandez, Providence, R. I. Get a bottle.

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... *Read "Jean Harlow Is Jealous Of You" in the April issue of Modern Screen*

IF YOU HAD BEEN NANCY-

Nancy E——'s story could have been yours! Left with two little children to support . . . not much money to depend upon . . . unable to leave the children to work in shop or office—even if she could have been sure of getting a job! Yet, today Mrs. E— is making $30 a week as a C. S. N. graduate and plans to establish a rest home for convalescents! Those magic letters "C. S. N." are responsible for her success. They stand for

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side of the establishment, and it was all much in the manner of the once-popular Hollywood premieres. As a matter of fact, most of the stars attended, and the belle of the evening was Jean Harlow with her brand new reddish locks. Miss H., it seems, knows a thing or two about make-up herself.

■ ■ ■

Maybe we're wrong, but we think we know why Lyle Talbot is so seldom seen twice with the same young lady. We think it's because Mr. Talbot is a wanderer. He will, on occasions, deposit his young lady at his favorite night club table and almost immediately saunter off to greet a few friends in various sections of the room. The other night we watched this routine just long enough to see a highly indignant blonde stomp out of a night club in one of the season's best huffs. She looked like a girl who wasn't planning on any more night-clubbing with the vagabond Mr. T.

■ ■ ■

Fred Keating is still trying to figure out a letter he received a few days before Christmas. It reads: "Dear Son: It's been a long time since we've seen you. Pa is still up and around. Mamie is married and has two children. I am enclosing two dollars, thinking it might come in handy at this time of the year.—Ma." Since it's not from his own mother, Mr. K. feels he has no claim on the two bucks, and wishes the anonymous donor would forward her name so he can return them.

■ ■ ■

The tragic death of beautiful Thelma Todd caused more genuine sorrow in Hollywood than the passing of any film personality in recent years, for Thelma had a quality about her that is rare out here—she was real. We saw her last at Paula Stone's cocktail party, just a week before her death, and she was, as always, lovely, radiant and full of the joy of living. Her eulogy wasn't shouted to the heavens by professional weepers, but her memory is held sacred by those she befriended—the prop boys, the extras and the has-beens of Hollywood. A florist, for instance, told us something about her just the other day. Whenever an extra girl of her acquaintance was ill Thelma sent a cheerful note, with a bouquet of roses—into which was tucked a $20 bill.

■ ■ ■

Shirley Temple isn't given to waxing temperamental, but the impulse almost overcame her at a recent charity bazaar. It seems they were raffling off a cocker spaniel puppy and a Shirley Temple doll. Shirley wanted the spaniel enough to buy a fistful of tickets on it, and just as a gesture, she purchased one ticket on the doll. You can guess what happened. Shirley won the Shirley Temple doll. Rumors are rife that both she and the spaniel shed a silent tear over the situation.

■ ■ ■

Everyone is giving advice on what to wear, but Paul Cavanagh, regarded in some circles as the Ten Best Dressed Men in Hollywood, has just come through with a list of what *not* to wear, so here it is:

"Don't wear brogue shoes with lounge suits. Brogues are worn only with sport clothes."

"Don't wear notched lapels on single-breasted suits. The peaked lapel is preferred because it is wider."

"Don't have your trousers made too long. They should just touch the shoes, but they should not break."

"Don't buy a lot of suits unless you can afford really good ones. With a few, made by a good tailor, a man will appear to better advantage."

■ ■ ■

Add Questions Without Answers: What recently married star, who has been the target lately of several mean cracks in a syndicated column, insists that the jibes are due, not to personal animosity, but to the fact that she has consistently refused to appear on the columnist's radio program?

■ ■ ■

Now that their troubles are all patched up, Joan Crawford and Clifton Webb are finally at work on their co-starring picture, "Elegance." Webb, for years one of Broadway's favorite dancing stars, was brought to Hollywood last year by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to do a picture with Joan. Personal differences arose regarding the script, and Mr. Webb spent a number of months basking in the sun on a comfortable salary, waiting for things to adjust themselves. And if hard work is any criterion, La Crawford's dancing may keep the elegant Clifton stepping, for she hired herself a private tutor and spent hours every day working out routines. We talked to her in the middle of her first lesson, and she took time out to gasp: "I'm stiff as a board right now—but just wait!"

■ ■ ■

Everything goes in cycles in Hollywood, which is a polite way of saying that everyone out here imitates everyone else. When one studio, for instance, steps out with a good historical picture, every other studio steps out with historical pictures, ranging from terrific to terrible. If Marlene Dietrich chooses to wear pants, so does Sophie Glutz. And now the cycle extends to watering places. Early last summer saw the debut of a cocktail bar known as The Beachcomber's, featuring tropical drinks in an Hawaiian setting. Stars began dropping in, the place became popular, and right now, by actual count, there are fourteen spas in Hollywood featuring bamboo bars and tropical libations. It's getting so anybody with a little grass and a ukulele is a prospective rum tycoon.

■ ■ ■

Playing in "Three Live Ghosts" may have been more or less a routine matter for most of the cast, but for Beryl Mercer her appearance in it was in the nature of an event. Previously she had played the same role on the stage and in silent pictures. Right now she's holding out for television.

■ ■ ■

Most followers of the cinema know that studio fog scenes are created by shooting mineral oil through a Flit gun until the atmosphere is heavy with a sticky, rather unpleasant mist. But here's something new we discovered on a recent visit to the "A Message to Garcia" set at 20th Century-Fox. They were filming a swamp scene, and we were surprised by the pleasant aroma of the fog. A prop man let us in on the secret. "Here," he said, proudly, "our fog is always perfumed." We drifted slowly away, turning once at the stage door for a final whiff of Chanel No. 5.

■ ■ ■

As for the newlyweds, Norman Foster and Sally Blane, it might interest you to know

And here's Claudette Colbert with her Dr. Pressman, who got married in Yuma.

that Norman devotes most of his spare time to a thriving book store. It's so thriving, in fact, that even the great Alex Woollcott graced it with a personal appearance during his recent sojourn in these lands. Here is a copy of the Foster invitation to the affair: ***On Wednesday Afternoon, at 3 P.M., Mrs. Norman Foster will endeavor to teach Mr. Alexander Woollcott the art of selling books. Among the convulsed spectators will be you, we hope. The Secret Bookshop. P. S.—This lousy card is your invitation.***

■ ■ ■

Heart Throbs Department: The beautiful romance of Addison Randall and Glenda Farrell seems to have gone the way of all Hollywood engagements. Last month Addison told friends the wedding would take place "any day now," but lately he's been confessing that there'll be no wedding bells . . . which may account for his being seen on several occasions with Irene Hervey, whose engagement to Robert Taylor has just been broken. Bob, according to reports, had to listen to the dictates of his fan mail, most of which insisted he remain single. After all, a guy has to please the customers.

■ ■ ■

The Taylor mail, incidentally, is responsible for a considerable addition to the weekly pay check of that young man. Bob's mail had become too heavy for the studio to handle, so he was requested to hire himself a secretary who could devote all her time to answering the fan missives. Robert promptly asked for a raise and got it.

Meet the heart interest in Kay Francis' life, Delmar Daves. It looks like love, doesn't it?

Guarantee of Satisfaction

The publishers of MODERN SCREEN guarantee that you will be satisfied with your purchase of every packaged product advertised in this magazine. If for any reason you are dissatisfied, MODERN SCREEN will replace the product or, if you prefer, refund your purchase price. In either case all you have to do is to send us the unused portion, accompanied by a letter outlining your complaint. This guarantee also applies if the product, in your opinion does not justify the claims made in its advertising in MODERN SCREEN

Careful examination before publication and rigid censorship, plus our guarantee, enable you to buy with complete confidence the products you see advertised in this issue of MODERN SCREEN.

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Although we make every effort to insure the accuracy of this index, we take no responsibility for an occasional omission or inadvertent error.

Above left to right, Fritz Leiber, famous Shakespearean actor, who has just arrived to make pix in Hollywood, looks at a racehoss with Evalyn Knapp. Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller have a final date before Lupe left for Europe—they look glum about it all, don't they? And Mike Bartlett knows his stuff—arms about Mary Pickford and Florence Rice at the Countess Di Frasso's party!

The arrival in Hollywood of Lady Mendl, the former Elsie DeWolfe, brought on a barrage of parties, and a spirited competition for the honor of playing host. Grace Moore led off by meeting the titled visitor at the airport. Clifton Webb stepped in with a large reception for her, and Miss Moore came right back at Mr. W. with a formal dinner. Score: Moore, 2—Webb 1.

* * *

When Binnie Barnes went shopping for a new home in Beverly Hills she had only two requirements to submit to real-estate agents. She didn't want a swimming pool (those are fighting words in Beverly Hills, gals), but she insisted on a billiard room and, of all things, a horseshoe court. On her days of leave from the studio, Binnie thinks there is no better fun than tossing horses' footgear around the back yard, especially when it's topped off by a snappy evening of billiards. P. S.—She found the house.

* * *

Joe Von Sternberg, who has for several years been noted for his striking sets on most of the Marlene Dietrich pictures, has topped his most imaginative flight in his own home. The Von S. establishment, done up in silver, has walls of bullet-proof glass, which means you can see people in the next room, but you can't shoot at them. In direct contrast to all these super-modernistic trimmings, Joe's menage is separated from curious—or, as the case may be, alarmed—strangers by a moat.

* * *

In "Ceiling Zero" Stu Erwin portrays a courageous airmail pilot who crashes to his death rather than bail out of his ship. In and out of the picture, Stu despises and fears airplanes. His work in the picture was a constant thorn in his side, for it required him to be in and around planes for over a month, every day of which he was positive something dire was about to befall him. That last day ended, however, with no mishaps, and Stu ambled off the location field with a sigh of relief, jumped into his trusty automobile and slammed the door on his right hand. All of which proves nothing, except that he still hates airplanes.

* * *

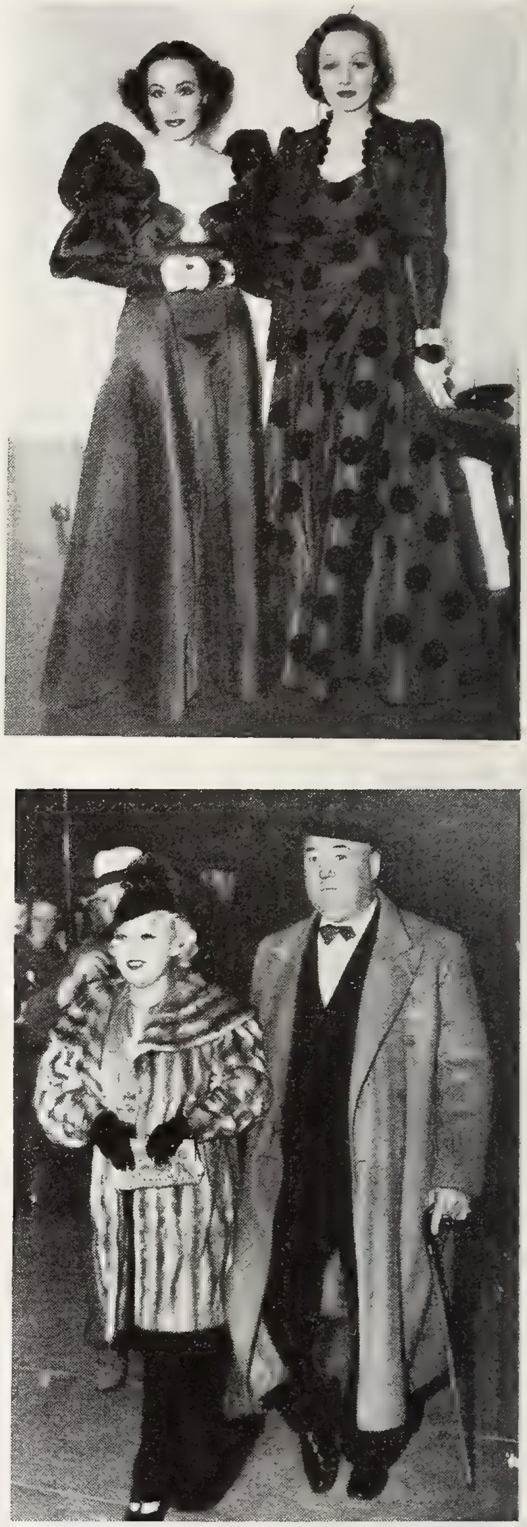
On her first wedding anniversary, Evelyn Venable returned from the hospital with a shiny, new daughter. To celebrate the event, hubby Hal Mohr handed her a diamond bracelet which tells the story of their romance. One bangle shows a tiny heart, and the next says, "I Love You." Then comes an engagement ring, a wedding ring, and a tiny house, over which a stork lingers. The next bangle is a baby buggy, and the next is a monogram of the baby's initials, followed by the date of her birth. The plot sounds familiar, but the story is interesting because all of the bangles are of diamonds strung on a platinum chain.

* * *

When they hang out a "No Visitors" sign on a Garbo, a Dietrich or a Hepburn set everyone takes it as a matter of course. The gals are artistes—you know, high-strung and all that—and the mere presence of a strange pan in the vicinity of their working arena is apt to throw them into a tantrum which, from a studio viewpoint, amounts to several thousand bucks worth of delay. But the surprise came recently when another prima donna joined their ranks. It was Irvin S. Cobb who expressed a desire to do his emoting for "Everybody's Old Man" behind closed doors. Irvin, however, doesn't feel that the mantle of Booth, somewhat enlarged, has fallen on his ample shoulders. He says he wants to be alone until he learns a few things about the technique of acting. Then, of course, there is always the suspicion that the "No Visitors" placard was nailed up by popular demand.

* * *

Patricia Ellis' maid, a colored matron named Helen, spends her spare time collecting good luck charms and lottery tickets. Recently she received a check for $40, won in a Chinese lottery. When Patricia asked her what she planned to do with the money the dusky Helen replied: "I ain't figurin' on havin' much of it left, time it's split up, on account of they's eighteen other ladies and gentlemen holdin' shares in that ticket."



Top row, Dolores Del Rio and Marlene Dietrich look decorative at a recent party. And below, Mae West arrives with her favorite escort, Jim Timony. Mae's all dolled up, too.

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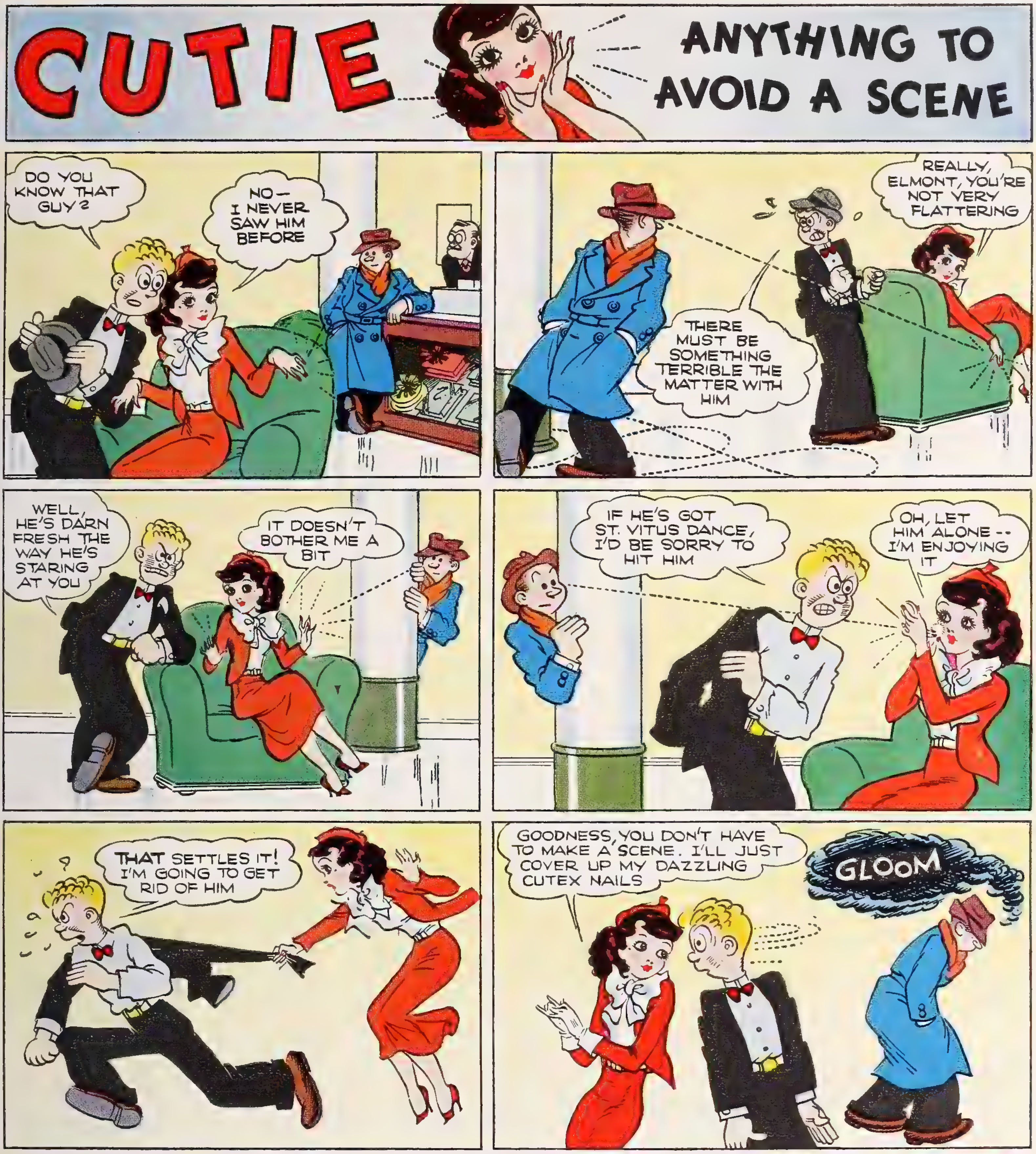
CUTIE
ANYTHING TO AVOID A SCENE
DO YOU KNOW THAT GUY?
NO— I NEVER SAW HIM BEFORE
REALLY, ELMONT, YOU'RE NOT VERY FLATTERING
THERE MUST BE SOMETHING TERRIBLE THE MATTER WITH HIM
WELL, HE'S DARN FRESH THE WAY HE'S STARING AT YOU
IT DOESN'T BOTHER ME A BIT
IF HE'S GOT ST. VITUS DANCE, I'D BE SORRY TO HIT HIM
OH, LET HIM ALONE -- I'M ENJOYING IT
THAT SETTLES IT! I'M GOING TO GET RID OF HIM
GOODNESS, YOU DON'T HAVE TO MAKE A SCENE. I'LL JUST COVER UP MY DAZZLING CUTEX NAILS
GLOOM

Men can't take their eyes off you when you wear the New Bright Cutex Nails

● If you want excitement, try the new CUTEX MAUVE, CORAL, RUST or RUBY NAILS. The Cutex lustre will keep you in the limelight! And, remember, the 8 lovely Cutex shades are created by the World's Manicure Authority. They're absolutely FASHION-RIGHT. ● Cutex flows on smoothly, without blotching. Stays on for days and won't peel, crack or chip. In two forms—Crème or Clear. Rust is the newest shade—perfect with brown and green, and just right for sun-tanned fingers. Get the whole Cutex range of colors tomorrow, at your favorite store, 35¢!

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Your 2 favorite shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, Polish Remover and sample of Lipstick for 14¢

Northam Warren Sales Company, Inc.
Dept. 6-M-3, 191 Hudson St., New York
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal.)

I enclose 14¢ for 2 shades of Cutex Polish, as checked below, sample of Lipstick and Polish Remover. Coral ☐ Cardinal ☐ Rust ☐ Ruby ☐

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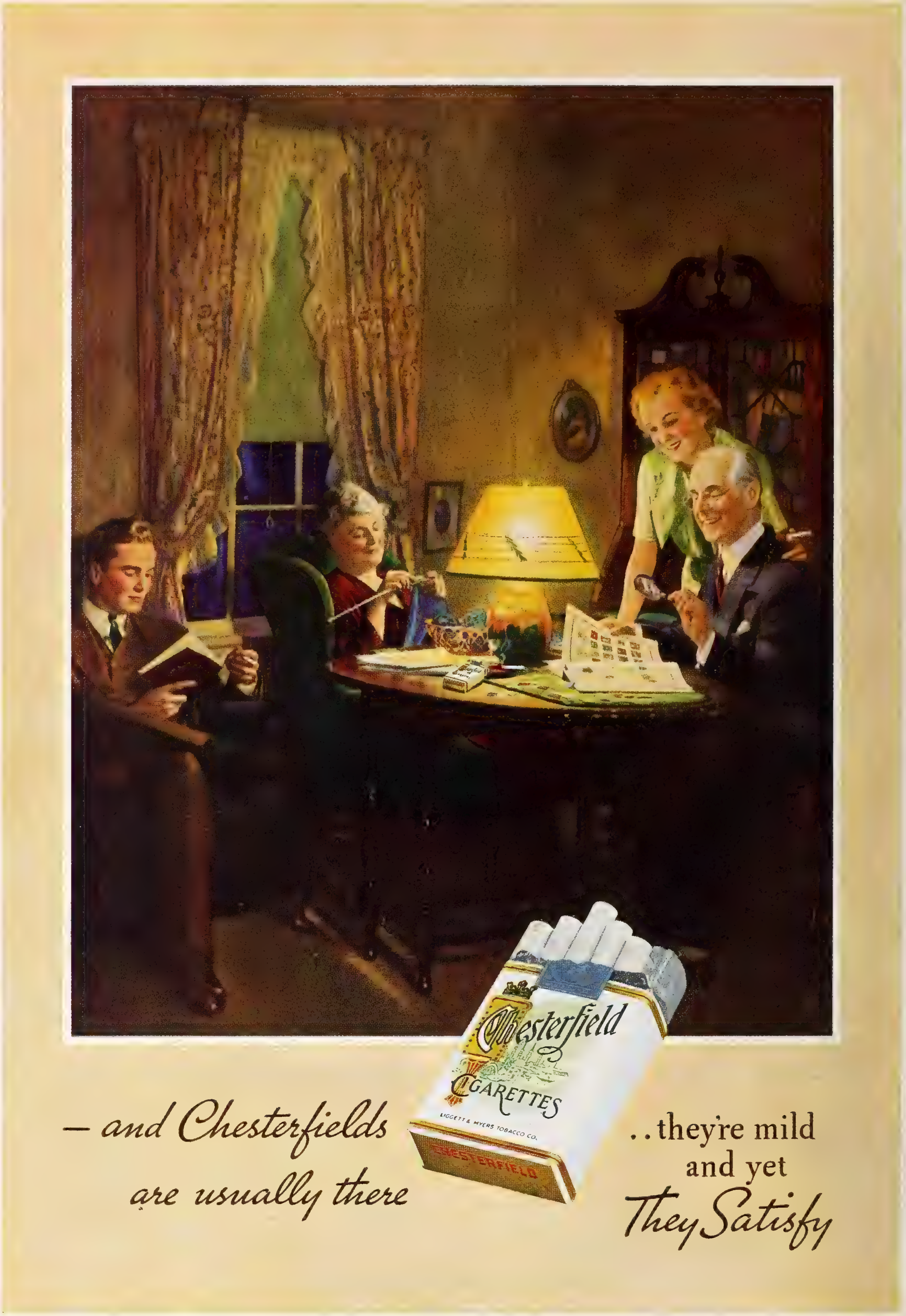
City____________ State________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CIGARETTES
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.
CHESTERFIELD
— and Chesterfields are usually there
..they're mild and yet
They Satisfy

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Modern Screen

PERIODICAL DIVISION

APRIL 34

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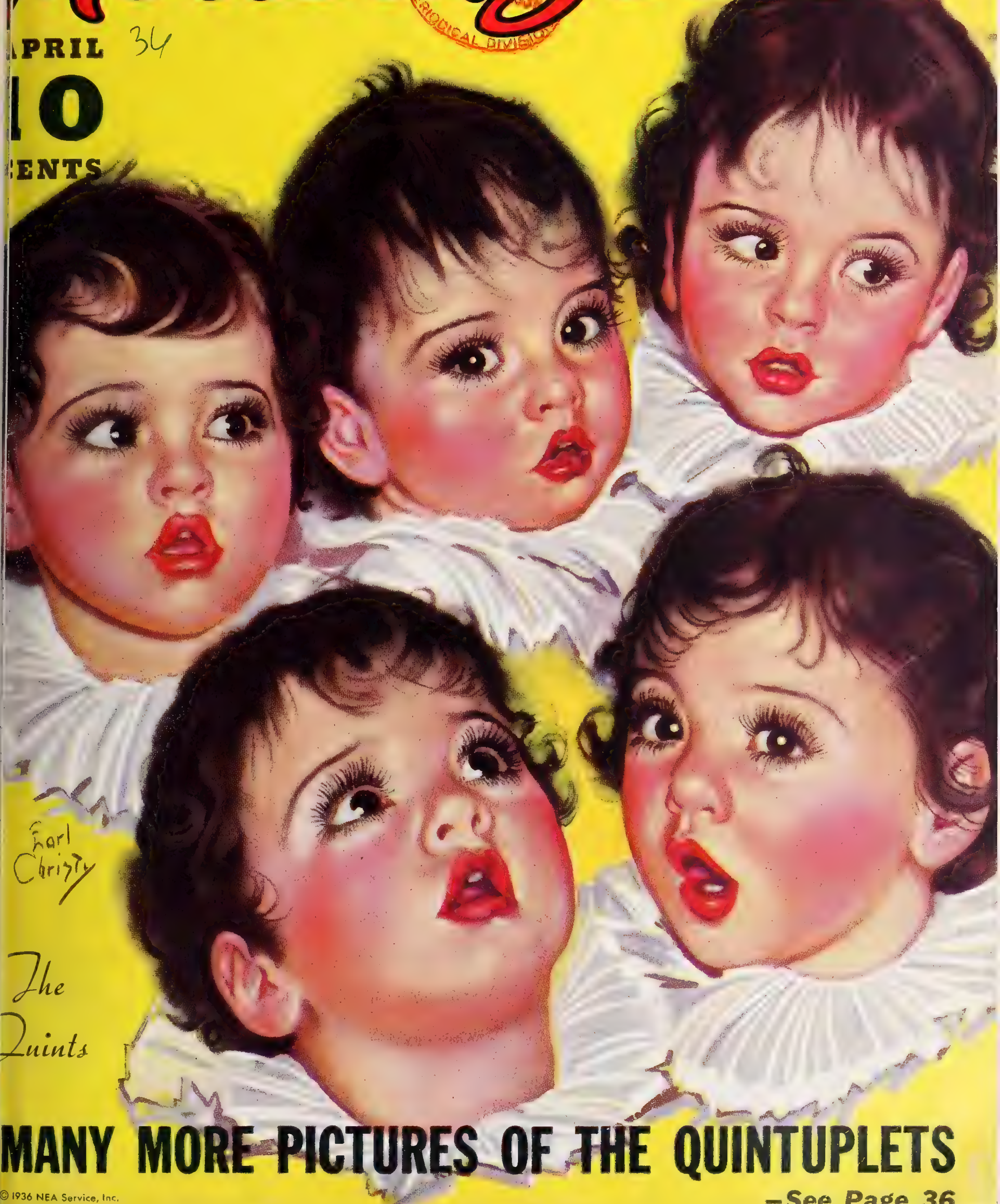
Earl Christy
The Quints

MANY MORE PICTURES OF THE QUINTUPLETS

—See Page 36

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IRRESISTIBLE
Irresistible LIP LURE VIVID
Irresistible FACE POWDER
Irresistible BRILLIANTINE
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Here's to Irresistible YOU . . . a toast and a challenge! There IS an Irresistible YOU whether you have discovered it or not. To be irresistible, is the art of being a woman. To help you to be irresistible, is the art of IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME.

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Savage!

SAYS DEBUTANTE

A DEBUTANTE AND A DENTIST QUARREL ABOUT A RIB OF BEEF

Sensible!

SAYS DENTIST

(*But the civilized way to combat* "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" *is* IPANA *and* MASSAGE)

In this picture, you see a girl chewing vigorously on a rib of beef. Viewed from the angle of good manners, it's pretty bad . . . And the debutante is right when she says, "It's simply savage!"

But the dentist is right, too. And it needn't surprise you to hear *any* dentist say: "That's a good, common-sense demonstration of the *healthy* way to use teeth and gums."

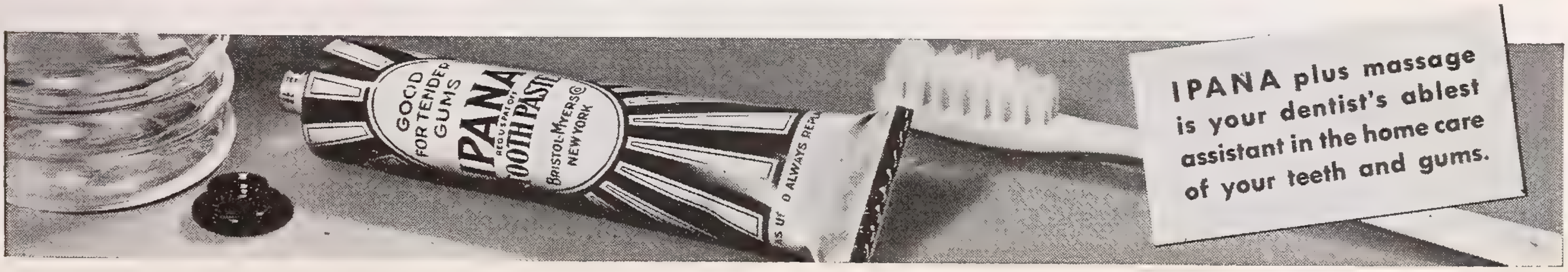
In modern dental circles, it is freely admitted that the lack of coarse foods and vigorous chewing is largely responsible for a host of gum disorders. Naturally, gums grow sensitive on a soft food diet. Naturally, they grow flabby, weak and tender. And, naturally, that warning "tinge of pink" eventually appears upon your tooth brush.

"Pink Tooth Brush" Tells the Truth

And the truth is—your teeth and gums need better care. You should change to Ipana plus massage . . . You should begin, today, the double duty you must practice for complete oral health. So start now to massage your gums with Ipana every time you brush your teeth. Rub a little extra Ipana into your gums, on brush or fingertip—and do it regularly.

For Ipana plus massage helps stimulate circulation. It helps your gums win back their firmness. It helps them recover their strength and their resistance. They feel livelier, better, healthier. And healthy gums have little to fear from the really serious gum troubles—gingivitis, pyorrhea and Vincent's disease.

So be reasonable. For your smile's sake, for the sake of your good looks and your good health—begin today with Ipana plus massage.


GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS
NEW YORK
IPANA plus massage is your dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums.

FEB 29 1936

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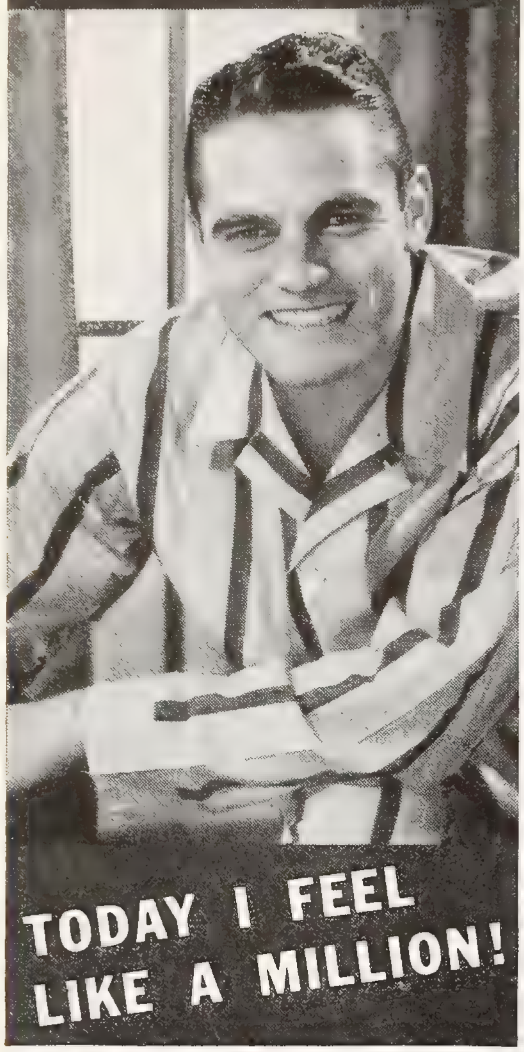
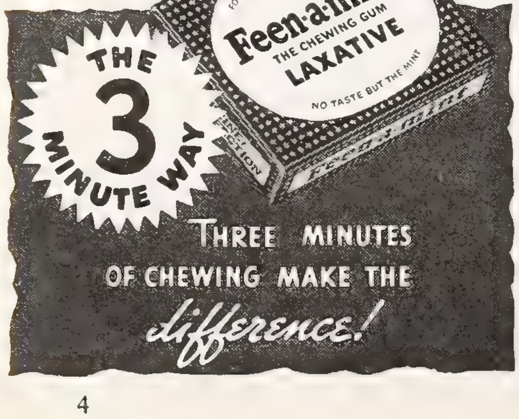
OVERNIGHT
I LOST THAT DIZZY
AND BILIOUS FEELING


TODAY I FEEL LIKE A MILLION!

AND HERE'S HOW I DID IT!

When I went to bed last night, I felt dizzy and bilious. So I tried the FEEN-A-MINT 3-minute way that I've been reading about. I just chewed delicious FEEN-A-MINT for 3 minutes, and today I feel like a million dollars. What a difference from the harsh, griping action of old-fashioned "all-at-once" cathartics! It's good for the children too. They love its fresh, minty chewing-gum taste. And don't forget—FEEN-A-MINT is not habit-forming. Ask your druggist for FEEN-A-MINT today—15c and 25c a box.

Slightly higher in Canada.



MODERN SCREEN

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PAT'S PAL, "BANKSY" .... Jerry Asher 20
THE HOUSE OF MORGAN .... Adele Whitely Fletcher 22
JEAN HARLOW IS JEALOUS OF YOU .... Gladys Hall 34
AN OFF-SCREEN GLIMPSE OF THE QUINTS 36
BACHELOR AT LARGE .... Vivian Howard 38
HAS MAE WEST A DUAL PERSONALITY? .... Hilary Lynn 40
YOUR GIRL FRIDAY'S BUDDY .... Charles Darnton 42
"CHAWMED, I'M SURE" .... Katherine Albert 45
SHE KNOWS WIVES .... S. R. Mook 52
ALMOST AN OLD MAID .... Weldon Melick 53
SHE DOESN'T WANT FAME .... Rilla Page Palmborg 54
LESLIE HOWARD, PERENNIAL CHARMER .... Ruth Rankin 56
MIRACLE IN HOLLYWOOD BOWL .... Ramon Romero 58
BUTLERS ARE ONLY SKIN DEEP .... Faith Service 60
FAT? THIN? YOU CAN BE JUST RIGHT! .... Mme. Sylvia 62
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The Life and Loves of the World's Greatest Showman

2 YEARS IN PRODUCTION!
GREATEST MUSICAL HIT!

Now, in one flashing musical comes *all* that the great Ziegfeld gave the world in his crowded lifetime! American girlhood glorified . . . great Ziegfeld stars . . . the melodies he made immortal . . . and a *new* "Follies" with all the lavishness of Ziegfeld! You follow his fabulous private life . . . his tempestuous romance with Anna Held . . . his deep and ardent love for Billie Burke . . . All in M-G-M's biggest musical triumph!

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As "The Great Ziegfeld"
MYRNA LOY
As loyal, devoted Billie Burke
LUISE RAINER
As tempestuous, irresistible Anna Held
VIRGINIA BRUCE
A "Glorified" Ziegfeld girl
FRANK MORGAN
As Ziegfeld's life-long rival
FANNIE BRICE
The inimitable Fannie herself
LEON ERROL
With his trick knee
GILDA GRAY
The original "Shimmy" Girl, herself
RAY BOLGER
Eccentric Dancing Sensation
NAT PENDLETON
As Sandow, the Strong Man
ANN PENNINGTON
Herself, dimpled knees and all
HARRIET HOCTOR
Ziegfeld's Greatest Dancing Star
REGINALD OWEN
As Ziegfeld's Manager
A. A. TRIMBLE
As Will Rogers
BUDDY DOYLE
As Eddie Cantor
JOSEPH CAWTHORN
As Dr. Ziegfeld
W. W. DEARBORN
As Daniel Frohman
RAYMOND WALBURN
Sage, Ziegfeld's Press Agent
JEAN CHATBURN
Mary Lou, Ziegfeld's protege
HERMAN BING
Ziegfeld's Costumer
WILLIAM DEMAREST
As Gene Buck
200—GLORIFIED GIRLS—200
Costumes by ADRIAN
Screen Play by
WM. ANTHONY McGUIRE
Directed by
ROBERT Z. LEONARD
HUNT STROMBERG
Producer
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

MODERN SCREEN MOVIE SCOREBOARD

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Accent on Youth (Paramount)	3★
Age of Indiscretion (M-G-M)	2★
Ah, Wilderness (M-G-M)	4★
Alias Bulldog Drummond (GB)	2★
Alias Mary Dow (Universal)	2★
Alibi Ike (Warners)	3★
Alice Adams (RKO)	4★
Anna Karenina (M-G-M)	4★
Annapolis Farewell (Paramount)	2½★
Annie Oakley (RKO)	4★
The Arizonian (RKO)	3★
Bad Boy (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Barbary Coast (United Artists)	3★
Becky Sharp (RKO)	3★
The Bishop Misbehaves (M-G-M)	3★
Black Fury (First National)	4★
Black Sheep (Fox)	2★
Break of Hearts (RKO)	3★
Brewster's Millions (United Artists)	2★
The Bride Comes Home (Paramount)	3★
The Bride of Frankenstein (Universal)	3★
Bright Lights (First National)	3★
Broadway Hostess (First National)	1★
Broadway Melody of 1936 (M-G-M)	4★
Call of the Wild (20th Century)	3★
The Calling of Dan Matthews (Columbia)	1★
Captain Blood (Warners)	4★
Cardinal Richelieu (United Artists)	4★
Car 99 (Paramount)	3★
Case of the Curious Bride (First National)	3★
The Case of the Lucky Legs (First National)	2★
Ceiling Zero (Warners)	4★
Charlie Chan in Egypt (Fox)	3★
Charlie Chan in Shanghai (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Charlie Chan's Secret (20th Century-Fox)	2★
China Seas (M-G-M)	4★
Clive of India (20th Century)	4★
College Rhythm (Paramount)	3★
Collegiate (Paramount)	2½★
Coronado (Paramount)	1★
Crime and Punishment (Columbia)	3★
The Crime of Dr. Crespi (John H. Auer)	2★
The Crusades (Paramount)	4★
Curly Top (Fox)	3★
Dangerous (Warners)	3½★
Dangerous Waters (Universal)	2★
Dante's Inferno (Fox)	2★
The Dark Angel (Sam Goldwyn)	4★
The Daring Young Man (Fox)	2★
David Copperfield (M-G-M)	5★
Diamond Jim (Universal)	3★
Don't Bet on Blondes (Warners)	2★
Doubting Thomas (Fox)	3★
Dr. Socrates (Warners)	2★
East of Java (Universal)	2★
Escapade (M-G-M)	3★
Escape Me Never (United Artists)	3★
Every Night at Eight (Paramount)	2★
Exclusive Story (M-G-M)	2½★
Fang and Claw (RKO)	2★
The Farmer Takes a Wife (Fox)	3★
A Feather in Her Hat (Columbia)	2★
First a Girl (GB)	2½★
The Flame Within (M-G-M)	2★
Forsaking All Others (M-G-M)	3★
Four Hours to Kill (Paramount)	3★
Freshman Love (Warners)	2★
Frisco Kid (Warners)	3★
Front Page Woman (Warners)	3★
The Gay Deception (20th Century-Fox)	3★
The Ghost Goes West (United Artists)	4★
The Gilded Lily (Paramount)	3★
Ginger (Fox)	3★
The Girl Friend (Columbia)	1★
The Girl from 10th Ave. (First National)	2★
The Glass Key (Paramount)	3★
Goin' to Town (Paramount)	3★
Go into Your Dance (First National)	3★
Goose and the Gander (First National)	2★
Grand Exit (Columbia)	1★
The Great Impersonation (Universal)	2★
Hands Across the Table (Paramount)	3★
Harmony Lane (Mascot)	2★
Here Comes Cookie (Paramount)	3★
Here Comes the Band (M-G-M)	1★
Here's to Romance (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Hold 'Em Yale (Paramount)	3★
Hooray for Love (RKO)	2★
I Dream Too Much (RKO)	3★
I Found Stella Parish (Warners)	2★
If You Could Only Cook (Columbia)	4★
I Live for Love (Warners)	2★
I Live My Life (M-G-M)	2★
The Informer (RKO)	4★
In Old Kentucky (20th Century-Fox)	3★
In Person (RKO)	2★
The Invisible Ray (Universal)	1½★
The Irish in Us (First National)	3★
The Iron Duke (GB)	3★
It Happened in New York (Universal)	3★
It's in the Air (M-G-M)	2★
Jalna (RKO)	3★
Java Head (First Division)	2★
King of Burlesque (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
King of the Damned (GB)	1½★
King Solomon of Broadway (Universal)	1★
Laddie (RKO)	3★
Lady Tubbs (Universal)	2★
The Last Days of Pompeii (RKO)	4★
Last of the Pagans (M-G-M)	2★
The Last Outpost (Paramount)	2★
The Leavenworth Case (Republic)	2★
Let 'Em Have It (United Artists)	3★
Let's Live Tonight (Columbia)	2★
Life Begins at Forty (Fox)	4★
Little Big Shot (Warners)	2★
The Little Colonel (Fox)	3★
The Littlest Rebel (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Lives of a Bengal Lancer (Paramount)	5★
Living on Velvet (Warners)	2★
Love Me Forever (Columbia)	4★
Loves of a Dictator (GB)	3★
Mad Love (M-G-M)	2★
Manhattan Moon (Universal)	1★
Man of Iron (Warners)	1★
The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Mark of the Vampire (M-G-M)	2★
Mary Burns, Fugitive (Paramount)	3★
Magnificent Obsession (Universal)	2½★
The Melody Lingers On (United Artists)	2★
Men of Tomorrow (London Films)	1★
Men Without Names (Paramount)	3★
Metropolitan (20th Century-Fox)	4★
A Midsummer Night's Dream (Warners)	5★
Millions in the Air (Paramount)	1★
Mississippi (Paramount)	3★
Miss Pacific Fleet (Warners)	1½★
Mr. Dynamite (Universal)	2★
The Morals of Marcus (GB)	1★
Murder in the Fleet (M-G-M)	2★
Murder Man (M-G-M)	2★
The Murder of Dr. Harrigan (First National)	2★
Music is Magic (20th Century-Fox)	1½★
Muss 'Em Up (RKO)	2★
Mutiny on the Bounty (M-G-M)	4★
Naughty Marietta (M-G-M)	4★
Navy Wife (20th Century-Fox)	2★
New Adventures of Tarzan (Republic)	1★
Next Time We Love (Universal)	3★
A Night at the Opera (M-G-M)	4★
A Night at the Ritz (Warners)	2★
No More Ladies (M-G-M)	3★
Oil for the Lamps of China (First National)	4★
Old Curiosity Shop (BIP)	2½★
$1000 a Minute (Republic)	2★
One Way Ticket (Columbia)	2½★
Orchids to You (Fox)	2★
Our Little Girl (Fox)	2★
Page Miss Glory (Warners)	3★
Paris in Spring (Paramount)	3★
The Payoff (Warners)	2★
The People's Enemy (RKO)	2★
People Will Talk (Paramount)	2★
The Perfect Gentleman (M-G-M)	2★
Personal Maid's Secret (Warners)	2★
Peter Ibbetson (Paramount)	3★
Princess O'Hara (Universal)	3★
Professional Soldier (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Public Hero No. 1 (M-G-M)	3★
The Public Menace (Columbia)	1★
The Rainmakers (RKO)	1★
The Raven (Universal)	2★
Red Salute (Reliance-United Artists)	2★
Remember Last Night? (Universal)	2★
Rendezvous (M-G-M)	3★
The Return of Peter Grimm (RKO)	3★
Riffraff (M-G-M)	2½★
Roberta (RKO)	5★
Rose Marie (M-G-M)	4★
Rose of the Rancho (Paramount)	2★
Scrooge (Hagen-Twickenham)	2½★
The Secret Bride (Warners)	3★
Seven Keys to Baldpate (RKO)	2★
Shadow of Doubt (M-G-M)	3★
Shanghai (Paramount)	2★
She (RKO)	2★
She Couldn't Take It (Columbia)	2½★
She Married Her Boss (Columbia)	4★
Shipmates Forever (First National)	3★
A Shot in the Dark (Chesterfield)	2★
Show Them No Mercy (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Silk Hat Kid (Fox)	1★
Smart Girl (Paramount)	2★
Society Doctor (M-G-M)	3★
So Red the Rose (Paramount)	3★
Special Agent (Warners)	2★
Splendor (Sam Goldwyn)	2★
Star of Midnight (M-G-M)	3★
Stars Over Broadway (Warners)	3★
Steamboat Round the Bend (Fox)	3★
Strike Me Pink (Sam Goldwyn)	3★
Sylvia Scarlett (RKO)	2½★
A Tale of Two Cities (M-G-M)	5★
Thanks a Million (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
The 39 Steps (GB)	4★
This is the Life (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Three Kids and a Queen (Universal)	2★
Three Live Ghosts (M-G-M)	2★
The Three Musketeers (RKO)	3★
Thunder in the Night (Fox)	2★
Times Square Lady (M-G-M)	2★
To Beat the Band (RKO)	2★
Too Tough to Kill (Columbia)	1★
Top Hat (RKO)	4★
Transatlantic Tunnel (GB)	3★
Transient Lady (Universal)	2★
Traveling Saleslady (First National)	2★
The Triumph of Sherlock Holmes (GB)	2★
Two in the Dark (RKO)	2½★
Two for Tonight (Paramount)	1★
Vagabond Lady (M-G-M)	2★
Way Down East (20th Century-Fox)	2★
The Wedding Night (Sam Goldwyn)	4★
We're in the Money (Warners)	2★
We're Only Human (RKO)	2★
The Werewolf of London (Universal)	2★
West Point of the Air (M-G-M)	3★
Whipsaw (M-G-M)	2½★
The Widow from Monte Carlo (Warners)	2★
Wings in the Dark (Paramount)	3★
Your Uncle Dudley (20th Century-Fox)	2★

You'll find this chart simple to follow and a valuable guide in choosing film entertainment. Instead of giving you the individual ratings of Modern Screen and authoritative newspaper movie critics all over the country, we have struck an average of their ratings. You'll find this average under the heading, General Rating, beside each picture. Ratings: 5★, extraordinary; 4★, very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor.

Look!—Ruby's got a new dancing partner! With Paul Draper, sensational Broadway importation, she does her dandiest dancing to date to the tune of Warren & Dubin's new hits, in this swell story which Alfred E. Green directed.

And what a comedy team this turns out to be! Yet Hugh and Louise are just part of a convulsing cast that includes Marie Wilson, Luis Alberni, Berton Churchill, and Olin Howard.

A DOZEN GREAT STARS

Go 'Round and 'Round in

COLLEEN

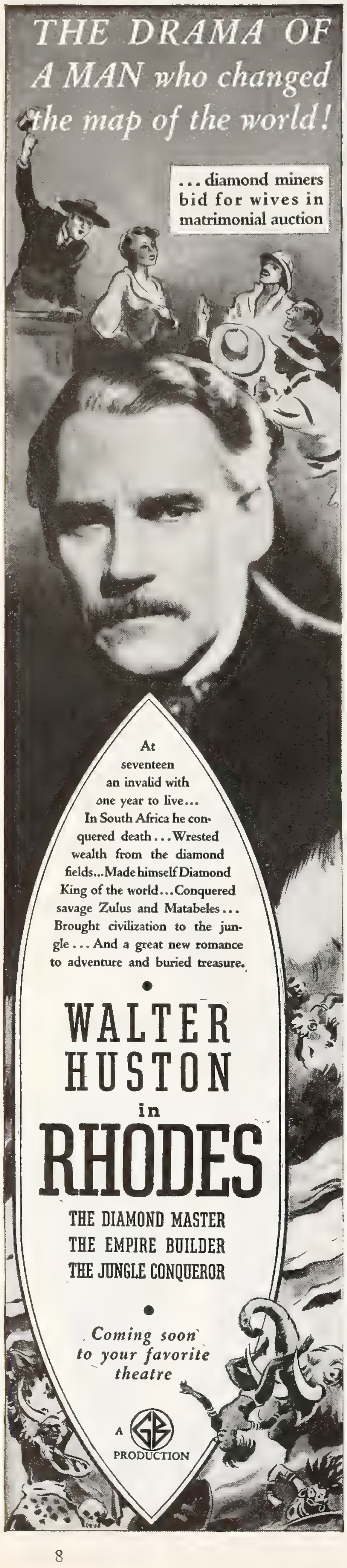
THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

Warner Bros.' Stunning New Musical Displays the Terpsichorean Talents of Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, Joan Blondell, Jack Oakie, Paul Draper and—of All People!—Louise Fazenda and Hugh Herbert, While the Rhythm of Four Swell New Song Hits Comes Out Here . . .

And just for good measure, 200 assorted Hollywood lovelies go to town in an up-to-the-second fashion show and other lavish dance numbers staged by Bobby Connolly!

Between love scenes with Ruby, Dick vocalizes "You Gotta Know How To Dance", "Summer Night" and "I Don't Have To Dream Again"

Everything's Oakie-Doakie when Jack and Joan "swing it" to the strains of "Boulevardier From The Bronx".


THE DRAMA OF A MAN who changed the map of the world!

. . . diamond miners bid for wives in matrimonial auction

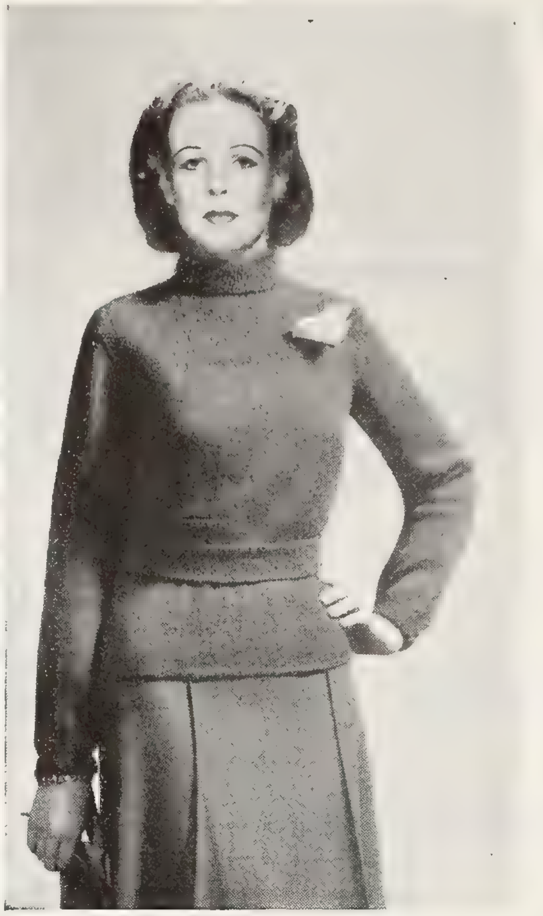
At seventeen an invalid with one year to live... In South Africa he conquered death . . . Wrested wealth from the diamond fields...Made himself Diamond King of the world . . . Conquered savage Zulus and Matabeles . . . Brought civilization to the jungle . . . And a great new romance to adventure and buried treasure.

WALTER HUSTON in RHODES

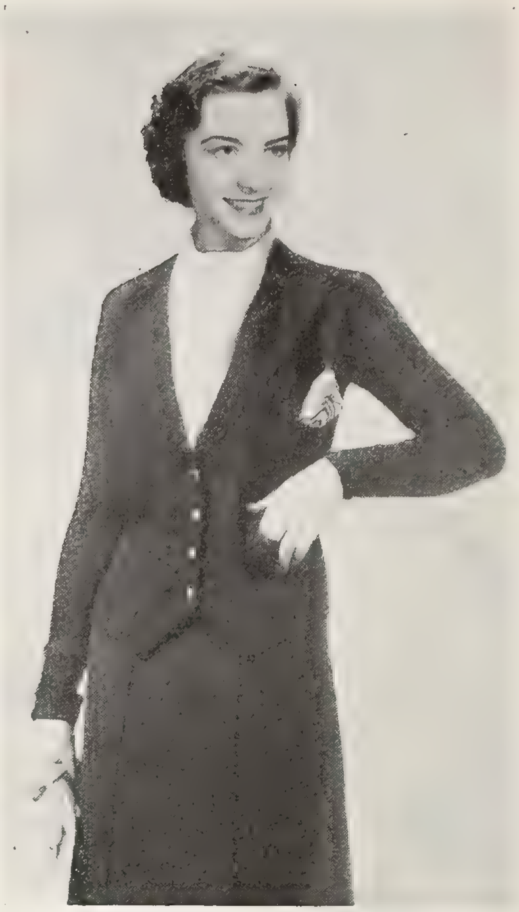
THE DIAMOND MASTER
THE EMPIRE BUILDER
THE JUNGLE CONQUEROR

Coming soon to your favorite theatre

A GB PRODUCTION



7—Wendy Barrie models a smart turtle-neck style sweater which has a new feature of buttoning down the back. Note the trick pockets and the cuff finish to the sleeves.



8—Marsha Hunt wears a trim jacket, cleverly knitted with wide revers and a vest-like cut. Instructions for making the long Ascot scarf are included in the pattern.

JOIN THE HOLLYWOOD *Knitters*

Here are two new star sweater styles

THERE'S twice as much kick to knitting something when you know that the finished article is an exact copy of a style sponsored by a Hollywood star.

This month, two of the younger Hollywood knitters, Marsha Hunt and Wendy Barrie, send you knitting instructions for their pet sweaters. One is a sporty looking turtle-neck style, just what you would expect an outdoorish English girl like Wendy to wear. And the other is one of those indispensable sweater jackets which Marsha Hunt declares she uses with a matching skirt to make a trim suit.

Sweaters are an important item in new spring wardrobes. And if you send in for instructions, promptly, you can have a smart new one finished in time for the first warm days when you can go without a coat or jacket. Wendy's sweater is perfect for sports wear and can be made in very light yarns, as well as the medium-weight one pictured. Marsha's jacket style can be combined with blouses or other sweaters, in the manner of the popular twin sets.

These are easy to make, because we will send you the full instructions as given to Wendy and Marsha by the famous yarn company who designed them. Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Adelia Bird, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

And when writing in for the instructions, be sure to mention by number which style you wish—you may have both, if you like, but please send an extra stamped, self-addressed envelope if you want both. Remember instructions are *free!*

A SON...
PROUD OF HIS MOTHER

. . . worshipping the ground she walked on . . . loving her with a fierce loyalty . . . yet at the same time stealing his way into the flinty heart of a proud, tyrannical nobleman and teaching him the meaning of kindness.

Freddie Bartholomew breathes life into Frances Hodgson Burnett's beloved character, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and gives a performance in the world-famous story that will indelibly stamp itself upon your heart. Dolores Costello Barrymore as "Dearest" his mother, returns to the screen lovelier and more radiant than ever. She will delight the millions of fans who have been eagerly awaiting her return.

We'd like to be modest in our statements about this picture — but the facts speak for themselves . . . It has a magnificent cast — a perfect story — was directed by John Cromwell who thrilled you with "Of Human Bondage" — produced by David O. Selznick who gave you "David Copperfield" and the screenplay was written by Hugh Walpole, noted English author.

It is a picture that is marked for major screen honors in 1936!

Selznick International Pictures, Inc., *Presents*

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY

with

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW *and* DOLORES COSTELLO BARRYMORE

Mickey Rooney • C. Aubrey Smith • Guy Kibbee • Henry Stephenson
E. E. Clive • Una O'Connor • Jackie Searle • Ivan Simpson • Jessie Ralph
PRODUCED BY DAVID O. SELZNICK Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

(Above) The long-awaited "Rose Marie" won't disappoint the Nelson Eddy-Jeanette MacDonald fans. In fact, you'll like it as much as you did "Naughty Marietta." (Above, left) And "Anything Goes," another musical, in a different vein, with Bing Crosby and Ethel Merman, offers an hour's enjoyment. (Right) Margaret Lindsay, Ann Harding and Herbert Marshall do good work in "The Lady Consents."

REVIEWS

A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES

BY LEO TOWNSEND

See Modern Screen's Movie Scoreboard on page 6

★★★★ Rose Marie (M-G-M)

It probably comes under the head of good news for the Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson Eddy fans to report that their second co-starring venture is as appealing and as entertaining as was "Naughty Marietta," their first. As usual, La Belle MacDonald is as lovely to look at as she is pleasant to hear, and Nelson Eddy maintains the virility in both voice and appearance which won him so many feminine fans. If you are familiar with "Rose Marie," it is hardly necessary to inform you that Jeanette plays an opera star who falls in love with one of Canada's Mounted Police. The cop on horseback, of course, is Nelson Eddy, which is fortunate indeed, for their joint rendition of "The Indian Love Call," against a breath-taking north woods background, is one of the picture's most enjoyable moments. Other vocal numbers of note are Mr. Eddy's singing of "Rose Marie" and Miss MacDonald's humorous and catchy "Pardon Me, Madame." Others in the cast are Allan Jones, who sings with Miss MacDonald in a Romeo-and-Juliet scene, James Stewart, Reginald Owen, Alan Mowbray and Gilda Gray, who does things with her torso. In a word or two, it is a delightful screen musical.

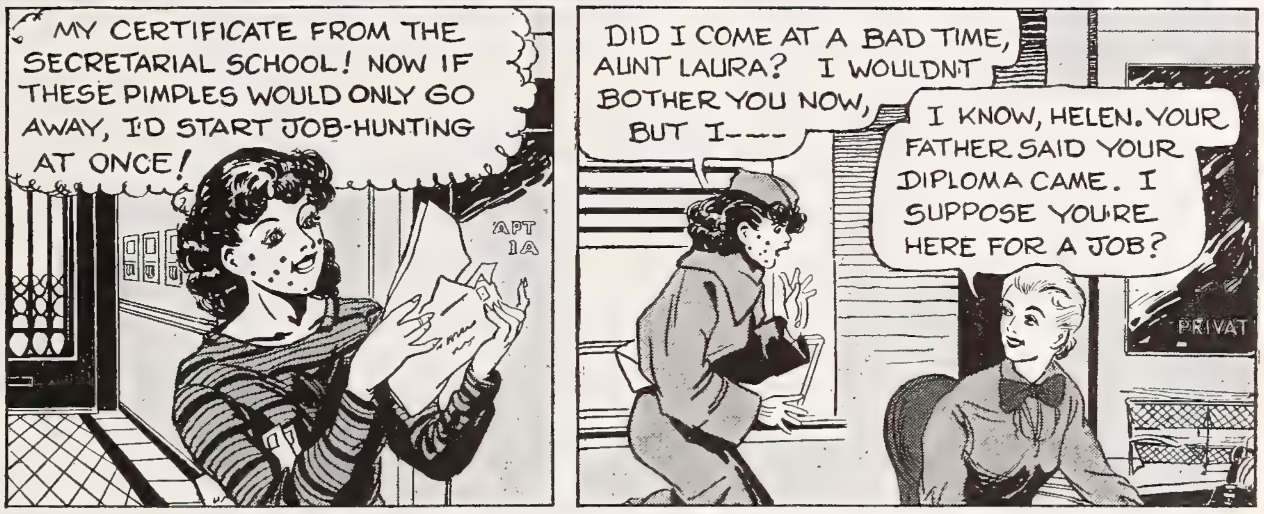
Preview Postscripts

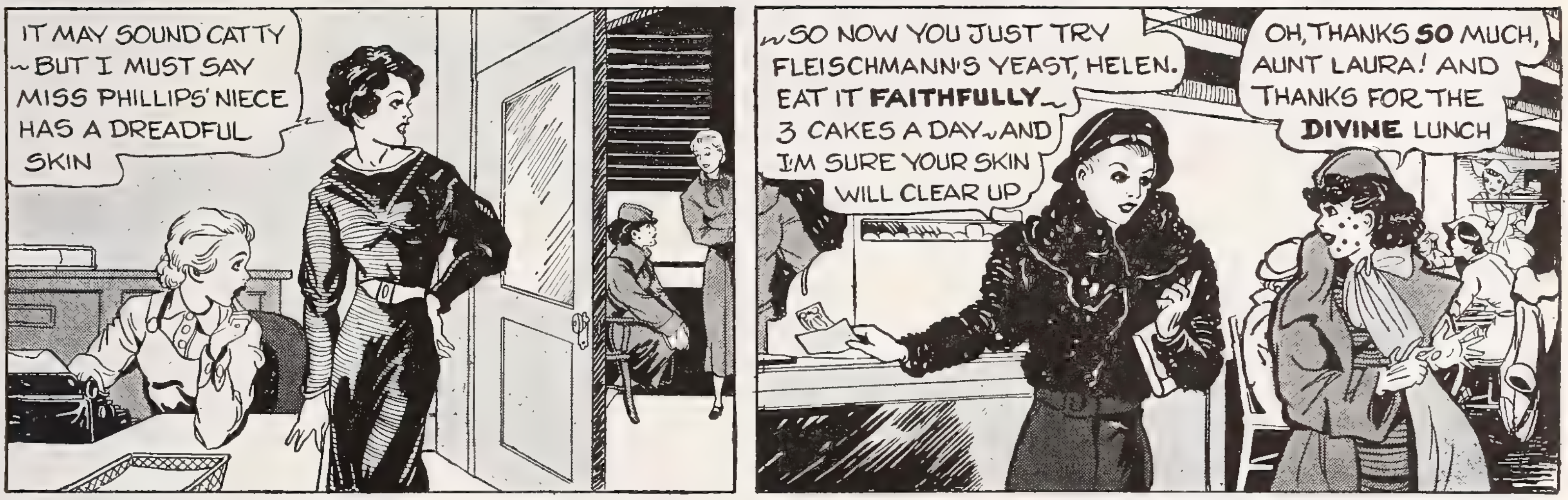
The fifty members of cast and crew who went on location for this picture agreed that it was like a six-weeks' vacation. Lake Tahoe was chosen for the location site, with Tahoe Lodge as headquarters. Members of the outfit had cabins surrounding the lodge, where all gathered for dinner. Until nine o'clock every evening they would gather around the fireplace, play games, tell stories and listen to Eddy and MacDonald practice duets. Nine o'clock was the unbroken bedtime rule, since 4:30 was the unbroken daily starting rule. In order to catch the first morning sun the company had to pack their way into the woods on mules for a few hours before dawn. So intent was the company on really roughing it, that beans were voted the favorite luncheon dish. Jeanette MacDonald is seriously considering doing over her delicate French blue and poudre pink dressing-room on the studio lot with bear skins and deer heads, now that she's back from the wilds. Bob Ritchie, the MacDonald heart interest for lo these many years, slew a wild-cat for a birthday gift for Jeanette while on a visit to the location set . . . Woody Van Dyke wielded the megaphone on this one. Van Dyke is a typical outdoor picture man, and is known as the best location director in the business. "Trader Horn," "Eskimo," and such epics are among his past work. Also "Naughty Marietta." Van Dyke admits he has only an average musical ear, but lays his success with musicals to the fact that movie audiences have only an average ear, too. Therefore he knows what they want. . . . Nelson Eddy was under contract to M-G-M for two years before facing a camera. Until the right picture came up, the studio wasn't going to risk their treasure. With "Naughty Marietta" the blonde baritone proved more than worth the gamble. In spite of setting every feminine heart aflutter, Mr. Eddy is one of Hollywood's most dyed-in-the-wool bachelors. Frances Marion, ace scenarist, seems to be the best gal in emergencies. Nelson's been touring the country in a series of song recitals.

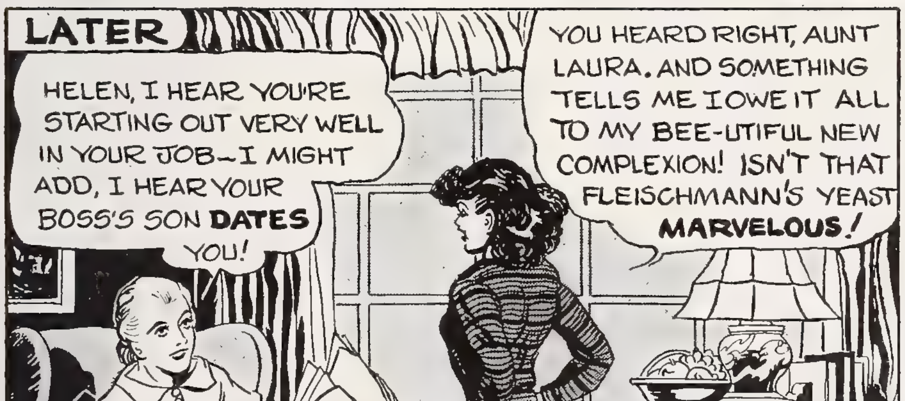
(*Continued on page 12*)

PIMPLES NEVER HELPED ANY GIRL TO GET A JOB!

But Aunt Laura comes to the Rescue


MY CERTIFICATE FROM THE SECRETARIAL SCHOOL! NOW IF THESE PIMPLES WOULD ONLY GO AWAY, I'D START JOB-HUNTING AT ONCE!
APT 1A
DID I COME AT A BAD TIME, AUNT LAURA? I WOULDN'T BOTHER YOU NOW, BUT I---
I KNOW, HELEN. YOUR FATHER SAID YOUR DIPLOMA CAME. I SUPPOSE YOU'RE HERE FOR A JOB?
PRIVAT


IT MAY SOUND CATTY—BUT I MUST SAY MISS PHILLIPS' NIECE HAS A DREADFUL SKIN
—SO NOW YOU JUST TRY FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST, HELEN. EAT IT FAITHFULLY—3 CAKES A DAY—AND I'M SURE YOUR SKIN WILL CLEAR UP
OH, THANKS SO MUCH, AUNT LAURA! AND THANKS FOR THE DIVINE LUNCH


LATER
HELEN, I HEAR YOU'RE STARTING OUT VERY WELL IN YOUR JOB—I MIGHT ADD, I HEAR YOUR BOSS'S SON DATES YOU!
YOU HEARD RIGHT, AUNT LAURA. AND SOMETHING TELLS ME I OWE IT ALL TO MY BEE-UTIFUL NEW COMPLEXION! ISN'T THAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST MARVELOUS!

Don't let Adolescent Pimples give YOU a job problem

FROM the beginning of adolescence—at about 13 until 25, or even longer—young people are frequently worried by pimples.

Important glands develop and final growth takes place during this time. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples pop out!

But you can overcome these adolescent pimples. Fleischmann's fresh Yeast clears the skin irritants out of your blood. Unsightly pimples disappear.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals—plain, or in a little water—until your skin is entirely clear. Start today.

Supplies Vitamins A B D G
FLEISCHMANN'S
YEAST

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated

The cinema offers you de luxe entertainment—it's a month of hits, folks

(*Continued from page 10*)

★★★★ The Petrified Forest
(Warners)

A combination gas station and lunch counter in a remote section of Arizona affords a setting for what many will herald as Leslie Howard's best picture. Certainly the quiet charm of his portrayal of the neurotic and ultra-sophisticated Alan Squier equals anything he has done on the screen, including his memorable work in "Of Human Bondage" and "Berkeley Square." "The Petrified Forest," with Mr. Howard in the lead, was one of Broadway's finest stage dramas a season or so ago. Fortunately for movie audiences, the Brothers Warner have seen fit to retain the intelligent Robert E. Sherwood dialogue almost in its entirety. Additional welcome news is that the cast includes Humphrey Bogart, who so skillfully played the villain of the piece in the New York production, and Bette Davis, one of the few young ladies of the screen who is not out of her class in the company of Mr. H. The story tells of a wanderer, jaded with life, who happens into a roadside lunch stand operated by Miss Davis. Another unexpected guest is killer Duke Mantee, an outlaw whose philosophy is strangely similar to that of the wanderer, in that they are both seeking something they know does not exist for them. The drama that follows at this lonely outpost becomes the most completely satisfying film of the month.

Preview Postscripts

The cast and crew on this one were hidden behind gas-masks for some seven weeks. It took that long to make the picture, and almost the entire play was filmed amid flying sands on Stage 8. Warners had transported about three tons of desert to the studio lot, several carloads of cactus and other desert vegetation. The outdoor set looked more like desert than the Sahara when the property execs finished their job. But what they hadn't reckoned with was a Hollywood gale. Windy weather is, of course, very unusual in these parts, but windy weather it was for the duration of the filming. Besides gas-masks, the cast resorted to ear muffs, blinders and gallons of throat spray . . . Except for the climate Leslie Howard could have sailed smoothly through this flicker. After several months in the Broadway version of the role he had the lines down pretty pat . . . Humphrey Bogart is the only other actor from the original cast. This marks Mr. Bogart's debut as a toughie. For years he's played the juvenile—the guy who comes on swinging a tennis racket and invites all superfluous ones on the stage for a jolly game . . . Dick Foran was initiated into a new role for this production, too. Known as the "Singing Cowboy," Dick has yodelled himself hoarse in almost every celluloider up to this one. Princeton, though, remembers him more for his half-backing than his warbling. Instead of landing a bond job for doing proud by his alma mater, Dick landed in the Philadelphia Symphony. A studio sleuth heard him there and thought he'd go over big in horse-operas. So westerns it was, until this, his first big chance at drammer . . . Genevieve Tobin and Leslie Howard staged a gala reunion first day on the set. Some years back, La Tobin graced a Howard play, "Murray Hill," on Broadway.

Irene Dunne and Robert Taylor in "The Magnificent Obsession."

Madge Evans, Franchot Tone and the promising Louise Henry in "Exclusive Story."

★★★ Anything Goes
(Paramount)

This country, which for two years found extreme pleasure in chanting "You're the top, you're the Coliseum, etc.," now has an opportunity to view the musical shenanigans to which those memorable lines belong. The fact that the screen version of Broadway's smash musical comedy is neither the top nor the Coliseum should not keep you from seeing it. The Hollywood edition of "Anything Goes" turns out to be average entertainment pointed up by two or three outstanding musi-comic sequences. Everything—well, practically everything—happens aboard a transatlantic liner which numbers among its passengers Bing Crosby, Ethel Merman, Ida Lupino, Arthur Treacher and Charlie Ruggles. Bing is a guy who climbed aboard at the last minute just to be near Ida Lupino; Ethel Merman is a night club chanteuse who has reformed and become a lady evangelist, mostly because there's more money in that sort of thing; and Charlie Ruggles is Moon-Face Martin, Public Enemy No. 13, who strolls about the deck in clerical attire, hoping thus to thwart the minions of the law. With such a passenger list, one is correct in expecting a lively comedy interspersed with the able chanting of Crosby and Merman. Our only disappointment is Charlie Ruggles' misconception of the role which Victor Moore made so hilarious on Broadway.

Olivia de Havilland and Errol Flynn in "Captain Blood."

Preview Postscripts

Oscar Lau, head of Paramount's prop department, should be given due credit for his part in this flicker. "I've been nursemaid to cockroaches, a chaperon to an elephant, dentist to a wild boar and wet-nurse to a colt," he moans, "but now—now!—I'm barber to a Pomeranian pooch!" That pooch is the one you see with Bing Crosby. Every time a retake was needed the purp had to be shaved. So many retakes were ordered at odd times during the day, that Lau finally decided to give the Pomeranian a shave every morning before himself . . . Miss Ethel Merman is one young woman who takes advantage of woman's prerogative to change her mind. Arriving here a few months back, Miss M. made one potent remark re. Hollywood. "Hick town," quoth she. But now says Ethel, "Hollywood is the most maligned town in the world. It's a nice comfortable place." From secretary to one of Broadway's favorite torch singers is apt to get a girl rattled . . . Bing Crosby has suppressed desires. He wants to be a combination newspaperman-novelist-short-story writer. Since he made his movie debut with Paul Whiteman in "King of Jazz," the lad with the strange growth in his throat which gives him that unique vocal quality, has come a long way. But he wants to work. Says singing is just fun and nothing else to him. Two Crosby brothers, Larry and Ted, are writers, so maybe there's a chance for Bing to amount to something.

★★★ Strike Me Pink
(Samuel Goldwyn)

"Strike Me Pink" is, as you probably know by now, the new Eddie Cantor picture. As a major comic, there are those who do not consider Cantor in the same league with the Chaplins, the Fieldses, and the Marxes, which may account for the fact that his producer always manages to surround him with a galaxy of other (*Continued on page 105*)

STUDIO ADDRESSES

Columbia Studios, 1438 N. Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.

Samuel Goldwyn Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

Mascot Studios, 6001 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif.

Republic Studios, 9336 W. Washington Blvd., Culver City, Calif.

RKO-Radio Studios, 780 N. Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.

20th Century-Fox Studios, Box 900, Beverly Hills, Cal.

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

Walter Wanger Productions, 1040 North Las Palmas, Hollywood, Cal.

Warner Bros.-First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

ABEL, WALTER: RKO-Radio.
AHERNE, BRIAN: M-G-M.
ALBERNI, LUIS: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
ALBERTSON, FRANK: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
ALBRIGHT, HARDIE: Free lance. Write him at Mascot.
ALEXANDER, KATHERINE: Free lance. Write her at M-G-M.
ALEXANDER, ROSS: Warner Bros.
ALLAN, ELIZABETH: M-G-M.
ALLEN, GRACIE: Paramount.
ALLEN, JUDITH: Paramount.
ALLEN, ROBERT: Columbia.
ALLWYN, ASTRID: 20th Century-Fox.
AMES, ADRIENNE: Free lance. Write her at Paramount.
AMES, ROSEMARY: 20th Century-Fox.
ANGEL, HEATHER: RKO-Radio.
ARLEDGE, JOHN: RKO-Radio.
ARLEN, RICHARD: Free lance. Write him at Columbia.
ARLISS, GEORGE: United Artists.
ARMETTA, HENRY: Universal.
ARMSTRONG, ROBERT: Warner Bros.
ARNOLD, EDWARD: Universal.
ARTHUR, JEAN: Columbia.
ASTAIRE, FRED: RKO-Radio.
ASTHER, NILS: RKO-Radio.
ASTOR, MARY: Warner Bros.
ATWILL, LIONEL: Paramount.
AUTRY, GENE: Republic.
AYRES, LEW: Republic.
BAKER, BENNY: Paramount.
BANCROFT, GEORGE: Free lance. Write him at Columbia.
BARBIER, GEORGE: Paramount.
BARKER, PHILLIP: Walter Wanger.
BARNES, BINNIE: Universal.
BARNETT, VINCE: Universal.
BARRAT, ROBERT: Warner Bros.
BARRIE, MONA: 20th Century-Fox.
BARRIE, WENDY: Paramount.
BARRYMORE, JOHN: M-G-M.
BARRYMORE, LIONEL: M-G-M.
BARTHELMESS, RICHARD: Warner Bros.
BARTHOLOMEW, FREDDIE: M-G-M.
BARTLETT, MICHAEL: Columbia.
BAXTER, ALAN: Walter Wanger.
BAXTER, JANE: United Artists.
BAXTER, WARNER: 20th Century-Fox.
BEAL, JOHN: RKO-Radio.
BECK, THOMAS: 20th Century-Fox.
BEECHER, JANET: Paramount.
BEERY, NOAH, JR.: Universal.
BEERY, WALLACE: M-G-M.
BELLAMY, MADGE: 20th Century-Fox.
BELLAMY, RALPH: Free lance. Write him at Columbia.
BENCHLEY, ROBERT: M-G-M.
BENEDICT, WILLIAM: 20th Century-Fox.
BENNETT, CONSTANCE: Free lance. Write her at M-G-M.
BENNETT, JOAN: Walter Wanger.
BENNY, JACK: M-G-M.
BERGNER, ELISABETH: United Artists.
BERNIE, BEN: Paramount.
BICKFORD, CHARLES: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
BIRELL, TALA: Columbia.
BLACKMER, SIDNEY: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
BLAKELEY, JAMES: Columbia.
BLANE, SALLY: Columbia.
BLONDELL, JOAN: Warner Bros.
BLORE, ERIC: RKO-Radio.
BLUE, MONTE: Free lance. Write him at M-G-M.
BOLAND, MARY: Paramount.
BOLES, GLEN: Warner Bros.
BOLES, JOHN: 20th Century-Fox.
BOYER, CHARLES: Walter Wanger.
BRADLEY, GRACE: Paramount.
BRADY, ALICE: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
BREAKSTONE, GEORGE: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
BRENDEL, EL: Warner Bros.
BRENT, EVELYN: Free lance. Write her at Paramount.
BRENT, GEORGE: Warner Bros.
BREWSTER, JUNE: RKO-Radio.

(*Continued on page* 115)

Blonde
Brunette
Yet—both should use a brunette powder

THE ONE—Flaxen-haired. Serene gray-blue eyes. A cool ivory skin.

THE OTHER—Soft brown hair. Eyes the same color, alight with mischief. Skin creamy, almost olive.

THE two girls are utterly different. Who would think they could use the same shade of powder?

But look!—the blonde's cool coloring would certainly fade with too light a powder shade. Her skin lights up, warms—only with a certain brunette shade. The very one the other girl uses to clear and freshen her creamy skin!

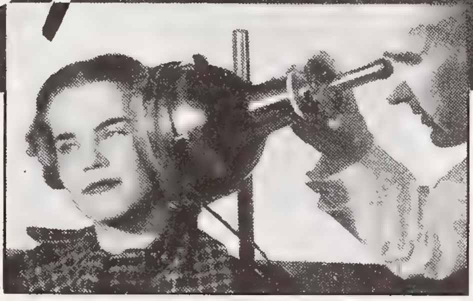
It's Pond's lively Brunette shade that gives each one what she needs!

New shades enliven skin

Which type are you? That's a thing for your skin to decide—not your hair. See whether your skin needs brightening, clearing or warming up. Then choose the Pond's shade that does that very thing!—one of the five offered at right.

Every one contains new important tints that add life to the skin. With an optical machine, Pond's discovered these tints hidden in skin itself. Among them, the *bright blue* that makes fair skin dazzling! The *brilliant green* that makes creamy skin glow!

Now, these beauty-giving tints are blended *invisibly* into Pond's new Powder shades. Thus, they bring transparency and glow to any skin!



Over 200 girls' skin color-analyzed!

BRUNETTE clears, brightens creamy skin
ROSE BRUNETTE warms dull, faded skin
ROSE CREAM gives fair skin a radiance
NATURAL brings a blonde transparency
LIGHT CREAM gives a cool, velvety finish

Fine textured, Pond's Powder feels smoother on the skin. Spreads softly, easily. Never cakes or clogs. The larger sizes come in lovely glass jars—to show shade and texture, keep the powder perfumed. Prices reduced, 35¢ and 70¢. 10¢ and 20¢ boxes, increased in size.

FREE **5 Lively New Shades Mail Coupon today**

(This offer expires June 1, 1936)

POND'S, Dept. D94, Clinton, Conn. Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's new Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.

Name____________________

Street____________________

City____________State________

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More CHIC for your Money
CORAL Chic NAIL POLISH

FASHION points to your finger tips and you answer with lustrous nails *tinted by Chic.* A deluxe polish in a large exquisite bottle that is a revelation in nail polish satisfaction. Chic is smooth, non-chipping and although instant-drying it refuses to thicken in the bottle. Chic applies so easily it makes changing your polish a pleasure. Chic wears, too, and with a variety of shades, either transparent or creme, you are ready to tone your finger tips to either a demure or dashing mood. *There is a Chic Polish Remover and a Chic Cuticle Remover of equal value!*

Chic Manicure Aids, at all Five and Ten Cent Stores. 10¢

?
Does Mae West use padding to give her curves ?
INFORMATION DESK
?
art helfant

Learn facts about your favorite players

NOTE: Since there have been so many requests for brief life stories of the following players, it will again be impossible to print the names of our readers. Please consider yourself automatically included.

HENRY WILCOXON: This very popular gentleman was born and raised in the British West Indies, his birth place, Dominica, the date September 8, 1905. After finishing his education at Harrison College, Bridgetown, Barbados, and at Woolmere College, Kingston, Jamaica, he went to England when he was sixteen and obtained a job as clerk in a milling firm. He rose to buyer on the Corn Exchange, but decided he wanted to become an actor. His rich, mellow voice so impressed an agent over the telephone that he was given a tryout and a part in a London show. He toured England six times with traveling troupes and was with the Birmingham Repertory Company for eight seasons. On the London stage he appeared in 25 shows, and during the day time played in movies. In January, 1934, he was brought to this country for the first time to play Marc Antony in "Cleopatra," his American picture debut. He is a very good artist, a capable amateur boxer and a fine swimmer. Aviation is one of his hobbies, and he is an avid collector of antiques. Mr. Wilcoxon stands 6 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 190 pounds, has blue-green eyes and brown hair. At present he is in England working in "A Woman Alone" in which he appears with Anna Sten. In all probability he will be assigned to the role of Samson in "Samson and Delilah," which may be made shortly. Your letters will reach him at the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal., on his return to this country.

VIRGINIA SCHNEIDER, New York, N. Y.—The part of the little girl, Annabelle, in "She Married Her Boss," was taken by Edith Fellows. Joan Crawford was born in San Antonio, Tex.

JOHNNY DOWNS: And now, my children, let us consider the living example of what an "Our Gang" child actor can grow up to be. No kidding, Johnny crashed Hollywood in 1921 when he was 8 years old, and, decked out in curls and Lord Fauntleroy collars, became the original juvenile in the very first of the "Our Gang" comedies. Born John Morey Downs in Brooklyn, N. Y., on October 10, 1913, he went to Hollywood because his father, Lt. Morey H. Downs, U. S. Naval aviator, was stationed in San Diego. After he had outgrown his "Gang" roles, he clipped the curls and toured in vaudeville under the management of his father, who had retired from the Navy. Then Broadway beckoned and Johnny was prominently featured in a number of plays. In March, 1935, Paramount signed him to a contract, and his two most recent pictures for them are "Coronado" and "So Red the Rose." His next picture will be "Everybody's Old Man."

FRANCIS LEDERER: The story of his rise to fame is one of the most amazing in the history of the theatre. Son of a poor leather merchant, Frantisek Lederer was born in Prague, Czechoslovakia, on Nov. 6, 1906. He was born with the theatre instinct, and it was due to his insistent presence at a Prague theatre that he won his first engagement as super. Offered a dramatic course by an old actor for $2.50, Lederer showed such promise that he was awarded an acting scholarship at the Prague Academy. To help finance his schooling it was necessary for him to work at outside jobs such as washing windows, sweeping floors and making deliveries for a small department store. Then Lederer began to get small stage roles, from which he graduated to leading roles in the Moravian provinces. It was this experience, multiplied many times by appearances through Central Europe in stock companies in over 200 parts that brought out his amazing versatility. In Berlin he scored his first international success opposite Elisabeth Bergner in "Romeo and Juliet." Having repeated this triumph in London, he switched to musical comedy, "Wonderbar," and won even greater acclaim. Then to America where he became the outstanding matinee idol in "Autumn Crocus." Hollywood put in her bid and his first picture was "Man of Two Worlds." Shortly after arriving in Hollywood Francis launched his now famous World Peace Federation, which is financed entirely by him. Mr. Lederer lives in a modest home in Hollywood which is equipped with a complete gymnasium in which he keeps himself physically fit. He is 6 feet tall and weighs 156 pounds, has unruly dark hair and flashing dark eyes. He is divorced from Ada Mjedly, whom he married abroad, and is now seen most often in the company of Mary Anita Loos, niece of the well known writer. He loves music, literature and the arts. He has been selected as the leading man for "One Rainy Afternoon," the first Pickford-Lasky production. You may write him at the United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

MARY ELLEN McCRACKEN, Lincoln, Neb.—It's all an act! Harpo Marx is only dumb on the screen, and can speak perfectly when he wants to. Johnny Arledge (whose brief life story appears below) played the part of Coxswain, the boy who gave his life for the Navy in "Shipmates Forever." The very superior butler who played in "Curly Top," "Remember Last Night" and many others is Arthur Treacher—the gentlemanly gentleman's gentleman.

JOHNNY ARLEDGE: One of Hollywood's most promising young players, Johnson was born in Crockett, Texas, on March 12, 1907. Educated in Texas public schools and graduated from the University of Texas, Johnny was a capable pianist when quite young. Two years after graduation, he made his entry into the theatre world as an accompanist in vaudeville. He came to Hollywood, then, and worked in a mail order house and a creamery while waiting to crash the films. His first screen role was a bit in Paul Whiteman's "King of Jazz." On the stage, he got his first bit with Pauline Frederick in "Crimson Hour" and did so well that the same management cast him in "Up Pops the Devil." He also played the difficult role of the half-wit son in "Tobacco Road." Johnny is 5 feet 10½ inches tall, weighs 151 pounds, has blond hair and green-blue eyes and is married. He is under contract to RKO-Radio Studios, 780 N. Gower St., Hollwood, Cal., and his latest screen appearance is in "Thoroughbreds All."

JOSEPHINE HUTCHINSON: That is her honest-to-goodness name, and she was born in Seattle, Wash., on October 12, 1909. Her mother (Leona Roberts) is an actress and Josephine was educated for a stage career. As a child she played a small part in "The Little Princess," a Mary Pickford silent movie. Then she continued her education in the public schools of Seattle, winning a scholarship to the Cornish School of Music and Drama. Miss Hutchinson made her theatrical debut in Washington, D. C., where she played stock for three years. Her important stage work, though, was done with Eva Le Gallienne's New York Civic Repertory Company, in which she played a variety of roles. She has travelled a lot, hates prying people and names swimming and riding as her favorite outdoor sports. Miss Hutchinson was married to Robert Bell for three years and is now the wife of James Townsend. She is 5 feet 4½ inches tall, weighs 110 pounds and has red hair and golden brown eyes. Her first talkie appearance was in "Happiness Ahead" and her most recent is "The Story of Louis Pasteur." Following that she will probably be in "I Married a Doctor," for Warner Brothers Studios, Burbank, Calif., where you may write her.

DOLORES DEL RIO: Was born in the state of Durango, Mexico, August 3, 1905, the only child of J. L. and Antonia Asunsolo. Until she was 5 Dolores lived on her father's ranch, then the family moved to Mexico City where she entered the Convent of St. Joseph, and remained there for 8 years. In 1919 her parents took her to Europe where she was presented to the King and Queen of Spain, and on her return to Mexico reentered St. Joseph's Convent for another year. At a society bazaar she met Jaime del Rio and five months later they were married. After seven years they were divorced, and her husband died seven months after that. On an invitation from an American film producer who saw her dance at a social function, Dolores went to Hollywood in August, 1925. Her first picture was "Joanna" with Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall starred. Her first starring picture was "Ramona," which followed shortly after "What Price Glory." She is now happily married to Cedric Gibbons, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer art director. Not the hot-house flower she appears. Dolores goes in heavily for sports—plays tennis, swims, fishes and hikes. She loves travel and beautiful clothes; she collects books and art objects; and likes to fuss around in her garden. Miss Del Rio is 5 feet 3½ inches tall, weighs 115 pounds and has shimmering black hair and black eyes. Her most recent picture is "The Widow From Monte Carlo." Write her at Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, Cal.

(*Continued on page 121*)

If you would like to see a brief synopsis of your favorite's life in this department, fill in and send us the coupon on page 122. General questions, of course, will be answered here, too. Those asked most frequently and the most interesting ones receive first preference. And not too many at a time, please. Address: The Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

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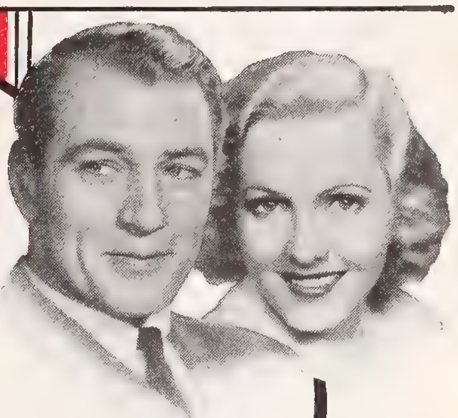


CAPRA'S NEWEST TRIUMPH!

Gary Cooper

A GENTLEMAN GOES TO TOWN

JEAN ARTHUR

George Bancroft • Lionel Stander • Douglass Dumbrille • Raymond Walburn • Margaret Matzenauer • H. B. Warner • Warren Hymer

A **FRANK CAPRA** PRODUCTION

Screen play by Robert Riskin From the story by Clarence Budington Kelland

GOLDEN-VOICED STAR IN HER GAYEST AND GRANDEST PICTURE!

Grace Moore

THE KING STEPS OUT

FRANCHOT TONE

Walter Connolly • Raymond Walburn
Victor Jory

Directed by JOSEF VON STERNBERG

Glorious Music by
FRITZ KREISLER
Screen play by
Sidney Buchman
Lyrics by Dorothy Fields

WONDER SHOW OF 1936!

STORMING AMERICA IN A MIGHTY SONG CRESCENDO!

THE MUSIC GOES 'ROUND

HARRY RICHMAN
ROCHELLE HUDSON
WALTER CONNOLLY
FARLEY and RILEY
and their 'Round and 'Round Music
Douglass Dumbrille • Lionel Stander
Directed by VICTOR SCHERTZINGER

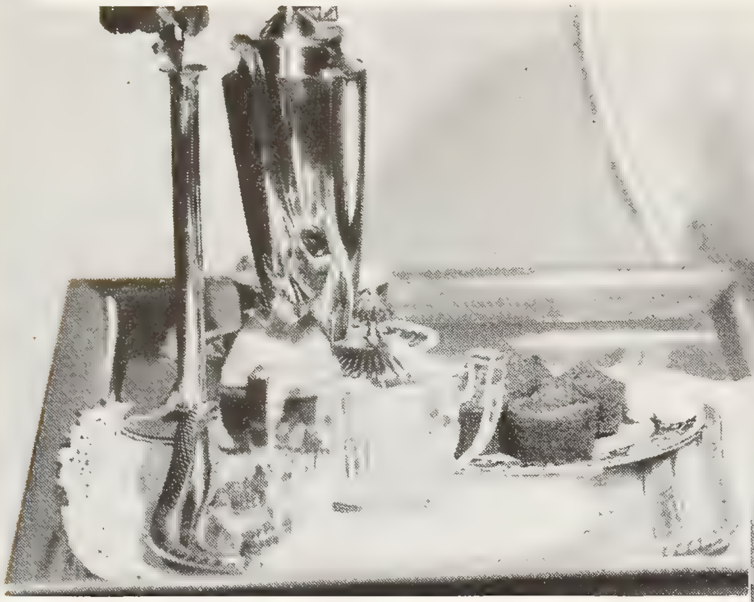
Screen play by Jo Swerling Story by Sidney Buchman

Music and Lyrics by Lew Brown-Harry Akst and Victor Schertzinger

COLUMBIA PICTURES

EASY MEALS ARE JEANETTE'S *Dish*

BY MARJORIE DEEN



Jeanette MacDonald breakfasts on banana bran muffins and stewed pears. Recipes for making these tempting muffins are yours for the asking.

"Even company meals need not be elaborate," La MacDonald observed to our Modern Hostess

THERE HAVE been countless stories and jokes which play up the sad culinary attempts of the young bride. If you have never been "a young bride" you would, most likely, laugh merrily at these tall tales of burned stews, solid concrete biscuits and India-rubber pie crusts, described, alas, with more accuracy than sympathy. But to the woman who has turned out a dish that was a complete failure, or a dinner that proved to be a "flop," I assure you it is no laughing matter.

"Why is it," moaned a young friend of mine recently, as she reviewed for my sympathetic ears the previous night's dinner fiasco, "why *is* it that it always seems to happen when you particularly want things to go right? Here I was entertaining such an important customer of my husband's, too, and everything went wrong! The fruit cup was too sweet, the soup curdled, the roast was overdone, the potatoes underdone, the vegetables watery, the salad limp and the dessert frightful! I could have screamed. Finally I did wash the dishes in salt tears. It was supposed to be such a fancy dinner, too; several courses, all with spiffy, odd dishes and lots and lots of extras."

Right then and there I understood what had happened to my young friend—what so often happens when we attempt to do more than our experience and our patience equip us to do successfully. It is far better, as I pointed out to the upset young woman, to attempt less and carry it through with éclat. And it is certainly much wiser to serve fewer things and have each one just right. Doubtless, it was a talk I had had recently with Jeanette Mac-

Donald that clarified my thoughts on this subject and inspired these words of advice.

For Jeanette, who, as you have had many an occasion to observe, is famous for her gay and easy singing, advises serving meals characterized by a similar effortless ease.

IN ORDER to make your guests feel welcome and at home," said Jeanette, "you must never let them realize that their visit caused frantic planning and hours of tiresome preparation with a final burst of nervous, irritating bustle and activity upon their arrival.

"It's just like singing and acting, when you stop to think of it," she went on. "A singer who announces an approaching high note, which is not within the range of her voice, by a frozen expression compounded of mingled determination and doubt; an actress who, without any genuine feeling for, or understanding of, a role, grabs a big scene like a terrier does a rat and proceeds to shake out every drop of emotion; a housewife who, at the sound of the word company kicks over the carefully built up budget, raids the market, nags her family and wrecks her nerves—they are much alike. For they are all attempting far more than they are able to carry out successfully and far, far more than is wise or necessary.

"We could learn a great deal from the French when it comes to meals," observed Jeanette, who has travelled extensively abroad and has closely observed the customs of other lands.

IN FRANCE each housewife prides herself on one or two dishes in which she excels," she informed me. "One such dish becomes the main feature of the meal, the outstanding culinary triumph for which that particular repast will be remembered by all who partake of it. It need not be elaborate, either—a simple *pot-au-feu,* a light *omelette aux fines herbes,* or perhaps only a salad. Ah, but it must be 'of a perfection' as they say. This featured dish is made of the best ingredients available. It is seasoned with skill and discretion and it is cooked with loving care. Then it is served with the utmost pride and an expression on the face that announces to all those present that here indeed is a masterpiece. For, to the French housewife, this is her big moment. However, with meals, as with singing or acting, there should never be any visible straining for an effect."

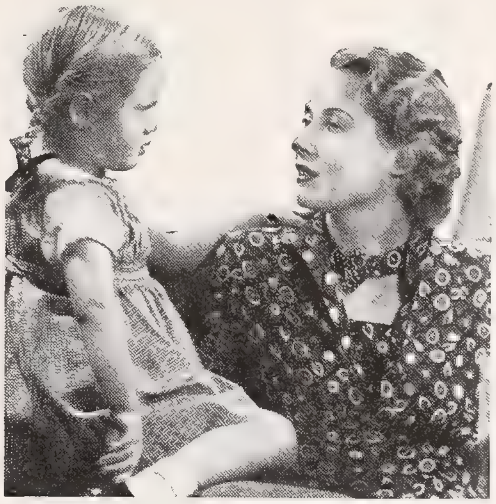
To illustrate her thought further, Jeanette outlined for me several menus for the type of meals she enjoys. Al- (*Continued on page 86*)

"Dolly . . . you've started a lot of gossip!"

1. **"Look at these panties,** Mother. They've got everybody on the block talking about dolly and you."

"Why, what's the matter? I wash dolly's clothes right in with my regular wash."

2. **"I told 'em** you do—and that nice new lady up the street said *that's* the trouble. She's afraid your washes have tattle-tale gray like hers used to. Even though you work hard, your soap leaves dirt behind and the clothes show it."



3. **"Dear me!** Is that all the new neighbor said?"

"Nope! She said you ought to change to Fels-Naptha Soap same as she did—'cause its wonderful *golden soap* and *heaps of naptha* chase out every teeny speck of dirt—and clothes look a million times whiter."

FEW WEEKS LATER . . .

4. **At the new neighbor's house.** "So Mother tried Fels-Naptha Soap just like you told me. And now her clothes look so swell she baked you this apple pie."

"Well! Well! Tell your mother that Fels-Naptha is a wonder for silk things, too—and maybe she'll bake me a big chocolate cake!"

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Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"

with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

You need a good stock of brushes. Ann Darling shows you some of the many beauty lifts they give you. Left to right top of page: the complexion brush for finishing make-up, next a paint brush to point up lip rouge and the indispensable mascara brush. Below right: the hair brush, used vigorously, and clothes brush.

TAKE YOUR BEAUTY INVENTORY

First take stock of yourself, give credit where it's due, then work hard on your liabilities

BY MARY BIDDLE

HAVE YOU ever had a truth meeting with yourself? You know . . . the kind that you and your special chums used to have after school, with all of you sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, to any questions that you asked each other. Sometimes they said things that stung you cruelly and that you may have wept over a tiny bit in secret. Then again, maybe you just set your teeth and went to work to see what you could do about the criticisms.

Your mirror can give you the most thorough kind of a truth meeting, if you put it in the honest daylight, and let it be honest with you. The trouble is that we get so used to the same old face peering back at us, that we don't really see ourselves. And then we're soft, too, soft about our tender little egos. We love to alibi and excuse ourselves all over the place because we've let our complexions go, or because our hair is six-ways-for-Sunday. Oh, yes, "we've been too busy, we got in late last night, we'll do better tomorrow." There's not one of you so all-fired perfect that you can't improve, and there's not one of you so hopeless that you haven't some points, or at least one point, that you can work on for all you're worth.

This time of the year was just made for self-truth meetings and beauty inventories. It's still far enough away from summer and the beach for you to accomplish a lot before you get into that all too truth-telling bathing suit. You still have time enough, too, to do something about your hair, complexion and make-up before you go shopping for a brand new Easter bonnet.

WHAT DOES your skin need? Is it dry, and sort of wizened up into fine lines? Is it muddy, or sallow, or just generally dejected looking? How is your hair? Dull and lifeless after these months of tight-fitting winter hats? Untidy, because you've been making excuses to yourself about "waiting for a spring permanent"? Are your hands and nails

grubby after daily sessions with the furnace, and with pulling the kids around on a sled? Is your make-up careless? Would your dress look the better for a good brushing and a change to fresh collars and cuffs? If the image in your mirror were your best chum, would she say, "You look positively smooth today, a regular Norma Shearer the Second!"? Or would she say, "You certainly are getting sloppy, Mary Ann. Why don't you fix yourself up a bit?"

I remember a girl who used to work in my office some years ago. She wasn't pretty exactly—no, I don't believe that she was pretty at all, but she was the cleanest, most radiant sort of a person you've ever met. Everyone liked her. Her boss always said, "She's such a nice, well-groomed girl, I like to have her around." And this youngster, who had a painfully small salary at that time, managed to be one of the outstanding assets of the office. I know for a fact that that girl never thought of starting out in the morning without a shower or tub bath, that every night before going to bed, she would douse her gloves and hose and lingerie in warm sudsy water, and have everything freshly clean waiting for her in the morning. She scrubbed, brushed and polished herself and her clothes until she positively radiated perfect grooming. That's what we want to be for spring, clean and gay! We want to turn in our old complexions and old make-up for new.

APPEARANCES, most of them, could all stand more brushing up. And when I say that I mean it, literally as well as figuratively speaking. My small brother had the right idea, even while I couldn't quite appreciate it, when he made very lavish use of my bath brush one day on a stray "mutt" dog he had corralled from heaven knows where. He told me enthusiastically that the brush was "swell." It really was, too, though I was hardly mollified by the compliment. It has a spray right down its middle section, so it's a hand spray and a bath brush all in one. It isn't particularly cheap, but if you haven't any regular shower apparatus, it's a nice solution to the quick bath problem. Personally, I like it for my hair, it's grand for getting all the soap out after an energetic shampoo.

Ann Darling, M-G-M player, has a positive fetish for brushes. She has a brush for every beauty chore, from an ample-sized clothes brush down to a tiny eyebrow brush. Do you want me to tell you what your beauty inventory should show when it comes to (*Continued on page 79*)

"Camay can bring Every Girl's *Loveliness to Light*"

BALTIMORE, MD.

Camay made my skin lovelier than I thought it ever could be. With Camay, every girl can bring her own loveliness to light.

Sincerely,

Leslie De Buské

(Mrs. Charles De Buské)

October 2, 1935

THERE'S a girl in the heart of Maryland—the former Leslie Condon. Athletic as a boy by day, she's unusually lovely across the dinner table. And how does she manage it—how does she keep her skin so smooth, so young, so alluring? Mrs. De Buske's *own* answer—is Camay!

And once you try Camay, *your answer will be the same.* For Camay's rich lather cleanses so thoroughly—but always very, *very* gently. It leaves your skin feeling fresh and smooth—leaves it with a flower fragrance--leaves it with a youthfulness that wins admiring eyes. Convince yourself that Camay is an efficient—a true beauty aid. Do it today—*do it now.* The price of a half-dozen cakes is surprisingly low.

Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.

CAMAY
THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
CAMAY
CAMAY

CAMAY

The Soap of Beautiful Women

PAT'S PAL, "BANKSY"

BY JERRY ASHER

Pat is still young and giddy enough to need a guiding hand—"Banksy" is it! Pat's next picture is with George Brent in "His First Wife."

THE FRIENDSHIP existing between Patricia Ellis and "Banksy," her colored maid, is one of the untold stories of Hollywood. Over a period of ten years the loyalty, the friendship, the companionship and the kindly philosophy of her servant, have been the guiding powers in Pat's life.

"Banksy" is no ordinary servant and never has been regarded as such. A woman of amazing intelligence, she has hovered in the background while Patricia grew up. Never once has "Banksy" forgotten that her position is that of maid. And yet her tremendous understanding reveals a soul that seldom belongs to those who are destined to spend their lives in servitude.

" 'Banksy' is an angel," says Patricia. "I don't know how I would get along without her. In times of trouble she's always stood by me. I hate to think of some of the messes I might have been in if 'Banksy,' in her wise way, hadn't stepped in and saved the situation. For example, when I first started at the studio, being used to my own servants, I began by ordering the hairdressers and wardrobe women to do things for me. I didn't mean any harm. I thought they were there for that purpose. After the second day, 'Banksy' came to me. 'Patricia honey,' were her words, 'you'll never get along if you behave like that. I'm your maid and I work for you. But these people on the set are working *with* you—not for you.' I was so ashamed of myself but so grateful to 'Banksy' for teaching me a good lesson.

"Sometimes I think 'Banksy' is unusually hard on me, but everything she has ever predicted, has always come true. Whenever I make a new friend, 'Banksy' gives him the acid test. Her first impression is always lasting. Ofttimes I do not agree but later on I find out my mistake. 'Banksy' has an amazing knowledge of human character. She's so intuitive, no one can fool her. On her day off she goes to see five shows. She's my severest critic and the best audience in the world. Her suggestions are just and constructive. She never pats me on the back unless she feels I deserve it. I don't think she's ever yet told me that I've done my best work. If she did start to 'yes' me, I think I should lose all my faith in her.

"Everyone loves 'Banksy' on the sets. The electricians tell her the latest jokes, the hairdressers let her in on all the studio gossip. She can get anything she wants out of anyone. She has a wonderful way of handling people and making them respect her. And never once does she give the impression of being fresh or demanding anything that isn't coming to her. As a small child, I remember that she never tried to fool me. I grew up knowing I could trust her. For years she has been devoted to me and my family. She has a wonderful understanding of us all."

THE FRIENDSHIP between Patricia and "Banksy" started when Pat was a very little girl. (She is only eighteen today.) In those days her name was O'Brien. Her mother had divorced Mr. O'Brien with the understanding that during the summer months the children (Pat has two brothers) were to remain with their mother and the father was to keep them during the school year. Quite unexpectedly Alexander Leftwich, a famous New York producer, came on the scene and Mrs. O'Brien was swept off her feet. They were married soon after.

At the time of his marriage, Leftwich was producing a show. Quite unexpectedly his leading lady passed away. Her colored maid, named Helen Banks, came to him for a job. She was hired on the spot and with the new Mrs. Leftwich and her children, "Banksy" went to a Connecticut farm for the summer.

When it came time to return to school, Patricia suffered from a mastoid infection. While her mother took the other children back to their father, "Banksy" took

You'd never guess who advises Pat Ellis on her most intimate, personal problems!

Patricia on to New York to see a specialist. From that moment on, she never left the little girl's side. Because both of her parents were so busy, Patricia would spend summer vacations and take long trips with "Banksy." Gradually a bond of friendship sprang up. Mrs. Leftwich went away every chance she could, but she knew Patricia was in safe hands. "Banksy," forced to go out and work at the age of fourteen and starving for affection, poured all her kindliness out upon Patricia.

AT THE RIPE old age of thirteen, Patricia became a leading lady. She had appeared in school plays and loved acting. At Christmas time, instead of going home for the holidays, she wrote to her mother and begged permission to go to Chamberlain Brown and apply for a job in his stock company. Reluctantly her mother consented. Patricia remained with the stock company for a year. Max Arnow, then an agent and now the Warner Brothers casting director, asked to make a screen test of Patricia. Her parents didn't take it seriously for a moment but Patricia made the test, nevertheless. Two weeks later, accompanied by her mother and "Banksy," she was on her way to Hollywood. Patricia celebrated

(*Continued on page 114*)

If you had X-Ray Eyes

you'd never again take a harsh, quick-acting cathartic!

Be sure the laxative YOU take is correctly timed

You don't need to be a professor of physiology to figure this out. When you take a harsh, quick-acting cathartic that races through your alimentary tract in a couple of hours, you're shocking and jolting your system. No wonder its violent action leaves you weak and exhausted.

Unassimilated food is rushed through your intestines. Valuable fluids are drained away. The delicate membranes become irritated. And you have stomach pains. Drastic purgatives should be employed only upon the advice of a doctor.

What a correctly timed laxative means:

When we say that Ex-Lax is a correctly timed laxative, this is what we mean: Ex-Lax takes from 6 to 8 hours to act. You take one or two of the tablets when you go to bed. You sleep through the night . . . *undisturbed!* In the morning, Ex-Lax takes effect. And the effects are thorough and complete, yet so gentle and mild you hardly know you've taken a laxative.

No stomach pains. No "upset" feeling. No embarrassment during the day. And Ex-Lax is so easy to take—it tastes just like delicious chocolate.

Good for all ages

Ex-Lax is equally good for grown-ups and children . . . for *every* member of the family. It is used by more people than any other laxative in the whole world. The next time you need a laxative ask your druggist for a box of Ex-Lax. *And refuse to accept a substitute.* Ex-Lax costs only ten cents—unless you want the big family size, and that's a quarter.

When Nature forgets — remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!
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I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.
Name..............................
Address..............................
City.......................... Age.......
(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., 736 Notre Dame St. W., Montreal)

THE HOUSE OF MORGAN

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

It isn't Fate, but Alma, who makes Frank's important decisions

FRANK MORGAN insists he wouldn't be where he is today if it weren't for his wife, Alma. And I insist Alma Morgan wouldn't be where she is today if it weren't for Frank. Actually we're both right. And that's my story.

There was a time, years ago when Frank played in stock in Detroit, when the Morgans didn't find it any too easy to get along. They had to save half of Frank's salary against the between-engagement days inevitable in any actor's life. They lived in an inexpensive flat, but their living expenses always seemed to be more than they had anticipated. And there was their boy, who scuffed all decency out of his shoes within a single week and ruined his new pants sliding into the home plate of a sand lot.

Besides, Frank and Alma had the flavor of discouragement with which to contend. Frank didn't get along the way some did. Already Katherine Cornell and Kenneth McKenna, who once had been members of his supporting casts, had forged ahead, made Broadway. Sometimes Frank thought he might have been better off had he remained in the minor executive position made for him in the family firm when he left Cornell. Often enough, he used to wonder if he wasn't just another conservative business man gone wrong; if he hadn't overemphasized that creative strain he always had convinced himself he possessed.

This was the state of affairs in the House of Morgan when a letter came from Frank's mother asking him to return to New York and take the place in the firm which had been vacant since his father's death some months before. Mrs. Wupperman (that, as you probably know, is Frank's right name) wrote that the Board of Directors had voted to pay him fifteen thousand dollars a year and to give him an appreciable block of company stock yearly in lieu of a bonus. Mrs. Wupperman thought this an offer which Frank, grubbing along in the theatre, could hardly refuse, providing he was in his right mind.

I SAW myself sitting behind my father's desk," Frank told me, "interviewing men of affairs. Answering any one of the three desk phones. Pouring a drink of water from the vacuum bottle, clearing my throat, saying, 'As I see it . . .!' And while none of this jibed with the picture I had of myself, I was, nevertheless, mindful that it represented security, and also that security should be the

His excellent work in "The Perfect Gentleman," "Naughty Marietta" and "I Live My Life" has earned star ranking for Frank Morgan in his forthcoming pictures. Left, a typical Frank Morgan pose. Below, with Mrs. Morgan at a preview.

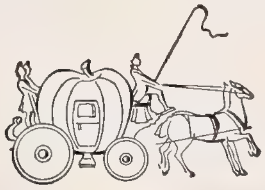
prime consideration for a man who has a wife and son."

Frank wished that letter never had come. However, keeping his face free of any expression which might commit him one way or the other, he handed it across the breakfast table to Alma. She read it, and also keeping her face free of any expression which might commit her one way or the other, handed it back to him.

"It's your happiness," she said simply.

"But," he argued tenderly, "it's your happiness, too."

Alma Morgan brushed her son's unruly hair (*Continued on page* 118)



IVORY FLAKES
IVORY FLAKES

CINDERELLA* *tags these dresses "Wash with Ivory Flakes"*

These adorable dresses are the heart's-desire of every little girl who sees them. What a thrill for your own small darling to be decked out in one of these lovable Cinderella frocks!... And don't you worry! Although the materials are fine, the colors dainty, the trimming tricks bright—they'll *stay* that way, if you give them gentle Ivory Flakes care. These Cinderella Frocks may be washed by hand or washing machine—in lukewarm suds of pure Ivory Flakes. That's the finest way to wash dainty little girls' clothes (as often as you please)—and the *safest!*

* Makers of the famous Cinderella Frocks for children recommend that they be washed in Ivory Flakes. Exact washing directions are tagged on each dress.

99 44/100% pure

EYE MAKE-UP
done in good taste

Maybelline
Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau
Maybelline
HARMLESS TEAR PROOF WILL NOT SMART THE EYES
BLACK

Beautiful eyes are the most important feature of any woman's charm—that is why fastidious women who wish to be exquisitely groomed in eye make-up demand *Maybelline* eye beauty aids. They know that the modern magic of these fine cosmetic creations gives them the *natural* appearance of beautiful eyes. Not to use Maybelline eye beauty aids is sheer neglect of charm. When you see what lovely long, dark lashes, softly shaded lids, and gracefully formed eyebrows Maybelline eye beauty aids can give you, you'll adore these exquisite eye cosmetics. You will want the entire line of Maybelline eye beauty aids to effect a perfect harmony in your complete eye make-up. Try them today—they will open your eyes to new beauty—eye make-up done in good taste!

The Mascara in BLACK, BROWN, *or* BLUE.

Ten cent sizes obtainable at all leading Ten Cent Stores.

Maybelline

MASCARA
EYE SHADOW . . . EYEBROW PENCIL
EYELASH TONIC CREAM . . . EYEBROW BRUSH

BETWEEN YOU 'N' ME

Between you and me
THIS IS A PRECIOUS SPACE!

You can make some pin money, if you'll sit down and write us an interesting letter.

Cash prizes for your movie thoughts!

Let us have your frank opinions, pro and con, on films, players, or any phase of motion pictures that interests you. Ten dollars in prizes will be awarded each month for the six most interesting letters submitted—1st prize, $5; five 2nd prizes of $1 each. Be sure to send your full name and address. Modern Screen reserves the right to publish letters in whole or in part. Address: Between You and Me, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

$5 Prize Letter
The Public Be Praised

Films have improved considerably of late, but so have audiences! They have proved this by taking more kindly to simple pictures such as "Alice Adams" and "Little Women"; by their appreciation of historical subjects such as "Henry the Eighth"; by their admiration for actors who have brilliant technique rather than good looks; by acclaiming the superb dancing of Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers and Eleanor Powell and so helping to banish the stupidities of the Busby Berkeley creations; and by welcoming operatic stars of the calibre of Lawrence Tibbett, Lily Pons and Grace Moore.

Hollywood is making bigger and better pictures and is finding a receptive movie public. No longer is the name of a big star relied upon to carry a picture to success. Particular attention is given to casting, with "bit" parts filled by prominent players.

British pictures are improving and finding favor in the eyes of American filmgoers. Hollywood, fired by strong competition from across the Atlantic, is putting on a big show. 1936 is going to be a banner year in motion pictures. Hail to a new era and farewell to cheap claptrap pictures!—Wiley Ballard, Charlotte, N. C.

(*We agree with you—but heartily.*)

$1 Prize Letter
A Code of Ethics for Moviegoers?

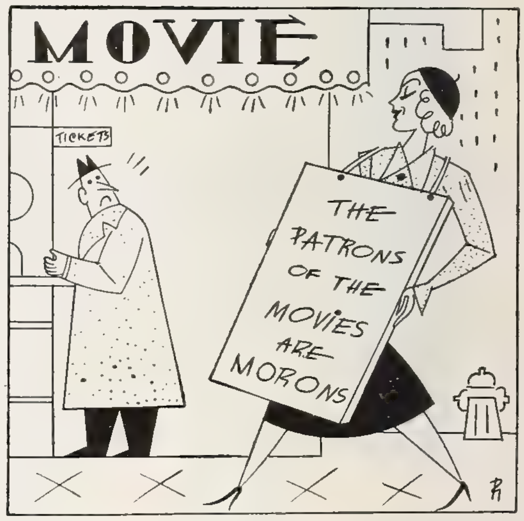
Have you ever ploughed your way gropingly over an assortment of knees, legs, and feet to locate a seat somewhere over there in the darkness of a movie audience? Have you ever sat in front of an excited youngster who kicked your chair leg with the rapidity and regularity of a native beating a tom-tom?

Have you ever glared indignantly at some disturbing menace who proceeded to open a cellophane-wrapped confection which crackled noisily right when the dialogue reached a new high in interest? Or worse yet, have you ever used all your will power to refrain from screaming when some thoughtless individual chewed and smacked relentlessly away on a piece of pungent and sickeningly scented gum?

Have you ever played peek-a-boo behind the heads of an amorous couple who cooed and petted during the entire performance? I say have you *ever?* Grrrrrrr.

Recently a code of ethics for safe driving has been highly publicized. Personally, I think a code of ethics, promoted by the theatre managements and embodying rules for silence and courtesy, would go a long way towards greater enjoyment for the movie public in general.—Harriet Bossard, Lynbrook, N. Y.

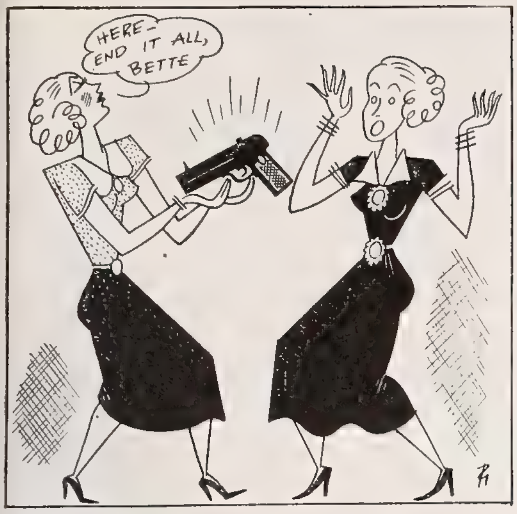
(*You have nothing on a friend of ours cause t'other afternoon she was sitting next to a housewife who was busy shelling peas, of all things, during the entire show. Now, if you'd had that to cope with in your cinema travels, you'd have our deepest sympathy.*)


MOVIE
TICKETS
THE PATRONS OF THE MOVIES ARE MORONS

A young lady from Lynbrook turns up her nose at her neighbors at picture shows.

$1 Prize Letter
Them's Fightin' Woids

Between you and me, I'm fed up. I'm fed up with people who are fed up with


HERE—END IT ALL, BETTE

How an Indiana fan reacted after reading our recent interview with Bette Davis!

this actress or that actor. Granted that there are screen stars who, for the general good of the world, should be given the gate. But why must movie fans clutter up the columns of MODERN SCREEN with their demands that such stars be sent on a one-way trip to Siberia or other remote regions? Such demands will do more good in the producers' offices. If Moo V. Fan "just can't stand" Miss Whoozis or Mr. What's-his-name, he would be a lot happier and money ahead if, when his pet peeve came to town, he would stay home and play dominoes instead of spending money on a show that he knows he won't enjoy and then tear home and spend three cents more on a complaint to "Between You and Me."

I am sure that I'm not the only reader of MODERN SCREEN who is tired of people who take up space with their complaints that could better be filled with real news by Leo T. or more of those candid shots by Scotty.—James Elliott, Dallas, Texas.

(Come on, Modern Screen-ers, you're not going to let this gent from Texas get away with that, are you? Or are you?)

$1 Prize Letter
Blame Us for One Broken New Year's Resolution!

To think my favorite movie magazine would be the cause of my breaking my New Year's resolution. I had determined to "speak no evil, hear no evil, and see no evil" this year. And then came Bette Davis' enlightening remarks in your February issue consigning women with careers to be shot.

I have witnessed several of Miss Davis' screen performances and had just forced myself to recognize her ability in spite of my thorough dislike of her, when she makes these statements concerning women.

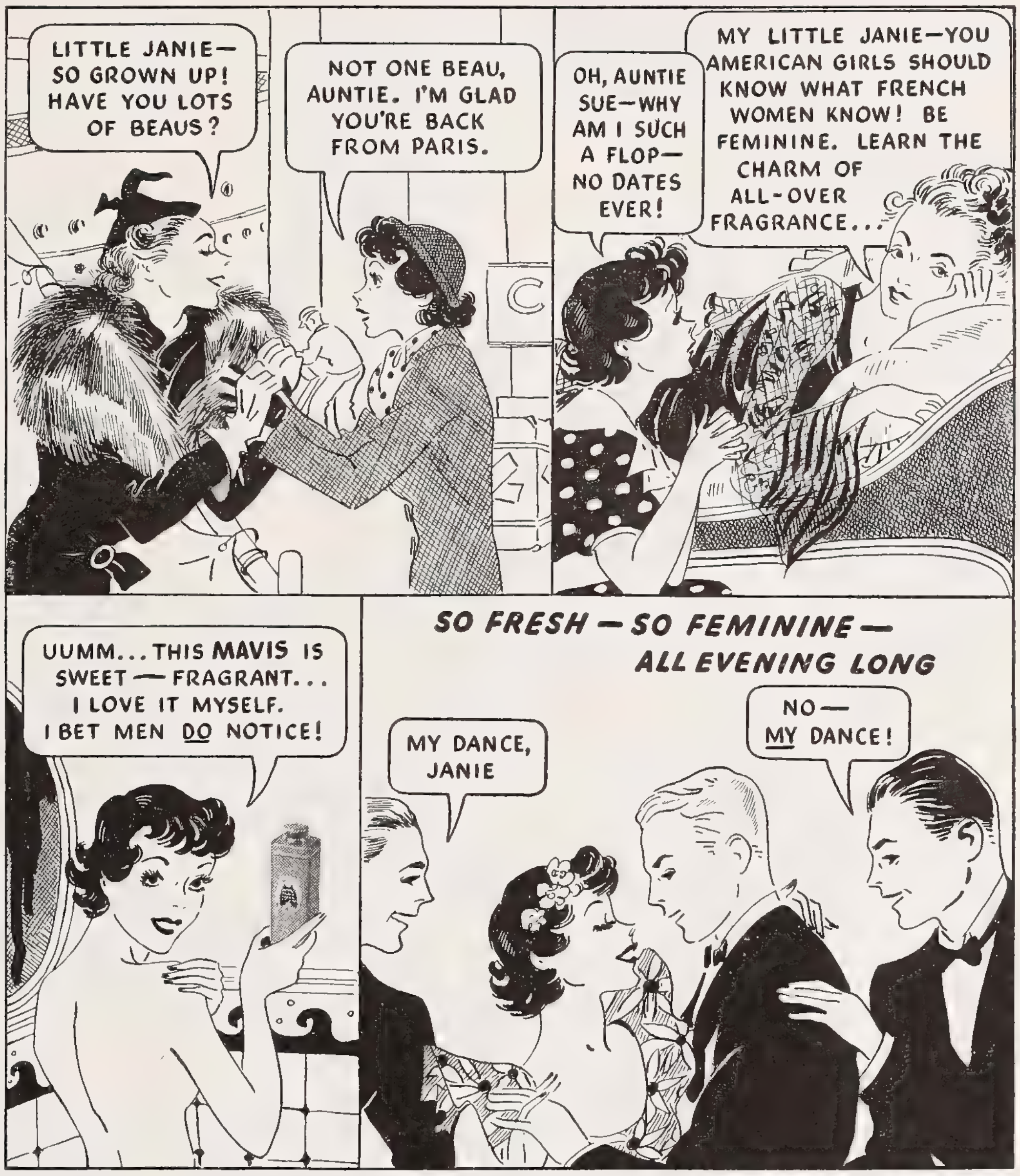
Don't you have a comic section that you could substitute when you receive such information from a conceited star like Miss D? I really believe she would find no trouble in retiring from her "career." I am sure her public would survive very well.

I've been a cat, but when I think of the many truly great women, who have given their lives to make this world a happier place to live in, being discussed by a young, conceited, intolerant person like Miss Davis, I wonder who has a right to live.—D. H. Conrad, Indianapolis, Ind.

(Gosh, but we're sorry! We had no idea that a few words from Miss Davis' lips would cause anyone any mental scruples.)

(Continued on page 91)

From Heartache to HEART-THROBS


LITTLE JANIE—SO GROWN UP! HAVE YOU LOTS OF BEAUS?
NOT ONE BEAU, AUNTIE. I'M GLAD YOU'RE BACK FROM PARIS.
OH, AUNTIE SUE—WHY AM I SUCH A FLOP—NO DATES EVER!
MY LITTLE JANIE—YOU AMERICAN GIRLS SHOULD KNOW WHAT FRENCH WOMEN KNOW! BE FEMININE. LEARN THE CHARM OF ALL-OVER FRAGRANCE...
UUMM...THIS MAVIS IS SWEET—FRAGRANT... I LOVE IT MYSELF. I BET MEN DO NOTICE!
SO FRESH—SO FEMININE—ALL EVENING LONG
MY DANCE, JANIE
NO—MY DANCE!

Before you dress! . . . clothe yourself with the lasting fragrance of MAVIS

Recipe for feminine charm . . . a daily dusting with the fragrant glamour of Mavis. Mavis is more than a talcum—so protective to your skin, but with the added allure of tantalizing Parisian fragrance. You'll love the velvety feel of Mavis, and the way it protects your skin from dryness. Be lovely, be feminine, keep the constant flower-like freshness that men adore—*try Mavis!*

Mavis Talcum in 25¢, 50¢ and $1 sizes at drug and department stores—convenient 10¢ size at 5-and-10¢ stores. We invite you to try Mavis—convenient coupon below.

MAVIS
Genuine Mavis Talcum
IN THE RED CONTAINER

V. VIVAUDOU, INC.,
580 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

I enclose 10¢. Please send by return mail the convenient size of Mavis Talcum—so I can try its fragrant loveliness.

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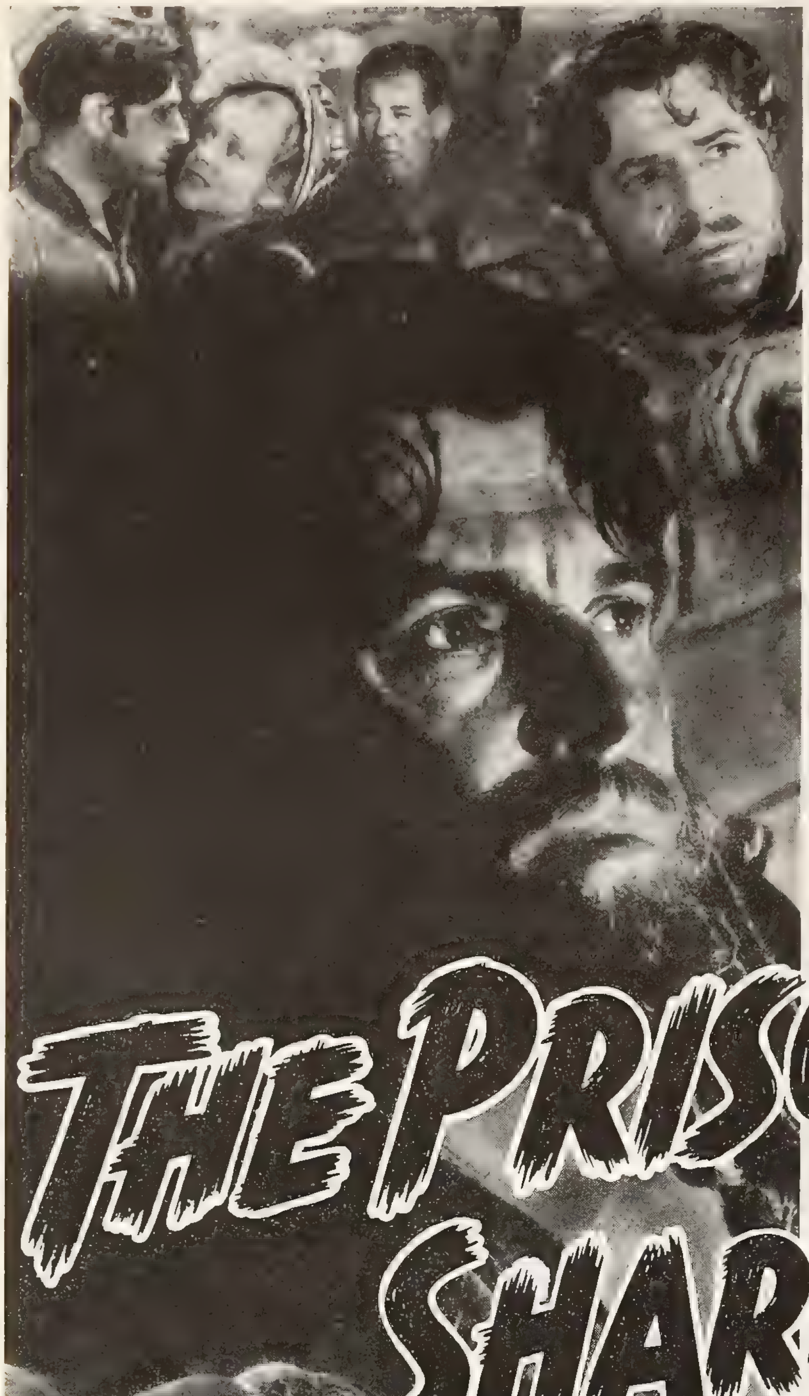


TORTURED
BY A NATION FOR HIS ACT OF MERCY!

Tricked by fate into helping an assassin, an innocent man is torn from the woman he loves...shackled... condemned to a living death on a fever island where brutes are masters and sharks are guards!

THE STARK DRAMA
of "I am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang"

THE MIGHTY POWER
of "Les Miserables"

THE PRISONER of SHARK ISLAND

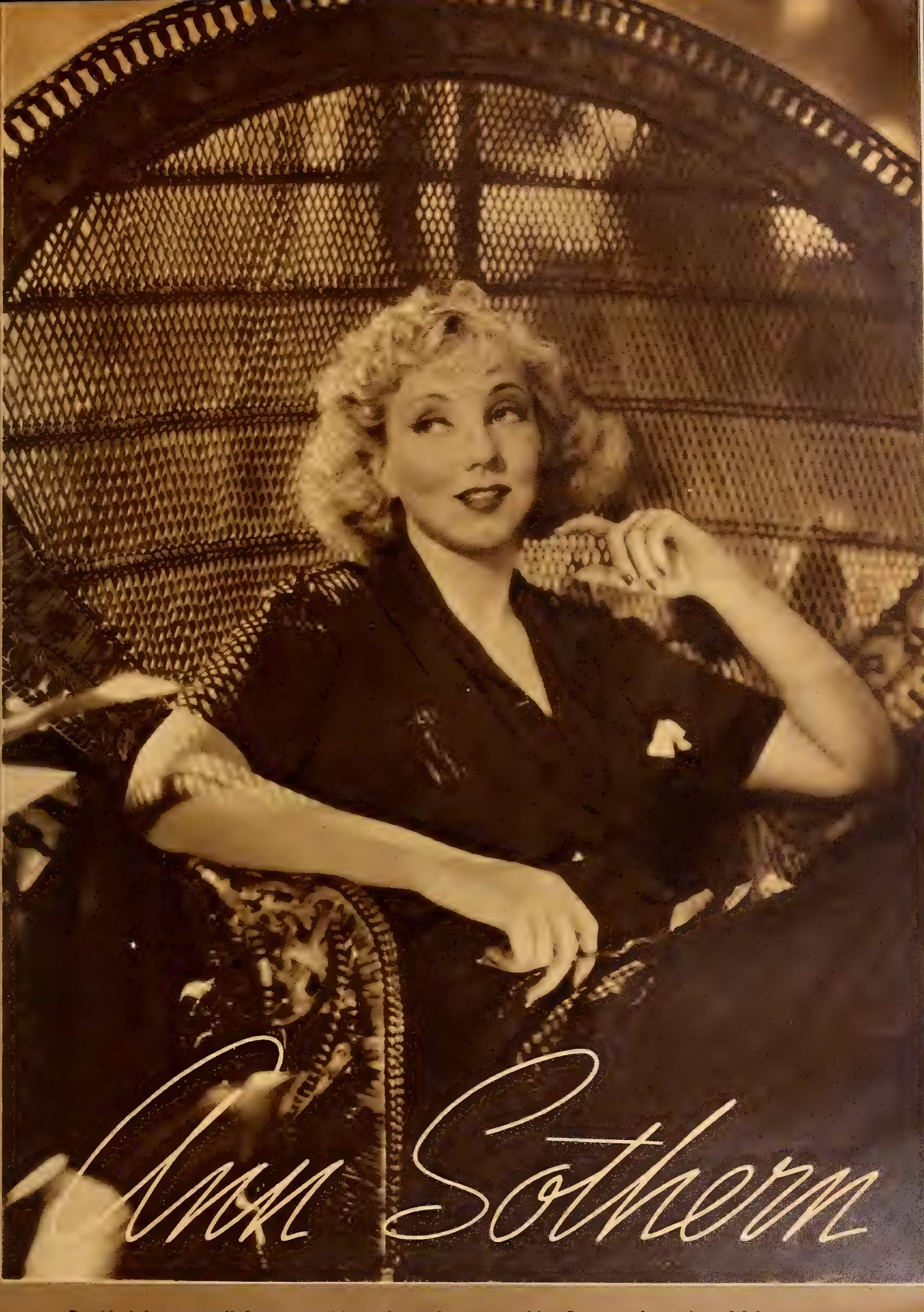
Starring WARNER
BAXTER
with
GLORIA STUART
CLAUDE GILLINGWATER
ARTHUR BYRON
O. P. HEGGIE
HARRY CAREY
AND A CAST OF ONE THOUSAND

A DARRYL F. ZANUCK
20th CENTURY PRODUCTION

20th CENTURY FOX

Presented by Joseph M. Schenck
Directed by John Ford
Associate Producer and Screen Play by Nunnally Johnson
Based on the life of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd

The True Story of a Nation's Hidden Shame



Brief holidays are all that a capable and popular actress like Ann can hope for. With two pictures just completed, the Sothern hurried into still a third, "Don't Gamble with Love," in which Bruce Cabot is her teammate. The dashing, young Roger Pryor is still her constant interest.

Janet Gaynor, Dick Powell

Meet the charming "Small Town Girl!" Yes, it's Janet Gaynor again and looking gayer than she has in ages. Working at a new studio for the first time in a number of years, Janet seems to be keyed up to a new vivacity. Her leading man is none other than that young heartbreaker, Bob Taylor. This should be an exciting team. As for Dick Powell, this popular gent is twosoming again with his and the fans' favorite screen girl friend, Ruby Keeler, and the opus is "Colleen." Any songs in it? Well, with Dick, what do you think?

Nelson Eddy
Jean Parker

Nelson Eddy in "civies" again after days of wearing the uniform of the stalwart Canadian Mounted Police for "Rose Marie." Eddy shouldn't let so many months go by between pictures, especially when the fans clamor so loudly for him. And Jean Parker, having had the fun of a trip to England to play in "The Ghost Goes West" with Robert Donat, is back home and busy with Fred Stone in "Farmer in the Dell."

You won't recognize the smooth Tone head when you see him all curled up for "Princess Charming" with Grace Moore. And it gives him an unexpectedly dashing foreign air for one so American. Franchot works hard with excellent results, as usual.

Franchot Tone

Little Miss T. goes very nautical for her beguiling role of granddaughter in "Captain January." Guy Kibbee is the lighthouse keeper of that beloved old tale. And just wait 'til you see Buddy Ebsen and Shirley dance together. They're too swell!

Shirley Temple

JEAN HARLOW IS JEALOUS OF YOU

The world should be her oyster, but she thinks you are the people who have all the luck!

BY GLADYS HALL

JEAN HARLOW is jealous of all you girls, city-bred or small-town, who lead perfectly normal, natural lives—who do your jobs, close your desks when the work is done, relax, have a good time and are able to forget how your face looks, what the public is thinking of your most casual gestures and whether you should be getting nine hours' sleep instead of three.

She envies you your leisure, your chance to develop yourselves, your real selves and not your professional personalities. She envies you your right to live minus an audience which never closes its eyes and never goes home from a show on which no curtain of privacy ever drops.

Jean knows what you are thinking—that she has fame, success, luxuries, youth, beauty and love, and that upon her shining head the treasures of the earth are heaped in boundless good measure. . . .

For these things you envy *her,* and reasonably. Jean doesn't minimize these blessings. She doesn't say that she "longs to get away from it all." Not on your life. Jean's sane, crystal-clear mind functions far too honestly for that. On the contrary, she says she wouldn't get away from it if she could. The excitements of her life have become necessary to her. She couldn't live comfortably, now, without her half-hour engagement book, the continuous ringing of telephones, conferences, fittings, interviews, photographs, et al.

And she loves the work itself.

But—she does wish that she had never begun it at all. Now that she has begun she will never stop of her own volition—she can't. She doesn't know why, except that it is like a virus in the blood which cannot be ejected.

JEAN FEELS what all public characters feel, public characters who are really normal, private citizens at heart.

She is a simple person. And her envy of you other girls is predicated upon one thing—that she is completely natural and to be forced, however great the rewards, to lead a completely unnatural life just plain gets on the Harlow nerves.

(Continued on page 102)

Jean with the ever-devoted Bill Powell.

And with Spencer Tracy in a scene from "Riffraff."

Emilie
Yvonne

At right, no Hollywood night life for Emilie, Yvonne, Cecile, Annette and Marie! These five starlets retire early. Nor has their forthcoming debut in "The Country Doctor" made these screen ingenues even the least bit self-conscious. Cameras are just another toy to them!

AN OFF-SCREEN GLIMPSE OF THE Quints

The Mam'selles Dionne are completely unruffled by fame, stardom and riches

Copyright 1936 NEA Service, Inc.

Cecile
Annette
Marie

Below, left and right, the five-star babies have fun. That's Yvonne, the rascal, making eyes at the cameraman. And at the right, Cecile and Marie, on either end, look wistful, but Emile sniffs the food, Yvonne laughs gaily and Annette works on a leg!

Cary Grant, once married, again enjoys the freedom of a popular man-about-town. But does he like it?

Cary may skip trite social formalities, but he never fails to remember the little, thoughtful gestures to his friends. He's been making an English picture.

BACHELOR AT LARGE

BY VIVIAN HOWARD

WHEN I asked Mae West what she thought of Cary Grant, she was cryptic. "Cary Grant is a flash," she said and left me to figure it out. Looking at him gives one an immediate idea of what Mae meant: flashing black eyes, white teeth, a flashing smile over an unexpected dimple, all of which is backed up by boyish flashes of wit, and a continual over-supply of bubbling good spirits.

He doesn't walk, he bounds. His loping stride carries him to his destination far ahead of those earthbound souls who content themselves with walking. And while he waits for them to catch up with him, instead of marking time, he taps out an original routine and hums snatches of the latest popular song to restrain his natural impatience.

Despite his romantic appearance, this boyish impatience prevents him from playing the great and attentive lover in private life. Since details rather bore him, and since he's also apt to be somewhat absent-minded, his current lady friend (whoever she may be—for they change periodically) finds him a charming but somewhat irresponsible and unpredictable courtier. Should he be taking her out to dine, she's lucky if he arrives at her home only a half hour late. It seldom, if ever, occurs to him to send her a corsage to wear. And if the thought does strike him, as he's taking an opponent to town in a hot set of tennis or ping-pong (usually this happens five minutes before he's due to call for his charmer—and he not even shaved or showered!), he arrives, minus flowers. Then he and his lady, together, spend half an hour or so hunting for just the right florist.

IT'S NOT that Cary is lacking in natural courtesy or thoughtfulness. It is simply that this type of conventional behavior doesn't seem of fundamental importance to him. His natural spontaneity rebels at such stiff formalities. He far prefers to act on the spur of the moment.

So that, having planned to spend a week-end at some elaborate house party in Malibu, and having invited a girl to go along—the lady sits and waits for Cary for two hours—they being due at their host's house at, say—eight o'clock Saturday evening. Her temperature falls steadily and her ire rises. At ten o'clock, the telephone rings. It's Cary. He can't understand her frigid tone, because he and two other couples have just decided that it would be much more fun to ditch the boring affair and start off for Arrowhead, or Arizona, or Palm Springs or a Mexican fishing trip. And will she please throw some old clothes in her overnight bag, they'll be right over!

I've yet to meet the girl who hasn't! Despite her annoyance, her pride, and her vows never to see him again. For Cary has that fatal fascination, if you know what I mean!

Although Cary would deny it, emphatically, he is extremely idealistic in regard to women. He loathes blatancy, vulgarity, and scatter-brained butterflies. The women whom he truly admires are those who primarily are companionable, have great understanding and tolerance—particularly of impulsive chaps like Cary.

Capable of great and loyal friendship, he numbers among his closest friends, two or three women whose appeal is in no way dependent upon beauty or fame. And these go on being important to him through the thick and thin of his frequent romantic flare-ups with his changing heart interests. His tender thoughtfulness, toward these women, is very touching (Cary would writhe if he knew that adjective had been used to describe his perfectly natural impulses).

ONE OF these close women friends was a secretary at Paramount when Cary first arrived in Hollywood. He admired her sane intelligence, he depended upon her judgment. He constantly turned to her for advice.

Being new in Hollywood, and extremely sensitive, he feared people would misunderstand him. He dreaded that he might "do the wrong thing." When he first became mildly successful and his option at the studio had been taken up, he wanted to buy a new car. He had been driving an old sports model and had been very happy in it—but alas!—the top was now leaking and the whole thing was practically falling to pieces. But, until his secretary friend convinced him he was being supersensitive, he put off doing anything about a new one, because he was afraid people would think he'd "gone Hollywood."

To her also, he delegated the difficult task of first judging his performances in the previews of each new picture he made. Each (*Continued on page 94*)

Left, Betty Furness seems to be the girl fickle Cary is concentrating upon right now. And right, with Katharine Hepburn in "Sylvia Scarlett," his most successful picture to date.

Paul Cavanagh came to some amazing conclusions about Mae, playing with her in "Goin' to Town."

HAS MAE WEST A DUAL PERSONALITY?

Mae advises you to go after your man boldly, but Hollywood's smoothest gents claim she doesn't practice what she preaches

BY HILARY LYNN

THE PURPOSE of this story is to report two conversations. Just that. You can draw your own conclusions. They're bound to be interesting!

"The reason people go for my pictures in a big way is that I don't make 'em afraid of sex. Know what I mean?"

I didn't . . . quite. So Mae went on to elaborate.

"I take sex with a laugh. I don't let it get me. Get me?"

I was beginning to catch on.

In a turquoise satin negligee, very simple but very Patou, Mae was lounging in her boudoir—a perfect atmosphere for our conversation.

It was a gold and white boudoir—even to the telephone. White magnolias and gardenias in gold and white vases. A tantalizing scent like heavy tropical flowers touched with moonlight. Soft white rugs on the floor. The sparkle of crystal candelabra. Mirrors lining the walls. Even a mirror above the white, satin-covered bed on which Mae was relaxing, as disturbingly radiant as Cleo and Delilah all rolled into one.

For the first time I had a close-up of Mae's eyes. They're the poet's favorite dewy violet—and the lashes, like Garbo's (as was just recently revealed after all these years of silence) are not the handiwork of a make-up man—they're the real McCoy. Black, long, silky, and with that devastating upswing.

"Love and sex may be considered old-fashioned by some," continued Mae, "but they still come in for their quota of after-dinner conversation along with the Italo-Ethiopian situation and what John Barrymore's next move might be.

"Everybody has his pet theory about how sex should be presented on the screen. Some say it should be done away with entirely. Personally," and here Mae gave me one of those slow, smouldering glances and lazily stretched her white arms, "I think that might offer difficulties. Others say it should be camouflaged. I might go for that theory myself some day. Some say it isn't good for the kiddies. Well, not in overdoses.

AND WHO hasn't heard the old gag that, 'there's too much sex in the movies and not enough good, clean fun? Give us more Shirley Temple and Westerns by Zane Grey.'

"While others declare: 'We'll take a little sex with our movies, but we'll take it wrapped in orange blossoms and yards of Rosepoint lace. We'd like it set in a cottage for two, in a room with a view—.' You know, the way they staged it when Gaynor and Farrell were screen lovey-doveying.

"I've even met the kind of fellahs who like to see sex rear its wicked head in a cosmopolitan atmosphere, where ladies with foreign accents and husbands who don't understand them, slither in and out of art museums, officers' balls, and hot houses filled with orchids and tiger lilies.

"Then again, some folks like it sprinkled with tears, pale shining eyes and choking farewells. The 'it's-better-to-have-loved-and-lost-than-never-to-have-loved-at-all' sort of thing. Like those pictures, (*Continued on page 98*)

Courtesy N. Y. American

Buddy's Girl Friday is Walter Winchell's, too.

YOUR GIRL FRIDAY'S BUDDY

BY CHARLES DARNTON

Buddy Ebsen's fast feet are not this gent's only claim to fame

Pint-sized Shirley and six-foot Buddy tap their way through "Captain January."

BY ALL the rules of Horatio Alger this story really ought to be titled "Small Town Boy Makes Good." For droll Buddy Ebsen, slow of tongue but fast of feet, has made a dancing hit second only to that of the incomparable Eleanor Powell in "Broadway Melody of 1936." He is Hollywood's homeliest—and funniest—find in many a moon.

Orchids to Walter Winchell. Why? Well, you see, Buddy is a Winchell happy event. Not that my old friend Walter is his pappy. But that lynx-eyed columnist, once a hoofer himself, discovered him. Nor is this all. Because of that Columbusing a few years back, Buddy rates a double happy event. Believe it or not, this plain and simple newcomer to the screen is, of all things, the husband of no less a sophisticate than W. W.'s famed "Girl Friday"!

Imagine finding her sitting primly in their Westwood home while Buddy unlimbered himself on a sofa, when I dropped in for a neighborly call. Paradoxically, two persons farther apart couldn't possibly be closer together.

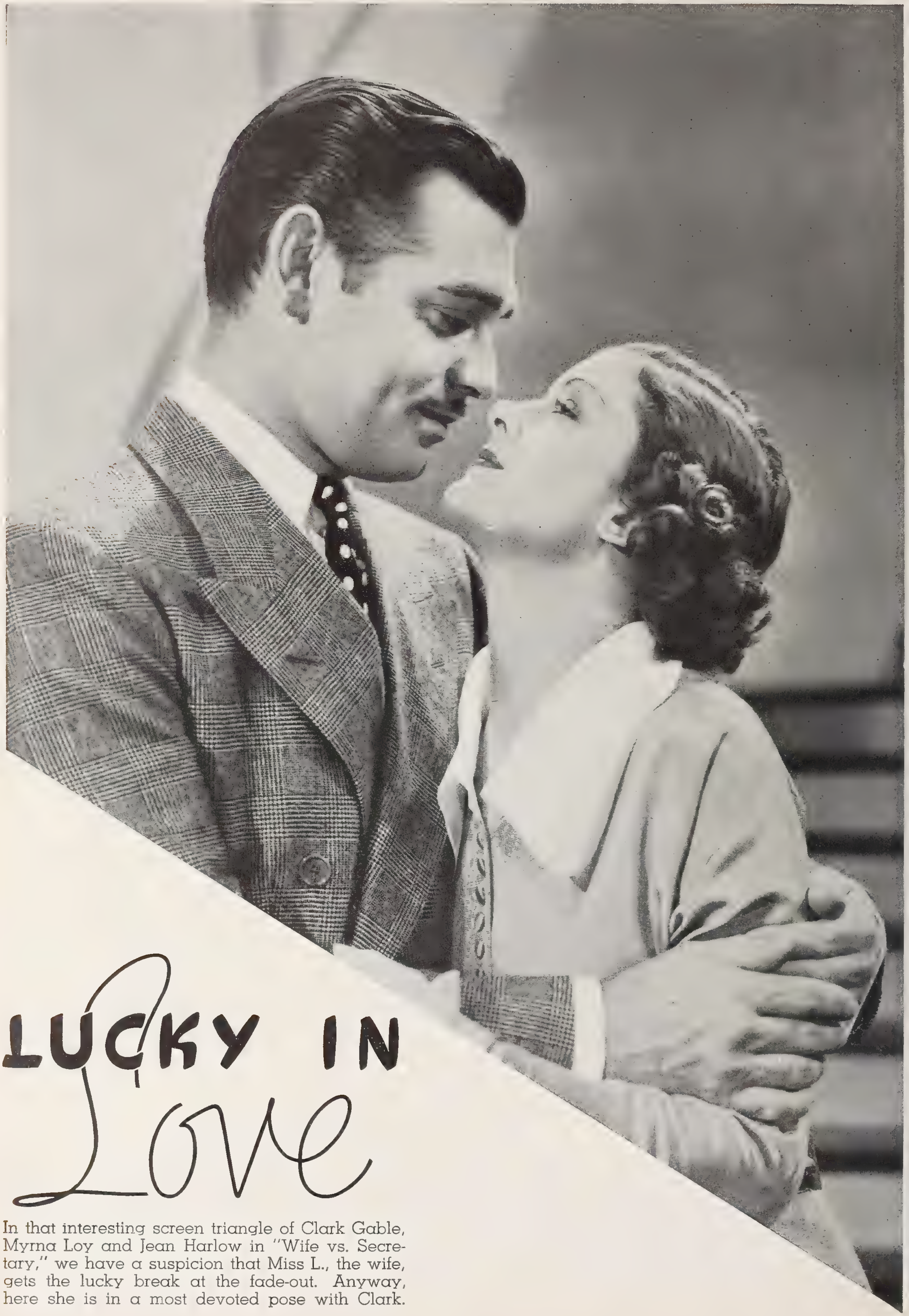
THAT UNIQUE domestic scene offered a rare study in contrasts. There was the little woman, as Buddy may call her if he's a brave man, with all Broadway at her finger-tips, and there was her hubby looking for all the world as though he'd never been off Main Street.

They had me blinking. It wasn't hard to recognize Buddy—for except that he'd had a hair-cut he was just as advertised. But Your Girl Friday, demure, wren-like, sheltered, didn't in the least suggest her worldly-wise alter ego, indeed she seemed (*Continued on page 72*)

"The Trail of the Lonesome Pine"

A new treat awaits movie fans, judging from Hollywood reports about Paramount's "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." Sylvia Sidney, Fred MacMurray and Henry Fonda have the star roles supported by Fred Stone, Nigel Bruce, Robert Barret, Fuzzy Knight and Little Spanky McFarland. Henry Hathaway, brilliant director of "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," has the directorial assignment. Walter Wanger produces. Most interesting, is the fact that "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" is the first full-length outdoor romantic drama to be produced in natural color*. Those who have seen it say the scenes are breath-taking in their beauty.

* Technicolor process



LUCKY IN Love

In that interesting screen triangle of Clark Gable, Myrna Loy and Jean Harlow in "Wife vs. Secretary," we have a suspicion that Miss L., the wife, gets the lucky break at the fade-out. Anyway, here she is in a most devoted pose with Clark.

"Charmed, I'M SURE"

What happens when star meets star in Hollywood? Several celebrities tell their funny experiences

Zasu Pitts didn't meet her next door neighbor, Claudette Colbert, for over a year—and when she did! Irene Dunne's maid had to introduce her to the star she wanted most to meet. And one of Joan Bennett's best friends today is a star who went out of her way to meet Joan. Below, left to right, Zasu, Irene and Joan.

BY KATHERINE ALBERT

MY FRIEND, who had never been there, and I were talking about Hollywood the other day. She asked me if Kay Francis and Janet Gaynor were good friends.

"I don't know," I said. "I don't believe they've ever met."

She was appalled at that. "Never met? But they are both products of Hollywood—both famous stars. Surely, no introduction would be necessary!"

She talked on. She could not believe that it was possible for one star in Hollywood not to know every other star. Certainly, she reasoned, they were just one big family. Not always a happy family perhaps—they might have their fights and feuds—but not to *know* each other . . . Well!

A few days later I was chatting with Claudette Colbert and I told her of my friend's misapprehension. "It is silly that we all don't know each other, isn't it?" Claudette said. "Often it causes embarrassing situations."

And that gave me the idea that it might be fun to discover just how these world-famous people, whom everybody knows, get to meet each other.

For a year Claudette Colbert and Zasu Pitts had been next door neighbors. Yet, except for the times when each had seen the other's likeness on the screen, they had never so much as caught a glimpse of each other. Hollywood etiquette did not demand that Zasu call on Claudette when she moved next door. Both were busy women. There is no time for this sort of social flubdubbery in the film capital. Of course, Zasu knew that Claudette was her neighbor. If there were any sugar borrowing or back-fence talk, it was done by the servants.

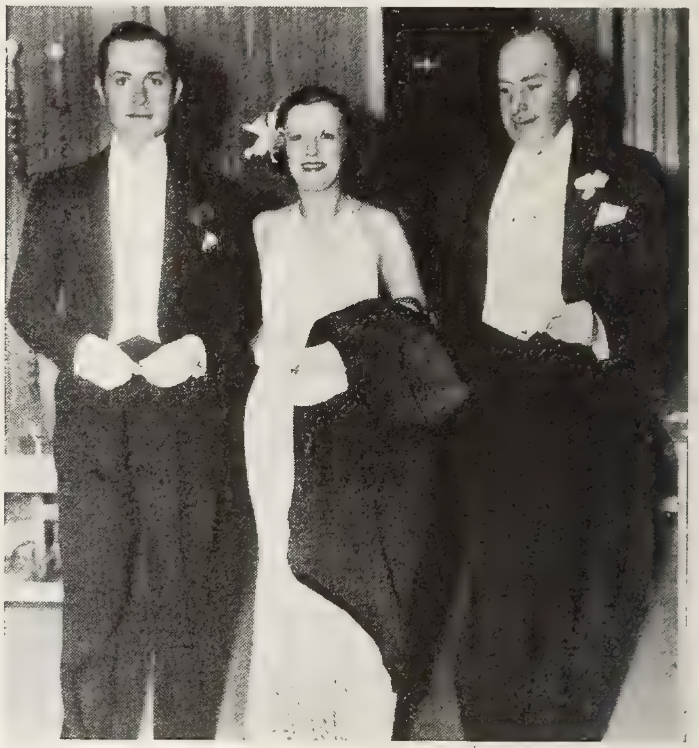
And then, after a year of such neighborly proximity, they actually saw each other on the Paramount lot. They both stared, curiously—just as you would stare if you saw Claudette Colbert or Zasu (*Continued on page 122*)

GOSSIP BY
LEO TOWNSEND

GOOD NEWS

Photos by Scotty
Illustration by Russell Patterson

The Ambassador was the scene of a swank dinner for H. G. Wells. Here's Bob Montgomery with the Alan Mowbrays.



Commotion amounting almost to a furor was created when Margaret Sullavan marched into the "Rose Marie" preview in the company of ex-hubby Henry Fonda. The two have always been friends, even during their married life, and they're co-starring in "The Moon's Our Home." So consider the lady's indignation when the ever-present Scotty stepped up and snapped their photo. It was an outrage, averred Miss Sullavan. Frankly, it's not an outrage. A photographer's business is to obtain pictures with news interest, and certainly a photo of a well-known star attending a preview with a former husband comes under the head of news, even in Hollywood. That's why Miss Sullavan's attitude strikes us as being a trifle absurd. If a girl wants privacy, a preview attended by half the movie colony is hardly a haven of solitude.

■ ■ ■

And what new foreign star tells every lady interviewer she is beautiful and lovely, and that her mere presence fills him with emotion? Now everyone knows that, while all lady interviewers are charming, intelligent and witty, not all of them are Dietrichs to look upon. What's more, they talk, and now they all know that the imported gentleman has whispered the same sweet nothings to each and every one of them. Half of the girls are beginning to think he isn't sincere.

■ ■ ■

Now that Irene Hervey has been seen out once or twice with Addison Randall, the rumor hounds are trying to link Bob Taylor with several other young ladies about town. Most persistent are the reports of a romance involving the handsome Mr. T. with Janet Gaynor. Just as a coincidence, Bob and Janet have recently finished making "Small Town Girl" together. You wouldn't be supposing this beautiful romance existed mainly in that idyllic domain known as a studio publicity department, would you?

Parties, previews, romances and rumors galore keep our gossip-purveyor on the run about Hollywood—and is the news hot!

Kay Francis and Delmar Daves leave the "Lady Consents" preview. Are they married everyone asks? They won't say.

H. G. Wells, noted English guest of honor, leaves his party with two fair gals. Paulette Goddard, left, and Anita Loos.

Speaking of beautiful romances—with the scent of ambrosia furnished by studio press agents—perhaps the most touching was that well-publicized rhapsody, the Courtship of Harry Richman. Harry, it seems, is co-starred with Rochelle Hudson in "The Music Goes 'Round." During the picture's production the local press was full of trivia concerning Mr. Richman's undying regard for Miss Hudson and Miss Hudson's romantic feelings toward Mr. Richman. The minute the picture was completed, however, something came to blight this beautiful alliance, and not another word was heard of their *Great Love*. In other words, the publicity goes 'round and around, and we try to keep it from coming out here.

■ ■ ■

Tragedy on the ice: During a big skating scene for "Wife vs. Secretary," which stars Jean Harlow, Clark Gable and Myrna Loy, Miss Harlow was scheduled to go into a rather fancy fall. She refused on the grounds that she had no woolens and wasn't in the mood for falling on practically nothing but Harlow, for which you can hardly blame her. Her director agreed, and for a full hour the studio was searched, but there wasn't a woolie in all of Culver City. So, for her art, and for her employers, Jean gritted her teeth and graciously did the fall. These days she winces when someone says, "Won't you sit down, Miss Harlow?"

■ ■ ■

While we're on the subject, here's a secret Binnie Barnes wouldn't want you to know. Seems that Binnie was on location for "Sutter's Gold" in a region noted for its fog and wind. Binnie's costume, to make things more uncomfortable, happened to be a blue organdie dress. But the Barnes ingenuity overcame such difficulties, and here is the secret. Under the organdie La Barnes is comfortably equipped with long pink woolen undies and a pair of high black Russian boots. These items hardly go with organdie gowns, but they do keep a girl from freezing.

■ ■ ■

Note to Producers: Please buy Ann Harding a new story. The one she's been wearing for the past several seasons is getting just a trifle frayed around the edges. Miss Harding has appeared in "sacrificing wife" dramas so often that the public must be weary of feeling sorry for her. Many things have happened in this world since that style of story first startled audiences—the airplane has supplanted the horse, Fulton has invented the steamboat, and Alexander Bell is working on a gadget called the telephone—and we think Ann would look swell in one of the newer models. Something streamlined, let us say.

■ ■ ■

Out here if someone tells you a certain star is terrific, he means the certain star is B. O. If you don't know what B. O. is, then we don't know why we're telling you all this. B. O. is Box Office, the wooden image worshipped by all good Hollywood pagans. If a star is Box Office, it simply means that his or her appeal is of such magnitude that vast quantities of citizens, the world over, pay tribute to see him, even though they must sit through a double feature bill, two shorts, a newsreel and five acts of vaudeville to do so. Hence it will probably be of interest to know that the great god Box Office has selected ten names from all the lists of 1935's bright stars, and dubbed them Terrific. They are, in the order of their B. O. importance: Shirley Temple, Will Rogers, Clark Gable, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, Joan Crawford, Claudette Colbert, Dick Powell, Wallace Beery, Joe E. Brown (surprise?) and James Cagney. Allah has spoken.

Ann Harding, vacationing in the big city, leaves New York's Gotham Hotel.

Fred MacMurray and his best gal, Lillian Lamont. These two are an inseparable duo.

Merle Oberon arrives with her current beau, David Niven, for an evening at the Club Seville.

Gladys Swarthout and the destined-to-be-popular Erin O'Brien-Moore at Basil Rathbone's.

Two sorrowing figures at Jack Gilbert's funeral, Leatrice Joy, former wife, and their daughter.

Here's something that would have made the $10,000-a-week sirens of the old silent days furious with envy. It seems that one of the items in Claudette Colbert Pressman's new home is a bed done up almost entirely in satin. We didn't see the price tag but we have it from unimpeachable sources that it was marked $3,000. Perhaps that would have been a mere couch in those golden days, but in these parlous times it's terrific. Did some one say "some bunk"?

■ ■ ■

Have you been wondering about Mary Brian? Well, we have, and here's what we discovered. Mary's in London, still starring in "Charlot's Revue," and still denying romantic rumors, just as she denied them in Hollywood. The young blades of London are decidedly Brian-conscious, and even the manager of her hotel sends her a daily offering of fresh flowers. Men, are we going to relinquish America's Girl Friend to the British? Think it over.

■ ■ ■

Stuart Erwin can't understand his prize-winning bulldog. After knocking off blue ribbons at severel dog shows, Stu readied his pride and joy for the Palm Springs show. The dog wandered out and stuffed himself with dates, and by the time the judges took a look at him he was a fine example of a dog with a hangover. The following week the dog got next to a plentiful quantity of rich food and came down with the gout. Right now he subsists on dog biscuit and water, and Stu hasn't any appetite whatsoever.

■ ■ ■

There's a new hoofer about to amaze screen audiences with her tapability, and she's none other than Irene Dunne! Irene took lessons in taps from LeRoy Prinz for her role in "Show Boat," and Mr. Prinz is telling his friends that Irene is a natural tapster, or is it tapstress? We can't imagine it, but Mr. P. swears by it, so you'll have to see "Show Boat" if you want his statement verified.

■ ■ ■

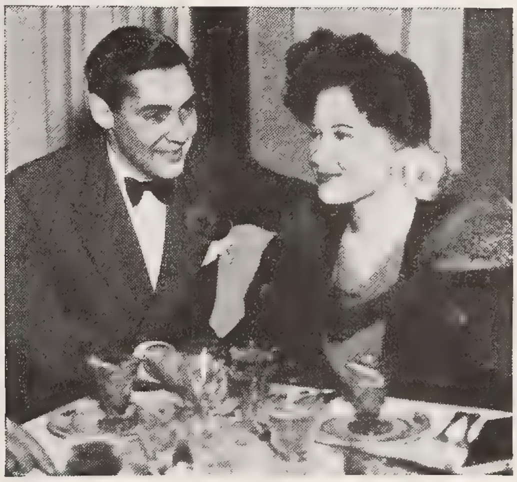
More Questions Without Answers: The wife of a prominent English star is constantly guarding her husband from the

GOOD

Grace Moore and husband Valentin Parera, snapped leaving "Rose Marie" preview.

Gertrude Michaels, Johnny Farrow and Maureen O'Sullivan make merry at the Club Seville.

Polly Ann Young, her fiance, Carter Herman, and Loretta Young at Wally Ford's party.



The much-beaued-about-town Mary Carlisle with Phil Reed at the Club Seville, too.

Mary Pickford dances gaily with Leslie Howard at a party she gave for Lady Mendl.

NEWS

wiles of the local sirens, but she topped all her previous efforts at an Assistance League luncheon the other day. A certain glamorous gal star rushed over to the couple, greeted the wife and planted a friendly kiss on the countenance of the blushing male. Since a kiss is not an unusual salute in Hollywood, you can imagine the young lady's embarrassment when she found herself on the receiving end of a violent push from the irate wife.

■ ■ ■

Fay Wray, just back from England, parked her bags at the Gotham in New York for a few days. And the same day the Melvyn Douglas's (Helen Gahagan) checked out of this popular hostelry on their way back to the coast. Poor Fay must feel like a gal without a country for she has spent the major part of the past year madly commuting back and forth across the briny to keep picture engagements in both England and Hollywood. Fortunately for her, her beloved spouse, John Monk Saunders, has been spending most of his time in England, too, thus saving them miserable separations and transatlantic phone bills!

■ ■ ■

And speaking of New York, who do you suppose stole into town without a single reporter catching sight of her? None other than Gloria Swanson. La Swanson, who used to stir up a peck of press excitement, must have felt a trifle forlorn to be the forgotten woman. It is whispered that Gloria and Herbert Marshall are only nodding these days.

And from Hollywood comes word that Herbert is transatlantic phoning his wife, Edna Best. So-o-o.

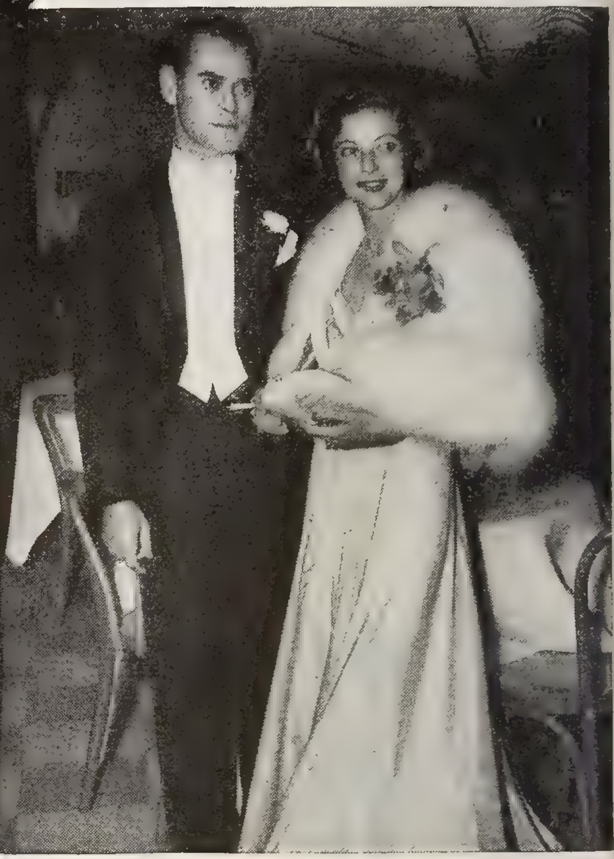
■ ■ ■

And what's this about Simone Simon? The little mademoiselle from gay Paree was brought to these waiting shores amid much publicity and much shouting of "Vive la France!" In a few short months her studio taught her English and placed her in "Under Two Flags," with Ronald Colman and Victor McLaglen. After two weeks of production it was announced that Mlle. Simon retired from the cast under doctor's orders. She was replaced by Claudette Colbert, by the way. Observers, however, point out a typographical error in the announcement. "Director's orders" would be more correct, they insist, for it seems that playing a Cuban girl in an American picture was a little too bewildering for the little French lady, so she retired from the cast—with a French-English dictionary under one arm and a tutor under the other.

■ ■ ■

The death of John Gilbert marks the end of an era in Hollywood, for he was one of the last of the glamorous names of the silent days. Always attractive to women, his constant companion during his last few months was Marlene Dietrich. That she felt his passing deeply is attested to by those who saw her on the Paramount lot the day after his death. Although she worked, so as not to hold up production, there were two nurses in constant attendance. (*Cont'd on page 124*)

And look who's walking into the party! None other than Jeanette MacDonald radiantly happy and squired by Henry Fonda.



Top above, the Harmon Nelsons (Bette Davis) pose for Scotty. And Bette, with her hair darker again, looks like a little girl. Below, Loretta Young steps out with Janet Gaynor's former husband, Lydell Peck.

Hollywood's gayest gals and lads have themselves a big time at

. . . THE BLACK

Top above, a jolly foursome consisted of David Niven with his best girl, Merle Oberon; Norma Shearer and husband, Irving Thalberg. Norma was one of the few who didn't observe the "black and white" dress edict. Below, Janet Gaynor, Gene Raymond, Marion Davies and Dolores Del Rio have fun.

Top above, Scotty snaps a fivesome—the Bill Gargans, the Harold Lloyds and Dolores Costello Barrymore in a fetching white wig. And below, the hostess, Carole Lombard, all done up in white tulle and violets. Cesar Romero is the lucky fellow who has her attention for the moment.

Carole Lombard's swanky Mayfair party. Here's how they looked!

AND WHITE BALL

SHE KNOWS *Wives!*

And Myrna Loy, unmarried herself, tells you all about them here

BY S. R. MOOK

ONE NIGHT, not too long ago, Jobyna and Dick Arlen, Bing and Dixie Crosby and I were sitting around gabbing.

Somehow the talk got around to "The Thin Man" and, naturally, to Myrna Loy's swell portrayal of the wife in it.

"*There* was a wife for you," Dick remarked with a meaning glance at Joby.

"Amen!" said Mr. Crosby devoutly, although he smiled when he said it.

Joby threw a pillow at Dick while Dixie fingered a marble ash tray more or less absently.

The conversation was hastily changed before there were any casualties. But, when I reached home, where I could meditate in peace and comfort on one of my favorite topics—marriage—I began thinking about Myrna again.

There is a girl who never has been married—or, if she has been, she's keeping very still about it—yet she probably has played more and different types of wife, and played them convincingly than (*Continued on page 119*)

Myrna, who has played a variety of screen wives, wonders how she would react to marriage off-screen. Below, with her constant beau, Arthur Hornblow.

ALMOST AN OLD MAID

BY WELDON MELICK

Ronald Burla, her better half, is just about perfect, thinks Miss Merkel.

Una has helped many of her fans with their problems on love and marriage.

HERE'S ONE I'll bet even Ripley wouldn't believe! Una Merkel was once resigned to the unwelcome fate of becoming an old maid! With millions of unattached males in the world, not one favored the shy, awkward little Kentucky girl with so much as a passing glance.

Although she is one of the most happily married girls in the movie colony today—the happiest, to hear her version of it—Una has known what it is to want companionship and see all the girls but herself receiving flattering attentions from young swains.

For other girls who have faced that problem, she feels a sympathetic kinship, and for them she has a heart-warming message which perhaps no other screen idol is qualified, by both experience and understanding, to give.

Picnics and parties given by the younger set in Covington and Philadelphia, where Una grew up, were not enhanced by the tinkling chatterbox voice which now makes a picnic of any picture to which it is a party. Even later, when Una was posing for illustrations in a confession magazine—illustrating stories in which she had illegitimate children by the score, during working hours—men didn't even offer her a seat on the subway.

THE STORY of the screen's most popular comedienne is the more unusual because the lives of models and actresses are supposed to be glutted with battalions of males, and the worries of a film beauty who tries to remember mother's advice are enough to turn her hair platinum blonde overnight. But in all of Una Merkel's cloister-like existence in the midst of plenty, she only got one opportunity to slap a man.

I hope I don't make her sound like the "before" half of the ad for freckle cream, or a course in "How You Too May Cultivate and Harvest Men." I'm sure it was the boys in Covington who were cross-eyed.

It's difficult to sit on a lounge with one of the most charming and delightful women of the screen and try to imagine her as a self-conscious wall-flower who was so afraid of boys that they thought she wanted to be that way. I wouldn't have believed that this personable young blonde had ever got a good start toward spinsterhood, if she hadn't admitted it. But when Una Merkel tells you something, you believe it. Her sincerity is the second thing you note about her. The first is how sleekly stunning she is in black. While the glamor gals affect aprons and organdie between sirening assignments, La Merkel, off the set, knocks your lamps out with the latest chic creations of New York and Paris—possibly a delayed compensation for drab days in a convent, and working days in New York, when an umbrella and outsize rubbers were the most striking accessories in her wardrobe.

But she is a homebody, for all her style, and wouldn't starve to death if you locked her in a kitchen with the makings. She'd know what to do if you got a cold in the chest. If you gave her a pile of socks to darn, she wouldn't do it with her *(Continued to page 88)*

Una Merkel's advice to the Misses who would be Missus

Will increasing screen success push Rochelle Hudson into the glamorous star class she now spurns?

MAYBE IT would be better if you didn't tell what I said on the set that day a year ago. People might misunderstand and think I was crazy."

Rochelle readily admitted the conversation I referred to. I was afraid that she wouldn't. Especially since she had, during the past few months, seen her name put in the column of the box office ledger that spells cash.

That's what you like about this Hudson gal. She has a mind of her own and she is not afraid to express it.

"After all," she went on, "why shouldn't I say that the glamor and glitter that goes with being a motion picture actress does not thrill me. It doesn't. That I am not eager for a career. It's the truth. That I am not reaching for fame. I have seen how disappointing that can be. That I don't want to be a star. I have seen too many stars take a tail spin.

Rochelle considers acting a job, not a career.

"A year ago I was so fed up with the whole business I was ready to quit. I don't want to quit now. I have a good job. And I am enjoying my work because I am making progress. I don't want to quit until I have become tops. I would want to be tops in anything I undertook."

To this veteran of nineteen, acting is a job, not a career. "Tops" is success, not stardom. Laugh if you want to, but here is a beautiful girl who would rather be looked upon as an industrious young person intent upon her work than a motion picture actress wrapped in glamor.

"I have been building for a career ever since I can remember," she said. "When I was born my mother vowed she was going to give me the opportunity to do the thing she had always wanted to do. 'Amount to something,' as she put it. I was to have the training, foundation, or whatever you want to call it to enable me to do something artistic—

something fine, the chance to take myself out of the everyday humdrum existence. In other words, she wanted to see in me a reflection of what she had wanted to be. She never wavered in that purpose.

"At three I was studying the piano and taking dancing lessons. At six I was memorizing verse. Before long I was learning ten pages of drama a week. That taught me to concentrate. That is why today I learn lines so easily. When it was discovered that my voice had possibilities, I was given vocal training.

"Although I was considered precocious, I had to work. Mother often stood over me to keep me at the piano. How I hated to sit down to those cold keys." She made a wry face at the thought of it.

"MY TEACHERS used to warn my parents that I would have a breakdown. Mother was criticized for forcing me. But she knew what she was doing. I was active and quick to learn and it didn't hurt me a bit. At any rate I was never ill then—nor since then.

"Today when I see other girls in this business, many of them older than I, just starting on the piano, dancing or voice, I realize how lucky I am. After Mother put me on my own feet she left me to work out my own salvation."

Rochelle was fourteen when she signed a contract with RKO. Since she attended school on the lot, either her work or studies took her to the studio every day. And so, the studio became her world. She saw stars made and broken. She saw the effect of fame and money upon newcomers and old-timers. The excitement and glamor that surrounds a movie set was her daily fare. During those months her mental and physical training, her entire routine, was chosen to promote her career.

"Most people think that acting before the camera is fun," she said, "that the hours spent at a studio are gay and amusing. The dramatic roles I do are a responsibility. They weigh me down. (*Continued on page 84*)

BY RILLA PAGE PALMBORG

SHE DOESN'T WANT *Fame*

With Norman Foster in "Everybody's Old Man." Nice work by Rochelle

And with Harry Richman in "The Music Goes 'Round and [illegible]

LESLIE HOWARD—

There's great mystery in
and serious, this blond chap has

BY RUTH RANKIN

LADIES AND gentlemen—especially ladies.

The following discourse, concerning a literate and articulate actor, contains not one word about his lovelife, per se. Intentionally, it omits speculation direct or indirect regarding his marriage, his amorous dalliance, if any, his preference for blondes or brunettes, also if any.

Mr. Leslie Howard entertains the controversial opinion that a man may be an actor and also have a private life. You will, one hopes, agree that he can at least *try*. Possibly you may even find it refreshing to discover an actor who wants a private life.

This explanatory digression has nothing to do with the subject matter, except as an early illustration of Leslie's rebellious nature. Imagine an actor daring to want a private life!

Those of you, who regard Mr. Howard and sex-appeal as interchangeably synonymous, will perhaps be pained, or anyway surprised, to find out that other things do go on in his mind.

But before we progress to his mind, how's about analyzing the appeal. (Did I hear cheers from the ladies?) What is it Leslie has which no other actor has? Where does he keep it? Does he put it on and take it off or is it always there?

Well, now you have me. It's that thing called charm. Without it, there is a not particularly personable, slightly skinny gent in an old loose tweed jacket and trousers with a patch on the seat and tortoise-rimmed glasses, pulling on a blunt pipe. With it, there is Leslie Howard.

IT WORKS in various ways its wonders to perform—but it always works. For instance, two very chic Upper-Crust young matrons arrive from New York and it is my pleasure to introduce them to a studio. Well, a studio is a studio, and I make arrangements accordingly. But no, I was wrong. They only want to go to the studio where *Leslie Howard* is making a picture—and the only actor they want to meet is *Leslie Howard*. Tie *that*. And here I figured they were pretty darn lucky to see *any* studio! And it seemed fairly reasonable that since Howard was working on a picture, he wouldn't send out any brass bands to meet us . . . Ha, I was wrong again.

The gals were fairly skeptical. This Howard now, he was just a legendary character who charmed people, willy-nilly, on the screen and *(Continued on page 96)*

PERENNIAL CHARMER

Howard's appeal. Unassuming
something other stars envy

Left, Leslie, Jr., Howard's daughter, is so interested in her dad's career that she spent days writing a happy ending to "The Petrified Forest," because the producers thought they wanted it that way! Here they are.

Left, Leslie and Bette Davis in a scene from "Petrified Forest." Leslie had a way of quietly napping in his or Bette's car between scenes! And, like Garbo, he likes to sneak home early, much to the director's discomfort.

. . . MIRACLE IN

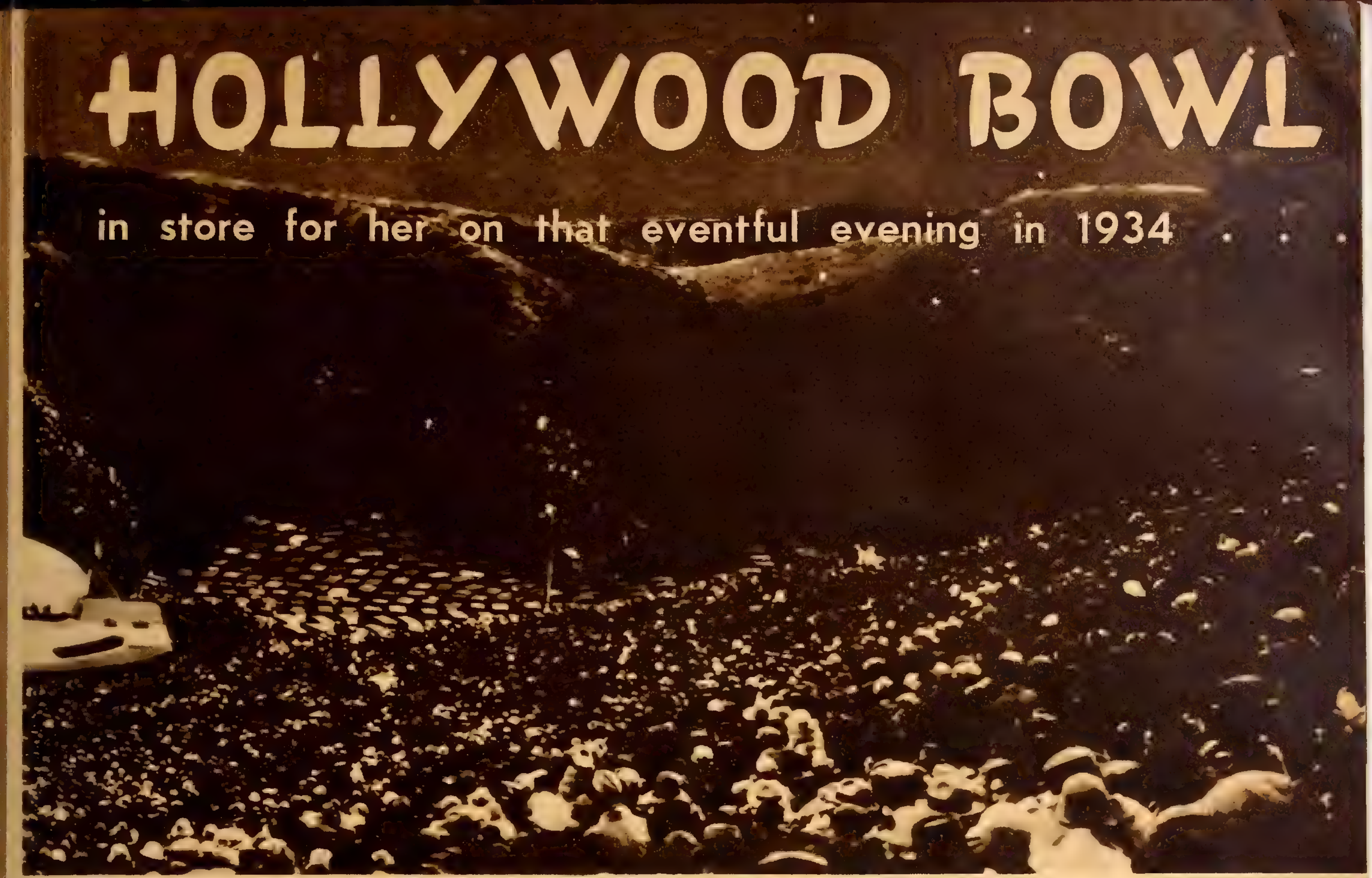
Little did the lovely Olivia de Havilland realize what Fate had

(Above) This amazing night picture of the world-famous Hollywood Bowl, crowded to the very rim, was the scene of Max Reinhardt's outdoor production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," in which Olivia de Havilland met Opportunity and Fame. Left, Olivia's first meeting with Reinhardt, and as she looks today.

BY
RAMON ROMERO

HOLLYWOOD BOWL

in store for her on that eventful evening in 1934 . . .



IN THE huge, egg-shaped orchestra pit of Hollywood Bowl, in the summer of 1934, a miracle occurred. In this cradle of immortal music a motion picture star was born. Not a new composer nor a master of the baton, but of all things, a cinema celebrity!

In the sight of forty thousand pairs of eyes this new actress emerged from the unknown, to be discovered by the largest single audience that has ever discovered a favorite upon whom to heap its plaudits. Out of the magical forest of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" she came—a vision as lovely as Dame Fame has ever bowed to. At the beginning of the eventful evening the program listed her merely as the "Hermia" of the Bard's play. But before the moon had risen much higher over the Bowl that night, it was Olivia de Havilland who was remembered. The next morning her fate was sealed. Hollywood came to bid.

More than a year has passed since that momentous evening when Olivia de Havilland's career was born in Hollywood's gigantic amphitheatre under the stars. In that incredibly short time Olivia has risen from an unknown "Little Theatre" actress to a picture personage. Her screen interpretation of Hermia, too, has won her praise.

Two of the most coveted roles of the new crop of pictures have been awarded Olivia on the strength of the critical reception accorded her in the Reinhardt fantasy. In "Captain Blood," Olivia and another newcomer, Errol Flynn, carried the burden of histrionic honors on their slim shoulders, with nary a big box-office name to bolster up production values. To add glory to glory, she is playing opposite Fredric March in "Anthony Adverse."

When I lunched with her recently, Olivia did not hesitate to express doubts as to her future in the Hollywood crazy-quilt. Although her charming rendition of Hermia had won for her the same role in the screen play, there was no way of foretelling what her camera-portrait of the same character would bring. Like a doctor who waits for the crisis in the illness of a patient, she waited for the day when she would know definitely whether her good fortune was merely a dream come to an end, or the beginning of a long screen life.

AS ANXIOUS as she was for the decisive answer, she was prepared not to be heartbroken should it mean that her efforts to be a movie actress had failed. Success had come too easily. It was not something over which she had brooded, planned, slaved. If ever a Cinderella story found its counterpart in actual life, it was true in this case. Unreasonable, because as she says herself, it seems almost unfair for anyone to walk into a motion picture career as painlessly as she did when Hollywood is full of talented girls wasting away waiting for a decent opportunity.

"Before all this happened I never seriously consideed a professional career," she confessed with her usual frankness. "I've never contemplated very much on the sacrifice involved in carving out a career for oneself. Of course, I've read dozens of biographies about the careers of great people, and of the tragic time they had. I cried myself sick over Katharine Hepburn's Eve Lovelace in "Morning Glory," but I've never had the same situations occur in my own life. I, personally, am going to let fate take its course."

"Even successful people must make sacrifices," I contended. "Should you be accepted as a success in the film version of 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' there is every chance you will eventually become a star. As a star, you must be prepared to make more sacrifices than you would, say, if your present option isn't renewed, and you are turned out to find a place for yourself in some other studio."

"Should that happen," she (*Continued on page 100*)

BUTLERS ARE ONLY SKIN DEEP

BY FAITH SERVICE

Arthur Treacher, screen butler de luxe, with Ida Lupino in "Anything Goes."

BUTLERS BY
ED GRAHAM

ARE BUTLERS, like beauty, only skin deep?

Scratch a butler and do you find the "gentleman's gentleman," his soul in the service of caviar, his heart in the honing of a razor strop?

In plain terms, if you should scratch Eric Blore as he draws the "bawth" for Edward Everett Horton or serves pigeons' hearts and puns to Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, if you should scratch Arthur Treacher as he draws back a chair for Shirley Temple, if you should scratch Ivan Simpson as he serves tea for Mr. Arliss—what would you find?

Messrs. Blore, Treacher and Simpson are Englishmen three. They hail from the Isle of Butlers. Of perfect butlers. For when is a butler not a butler might be answered thisaway—when he is not an Englishman. Still, it is reasonable to surmise that when Messrs. Blore, Treacher and Simpson were yet unbreeched they did not plan their future lives in terms of buttling for Astaire, Temple and Arliss. They doubtless expected to be buttled.

What is the man behind the screen butler like? Does servitude, even in films, nip the arrogant soul of the man until he instinctively passes the *pâté de fois gras* and says "Sir" to inferior young moppets?

Do Messrs. Blore, Treacher and Simpson resent being butlers? What are they like when the napkin is removed from their arms?

I scratched Eric Blore and found: A whimsical gentleman. A very charming gentleman. A most sophisticated gentleman. A gentleman who is no slouch with the ladies, who is, indeed, married to Clara Mackin, one-time actress and a celebrated beauty. The father of a son of eight. A father who disciplines his only son with Milne-esque poetry—Milne with a dark dash of Poe.

Mr. Blore read me one of his poems. He recited it with fire and fervor. He went further and gave us permission to print part of it. Eventually, it will be included in a book of Blore verse. For, among other things, I found, when I lunched with Mr. Blore, the gentleman, is that he is rated as the second best lyricist in all England. Before he recited the poem to me he said, "I recommend this to all fathers of sons. I find that it absolved me from the unpleasant duty of castigation!"

And here is a verse and chorus from "The Scroggins":

When I was quite a little boy,
And disobeyed my daddy,
He used to hit
Me where I sit
He hadn't ought to! Had he?
But then if I was very bad,
Too bad for Daddy's floggin's,
He'd frighten me
By saying he
Would send me to the Scroggins.
Then to the telephone he'd go
And ring up SCRANTON 0-0-0!

Oh! The Scroggins are terrible people,

Three famous screen gentlemen's "gentlemen," Eric Blore,

Eric Blore, outraged valet to Edward Everett Horton, in a "Top Hat" scene.

Ivan Simpson, the "old retainer" type, with Miriam Hopkins in "Splendor."

Such terrible people the Scroggins;
Especially Missus,
Who hisses and hisses.
She hates little boys and the reason for this is
She can't stand the smell of 'em.
Just hear her tell of 'em,
"Little boys smell, sir, and that is the hell of 'em."
Take it from me,
It is better to be
With Mummy and Daddy
  and floggin's
Than to stay for a day
In that house far away
With the terrible, terrible
  Scroggins!

And I wish you could have heard Mr. Blore doing "The Scroggins." The way he rolled his S's and his eyes when he "rang up Scranton 0-0-0" was a treat!

While delving into the Blore biography, I discovered that Mr. Blore is the only son of an English professor, a professor so learned in the classics that he reads Greek and Latin as we read Walter Winchell. A father who had predestined his only son for the law, for government service. It certainly never occurred to the scholarly elder Blore, the bibliophile, that his Eric would one day be "in service."

And what is more, Mr. Blore studied law. He passed his civil service examinations, though he tried not to. And he then passed into an insurance office, only to pass out of it as soon as possible and onto the stage. His first stage appearance was at the Spa Theatre, Bridlington, England, in the year 1908. He then toured Australia and the provinces and then did four years at the front. He was with the Royal Flying Corps and also conducted the 36th Divisional Concert Party in France, being unable to keep the theatre out of the trenches. And at the front he first met Herbert Marshall, his friend through the years.

After the War he reappeared on the London stage, at the Wyndham Theatre, in "His Little Widows," and audiences laughed him from one success to another, until his butler in the stage production of "The Gay Divorcee" brought him to Hollywood to repeat that character on the screen.

Eric Blore loathes buttling. He said, "I wouldn't mind, you know, playing a butler with character, such a butler, for instance, as Wodehouse's 'Jeeves.' But I do object, quite violently, to being typed. I do resent the once-a-butler-always-a-butler mold into which the movies seem to have hurled me.

"I have no objections to butlers on the grounds that might be supposed. I do not consider them inferior persons. On the contrary, a

(*Continued on page 89*)

Ivan Simpson and Arthur Treacher, reveal their real selves

BY MADAME SYLVIA

We believe that one of the most vital factors in the success of a motion picture is the physical attractiveness of its stars, and realize that instructive comment on this subject by a recognized authority will be of interest to our readers. MODERN SCREEN is, therefore, glad to announce the appointment of Madame Sylvia as its Beauty Critic of Motion Pictures.

Losing or gaining is a cinch, Sylvia claims, if you follow the rules—the same tips she gives the Hollywood stars

Carole Lombard has to keep an eagle eye on the thighs and hips. As a matter of fact, she has to diet and exercise all the time—or else.

FAT? THIN?—YOU

For those of you with scrawny necks, and shoulder blades that protrude noticeably—spots which the too-thin Loretta Young needs to round out—there are diets and exercises to build you up in no time.

Ann Dvorak is another one of those all-around skinny girls who could gain, if she went about it in the right way. Norma Shearer, on the other hand, has to work to keep slim—especially her waistline and arms.

RIGHT SMACK at the beginning, let me say this: you can have a good figure. You bet your sweet life you can. Barring out-and-out defects of bone structure and serious glandular disturbances, there is nothing that can keep you from being slim, graceful and decently proportioned. It will take time, determination, honesty (with yourself) and hard work. But, babies, you can have it and I'm not telling you any poetic beauty folderol when I say it. But it's up to you. What are you going to do? Be lazy and stay fat? Whine and stay thin? Or work and be beautiful? You're going to be beautiful? That's the stuff! And Sylvia will help you.

This month, I want to discuss really stubborn cases: the fat girl who has tried, honestly, to lose and can't; and the thin girl who has tried, honestly, to gain and can't.

On these pages, are the pictures of four Hollywood stars whom I shall use to illustrate certain points in this article. Norma Shearer and Carole Lombard have had considerable difficulty in their lives in keeping off excess weight. Norma's trouble is a tendency to heavy upper arms and a thickness through the waist. Carole's trouble is a tendency to heavy thighs and *derriere*. Ann Dvorak and Loretta Young have had difficulty in putting on weight. Ann is thin all over. Loretta must fight against that gaunt look around the collar bones and a too-thin neck. I'm going to take up more extreme cases than these girls illustrate, too.

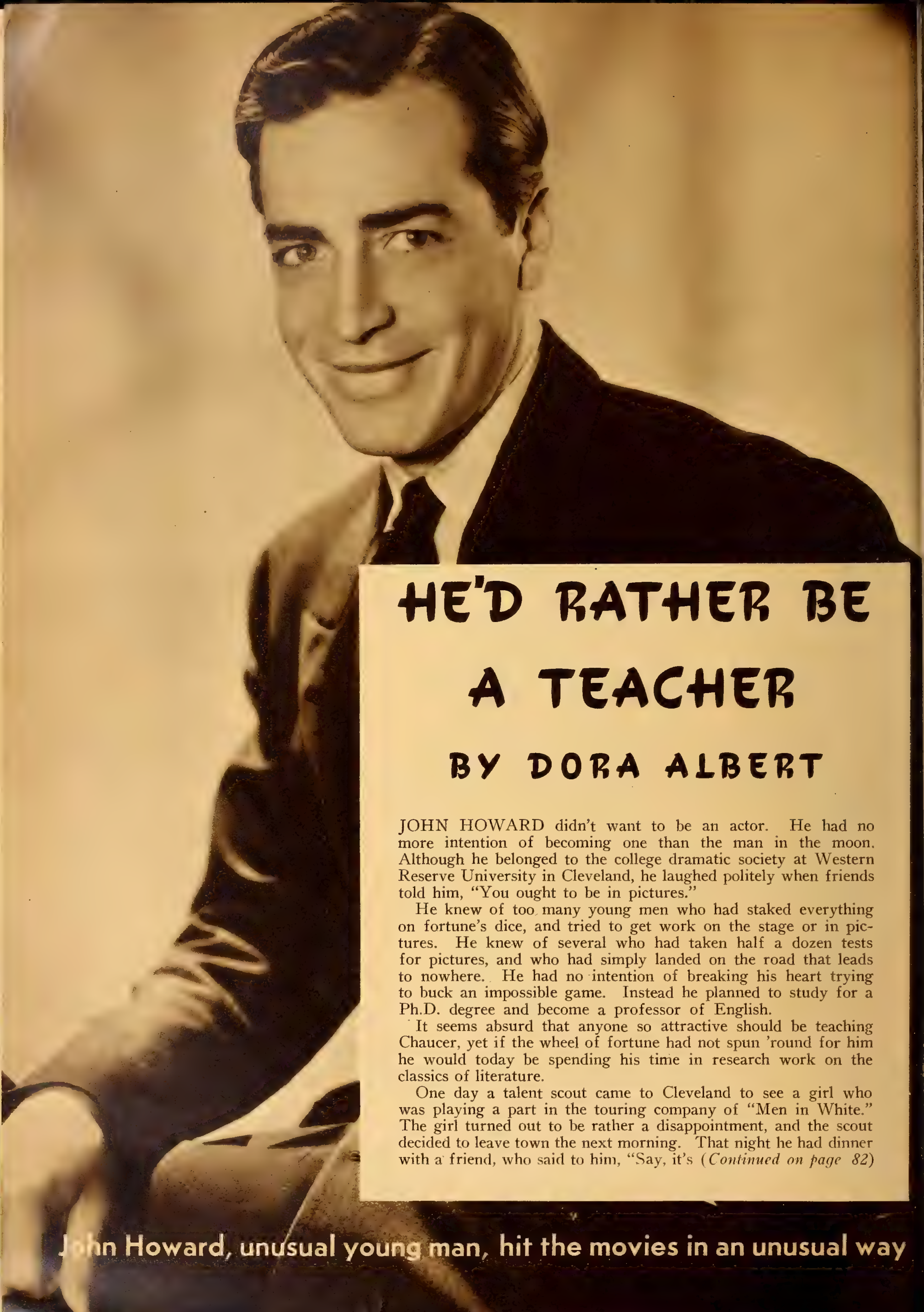
OH, YES, I've heard all the excuses! I don't want to be too hard on you, but, truly, some of the reasons women give me for not improving their figures make me so mad I could pop!

"Fat runs in our family," is a prize one. So! Your Aunt Tabitha looked like a blimp . . . therefore you must look like a blimp. "I have a weak heart . . . I can't exercise." If you really have a weak heart—if a doctor has told you that you have a weak heart—you can't, of course, play tournament tennis or run the 100-yard sprint in nothing flat. But you needn't eat mashed potatoes, need you? "I'm anemic—I can't diet." Oh, yes, you can, baby. Yes, you can! Leave it to mama. I'll give you a diet—right here in this article—just as soon as I get a couple of statements down on paper that I don't want to forget.

First of all, let's take a really extreme case: the girl who is just plain fat. Not merely hefty or bulgy in spots, but fat. She *thinks* she

(*Continued on page 92*)

CAN BE JUST RIGHT!



HE'D RATHER BE A TEACHER

BY DORA ALBERT

JOHN HOWARD didn't want to be an actor. He had no more intention of becoming one than the man in the moon. Although he belonged to the college dramatic society at Western Reserve University in Cleveland, he laughed politely when friends told him, "You ought to be in pictures."

He knew of too many young men who had staked everything on fortune's dice, and tried to get work on the stage or in pictures. He knew of several who had taken half a dozen tests for pictures, and who had simply landed on the road that leads to nowhere. He had no intention of breaking his heart trying to buck an impossible game. Instead he planned to study for a Ph.D. degree and become a professor of English.

It seems absurd that anyone so attractive should be teaching Chaucer, yet if the wheel of fortune had not spun 'round for him he would today be spending his time in research work on the classics of literature.

One day a talent scout came to Cleveland to see a girl who was playing a part in the touring company of "Men in White." The girl turned out to be rather a disappointment, and the scout decided to leave town the next morning. That night he had dinner with a friend, who said to him, "Say, it's (*Continued on page 82*)

John Howard, unusual young man, hit the movies in an unusual way

HER HERO!

You don't know Robert Donat unless you've seen him through Jean Parker's idolizing eyes

BY MAUDE LATHAM

IF YOU have envied Jean Parker at different steps in her career, you will be actually "green" now, for she has spent four months in England playing opposite Robert Donat in "The Ghost Goes West." And Jean has never been so thrilled in her life!

"If anyone had told me," she said, "that I would play a lead with Robert Donat, I should have been positive that Santa Claus had come to stay twelve months a year."

Of course, you are jumping to the conclusion that Jean has fallen in love with Donat. And you were never more right in your life! But perhaps in not the exact manner you suspect. She is in love with him as she is in love with Chopin and Leonardo da Vinci, for she believes that Donat is as much an artist in his line as these men were in theirs, that he brings to the screen something indescribable that sets him apart from all other actors.

Jean is changed since she worked with Donat. No longer is she so serious, worried, and eternally wondering about the outcome of everything she does. She is like someone who has visited a psychoanalyst and had her inhibitions released, like a college girl who has received A Double Plus on her first examinations. She explains:

"Mr. Donat made me realize how important relaxation is while portraying a character. 'You must get yourself out of the way,' he would say, 'while you are giving the public someone else.' Furthermore, he insisted that I must play every scene, whether tragedy or comedy, with a sense of humor. Often he stopped rehearsals and said something to make me laugh, then said, 'Now, open your hands; drop them; relax. You can never play a scene when you are tense like that.'

"That sounds simple enough, but I did relax for the first time, and I believe I learned even more from watching every move he made than I could possibly explain to you."

Jean Parker and Robert Donat in that gay comedy, "The Ghost Goes West."

BUT DONAT'S influence on Jean didn't begin with her picture work with him, rather it began at the time she had her first glimpse of him on the screen in "Henry the Eighth." From that moment, she had no difficulty in answering the eternal question, "Who is your favorite actor?"

When Jean was notified that she would do a picture in London, there were hundreds of details to be attended to, so she had no time to make inquiries about the picture she was to make.

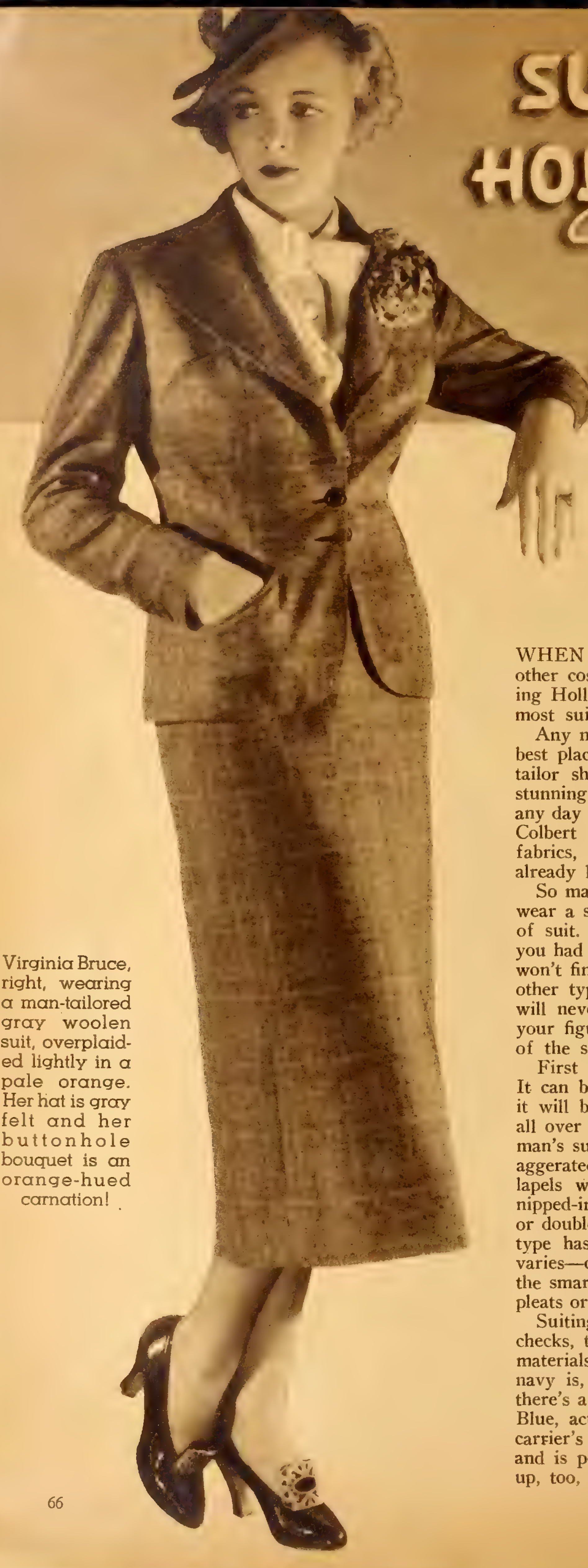
Imagine her delight, on arriving in London, in being told that she was to play opposite Robert Donat! It took her breath away. She and her guardian, Mrs. Jessie Wright, were taken to the Claridge. When shown to her suite, Jean found awaiting her the most gorgeous box of flowers she had ever seen. When her surprise and nervousness abated sufficiently for her to open it, she found the card reading, "Hoping your stay in London will be a happy one. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Donat."

As she began meeting people connected with the production, one after another said, "You are going to love working with Robert Donat." As if she hadn't dreamed of this for ages!

"And then, would you believe it," she continued, "everything went badly. My work was unbelievably stiff and both of us were so shy and without any

(*Continued on page 78*)

SUITED TO HOLLYWOOD'S Taste



Easter favorites you'll see smart cinema-ites wearing

Virginia Bruce, right, wearing a man-tailored gray woolen suit, overplaided lightly in a pale orange. Her hat is gray felt and her buttonhole bouquet is an orange-hued carnation!

WHEN FASHION dictators say, "Suits lead every other costume in importance this spring," they are talking Hollywood's language. For Hollywood is one of the most suit-conscious towns in the country.

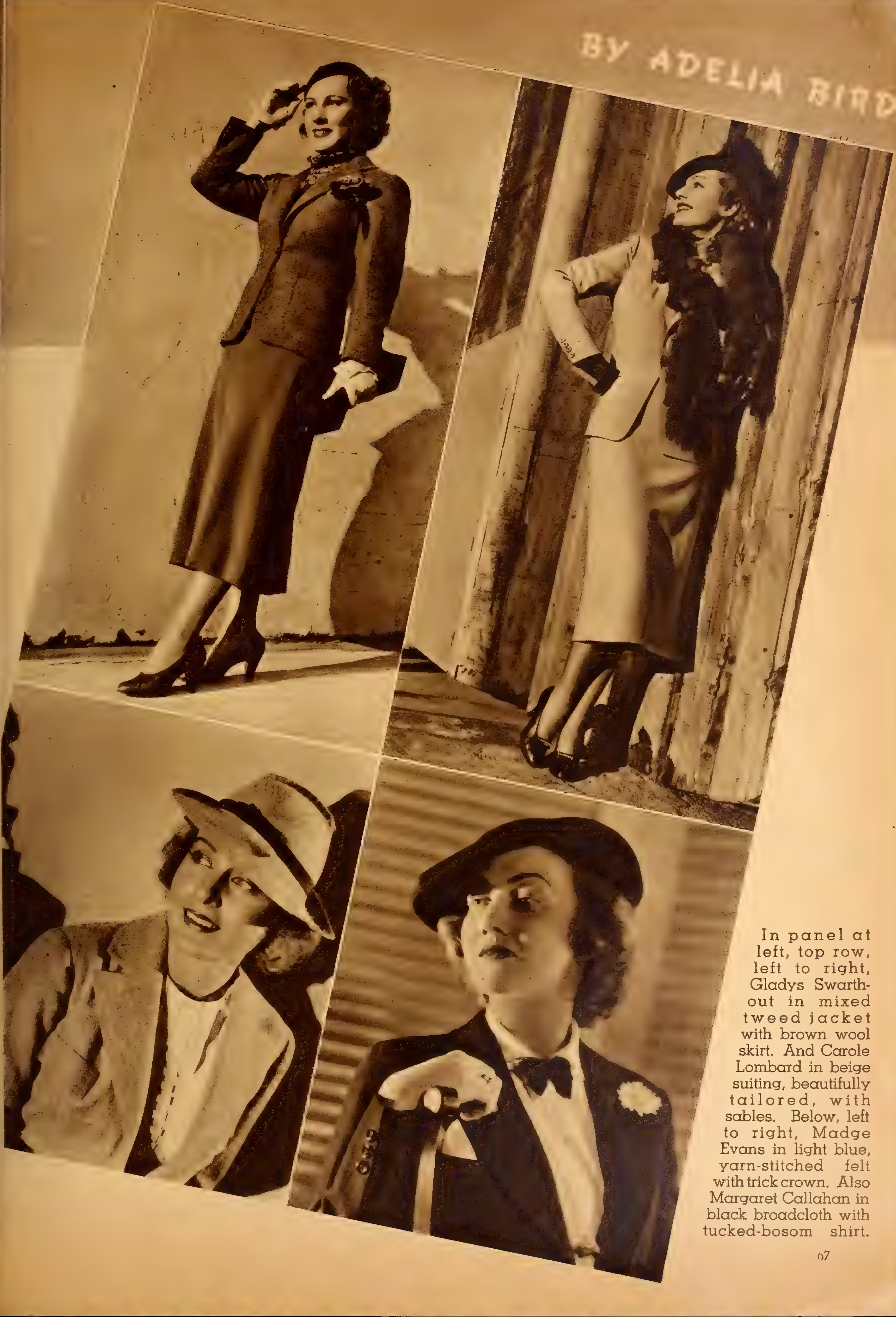
Any native Hollywoodian will tell you that one of the best places to track down celebrities is at Watson's, the tailor shop that supplies the smartest stars with their stunning hand-tailored suits. You can go in there almost any day and run a pretty good chance of seeing Claudette Colbert having a fitting, Marlene Dietrich picking out fabrics, or Carole Lombard adding another suit to her already large wardrobe.

So many of you worry about whether or not you can wear a suit. I think most of you can wear some form of suit. Unless you are moderately slender, however, you had better pass up the mannish tailored suit. You won't find that a hardship, because there are so many other types of suits from which to choose that you will never mind not wearing the more trying (for your figure), strictly tailored style. Here are some of the suit types that will be popular this spring.

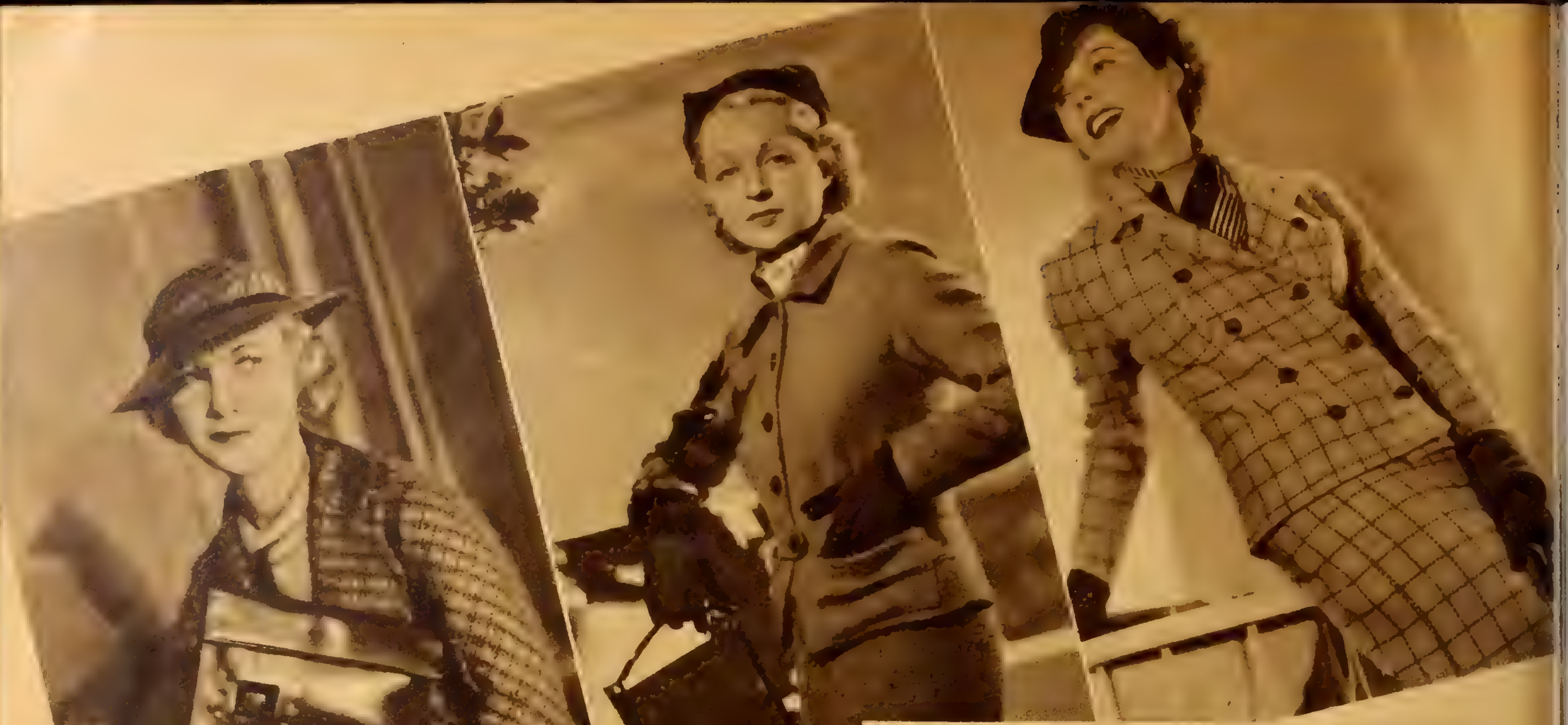
First is the classic tailormade, just mentioned. It can be called the most important style because it will be more generally worn by smart women all over the country. It is a direct steal from a man's suit. It should have shoulders slightly exaggerated in their squareness. It has notched lapels with a buttonhole, trick pockets and a nipped-in effect at the waist. It can be single or double-breasted, although the single-breasted type has an edge on the other. Its length varies—cuff length, like a man's jacket, being the smartest. The skirt is slender, with only pleats or tucks for detailing.

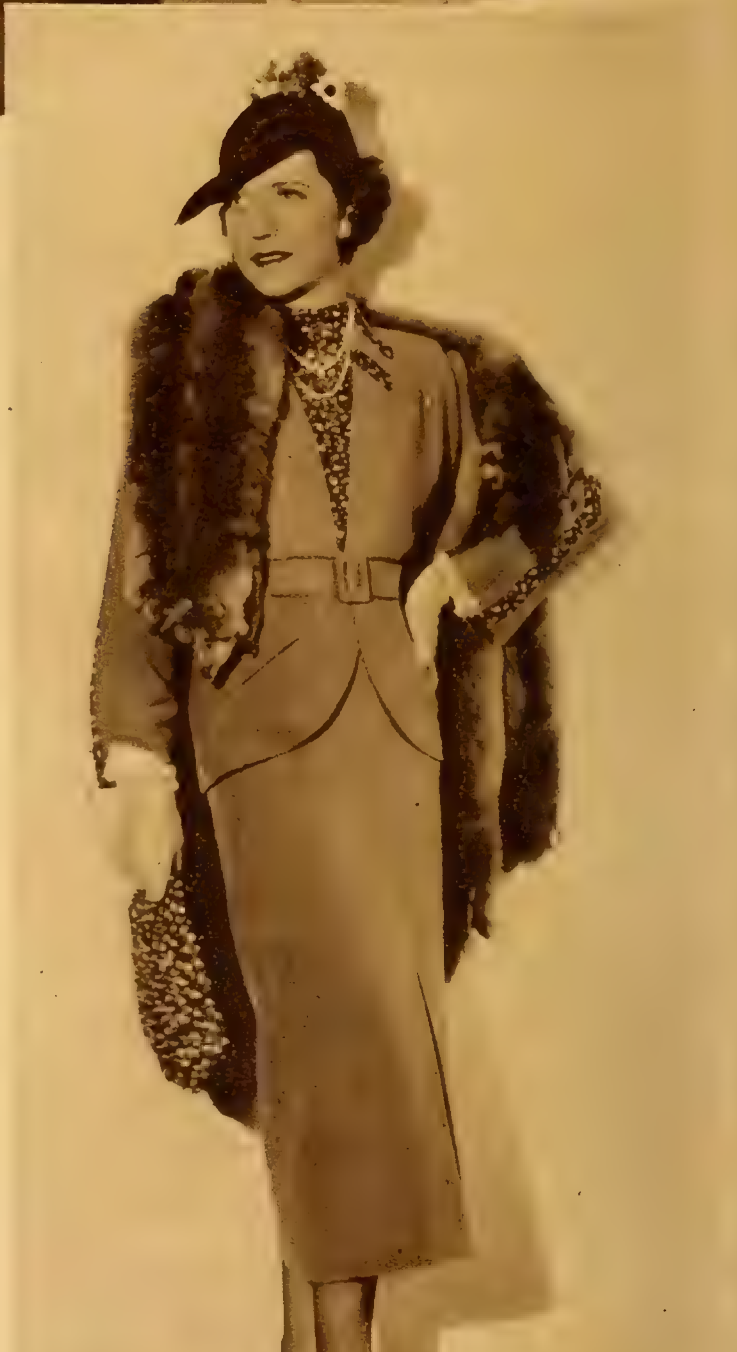
Suiting fabrics, hairline striped worsteds, checks, tweeds and worsted flannels are the materials for these suits. As to colors, navy is, of course, a big favorite. Then there's a grand new color called Postman's Blue, actually the shade that your letter-carrier's uniform sports. It has a rather military air and is perfect for the tailormade suit. Gray is looking up, too, as a suit shade, although a lot of you probably

BY ADELIA BIRD



In panel at left, top row, left to right, Gladys Swarthout in mixed tweed jacket with brown wool skirt. And Carole Lombard in beige suiting, beautifully tailored, with sables. Below, left to right, Madge Evans in light blue, yarn-stitched felt with trick crown. Also Margaret Callahan in black broadcloth with tucked-bosom shirt.





Above, left to right, Una Merkel prefers knitted suits with smart matching hats. Hers is a tweed knit jacket with a plain hairy wool knit skirt. That bag is a tricky affair in oxblood brown calf with a watch that really works and nailheads to point out the time. Next a young English star, Lillie Palmer, wears a hopsack green tweed suit with well-chosen black accessories. That big bag is a very new size and style for suits this season. Jane Wyatt wears a beige woolen sports suit overplaided in brown—the jacket is made on reefer lines, double-breasted. The Ascot scarf is a smart finishing touch. And at the right, Mona Barrie wears the dressmaker type of spring suit—this cleverly combines a plain woolen with gaily printed blouse, trimming and handbag. The suit is gray, the print blue, white and gray and her hat and shoes in navy.

will pass it up for the more generally becoming beige and brown tones.

And I can hear you all crying now, "What about the length of our suit skirts?" Well, according to the fashion-powers-that-be and one of Hollywood's well-known designers, Lambert, you can make your hemline between thirteen and fourteen inches from the ground. Lambert advocates the shorter length of fourteen inches. He says, "Fourteen inches will not be too much for day-time lengths. This means, I think, that waistlines will stay put. In spite of rumors that rise wraith-like now and then in favor of lowered waists, women so far have refused to take them seriously. And with shorter skirts, the tendency toward shoes with lower heels will remain, especially for spectator sports and country wear."

Carole Lombard follows the Lambert prediction with a very short skirt for the beige suit shown on page 57. This is a perfect example of the man-tailored type in a smooth suit fabric. Note the (*Continued on page 74*)

Unless Camels thoroughly please you—they cost you nothing!

Camels are mild in the best sense of the word—mild in flavor and, even more important, so mild you can smoke all you want.

To emphasize our confidence that you will recognize the superiority of Camel's costlier tobaccos...we want you to try them at our risk.

See if you don't agree with Mrs. Allston Boyer, Miss Dorothy Paine, Mrs. William Wetmore, and the other discerning women throughout the country who have learned that in cigarettes the cost of the tobaccos and the skill with which they are blended are all-important.

MRS. ALLSTON BOYER (*Above*): "I notice that if I'm tired a Camel freshens me up. Lots of people have told me the same thing. I can smoke all I want, too, and they never upset my nerves."

MISS DOROTHY PAINE (*Above right*): "Of course I smoke Camels. They have such a grand, smooth flavor. And they never make my nerves jumpy. When I'm all tired out, a Camel sets me right again."

MRS. WILLIAM T. WETMORE (*Right*): "Everywhere you go they're smoking Camels. Their smoother, richer flavor seems to fit in with the gayer life we are leading again. They are made from more expensive tobaccos."

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
QUALITY

Costlier Tobaccos!

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

Money-Back Invitation to try Camels

Smoke 10 fragrant Camels. If you don't find them the mildest, best-flavored cigarettes you ever smoked, return the package with the rest of the cigarettes in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund your full purchase price, plus postage.

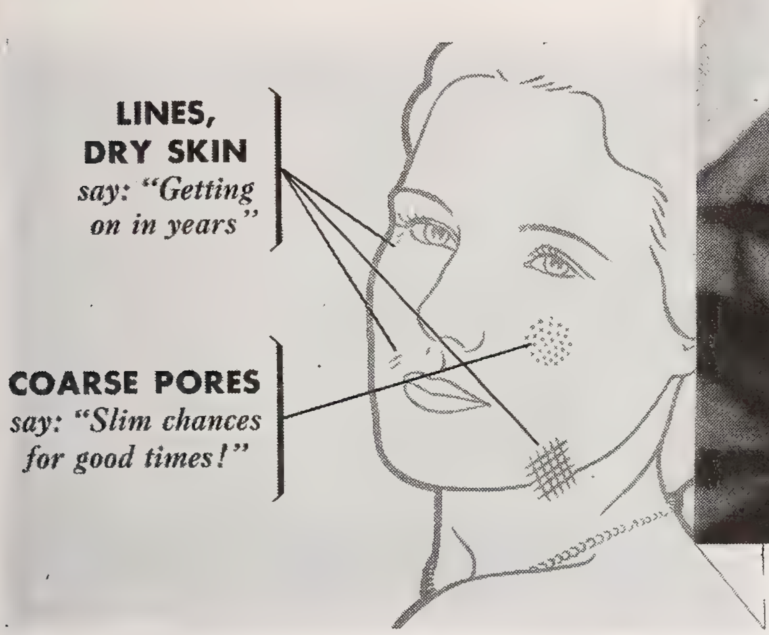
(Signed)
R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

© 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

THESE THREE

Behold three charming people who have their lives very much messed up by an evil-minded child. Merle Oberon, Joel McCrea and Miriam Hopkins in "These Three." Miriam looks as if she might be destined to be the loser. Yes?

WIN BACK *Smooth Line-Free Skin* QUICKLY


LINES, DRY SKIN
say: "Getting on in years"
COARSE PORES
say: "Slim chances for good times!"

Miss Isabel Parker has that exquisite but delicate type of skin which often gets lined early: "Pond's Cold Cream actually ends dryness—smooths away little lines."

—*rouse that faulty* Under Skin

A PRETTY skin always wins friendly glances! It's not surprising that a coarse or dull skin is the reason many a nice girl is hardly noticed. Blackheads, blemishes draw positive criticism. Men seem to think that a good skin comes naturally!

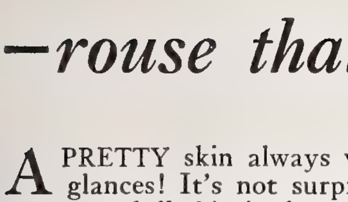
But actually that good skin is something most of us have to work for—And *can* win!

When lines come—blackheads, blemishes—it's a sign that *under* the skin you see, something has gone wrong.

How to reach the under tissues

Look at the diagram of the skin below. See the nerves, fibres, glands in the under layers. In your teens, these busily carry nourishment to your skin. When they slow, skin faults begin.

You've got to fight these skin faults off . . . rouse that faulty underskin. And you can!—by faithful use of Pond's invigorating deep-skin treatment.



Where Skin Age begins..

Just below that dark layer, tiny glands, cells, muscle and nerve fibres keep outer skin young. When they slow—skin dries out, ages!

Pond's Cold Cream, with its specially processed fine oils, travels deep into the pores. Right away it softens dirt—Floats out the clogging matter.

Eleanor Gould

now Mrs. Ludlow W. Stevens, daughter of the late Jay Gould: "Even the first treatment with Pond's Cold Cream made my skin seem finer textured."

Now your pores are free! Your skin is ready for a fresh application of this youth-giving cream. Pat it in smartly. Feel the blood tingling. Your skin alive! Glowing. You have wakened that sleepy underskin!

Do this regularly—note the improvement. Color livened. Skin smoother. In time, pores refined. Lines softened.

This famous Pond's treatment does more than cleanse. It brings to skin that fresh vital look that we all call beauty . . .

Every night, pat in Pond's Cold Cream to bring out dirt, make-up, skin secretions . . . Wipe it off! Pat in more cream briskly . . . to rouse that faulty underskin, to win back smooth, line-free skin!

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment—Your skin becomes softer every time. Powder goes on beautifully.

Pond's Cold Cream is pure. Germs cannot live in it.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE
and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. D-50, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name______________________________
Street______________________________
City__________________State__________

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Your hands

WILL LEAD A LOVELIER LIFE
ALL . . WEEK . . LONG!

GLAZO IS WORLD-FAMOUS
FOR BEAUTY AND LONG WEAR

WOMEN are becoming more critical, more discriminating in the beauty preparations they use. They expect a nail polish not only to be outstandingly lovely but to apply easily without streaking and to wear for days longer than polishes they used to know.

Because Glazo has these virtues, its fame has circled the world. It is famous for its glorious fashion-approved shades. It is famous for solving the streaking problem and for amazing ease of application. It is famous for giving 2 to 4 days longer wear, without peeling or chipping.

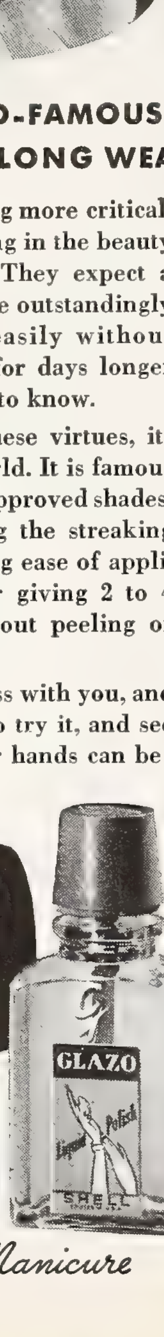
Glazo shares its success with you, and is now only 20 cents. Do try it, and see how much lovelier your hands can be!

Just 20 CENTS

IN CANADA 25 CENTS

GLAZO

. . The Smart Manicure



Your Girl Friday's Buddy

(*Continued from page 42*)

just the type of girl who might at any moment go out into the kitchen and come back with a plate of home-made fudge.

Under the circumstances the only thing to feel absolutely sure about was Buddy's unmistakable Hollywood success, so obvious that the preview audiences had laughed him immediately into the studio's good books.

"You—don't—have—to—be—polite," he drawled, unwinding a slow smile, at my mention of his hit.

Shy. Evidently this diffident Southerner couldn't be drawn without feeling he was also being quartered.

"You're billed as Buddy, but what's your real name?"

"I'd rather not tell you," he grinned sheepishly.

"It embarrasses him," considerately added Your Girl Friday.

Percy, Claude, Cecil, Rollo, Cuthbert . . . oh, well, never mind!

"How long have you been dancing?"

"Since I was four. Kept it up for seven years, till I was old enough to object to it."

"Why did you object?"

"Thought it was sissy," he rumbled, hanging his shaggy head.

A smothered laugh caused me to turn sternly to Your Girl Friday.

"You're getting more out of Buddy than I ever knew about him," she explained.

It was a good beginning, but I had to keep working on him.

"Guess I couldn't take it when the boys kidded me. That happened in my home town, Orlando, Florida, where my father ran a dancing school. My sister Vilma and I were taught classical dancing. From seeing her in 'Broadway Melody' you can imagine how good she was right from the start. But I wasn't so hot. Somehow, I couldn't go for that sowing the seed stuff—you know—"

Raising his hands, he fluttered them over his head in imitation of the Spring Dance, and almost fell off the sofa.

SO I gave it up and didn't go back to dancing till I was nineteen or twenty. My father didn't want me to dance for a living. He thought it would be better for me to raise oranges. But I decided to study medicine, and I did for two years at the University of Florida and Rollins College. Then the bottom dropped out of the land boom and everybody was broke. There were only two things I knew anything about, dancing and jerking sodas. I'd worked in a drug store at home after hours in high school. But I decided there was more money in dancing, and that New York was the place to do it. That summer my father had a camp in North Carolina, and I went there because it wasn't so far from New York as Orlando. My older sister, who worked in a bank—she's the only practical one in the family—gave me fifty dollars, and I headed for the big town. Say," he broke off, "I guess I'm making quite a hero of myself."

"Go on, Buddy," I said.

"Well," he gulped, "when I got to New York I had just twenty-four dollars left. I put the money in my sock and began pounding the pavements. I didn't know a soul there. But a second cousin of mine had given me a letter of introduction to a third cousin of his who was a boy in the chorus of a Broadway show. He took me up to his rooming-house in Eighty-eighth Street and let me bunk with him. It was darn nice of him. Next day I went out looking for a job, but when I got back at night I couldn't find the place. All the houses looked alike to me. I kept hunting for the one that fitted the key I carried till I almost got arrested for being a burglar. So I gave it up and slept in a car parked along the curb. In the morning I found I was right in front of the house I'd been looking for."

Your Girl Friday had another attack of throat trouble and seemed to be strangling.

"I sure felt a fool," confessed Buddy. "But I felt even worse when all my money was gone. Then I got a job, or thought I had one, in the chorus of 'Present Arms,' which Lew Fields was putting on. But we'd just started rehearsing when Fields walked in and, getting his eye on me, said, 'He won't do, he's towering over all the others.' Just my luck to be too tall. I must have looked kind of sad, because the stage manager, Teddy Hammerstein, dug into his jeans and said, 'Sorry, kid, but here's two bucks.' I've never seen him since, but if he reads this I'll bet he'll get a kick out of it. Well, I knocked around till I'd spent those two bucks and was busted. So I borrowed a quarter from my roommate and went downtown. I was in a drug store at Forty-eighth Street and Seventh Avenue buying myself two chocolate bars for lunch—another dime gone—when somebody back of me called out, 'Hello, Buddy!' Darned if it wasn't a boy from my home town! He was employed in the place, and when I told him I was looking for work he got me a job there jerking sodas. After awhile I got a better one doing the same thing on the Long Island side of the Pennsylvania Station. And that's the fastest fountain in the world."

Pride, for the first time, glowed in Buddy's eyes. Shaking his feet, apparently, was no great shakes to him. But to hit the gait of the world's fastest soda fountain was going some.

I'M not fast by nature," he admitted, "but I stuck it out for two months taking those commuters as they came, and believe me they came a-running. Then Ziegfeld had a chorus call for 'Whoopee,' and I got my first stage job."

"'Whoopee' was the first musical show I saw in New York," remarked Your Girl Friday, "but I didn't know Buddy then."

"Just as well," he commented. "I wasn't making enough to support a canary. But later on, when I was doing a run show, I brought my sister Vilma to New York, and she went into the chorus with me. After eighteen months of that we sneaked back home. Then Vilma had an offer from Atlantic City, and when she got enough car fare I joined her there in a little honky-tonk. One night Winchell walked in and spotted me. He gave me a big plug in his column, and two days later we had seventy-eight offers. Benny Davis, a song writer who had a vaudeville act, had been with Winchell the night Walter blew in, and he signed us up on the spot. We had two years in vaudeville before I met my wife, and by that time she was working for Winchell. Funny how it all came about through Walter."

This time Your Girl Friday, who had come to New York from Pittsburgh as Ruth Cambridge, didn't laugh. Both she and Buddy were lost in a sentimental moment before he pulled himself out of

(*Continued on page 74*)

"I've found a simple
beauty care that really works"

LORETTA YOUNG
Star of the 20th Century-Fox Production
"Lightning Strikes Twice"

"LUX Toilet Soap guards against Cosmetic Skin..."

"USE ROUGE AND POWDER? Like most girls, I do," says lovely Loretta Young. "But I *never* risk Cosmetic Skin."

Avoid dangerous pore choking Loretta Young's way. Use the soap with ACTIVE lather that goes deep into the pores—removes every trace of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Then you guard against Cosmetic Skin—dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores.

Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed, use gentle Lux Toilet Soap. This simple care keeps skin lovely—as you want *yours* to be.

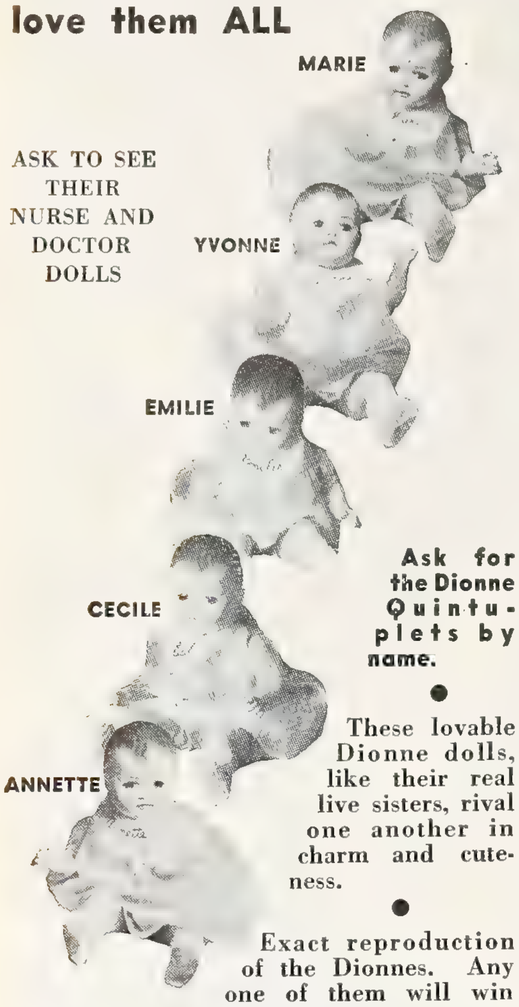
LUX
TOILET SOAP

LITTLE MOTHERS OF THE WORLD ADOPT FAMOUS *DIONNE* QUINTUPLET DOLL FAMILY

EVERY ONE ADORABLE

BUT—

You'll want and love them ALL



ASK TO SEE THEIR NURSE AND DOCTOR DOLLS

Ask for the Dionne Quintuplets by name.

●

These lovable Dionne dolls, like their real live sisters, rival one another in charm and cuteness.

●

Exact reproduction of the Dionnes. Any one of them will win your heart. But you can get them all at any department store or toy shop in your city.

REMEMBER—

The Dionne Quintuplet dolls are the only Quintuplet dolls and are made in the exact image of these famous babies by permission of the Canadian Guardians.

If stores in your city do not have these dolls available, write direct to

**The
Alexander Doll Co.
20 West 22nd Street
New York**

NEWS FLASH

Watch for the 20th Century picture featuring the Dionne Quintuplets in "The Country Doctor"—to be released in March.

Johnny Downs and Cecilia Parker look interested in one another at the surprise party given by Tom Brown's parents for all the younger Hollywood screen boys and girls.

(*Continued from page 72*)

it and continued.

"We were married on the Fourth of July. I said it was just for a gag, so that in subsequent years the whole country could celebrate our wedding anniversary. But I really did it," he shamelessly chuckled, "so I wouldn't forget the date."

Your Girl Friday took this with the amiable tolerance of a joke that had been in the family since the day they'd ankled down the aisle strewn with beautiful firecrackers.

"But I really did forget all about dancing," solemnly resumed Buddy, "till one day in Orlando when I went to a vaudeville show and saw some tap dancers called 'The Swanee Four.' That was something new to me, and when I got home I asked my father about it. He got out a book on clog dancing, but that didn't help much. I picked up a few of the steps here and there, then put in some of my own. I practically learned taps by myself, and found it easy because I'd had a classical education in dancing. Taps are pretty much a matter of lifting and shifting of weight, and I'd learned how to do that as a kid. I didn't think much about it at the time."

"And what do you think of it now?"

"Oh," was his casual reply, "it's a good way to make a living. The trouble with me was that at the start I took it seriously. That was wrong. When people look at me I know they want to laugh. I'd never pictured myself as a serious guy, although I always thought seriously. I looked on myself as a big hick, and finally realized I'd have to clown my dancing to put it over. But it was a shock to me to see what I really looked like in my first Hollywood picture. When I saw myself on the screen at that preview I couldn't believe my eyes. It gave me an awful jolt."

"Otherwise how does Hollywood strike you?"

"Like a combination of Florida and Monte Carlo. I danced in the Casino there," he explained. "Yeah, I've hoofed around a bit."

He certainly gets a lot of mileage out of those clever feet of his. And they're bound to carry Your Girl Friday's Buddy far in the screen world.

Suited to Hollywood's Taste

(*Continued from page 68*)

cut of the jacket and the single button closing—very smart details. It's too bad that you can't see the perfectly cut lapels but Carole's own luxurious fur scarf obscures them. As you see, Carole chooses dark brown accessories, a rather dashing felt hat, plain brown gloves and opera pumps decorated with amusing tubular buckles.

Another excellent example of the mannish suit is Virginia Bruce's gray woolen with an almost invisible plaid in a pale orange tone. Her jacket has a three-button closing, single-breasted. And her slender skirt has a center front inverted pleat. With this suit, Virginia wears a white silk blouse, very tailored, too, the bosom tucked and the turnover collar with small self tie. Her buttonhole bouquet is an orange carnation—quite a whimsy but effective in the way it matches the faint plaid in her suit. Her gray felt has a becoming roll to its brim and a tiny feather in orange also.

Gladys Swarthout is another suit fancier. In talking with her recently, she said, "Any woman who can afford three simple costumes could dress as well as the best-dressed woman in America." And Gladys should know because she was recently selected as one of the best-dressed in this country. And what do you suppose she puts first on her list of three simple costumes? You're right, a tailored suit, of course! The other two, in case you are curious are: a combination afternoon dinner dress and evening gown.

Gladys, at the time of our talk, was wearing the very good looking suit of unmatched pieces which you can see on page 67. The jacket of brown and white heather mixture tweed, with one-button closing and patch pockets, tops a skirt of smooth brown serge. One thing particularly, which I like about her costume,

(*Continued on page 76*)

"Change for Five"...

LAUNDERED WITH "LYSOL"

Photograph, World Copyright. NEA Service Inc.

EMELIE
ANNETTE
MARIE
CECILE
YVONNE

THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS BABIES On May 28th, 1934, in the wilds of northern Ontario, far from modern hospital facilities—these now famous quintuplets were born. In all medical history only 33 cases of quintuple birth had been recorded. In *no* other case had the babies survived more than a few hours. Yet today these five little Dionnes are as healthy as any normal youngsters of their age. "Lysol" helps protect them from Infection.

GETTING to be big girls now—those famous Dionne babies! Almost 2 years old! But not an instant's relaxation is permitted in the scientific care with which they are surrounded.

The very first registered nurse to reach the Dionne home on that exciting morning in 1934 when the quintuplets were born, had "Lysol" in her kit, as part of her regular equipment, and made that simple cottage *hospital-clean* with it.

Today "Lysol" is still an essential aid in the care of EMELIE, ANNETTE, MARIE, CECILE, and YVONNE. Since the day of their birth, "Lysol" has been the *only* disinfectant used to help guard the quintuplets against the dangers of Infection.

You ought to give *your* baby the same scrupulous care the little Dionnes get. Use "Lysol" to keep *your* baby's surroundings hospital-clean, to help fight Infection in *your* home.

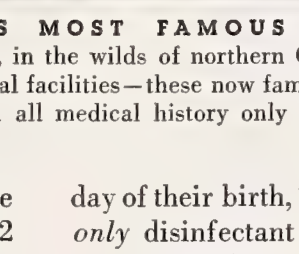
"Lysol" is a reliable disinfectant. For nearly 50 years it has enjoyed the confidence of the medical profession all over the world, and is regularly used in leading hospitals. In the home "Lysol" should be used, according to directions on each bottle, in your cleaning water, on brooms, mops, cloths.

Danger spots such as stair rails, door knobs, bathrooms, garbage pails, should be washed with "Lysol". Walls, floors and furniture—especially in the children's room—should be cleaned with a "Lysol" solution. And launder handkerchiefs, towels, bed-linen, underclothes, with "Lysol" in the water.

This wise precaution is so easy, costs so little, makes cleaning so much *cleaner*—and may save you the heartaches of vain regrets. Disinfect as you clean, with "Lysol".

NEW!... LYSOL HYGIENIC SOAP

...for hands, complexion, bath. A fine, firm, white soap, with the added deodorant property of "Lysol". Protects longer against body odors, without leaving strong after-odor. Washes away germs and perspiration odors. Get a cake at your favorite drug counter.



Lysol Disinfectant

GUIDANCE FOR WIVES AND MOTHERS

LEHN & FINK, INC., Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. M.S.4
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Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS", with facts about Feminine Hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

*Name*__________

*Street*__________

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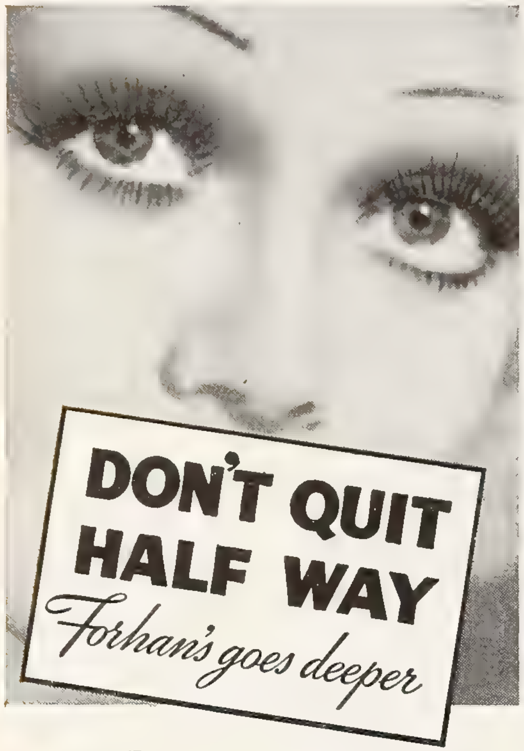

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Forhan's goes deeper

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Half way care of the teeth is fooling thousands of people. They clean their teeth regularly. Yet they leave the door wide open to the greatest cause of dental trouble—soft, spongy, bleeding gums. Why run this risk? Forhan's costs no more than most other tooth pastes and gives you double protection —*whitens teeth* and *safeguards gums* at the same time.

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Forhan's is different from all other tooth pastes. No other tooth paste brings you the famous Forhan formula—long used by dentists everywhere to combat gum troubles. You can *feel* its healthful effects as soon as you begin to use Forhan's. Shortly you *see* its benefits, too —whiter teeth, firmer gums. Ask for Forhan's today.

Forhan's

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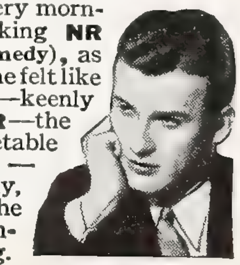


What SHE TOLD WORN-OUT HUSBAND

She could have reproached him for his fits of temper—his "all in" complaints. But wisely she saw in his frequent colds, his "fagged out," "on edge" condition the very trouble she herself had whipped. Constipation! The very morning after taking **NR** (Nature's Remedy), as she advised, he felt like himself again—keenly alert, peppy, cheerful. **NR**—the safe, dependable, all-vegetable laxative and corrective — works gently, thoroughly, naturally. It stimulates the eliminative tract to complete, regular functioning. Non-habit-forming. Try a box tonight. 25c—at druggists.

NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

FREE: Beautiful five-color 1936 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples of **NR** and **Tums**. Send stamp for packing and postage to A. H. Lewis Co., Desk 68D-4, St. Louis, Mo.

(*Continued from page 74*)

is the choice of a gay paisley print neck scarf and matching handkerchief, the latter tucked into an upper breast pocket. Her gloves are an item, too, hand-sewn chamois ones with the buttoning on the back of the hand.

FOR you gals, who want to pass up the too tailored look, the next choice is the more feminine type of tailormade. This has softer, fuller lines through the jacket—often the jacket is much shorter, giving a more youthful and less severe air. Two good examples of this style are the suits worn by Mona Barrie and Rosalind Russell. Mona's suit, shown on page 68, was designed by Gwen Wakeling and she has cleverly combined a soft gray woolen with a gay printed silk in lapis blue flecked with white and gray. The collarless jacket is longer than most of this type and is cut away to show the printed blouse, fastening only by the wide self belt. The print also trims the jacket—broad stripes of it down the sleeves and tabs of it appliqued upon the upper part near the neck. Miss Wakeling also designed a bag in the print to match and Mona chose a felt hat in deep blue ornamented high on the crown by a giddy bunch of flowers.

Another Wakeling model is Rosalind Russell's suit, not illustrated, which is a three-piece affair. A nubby beige woolen for the jacket and skirt and a plaid beige and brown woolen for the three-quarter length which accompanies them. The suit jacket is uniquely fastened by shoelaces run through metal eyelets. Two pockets with large flaps and a turnover collar are interesting added details. Rosalind wears either a white pique blouse or a light sweater with this. Her hat, of suit fabric, has a small bird's wing clipped into the center fold. The new shorter length to the topcoat and the revers of lynx, make it a good topcoat for cool days and may be worn with a variety of sports and daytime costumes besides the suit. Broad strap alligator shoes in brown and a huge matching envelope purse complete the perfect appointments of the outfit.

A youthful sports suit is that of Jane Wyatt's on page 68. This is grand for all you young things, who like the casual suit better than either the more formal tailormade or the mannish two-piece. Jane's suit is gay with its overplaid of brown on beige. This suit is double-breasted with the buttons marching up the suit in the manner of reefer jackets. With this she wears a brightly striped scarf tucked into the neckline, and a perky brown felt hat with green quills.

The three-piece ensemble with a straight coat, rather than the full swagger of last spring, is a runner-up for popular favor. The jackets of these suits are usually a little longer than three-quarter length. The smoother woolens in oxford gray, navy blue and black are smart, especially when bright contrasting accessories are adroitly used by the wearer.

The cape suits which you will see and want to wear are those that have long capes made rather straight and slightly military — little collars, shoulder yokes and such trappings. These are popular for travel and sports rather than for active daytime use in town.

HOLLYWOOD has a multitude of answers on what to wear with your Easter suit. Most of the stars favor a brimmed hat, the rather simple sporty type with the brim rolled up in back or at the side to give it dash. Madge Evans wears a very becoming brimmed felt with her tailored suit—light blue in color, it has slight crown height achieved by a crease across the top. Light blue yarn stitches a pattern over both brim and crown and a navy blue band gives the hat a dark accent. Note the good looking pique blouse Madge wears with her suit, it is tailored yet has a feminine fillip with the row of flat fabric bows up the front.

Una Merkel is crazy about knitted suits, so much so that she picks one in preference to any other for daytime wear. You can see one of her pets on page 68. It's knitted like a tweed and has a matching brimmed hat—she wears a soft cashmere turtle-neck sweater with it. And how do you like her trick bag? It's oxblood calf to match her shoes and the watch, which actually works, is outlined by nailheads indicating the hours. These large calf bags, either in envelope style or with handles, are perfect accessories for suits of all kinds.

Margaret Callahan likes the dark cloth suit which can be made to look more formal by adding dress-up accessories. You can see, on page 67, what she chooses to complement a black broadcloth tailleur, made very much like a man's dinner jacket. The silk blouse is finely tucked like a man's tuxedo shirt bosom and has a small turnover collar set off by a tiny black silk tie. A white daisy for her buttonhole and a charming black felt hat with a cuff brim. And, I almost forgot, Margaret's skirt boasts silk stripes down each side, à la evening trousers!

It's fun to vary boutonnieres with your suit. You can have real flowers or artificial ones. In early spring I think it is gay to have real ones and especially the first spring blooms that are so inexpensive. You can gain a real reputation for the originality of your buttonhole bouquet. Carole Lombard, for instance, has become famous for her carnations dyed in all colors to match her various costumes. Bachelor buttons and daisies are great Hollywood favorites, too. In fact, except for Easter morning when all the gals like to strut their best flowers, most of the stars use the simpler garden or hothouse flowers rather than the more exotic blooms such as gardenias and orchids. Camellias are lovely, too, but they are harder to get.

Scarfs—you can have a field day with them. Almost any kind can be used with your suits, especially the bright plaid and striped silk ones worn Ascot fashion. The 'kerchief is right with sports suits, and it can be silk, knit or wool. Handkerchiefs tucked into pockets are a nice way to point up your suit with a contrasting color.

I have included a picture of a young English star in my group this month because I thought you would like to see a smart example of a semi-sports type of suit accented with perfect accessories. Lilli Palmer is the gal and her suit is a youthful two-piece affair in bright green hopsack tweed. The small collar and the single breasted lines with a file of black buttons for fastening are nice details. Lilli wears black hand-sewn pull-on gloves, black plain pumps and carries a stunning square black calf bag with a top handle. A little of her black and white striped Ascot shows at the neckline.

And before I close the suit subject for now, remember that you can wear tailored yet feminine blouses with your tailleur—taffeta, wash silks or cottons. And you will like sweaters or thin flannel shirts with your sports tweeds. With your ensembles and more formal suits, you can pick those blouses that have frills, jabots and all sorts of feminine fripperies.

I'm going to tell you all about shoes next month, so standby till then!

A Movie Princess sticks to LUX

"The best care for washables I have ever found," *says glamorous*

BINNIE BARNES

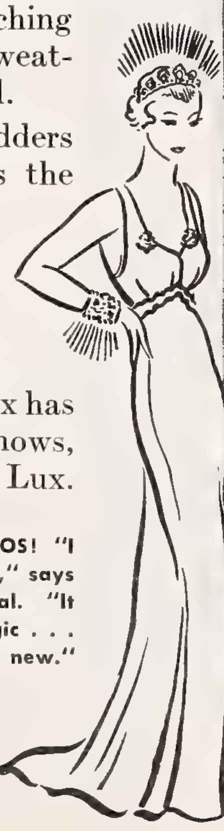
"LUX is like a fairy godmother," declares this lovely but intensely human British star, who has acquired a Texan drawl, and a store of American slang!

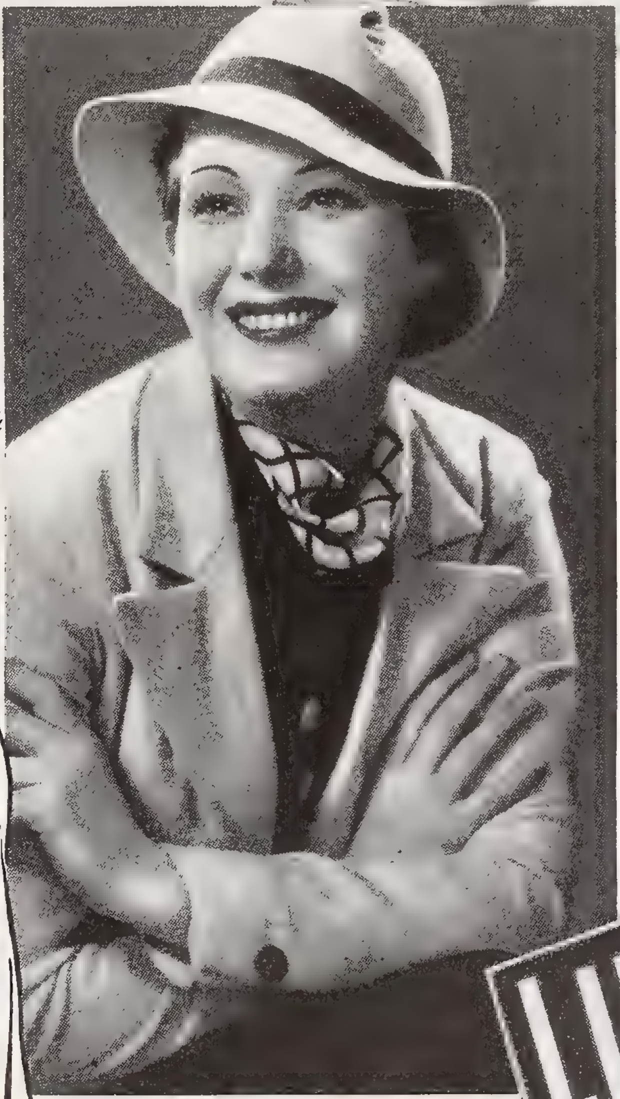
"Getting the breaks may be luck, but looking like a million dollars is a cinch with Lux. I've had so much experience pinching pennies, I know! My blouses and sweaters are wows after they're Luxed.

"And, boy, does Lux stymie ladders—runs, as you say. Lux saves the elasticity of stockings, so they last longer."

Binnie doesn't think cake-soap rubbing is "so hot." Rubbing, or using soaps with harmful alkali weakens threads, fades colors. Lux has no harmful alkali. As Binnie knows, anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

SPECIFIED IN ALL THE BIG HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS! "I take care of all washable costumes with Lux," says Vera West, wardrobe supervisor at Universal. "It cleanses even badly soiled fabrics like magic . . . colors come out of their Lux bath as lovely as new."





Universal's "Sutter's Gold" is another triumph for Binnie. In her Hollywood home (above), she is devoted to country-house simplicity and Luxables—ranging from her own smart clothes to crisp organdie and chintz.

Binnie is keen about active sports, tailored clothes, and Lux! "It's a honey for woolens," she says. "Lux leaves them so soft! And little silk scarfs and lingerie Lux like hankies."

Hollywood says—

DON'T TRUST TO LUCK — TRUST TO LUX

Exquisite but not Expensive

CHERAMY April Showers Talc

IT'S *thrilling* to use only the softest, finest, imported talc . . . It's *exciting* to enjoy the refreshing fragrance of April Showers, "the perfume of Youth" . . . And it's *satisfying* to get this luxury at so low a price.

No wonder April Showers Talc is the most famous and best loved talcum powder in the world!

Her Hero!

(*Continued from page 65*)

understanding of each other. One day, in desperation, he said, 'Do you like music?' trying to reach some side of me. 'I'm simply starved for it,' I replied. And the ice was broken. My inhibitions were suddenly released. 'No matter how great an actor he is,' I said to myself, 'here is another soul to whom music means a lot,' and I no longer felt afraid.

"When Mr. and Mrs. Donat learned I adored music, they sent me an exquisite phonograph in blue leather, with a dozen such records as we discovered all of us loved. How I treasure this gift! From then on, we called each other by our first names, 'Ella,' 'Bob,' and 'Lassie,' as they called me.

"No one has quite the calm outlook about his career that Robert Donat himself has," she went on. "Remember last year how all England became excited at the news of the marvelous offer that had been made him to come to America to play in 'The Count of Monte Cristo'? But do you think he was excited? Not a whit. He admitted that the offer was good, but just a good offer would not tempt him to leave England. So he insisted that his salary should begin the date that he embarked at Southhampton and continue until he reached the same spot on his return trip. And, in addition, he proposed to take his wife, at the company's expense. And it was done!

"Hollywood didn't get excited about Donat until 'The Count of Monte Cristo' was previewed. By the time the public had seen his picture, seventeen writers were wanting to interview him. And he had quietly returned to England.

ONE day, he said to me, 'Lassie, don't fool yourself. Unless you love acting better than any material comfort, you shouldn't be in the profession. As a child, I spent all my pennies visiting the Repertory Theatre in the town of Manchester, England, where I was born. The plays meant more to me than food. It was a great day in my life when I became a Provincial Repertory Player, and I felt like a Rothschild or a Rockefeller when I drew my first weekly salary check of thirty-five dollars, as you would count it.'

"It has been understood that Mr. Donat met Ella Voysey while she was playing his lead in this very theatre, but that is a mistake. He says he fell in love with her when he was only sixteen years old and she wouldn't give him a look. It was eight years later that he persuaded her to give up her class in dancing, and play in the theatre with him. This was his lucky break and soon he persuaded her to marry him.

"After playing in Manchester, both Robert and Ella felt they should move where the opportunities would be greater. Naturally, they hadn't saved money enough to speculate with, so they took a tiny flat in the theatrical district in London, and soon Robert got a West End part. After Alexander Korda saw him, he signed Donat on a long-time contract.

"I wish you could see the darling home the Donats own now. It is not the most pretentious house in London, but if you love substantial things that make for comfort and a 'homey' atmosphere—much copper everywhere, exquisite china, beautiful woodwork, harmonious color schemes and rare paintings—you will revel in the Donat home. Everything centers around the man of the house, despite the fact that Mrs. Donat was a professional before her marriage and with her beauty would be in great demand now, if it were possible for her to think of anything except her husband and children.

"The children are adorable. Joanna is four, thoroughly feminine and charming, with the same copper-colored hair as her mother. Johnny is only two years old and a roughneck like his father. I know you will exclaim at that, but back of the polished actor you know as Robert Donat is the little boy whom his playmates used to call 'roughneck.' My hair-dresser, on the boat, had a brother who went to school with Robert and the boys then were as proud of young Donat's physical prowess as they are of his acting now. Wasn't I pleased to hear this about him!

"You see, I had suspected it, for I never knew an actor with such a sense of humor, nor one who gets more delight in playing practical jokes on his co-workers. Just to give you an example, there was in our company a splendid actress, Miss Eliot Mason, to whom Robert is devoted, and this is the turn his joke took with her. He procured the names and addresses of the perambulator manufacturers in London and wrote them in her name, asking if they had any up-to-date baby carriages for triplets. It goes without saying, Miss Mason was about frantic from the solicitors and letters that came in prompt response.

TO GET back to the Donat home, for a minute. One thing you will never forget is their phonograph. It is built in the wall at one end of the room. There is a beautiful love seat nearby, and as you sit there, you think you are seeing on the wall a large linen plaque or tapestry with something resembling a cylindrical opening. I have never heard such music!

"The Donats' Irish cook, Mary, is a character. She calls Bob 'Count' and says he is the world's greatest lover. She makes the most tempting cakes and sends them to the studio for Bob's tea hour. The night I first went to dinner at the Donats', Bob whispered, 'Tell Mary how good her cakes are.' She is so devoted to him that she has a hot dinner for him, no matter what hour of the day or night he finishes work. He sends a message from the studio the minute the last scene is shot and Mary has dinner on the table by the time he gets home.

"When we had finished dinner, the night of my first visit, Bob stretched out full length on one side of the fireplace, Ella sat on the other side knitting, and I sat on the floor and drew pictures for the children. The children are with their parents as much as can be arranged. Bob gets up very early when he is working, about five o'clock, and Ella and the children are up at the same time. While he has his first cup of tea, the children come in and have their fruit juices with him. Then the four have breakfast together. Not many American wives breakfast so early with their husbands!

"I have talked all this time," Jean laughingly remarked, "without describing Bob, and the reason is that no words accurately convey an impression of him. He is very like he appears on the screen—tall, well-proportioned, and handsome—but without seeing him personally you could have no conception of how striking looking he is with his rich coloring and eyes exactly the color of his auburn hair.

"The whole expression of his countenance is manly, frank and prepossessing.

Dick Arlen, aviator, gets a send-off from his son, Dick, Jr. And isn't the young heir growing up to look like his old man?

He sings beautifully and plays with skill. With his friends he is all ardor and enthusiasm, brilliantly witty, but to the world at large he is reserved. He is just thirty and looks younger.

"With all this, he is without conceit. He rides a great deal and is always tanned and rugged looking. I remarked that this riding in the wind would bring pin wrinkles in his skin, and suggested the use of an oil on his face to prevent it. And did he laugh! 'As if anyone cares how my face looks,' he exclaimed. This frank, unpretending simplicity of demeanor is especially winning.

"By this time, you may have guessed that I am proud to number Ella and Bob Donat among my friends. When it comes to his ability, my feeling is that if the art of acting were completely forgotten, like the ancient art of making pottery, it could be learned anew by studying one of Robert Donat's screen portrayals."

Take Your Beauty Inventory

(*Continued from page 19*)

listing brushes alone? First, there should be a hair brush, not a fancy, worthless one, but a plain one with stiff and sturdy wide-set bristles that will stand up under frequent washings in lukewarm sudsy water (to which has been added a couple of drops of ammonia). Then, in the bathroom, there should be a neat little hand brush that will get into all the cracks and crevices of your hands. Good hand brushes may be obtained at any of the better ten cent stores. Then there is your tooth brush (or tooth brushes, we hope you have two) and your complexion brush. One well-known house has put out tooth brushes in a range of different sizes and colors; they're shaped to fit the mouth, and they're not expensive. The same house puts out an egg-shaped complexion brush which fits easily into the hand, and is neither too stiff nor too flimsy to do a good skin cleansing job. Of course a bath brush is always desirable in the interests of a peppy circulation; a rough crash washcloth or bath mitt may be substituted, however.

Then in your clothes closet you'll want: a long-handled clothes brush (that's the kind tailors always use), a shoe brush,

HOW'S THIS FOR BALANCE? We've blended KOOLS to suit your tongue. We've mildly mentholated them to cool your throat. We've cork-tipped KOOLS to save your lips. And we've added a valuable B & W coupon in each pack, good for handsome, nationally advertised merchandise. (Offer good U.S. A. only.) So try KOOLS . . . they've got what you need. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., P. O. Box 599, Louisville, Ky.

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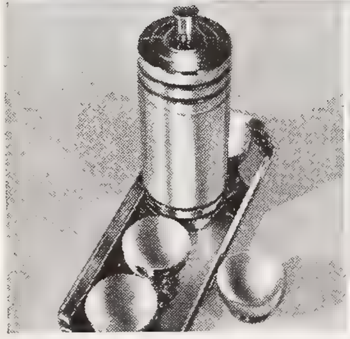
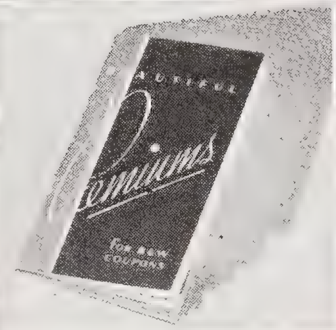


Chase Cocktail Set—Shaker, 300 coupons; 4 cups, 175; tray, 200; set, 650



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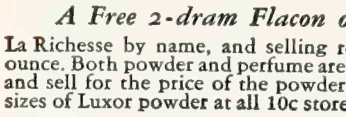
La Richesse by name, and selling regularly for $3 an ounce. Both powder and perfume are wrapped together, and sell for the price of the powder alone, 55c. Small sizes of Luxor powder at all 10c stores. Try it today.



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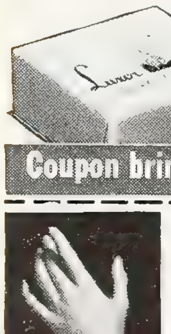

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Please send me your 4-piece make-up kit including generous amount of Luxor Moisture-Proof Powder, Luxor Rouge, Luxor Special Formula Cream and Luxor Hand Cream. Here is 10c to help cover mailing. (Offer not good in Canada). Check,

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ROUGE: Radiant ☐ Medium ☐ Sunglow ☐ Pastel ☐ Vivid ☐ Roseblush ☐

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City ....

The Warren Williams go for a stroll on their beautiful Encino estate.

especially if you're wearing suede shoes, and a hat brush, if you wear the kind of fragile hat that won't take the stiff bristles of the clothes brush.

On your make-up table will be: your powder brush, for smoothing and blending your powder; an eyebrow brush for grooming your eyebrows, and a couple of mascara brushes. Always have a dry mascara brush with which to brush up your lashes after you have applied your mascara with the regular mascara brush. This keeps your eyelashes from looking "beady".

Now to put the brush system to work. Take a good look at your skin. Maybe it has developed nasty little spots, or tiny, hard lumps which, despite the fact that they are colorless, show quite plainly in the light. These may be ingrowing blackheads. It may be an awful temptation to squeeze them out, but don't do it. What you need is to get that circulation so stimulated that the blood in the delicate traceries of veins under the skin will be stirred up to the point of carrying away the poisons it should carry away. Get your complexion brush into action, or your rough crash washcloth. Be lavish with the soap, and work it into the pores. Cleanse your skin more thoroughly than you've ever cleansed it before. Finish by splashing on lots and lots of cold water; it's a grand tonic and pore-closer. Haven't you ever watched the facial contortions men go through when they shave—your father or husband, for instance? They lather the soap in for all they're worth, drag down the corners of their mouth when they shave, lift up their chins, do everything but facial acrobatics. And I'll bet they have swell complexions, too, haven't they? Well, you don't have to go on treating your skin like a lily, either, give it some exercise!

AFTER you have done a complete job of your facial cleansing, then you can use a new kind of stimulating cream for those tiny under-skin bumps. It is put out by a well-known cosmetic house that describes it as a "skin-excitant". It activates the circulation so that the skin may more easily and quickly throw off its impurities and become clear and radiant. You apply it all over your face and throat, and you leave it on until the skin shows a pink glow. The cream itself is a nice warm beige color, and it smells good enough to eat. The pink glow it works up makes your skin fairly tingle, and just see if you don't get excited with the results when you look in the mirror.

Of course, a several-day diet of fruit juices is always helpful in working miracles. But not if you follow it by going back to your winter taste for too many gravies, hot rolls and sweets. Drink a glass of water and lemon juice with a dash of sodium bicarbonate every morning before breakfast; if that's too Spartan, a glass of hot water, anyway.

When you get to feeling young and pink-cheeked again, you can change to a lighter shade of powder, perhaps, a more delicate shade of rouge, and a more vivid shade of lipstick. What with your new navy blue tailored suit, the effect should be dazzling by Easter.

You will want silken, shining vital hair that will make a lovely pattern around your face, too. So brush your hair. Bend from your hips, throw your head forward, and brush with long, firm sweeping strokes from the back hair-line forward over the top of the head, touching the scalp all the way; then on to the ends of the hair. Every four or five strokes wipe your brush off on the towel. If you're really in earnest, you'll part your hair into small strands, and brush each strand out from the scalp. That's real brushing. That's treating hair right.

Soapless oil shampoos are excellent, especially if your hair is dry, and feels for all the world like the back of a brush. There is one particular soapless oil shampoo, really the original of its kind, that I've done some right-in-the-factory investigation about for you. In a large, scrupulously clean room off one of the immaculate factory laboratories, they keep rabbits—yes, ma'am, white, pink-nosed rabbits. I was even more surprised than the rabbits over their part in the oil shampoo business, until the technician told me that a rabbit has the most sensitive skin of any living creature. They test out the oil shampoos on the rabbits' skins in order to prove the reaction of the shampoos on even the most sensitive human scalp. And I want you to know that this particular soapless oil shampoo leaves the rabbit's skin as pink and fresh as it ever was, while certain other preparations positively shrivel it up? Now I'm going to be cagey and have you write to ask me about this shampoo, so that I can continue my rabbit tangent, and tell you other fascinating things I learned about this grand shampoo.

NOW, after drilling you on everything from brushes to rabbits, we're going to call a recess, and assemble around a community mirror, all of us. It's funny how having the same number of features, still we're all so different. Sally has an oval face, Mary has a broad, round one, and Connie a long, thin one. Most of us would like to remodel our faces in one way or another, wouldn't we? Well, here's your chance. I have a booklet for you, absolutely free, with colored photographs that are perfectly gorgeous, and it's all about remodeling your faces through the skillful application of rouge. The results, as illustrated by actual photograph, are amazing. If your chin recedes, or your nose is too pointed, or your cheeks are too hollow, or, well, name your own facial fault, there *is* something you can do about it. You can send in for this rouge guide, pick out the face that

Popular Joe E. Brown and his wife snapped leaving the "Rose Marie" preview.

---

is most like yours, and re-style your own face according to the model in the booklet. And as if that weren't enough incentive in itself, you will get four samples of rouge along with the booklet so that you not only have the guide but the working materials for your experiments.

The rouge itself is as soft and fine as silk. It's really a new color discovery and I don't want you to miss this opportunity to try it, and to find out what actually is your shade of rouge. There is enough rouge in each sample to give you a fair trial of that particular shade. All you have to do is to drop me a line requesting the new rouge guide, and the samples and the booklet will be yours long before it's time to make your new Easter appearance. Your beauty inventory should certainly include finding out the right shade of rouge for you. And if there are any other problems that reveal themselves after your truth meeting rears its ugly head, remember that's what I'm here for, to help you with those very problems to the best of my ability. I have bulletins on complexion loveliness, care of the hair, and almost every other beauty inventory subject you can think of . . . sit right down and send me a list of what you need today.

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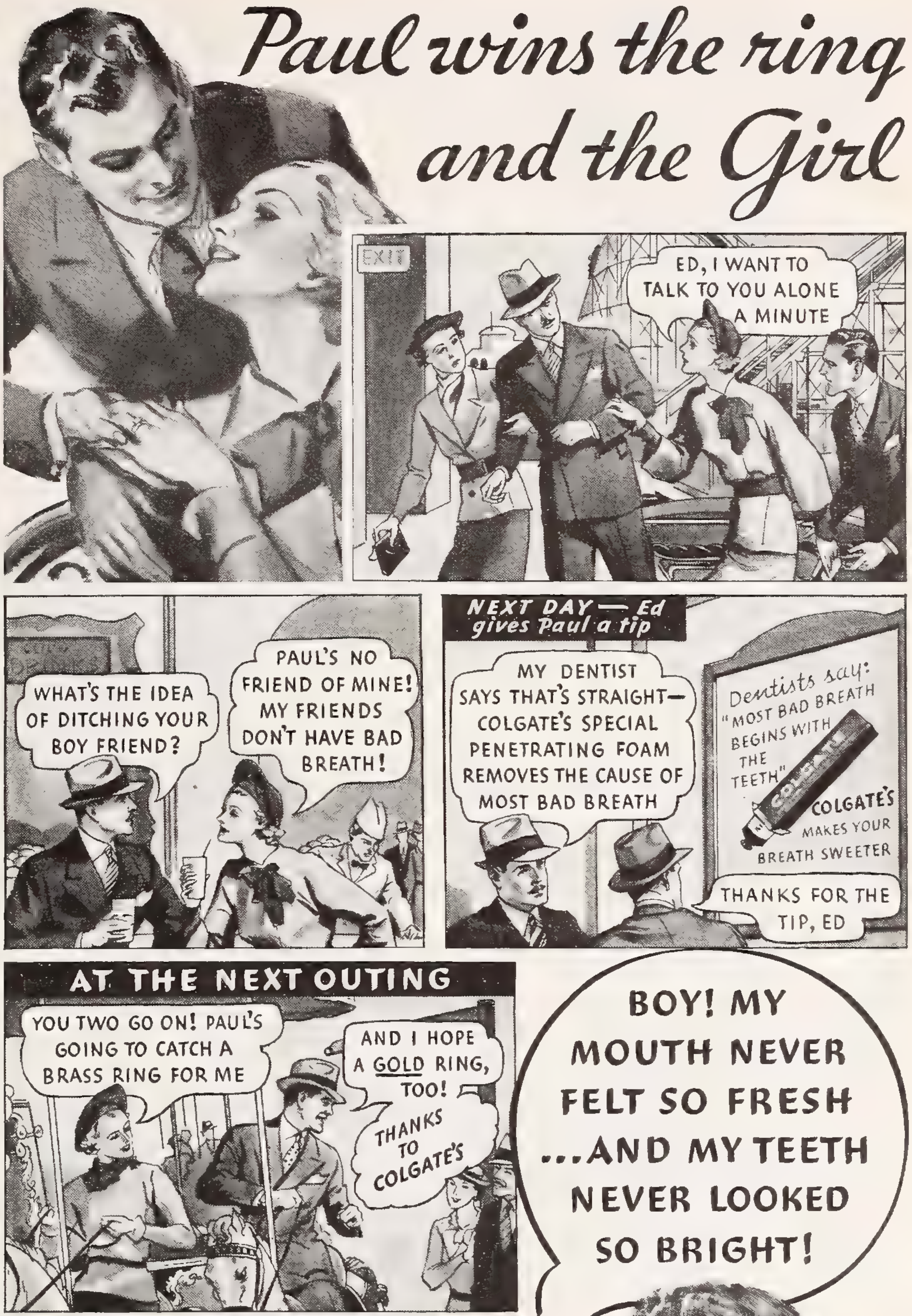
Paul wins the ring and the Girl
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PAUL'S NO FRIEND OF MINE! MY FRIENDS DON'T HAVE BAD BREATH!
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AND I HOPE A GOLD RING, TOO!
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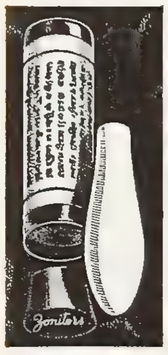

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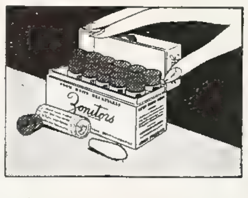

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He'd Rather Be a Teacher

(*Continued from page 64*)

a pity you can't stay to see John Cox. (That's John Howard's real name.) He's a college boy, but we think he's good. A group of the students at Western Reserve are putting on a show tomorrow night, and he's going to be in it."

"I guess he'll be like a thousand other college boys I've seen," thought the t. s. But since talent scouts hate to pass by any possibilities, he stayed over till the next day. He was impatient when he heard that the boy was going to recite that hackneyed poem that is the pet of so many elocutionists, "John Brown's Body." It was such an obvious schoolboy choice. He stirred restlessly in his seat, waiting for John to begin.

And then suddenly he sat up straight, for there on the platform was a lad who was decidedly easy on the eyes, tall, with deep-set blue eyes and dark brown hair. John Cox. And when the young man began to recite, the talent scout didn't have to choke an impulse to laughter, as he had half expected to. Instead he found himself strangely touched by the poem.

When the performance was over, he sought the boy out. "It looks to me as if you really have some talent," he said. "How would you like to take a test for Paramount?"

Naturally he expected John to be completely bowled over, as 999 out of a thousand boys are. But John looked at him rather coolly. He smiled at his mother, who was standing nearby, beaming.

And then he said, "That's very kind of you, but I have other plans, plans that have nothing to do with moving pictures. You see, I want to become a professor of English."

"But man alive, do you realize what you are doing? Thousands of boys beg for such a chance and here it's being *offered* to you."

But nothing he could say would shake the boy's decision.

"When you've laid your plans for a lifetime," John said recently, "you don't change them in a minute because a stranger comes along and asks you to try something you've never even considered."

BUT young John did change his mind. Why? When he graduated he learned that he could get no scholarship that would pay more than half his tuition for his graduate work at Western Reserve. And he couldn't afford to pay half the tuition himself. If it were not for that little circumstance, he would not be in the movies today.

Shortly after graduation, this incredible young man wrote to the talent scout to tell him that if he was still interested he would like to take a test in New York.

"I suppose your letter was apologetic," I said.

John shook his head. "I'm afraid not. I was very snooty about the whole thing. I would take the test if they'd pay my expenses to New York and back. Looking at the letter later, I was amazed that they had bothered to answer it, I was so independent. But in Hollywood they have no use for false humility. If you come begging favors, they are likely to turn you away."

At any rate, the executives at Paramount, instead of resenting John's independence, respected it. They agreed to his terms and wired him the money to come to New York. But even after he had made a test, he wasn't too hopeful, for he was thinking again of the legion of young men who have taken endless tests and have never gotten anywhere.

When Paramount offered him a contract, he was slightly incredulous. Even then, though, his pessimism persisted. He was quite certain that at the end of six months they would decide to dispense with his services.

"But even so," he said coolly, "I figured I had nothing to lose. I decided that if I didn't last in pictures, I could save enough to pay the tuition on the graduate courses I wanted to take."

Since the name John Cox was not a very fascinating one for an actor, the studio obligingly submitted a list of names for him to choose from.

"They were all very highfalutin'" he told me, "so I got up my own list. From that list they chose the name John Howard. At the time I wrote it down I never stopped to think that the name might be confused with that of Leslie Howard. When I thought of it later, I investigated and discovered that there were about twenty Howards in the moving picture business. Now if anyone is kind enough to confuse me with an actor of Leslie Howard's experience, I shall be very grateful and not at all put out! How Leslie Howard may feel about it is a different matter."

The young man drove 2700 miles to Hollywood. At first everything that happened seemed to justify his pessimism. For two months he sat around and waited. All the stories he had heard concerning the callous way in which Hollywood treats newcomers came to his mind. So this was going to be his fate, too! And then at the end of six months he'd be shipped home ignominiously branded a failure when he hadn't even had a chance!

While he was speculating bitterly, he was called for a tiny bit as an elevator boy in "One Hour Late." Bits as a policeman in "Car 99" and as an electrician in "Four Hours to Kill" followed.

"At the time," he confessed, a dimple flashing in his cheek as he spoke, "I was indignant because they had dragged me all the way from Cleveland to play such measly bits. But later I realized that it was best for me to get my first experience that way. I had so little work to do that I spent most of my time walking on other people's sets and watching experienced actors emote. I visited every set on the lot, I think, except Mae West's and Marlene Dietrich's, which are closed to visitors."

FINALLY John got his first real chance in "Annapolis Farewell." While he was appearing in this picture, his company went to Annapolis on location. And there he and Richard Cromwell had an amazing experience. They insulted an admiral!

Dressed in the midshipmen's uniforms they wore while filming the picture, they strolled around the grounds outside the Academy. And while they walked, they passed an admiral and his wife. Naturally, they didn't salute the admiral, for they had been told that they wouldn't have to salute any of the officers, since they didn't know an admiral from a lieutenant and wouldn't know whom to salute anyway.

As Richard and John passed him, the admiral turned purple with rage, his hands clenched at his sides. These insolent young pups! He glared at them, and just when a storm of invectives was about to descend on their heads, his wife

John Howard and Mary Taylor in the Hecht-MacArthur opus, "Soak the Rich," which was filmed in Paramount's Long Island studios.

tapped his shoulder and took him aside to whisper that these weren't midshipmen but movie actors. She had recognized Richard Cromwell. The next day Richard and John were told that thereafter they must not stroll around the grounds of the Academy while in uniform.

John seems well on the road to success now. But he is taking nothing for granted. If his option weren't taken up tomorrow, he would find a new career for himself. He is an extremely versatile young man. He has written several plays; he paints a bit, plays tennis and swims, and plays the piano.

His background? There's nothing amazing about that, nothing that isn't in the backgrounds of other college men, except one thing. The ambition of the mother who longs all her life to go on the stage and achieves her ambition through her daughter is not rare. But John Howard is the first young man I ever met who in becoming a star is fulfilling the dream which his father had many years ago for himself. Only his father never did anything about it. The dream alone remained, a dream that faded into dusty nothingness as time went on.

John, however, appeared in amateur theatricals from the time he was three years old. He played such roles as the third angel at Christmas time and the fourth page boy in King Arthur's Court in pageants directed by his father. It was hardly the sort of stage experience that movie executives say a young man must have in order to get along in Hollywood.

An only child, John was inclined to be a rather solitary, precocious boy. He read Jane Austen and Charles Dickens instead of the usual dime novels relished by boys. He might have turned into a rather dull young man except for two things. He is very much of an outdoor person and he has an elegant sense of humor.

"When I was seventeen," he told me, "I decided to earn some money during my vacation. Every boy is supposed to do that, isn't he? I got a job jerking sodas. Those were boom days and I was paid about five times what I should have been, but even so, I abhorred the work, and was very glad when the summer ended."

When he was sixteen he fell in love with a dark-haired, dark-eyed co-ed who attended the Shore High School in East Cleveland at the same time John did. How was John to know that the devastating emotion he felt for this sultry beauty was only puppy love? Puppy love, indeed! He walked around the campus in a daze, and counted only those moments

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of the day happy ones when he could be with Dolores. But Dolores never pretended to be in love with him. When she was sixteen she married another youth, and when John heard what had happened, it seemed as though the stars had been blotted out of the sky for him.

"For days I went around with an empty feeling in my heart," he told me. "Of course, I hadn't really lost anything, for I had never won Dolores, yet that made no difference. At that time I believed that no one would ever matter as much to me as she. It was all very sad while it lasted, but I must confess that all my poignant grief endured only about two weeks."

If John Howard has known real love since that day, he refuses to talk about it. But I do happen to know that one of his closest friends is Margo who appeared in "Crime Without Passion."

Even when talking about love he is eminently sane and practical. He said, "It's stupid to make rules about love and marriage. I would never dream of saying that I will or will not marry while I'm in Hollywood, for how can you make plans about such things? No doubt, from a business viewpoint it's wise to keep single as long as you're able to, but if you fall madly enough in love you forget all that.

"I hope that I won't have to play the stock juvenile parts, the football heroes and roles in the 999 Hollywood plots that are as familiar as certain brands of pickles. But I'm not making any plans about it. Hollywood is just like marriage. Only a fool dares to make plans about it."

But Hollywood has definite plans for him. And the studio, rejoicing in his success, is casting a weather eye out for other young men in college dramatic societies who may have the talent that John Howard has. Today it's no longer true that you have to beg with outstretched hands for a chance to make good in the movies. If you have any talent, no matter where you live, the movie scouts may get you, just as they got John Howard.

She Doesn't Want Fame

(*Continued from page 55*)

"Don't think that I don't like work. The tougher the role the better I like it. I hate cinch jobs. But the general idea that working in pictures means having a good time is all wrong.

"And then I got to thinking. What if I do become famous? What am I going to do when I am through? Where will I go? The most awful thing I could think of would be to have been a big star and then no longer be one.

"I thought about marriage, too." Rochelle has been engaged twice during her brief span in pictures. "I couldn't see how I was to find happiness in marriage while working in pictures.

"If two successful actors marry they are constantly clashing, no matter how deeply they are in love. One has a good day at the studio, the other a bad day. One feels gay and wants to go out and do things, while the other is tired and wants to be alone. Nothing in the world is so annoying as to have someone gay around when you want to be quiet.

"If an actress marries outside the business her husband is soon peeved at the irregular hours, jealous of her leading men, impatient with overwrought emotions.

"I haven't been able to figure out how screen work and marriage can be successfully combined. So, for the present, I have given up all idea of matrimony."

Rochelle confessed that it is the case of "A burned child shunning the fire."

"I fell in love twice and was very badly hurt both times. I don't intend to do it again."

From now on Rochelle intends to keep all her associations with the male sex on a strictly platonic basis.

"As soon as I like a boy he seems to think that he is in love with me," she sighed. "If, after I explain to him that I cannot let my work become all upset with a romance, he doesn't put his feelings on a friendship basis, I don't see him again."

A pretty tough spot for the young men, I should say.

"There is a boy now," she said. He had telephoned twice since my arrival.

"This boy and I—he is not in pictures—are pals. He understands. That is why I admire him so. Right now he is helping me select furniture and we are having fun doing it."

Out at the studio where Rochelle is under contract they had told me how she had bought her nine-room home with her savings. How she had refused to go into debt. That she was furnishing one room at a time.

"You know mother and I lived here three months with only a kitchen stove, a breakfast room table, a few chairs and two beds to sleep in," she laughed.

"I am getting a great thrill out of furnishing this house. We sat up until two this morning making the net curtains in the dining room. The table and chairs are coming this afternoon.

"We just had to get some more furniture. Friends would come over, look around and say, 'A lovely house, but *when* are you going to furnish it?' We live here in the library. I don't intend to do a thing to the living room for six months."

Sure enough. There was the spacious living room as empty as a deserted ball room. Against the white mantel stood a painting that Rochelle had just finished. A bowl of gay morning glories against a bright blue background. The lovely entrance hall with its graceful sweep of white banistered stairway was carpeted in a soft, deep blue—Rochelle's favorite color.

"I must have a wedding here some day," she smiled. "Just so a bride can throw her bouquet as she runs up these stairs."

We looked at each other and smiled.

"I know what you are thinking," she said shaking her head.

"I am much happier now that I am a home owner," she went on. "This place will always satisfy me, even if I *should* become a star," she grimaced. "And if I should ever get married," I felt sure that she hadn't given up the idea entirely, "this will be my mother's home."

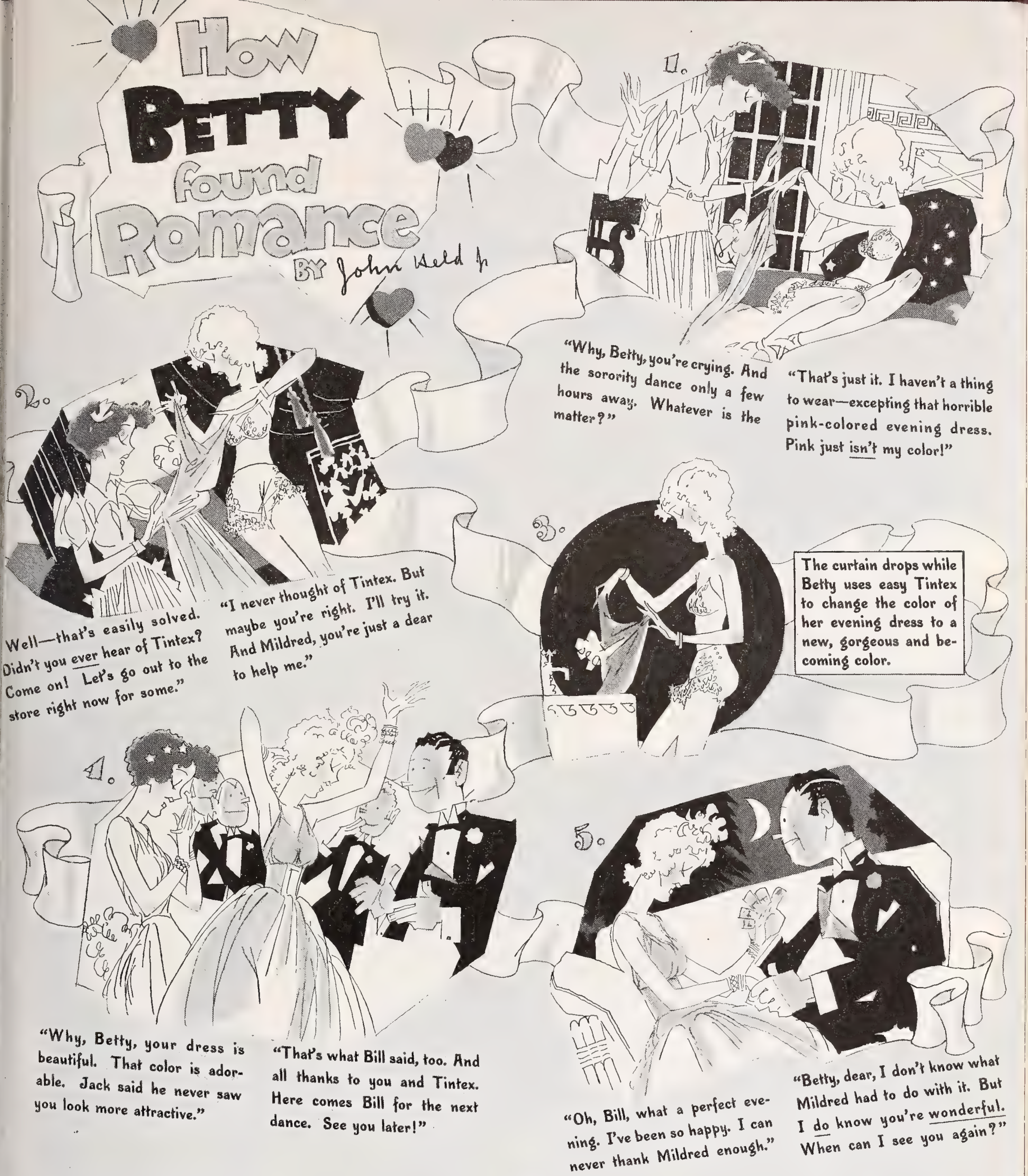
Hollywood never sees Rochelle's name in the society columns of the doings of the movie folks.

"I don't like big parties," she said. "I have turned down so many invitations that I am not invited any more. But I do love to dance. At least twice a week I go to the Trocadero or the Cocoanut

(*Continued on page 86*)

How Betty found Romance

By John Held Jr



"Why, Betty, you're crying. And the sorority dance only a few hours away. Whatever is the matter?"

"That's just it. I haven't a thing to wear—excepting that horrible pink-colored evening dress. Pink just isn't my color!"

Well—that's easily solved. Didn't you ever hear of Tintex? Come on! Let's go out to the store right now for some."

"I never thought of Tintex. But maybe you're right. I'll try it. And Mildred, you're just a dear to help me."

The curtain drops while Betty uses easy Tintex to change the color of her evening dress to a new, gorgeous and becoming color.

"Why, Betty, your dress is beautiful. That color is adorable. Jack said he never saw you look more attractive."

"That's what Bill said, too. And all thanks to you and Tintex. Here comes Bill for the next dance. See you later!"

"Oh, Bill, what a perfect evening. I've been so happy. I can never thank Mildred enough."

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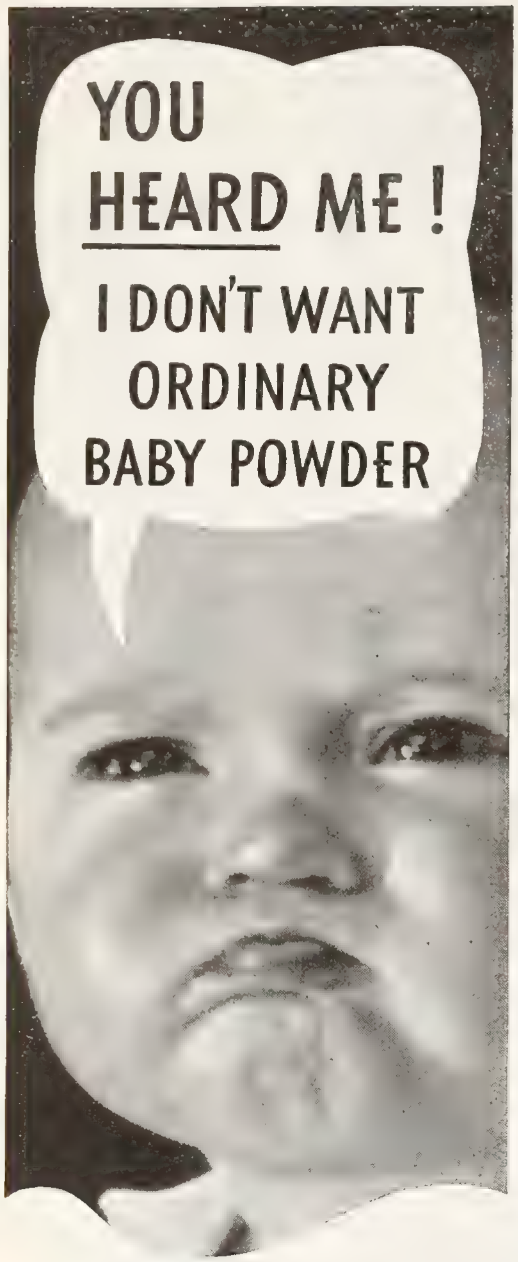

Give me the ANTISEPTIC kind --that scares germs away!

"Honestly now—do you think I'm askin' too much when all I want is protection 'gainst germs and infection? I know Mummy doesn't *mean* to neglect me . . . but I do wish she'd get the kind of powder that's *Antiseptic*. And I mean Mennen Powder. Gee, but it's great! When your Mummy sprinkles it on you—nasty germs just naturally scram. Seems it keeps what they call an antiseptic condition all over your skin. Then, too, I know it keeps a feller drier and comfier all day long. No more chafing and rawness. Gosh . . . it's wonderful! So please excuse me for gettin' mad . . . but from now on I'm going to see that I get Mennen Powder."

America's first baby powder is now Antiseptic. But it doesn't cost a penny more. How foolish to use any other!

W. G. Mennen

MENNEN
Antiseptic
POWDER

(*Continued from page 84*)

Grove. And I go to the theatre and the movies.

"To be honest, I like to stay at home. Just sit and talk with my friends. When I am not working I get spells of painting. And I go on reading sprees. Read everything good that I hear about. I just finished 'The Green Light' and I think it is one of the finest books I have ever read. I am still taking vocal and dancing. The days are never long enough."

Rochelle says that she is not so sure about her singing. That her voice needs considerable training. But dancing! "I think I will really do something with my dancing some day," she says. "I love it so."

THIS young girl seems to have a way of analyzing herself and the world she lives in. When I asked her to give me more details about her change in attitude about her career, she said, "I guess the main reason I was discouraged was because I was so fed up and tired of being continually told, 'You are too young.' I had heard it for six years.

"Whenever I went to a director about a part that I knew I could do, it would be the same old story, 'You haven't had enough experience, my dear. But don't be discouraged. With your looks and your talent you are bound to go far in the future. I got so tired of the future.

"Actually, I acquired an inferiority complex from being told I was too young. I had to see myself on the screen in older parts before I commenced to get over it. Confidence is the most important thing in this business. You can't go very far without it.

"And this snooty, upstaging that goes on among some of the players almost got me down. I had a taste of it again on a recent picture I just made.

"The leading lady, when she wasn't working, would sweep onto the set dripping in silver fox. The next day she would come swathed in mink. She would sit there so elegant, with scarcely a nod to me. Again I felt that 'Too, too young' complex stirring.

"I really am glad now that I am so young." An ailment she will find all too soon remedied.

"Another thing I have learned is that you must be constantly sorting. People tell you you are beautiful, you are terrible, your performance was fine, that it was lousy, that you are divine, that you are stubborn, etc., etc. You can't accept everything and you are foolish if you throw it all out. So I have learned to try to accept the part that is helpful and not be hurt by the other."

They say in Hollywood that Rochelle is on her way to stardom. That in spite of herself she is being carried up to that dizzy height where glamor, glitter and fame will be her daily fare.

Easy Meals are Jeanette's Dish

(*Continued from page 17*)

though quite simple, you will find on each menu some one outstanding dish which lends distinction to that particular meal. I've placed a star beside each of these and I have recipes for every one of the "starred" dishes which I shall be pleased to send you, absolutely free. The coupon, at the end of this article, will provide you with a nice, easy way to get your copy. Here are the menus in which these special dishes are featured—beginning, as one should, with breakfast, and going on through the day.

JEANETTE'S PET BREAKFAST

Stewed fruit
Banana Bran Muffins*
Cocoa

This is daintily served on a tray wherever inclination or time requirements dictate. Jeanette is pictured on page 16 eating just such a breakfast—the photographer having caught her, rushed but radiant, before she left for the studio where she was doing re-takes of her newest co-starring feature with Nelson Eddy, "Rose Marie."

JEANETTE'S FAVORITE LUNCH

Salad of Shredded Cabbage, molded in Tomato Aspic
Cottage Cheese and Chives
Crisp Crackers
Fresh Fruit Cup
Jeanette's Golden Sponge Cake*
(unfrosted)

When Miss MacDonald is not at the studio and friends drop in during the afternoon at her home in Beverly Hills, afternoon tea is always served. The tea hour is one of England's most delightful customs, Jeanette thinks, so she conforms to the English mode and serves wafer-thin slices of buttered bread instead of fancy sandwiches. Occasionally Tea Treats*, crisp pastry bites flavored with devilled ham, are included. Cake of some sort is served for those with a sweet tooth. Possibly the same sort of sponge cake that was served at lunch makes its second—and equally welcome—appearance of the day, only this time its deliciousness is further enhanced by a bittersweet chocolate frosting.

One might think that dinner in Jeanette's home would be quite elaborate, especially when company is expected, but such is not the case. Here is a typical menu featuring two of her favorite dishes. The first is *Timbales Vertes* and the entire meal is planned around these.

JEANETTE'S FAVORITE DINNER

Clear Consomme, Melba Toast
Timbales Vertes,* served with Creamed Chicken (either Mushrooms or Shrimps may be used instead of Chicken)
Crisp Julienne or Lattice Potatoes
Endive and Avocado Salad, French Dressing
Refrigerator Cake*
Demi-tasse

At first glance this dinner may not seem as simple as those we have been recommending, but actually it becomes easier the more you study it. The consomme, for instance, may be of the canned variety. The *Timbales Vertes* are made of cooked peas, either fresh or canned, which can be sieved and in the refrigerator ready for eventual use in the recipe. The creamed chicken, mushrooms or shrimps which accompany these *Timbales,* can be prepared in the morning and reheated in your double boiler, without last minute fuss or worry. The avocados are served in halves on endive, with the French

Dressing poured into the cup-like depressions after the large seed is removed. And the delicious Refrigerator Cake must be made up well in advance—so you may be sure that your dessert course will only require a moment's attention to make it as festive in appearance and delectable in flavor as anyone could desire.

DINNER, generally, is the last meal of the day for Jeanette. But occasionally when she has company a late supper is in order, Jeanette thinks that a meal served at this late hour should be of the simplest sort imaginable and suggests scrambled eggs as the all-time favorite with both men and women. But there are scrambled eggs *and* scrambled eggs! By using the method described below you will find them at the peak of their golden perfection.

SCRAMBLED EGGS à la CRÊME

- 6 eggs
- 6 tablespoons cream
- ½ teaspoon salt
- a few grains pepper
- 2 tablespoons butter

Beat eggs slightly, until whites and yolks are mixed. Stir in cream and seasoning. Melt butter in frying pan (being careful that butter does not get brown). Pour in the egg mixture. Set pan containing egg mixture into a larger pan containing boiling water. Continue cooking over boiling water, scraping eggs gently from the bottom of the pan as they cook so that the uncooked mixture can flow to the bottom of the pan. Serve immediately when cooked, garnished with a dash of paprika and a sprig of parsley. Sufficient for four average servings.

Bread in some form should accompany the eggs—either triangles of buttered toast, rusks, Ry-krisp or hot buttered rolls. And for all late-at-night meals it is well to serve caffeine-free coffee since many folks feel that just ordinary coffee keeps them awake if partaken of in the wee sma' hours. Be sure and tell your guests of your thoughtfulness along those lines, too, for imagination is a powerful factor and you don't want people to lie awake worrying about the effects of the coffee they relished, not knowing that you had taken care of that contingency as a good hostess should.

And so to bed—with plans for future entertaining in the easy, Jeanette MacDonald manner going "'round and around" in your head—and the further assurance that you can try out some of her favorite easy-to-make dishes just by sending for the recipes, adding to your pleasant anticipation. Jeanette's Golden Sponge Cake, Tea Treats, Jeanette's Refrigerator Cake and those tempting looking Banana Bran Muffins, all are included in this month's leaflet. Send for your free copy now.

THE MODERN HOSTESS,
MODERN SCREEN,
149 MADISON AVENUE,
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Please send me a free leaflet containing Jeanette MacDonald's easy-to-make company dishes.

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"THE CLUE"
A MINUTE MOVIE WITH
BETTE DAVIS
WARREN WILLIAM
Stars of the Warner Bros. Picture
"MEN ON HER MIND"
AH, A CLUE! WHOEVER ATE HERE MUST LIKE QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT
NEXT DAY
NICE OF YOU TO LUNCH WITH ME
NICE OF YOU TO ASK ME, MR. DETECTIVE
I SEE YOU LIKE MY FAVORITE CEREAL, QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT
YES, I HAVE IT OFTEN. IT'S MADE OF WHOLE WHEAT, YOU KNOW
SORRY WE'RE ON OPPOSITE SIDES OF THE LAW
WELL, AT LEAST WE BOTH AGREE ON PUFFED WHEAT
AMAZING BUT TRUE!
SPINACH SUPPLIES YOU WITH IRON, BUT PUFFED WHEAT GIVES YOU MORE!

SPINACH .... 1.02 MILLIGRAMS PER OZ.
PUFFED WHEAT.. 1.30 MILLIGRAMS PER OZ.

(SOURCE: "LABORATORY HANDBOOK FOR DIETETICS" AND "FOUNDATIONS OF NUTRITION" BY DR. MARY SWARTZ ROSE.)

QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT TASTES SO CRISPY AND DELICIOUS YOU'D NEVER DREAM HOW GOOD IT IS FOR YOU *but look*—

IT'S THE SPECIAL QUAKER PROCESS THAT GIVES QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT ITS **DOUBLE-CRISPED** PERFECTION. TO GET THE FULL FLAVOR OF THIS DELICIOUS TASTE TREAT, GET THE RED AND BLUE PACKAGE .... **TRIPLE SEALED** TO GUARD FRESHNESS!

INNER WAX BAG
SEALED CARTON
OUTER WAX WRAPPER
QUAKER BRAND PUFFED WHEAT
LOOK FOR THE RED AND BLUE PACKAGE

QUAKER PUFFED RICE IS DELICIOUS, TOO.. TRY IT!

Almost an Old Maid

(*Continued from page 53*)

vocabulary—and she might even know how to knit the traditional "tiny garments" if she weren't so busy keeping everybody else in stitches.

Yet nobody thought of marrying her. All the men were busy thinking of marrying Garbo. And can you imagine Garbo running around in bedroom slippers and curl papers with an eggbeater in one hand and quintuplets in the other?

UNA MERKEL never went out with a boy until after she was seventeen. It wasn't because of parental restrictions—it was just because she wasn't asked. But she is proud of the fact that the friendships she does make are indestructible. "I still see or correspond with every boy friend I ever had before my marriage," she told me.

"And have time left for a picture career?" I inquired incredulously.

"Well, there were only four or five of them," she laughed.

I wanted to know about the first time Cupid had done her wrong.

"I was nine or ten," Una recalled in her captivating Southern accent which Hollywood has modified but not obliterated, "when I suffered the big thrill. And I mean it really was tragic at the time. I was the studious type, so the boys were leery of me. You know how boys are—they think there's something wrong with a girl if she knows her lessons.

"I was already hopelessly infatuated with the handsomest boy in the class when, for some reason which I don't know to this day, he gave me his scout pin to wear. I nearly swooned with delight and embarrassment. The pin was as big as a house. It was the shape of an anchor and pulled my dress down like the real thing. But I would have worn it proudly till doomsday—till the weight of it had made me stoop-shouldered—if he hadn't sent another girl to ask for it back the following morning. I was probably just the unsuspecting instrument of a well-laid scheme to arouse jealousy in another feminine heart.

Una grew to womanhood without inspiring the serious attentions of any young man. Not that she was unpopular. Everyone liked her—she was loyal, sympathetic, sensible, efficient. But that spelled "pal," not "sweetheart." She couldn't have been safer if she had used kiss-proof lipstick.

So what did the disappointed damsel do after collecting wedding announcements from all the girls her own age and younger? Did she study the art of make-up, or set out to tailor herself a new and devastating personality calculated to bring the men to her feet in droves? Did she clip coupons and send for love potions and brochures by the famous Peggy Hopkins Joyce?

NOT a bit of it. Una didn't do a thing but remain her own sweet self—reticent, methodical, conscientious and tidy. A prim, long-haired, Sunday-School-teaching little lady. She just decided that some people were better off without marriage, and if no one asked her, she would pretend she was one of those people.

She had been surrounded with so much love and understanding in her home life that marriage could hardly improve on the happiness she had already known, anyway. She would rather not be married, never be married, she told herself, unless the union promised to be as perfect as that of her parents.

But she didn't have to stay and be a spinster where everyone knew her and would pity her. She went to New York, and because an unattached woman should have a career of some sort, studied at a dramatic school. She had no illusions about a great talent—she merely thought teaching dramatics in some high school would be pleasant work—if she could get it. But the first work she got was as a professional model.

She soon discovered that teaching and posing were not the only fields open to her. She began getting insignificant parts in stage plays. She became a comedienne quite accidentally. She took her work very seriously, so seriously that the audience laughed at everything she said. This could have been a tragedy to a less shrewd player. But just as calmly and philosophically as she had decided she might not be cut out for marriage, Una let the audience decide that she wasn't cut out for highly dramatic portrayals.

She had hoped to inspire tears. What if they were tears of laughter? That was entertainment, too. Instead of sulking over her failure of intention, Una quickly adapted herself to the role of comedienne. And again proved her shrewdness by not even trying to be funny. Realizing that it was her spinsterly conscientiousness that was so amusing, she capitalized on it by adopting a more studied serio-comic mien than ever, and audiences have been rolling in the aisles ever since.

"I must have been a scream when I was real small—I was such a serious little busybody," Una said. "While I was still young enough to squeeze handfuls of mashed potatoes through my fingers behind my chair when no one was looking, I was a hundred years old in other ways. When my parents were out late, I worried constantly over the disasters that might befall them before they returned. And whenever my folks had a little spat such as provides spice in any normal marriage, I ran back and forth from one to the other, arguing, cajoling, pleading, until I had succeeded in patching things up. Our relationship was just reversed. I behaved as if I were the parent and they were the children."

IN private life, Una Merkel is about the most genuine and warm-hearted person you ever met. She is careful about what she says in an interview, especially regarding any sort of advice, because "People read what you say and maybe it will influence someone to do something or not do something. I'd so hate to give anyone a wrong steer."

But if any advice she is able to give from her girlhood experiences is able to save a few heartaches such as she knows can be caused by a scarcity of dates and masculine attention, Una Merkel would like to broadcast it far and wide. She has an unquenchable urge to help everybody. Many fans write her their personal trouble, and a cheerful word from her has lightened many a sorrow.

At first consideration, it seems unusual that a comedienne should be the recipient of lovelorn letters. But it's easy to understand. Somehow, Una Merkel seems more human—closer to the common herd—than the unapproachable Garbos and Dietrichs. You seem to sense that she isn't a great movie star at all, or even an actress. She's just a small-town girl who has thought the same thoughts, suffered the same agonies as every other small-town girl, and then through a quirk of fate got mixed up in an artificial sort of life that isn't a part of her.

One girl, in a tearful letter, poured out a disconsolate story when her beau walked out on her. Una pointed out to her that she was much better off to have it happen then than later. Long correspondence with the girl has proved her right. It has been interesting to Una to watch this girl's emotional development and stabilization, and to feel that she had a part in it.

"Don't get panicky, and resort to all sorts of artifices," Una advises girls who are approaching a marriageable age without any noticeable results. "If the boys see you setting a trap for them, that's the quickest way to lose them. Try to get interested in something else. If possible, go so far as to fool yourself, as I did, into believing that you can get along entirely without men. Don't think of them at all. If it isn't a life and death matter when you meet a man, you won't be self-conscious in his presence, and will therefore appear at your very best advantage.

"It goes without saying, of course, that you should always appear dainty and well-groomed, whether you're interested in men or not.

"The best approach to marriage is a sense of humor, a conservative attitude of not expecting too much, and an unselfish love. Just plain unvarnished love isn't enough. Without a willingness to make sacrifices, love is just a one-way ticket to misery."

WELL, that's Una Merkel's system, and you have to admit it has worked marvels for her. After she went off to New York and embarked on a stage career in order to be independent of men, she acquired, quite without trying, a succession of suitors. She even fell in love with one of them—an actor in the same show with her. And he recognized the rare and beautiful qualities in Una's character which the boys in Covington and Philadelphia had overlooked.

But as their romance blossomed, Una made the discovery that they really had very little in common. And holding true to her conviction that love is not enough, she decided it would be better to break the engagement than risk an unhappy union. Before she could do so, however, the boy took ill. Una postponed the ordeal of blighting his hopes and resolved to wait until his health could better stand the shock. But he died without knowing the disappointment that was in store for him.

Now Una has been married four years to Ronald Burla, an aeronautical engineer. She still says he is perfect. He is proud of her work, as she is of his, and neither makes possessive demands on the other's time or is jealous if the other one lunches with a former sweetheart. They don't even call each other up three or four times a day because, Una says, their love is too fundamental and permanent to have to be confirmed every few hours.

Knit Yourself a Star Sweater for Spring—See Page 8

Butlers Are Only Skin Deep

(*Continued from page 61*)

'gentleman's gentleman' is often *the* gentleman of the two. I learned about butlers from my batman during the War. A perfect butler he was, having buttled for one of the oldest houses in England for years. And in the stilly nights he used often to regale me with the mysteries of his profession, never dreaming, either of us, that one day his profession would become mine. He told me of how the art is handed down from father to son. He told me, proudly, that being a butler to a noble house is to be a king in one's own domain, with many underlings who are very under.

AND so, when I do my buttling on the screen, I think of the trenches and of my batman. I realize that a butler has indeed all of the characteristics of a perfect gentleman. He is quiet of voice and manner. He is never obtrusive. He is the soul of reticence and honor. The butler I played in 'Top Hat' was modelled definitely from my batman (now a banker, I believe). For it is literally true that the butler will say, from his heart, '*We* have lumbago this morning,' or '*We* are riding to hounds today.' The identification of master and man is absolute. In other words, in 'Top Hat' Edward Everett Horton and I were not two men, but one. And a kinder gentleman than Mr. Horton I never served!"—and Eric gave me the Blore smile that we have all come to know so well.

"Even so," said Mr. Blore plaintively, over his sardine sandwich, "I resent perpetual buttling. Not because it does anything to me. Not because I find myself passing the mustard off the set. No, I am still master in my own home. But because it bores me. Buttling bores me. Buttling bores me horribly. I must be the same butler, movies without end. I am an actor, not a butler. I want to act. I should like to do, let us say, 'Goodbye, Mr. Chips'—characters. To play a type incessantly is not acting. It is, indeed, monotony to the point of madness. I shall go berserk one day and anoint one of my gentlemen with the onion soup, I'm very much afraid."

And wouldn't Mr. Blore make a perfect Mr. Chips? And ah, there, fans, look out for that onion soup . . . for the Blore smile conceals a k-nife!

I SCRATCHED Ivan Simpson and found: A charming, elderly man with the Queen's English beautiful and rich at the tip of his tongue. A man who has played Shakespeare in England, in the provinces, on Broadway. A man who, at the age of eight, learned by heart the first eight pages of Macaulay's "History of England."

Mr. Simpson has played with John Drew and with George Arliss. And it was with Mr. Arliss that he first "went into service." For he played the butler in the stage production of "The Green Goddess" and when, later, Mr. Arliss did the play in pictures he would have Mr. Simpson and none other buttle for him. And Mr. Simpson has buttled for Mr. Arliss ever since.

In between he has tutored several of our screen stars in the use of the English language for their screen roles. He first tutored Frances Howard, who became Mrs. Sam Goldwyn. He coached Loretta Young. He knows all there is to know about the theatre. He loves the stage with the authentic passion of the old-time actor to whom grease paint is incense and backstage the holy of holies.

He is married. He has a grown daughter. He is, he says, almost at the end of the road, where nothing is very important any more and life begins to appear in retrospect. He recently appeared in "Splendor" and the successful "Mutiny on the Bounty."

I asked him how buttling affected him and he said:

"I should know. I have probably opened and shut more doors than anyone in Hollywood. And constantly I have been asked, 'Can't you shut that door without making so much noise?' Why in thunder studios don't build the jambs of beaver board I cannot understand. It would minimize sound considerably and spare me many a round rating, I can tell you.

"I hate playing butlers for several reasons. One is the studios want to pay me a butler's wage no matter how important

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FIFTH AVE. at 55th ST., NEW YORK

Ralph Forbes and wife, Heather Angel, snapped by Scotty, leaving "Rose Marie" preview.

the part may be. If they have a king in the picture, and even though he says only a couple of lines, they pay him a royal salary. But I have to be satisfied with much less.

THEN, I have little sympathy with the person who is willing to be a subservient character. Of course, I do believe that a person who does his job well, whether he be president or cobbler or butler is a gentleman. Doing your job to the best of your ability, loving the job you are doing, is the essential thing in life. If a waiter waits upon me perfectly I bow reverently to him when I leave. If I happen to be waited upon by a waitress I try to curtsy properly, even though my limbs are now too stiff to do this with any dignity.

"It is my luck to be cast always as the loyal old retainer who goes on working for years without salary. I often wonder who is supposed to pay my laundry bills as my linen has to be impeccable in spite of the family poverty. I also save my employers from suicide on more than one dramatic occasion, and that is absolutely contrary to my conscientious convictions which are that any person who wants to drop the responsibilities given him to shoulder should be permitted to do so without hindrance.

"Another reason I dislike playing butlers is that," Mr. Simpson smiled, "I never had one. Also, so few, so very few of my friends ever had butlers. To be absolutely truthful, I don't really know what a butler looks like. I surmise that he has two arms, two legs, a mouth and a nose. Perhaps a soul. Who knows? Come to think of it, R. C. has a butler, also B. A. But these butlers were never given such lines as we have to speak when we buttle on the screen. If they dared to speak the lines we put into the mouths of our movie butlers their lives would be short, and their employers and relatives immediately relieved of them.

"My screen butlers," said Mr. Simpson, with a wave of his very fine hand, "put me, like Christian, in the Slough of Despond. I carry them, like burdens, upon my back."

I scratched Arthur Treacher and found: Mr. Treacher is six foot three. Mr. Treacher is droll. Mr. Treacher is bored. He has an apartment here in Hollywood He lives alone. He does not entertain nor does he allow himself to be entertained. He plays golf on his few off moments—alone. He seldom reads. He is the only son of a widowed mother, who still lives in Brighton, England, where Arthur was born. The elder Treacher was a lawyer and hoped that his son would eventually serve the people legally, too.

He chose the stage. And very early he built up a London reputation. He played with Charles Cochrane for three years. He appeared with Sir Alfred Butt. The Shuberts brought him to America and he made his Broadway debut at the Winter Garden in New York. He scored a six-foot-three hit in "The Cat and the Fiddle." He played for over a year in the Barrymore revival of "The School for Scandal" and appeared with Mary Ellis in "The Man Who Came Back."

He thinks almost everything is rather silly and quite awfully unimportant. Marriage, for instance. He was once burned and is thrice shy. He does not date girls nor spend time at the late spots of Hollywood. He says, "Oh, dear, no!" to all such things.

Mr. Treacher revealed himself to me over the luncheon table in the Paramount commissary. He was appearing in "Anything Goes," at that time.

HE said, "I am a bit of a recluse by nature. I am, also, a bit of a tyrant. I expect preferential treatment. That is to say, when I dine out, in a cafe or a hotel dining room, I expect waiters and maitre d'hôtels to stand about a bit. I expect at least as competent service as I fancy I give on the screen.

"Hollywood takes its actors at their face value. Which means that I am frequently taken at my butler value. When I am working on a set, for instance, I am never given a chair marked 'Arthur Treacher.' No, indeed. I have to stand. I am expected to stand. I am a butler and butlers do not sit down in the presence of their superiors. When, on rare occasions I dine out, and am seated next to some reigning star I find him, or her, glancing at me slightly askance. They are so used, you see, to seeing me pass the soup or pull out chairs for them. They don't quite know what they should say to me.

"I shouldn't dream of having a man servant in my home. Seeing him open and shut doors would be a postman's holiday and nightmare combined.

"Buttling is excessively boring. For the first butler we play on the screen is the last butler we play on the screen. We may timidly suggest some slight characterization. But the answer is, inevitably, 'Oh, no, we want you to be the same butler as you were in 'Curly Top,' or whatever the last picture chanced to be. You can readily appreciate what a vicious circle it is.

"If one has not the soul of a slave. . . ." sighed Mr. Treacher.

From which you may deduce that butlers, like beauty, are only skin deep. For we have removed the napkins from Messrs. Blore, Treacher and Simpson and we have seen what we have seen—men of might and majesty who are liable to spill the onion soup at any moment!

Between You 'n' Me

(Continued from page 25)

$1 Prize Letter
The Unsung Players

I trust we who enjoy motion pictures will always feel a personal loss in the death of screen favorites. Just as I hope we always will be on hand to boost the new faces worthy of our plaudits. But, please, in indulging in these two noble motives, don't let us forget the consistent work of such splendid bit and featured players as Jane Darwell, Edna May Oliver, Eric Blore, Jessie Ralph, Margaret Hamilton, Ernest Cossart, Reginald Owen, Robert Barrat, John Eldredge, Harvey Stephens, Henry Travers, Louise Dresser, Louise Fazenda, Louise Beavers, Guinn Williams, Clarence Muse, Alison Skipworth, Alan Dinehart, Sara Haden, and Helen Westley.

Despite the fact that this may appear a mere recitation of names, these people are some of the personalities without whom pictures would be lacking in much of the vigor and appeal they now possess.—Robert Downing, Hollywood, Calif.

$1 Prize Letter
Thrashing Out the Double-Feature Question

How many more times when we enter a theatre must we be forced to watch third-rate actors play in those quickies which compose the second half of the double-feature programs? The whole cheap composition of these films is evident. The poor photography, drab sets, and ham acting constantly remind the critical members of the audience of the better films which they have seen. The programs should consist of one long feature running about two hours, a newsreel and a cartoon, preferably one of Disney's.

The double bill causes a loss to all concerned: the audience loses by viewing an inferior product, the exhibitor loses by having an infrequent turnover of audiences, the producers lose by being forced to have individual production crews, directors, cutters, etc., for each film no matter how bad it is. The discontinuance of the double bill will stimulate the producers of cartoons and shorts to improve offerings.

As soon as the great producers such as M-G-M and Paramount abandon their new policy of making Class B pictures, the whole double bill will collapse of its own weakness, when left to the producers of Poverty Row. If the intelligent part of the audience will cease to patronize theatres showing double bills, the exhibitors will soon realize that they must obtain better pictures—Charles Vogt, Jersey City, N. J.

(Why don't those of you who feel strongly on this subject cast a ballot on it and send it in to us? Perhaps the exhibitors and producers will be persuaded to take your advice! Please fill out the following form and mail to):

BETWEEN YOU AND ME,
MODERN SCREEN,
149 MADISON AVENUE,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

I like the double-feature program.......
I dislike the double-feature program.....
Reason for opinion, in 20 words or less
....
....
....
....

She was a ONE-DATE Girl

Most of her engagements were "blind" dates. Later, these men found excuses when her name was brought up. Somehow, she never seemed to click.

They thought she was dull, when really she was constantly tired. She had a good figure, and a naturally lovely skin. But pimples marred its surface. Her eyes lacked the liveliness of a girl in good health. So night after night, she sat by the phone and waited for calls that never came.

She might have been such a different girl if she had only known the importance of regular habits, and the harm that common constipation can do. This condition may cause headaches and loss of appetite. Wrinkles and pimples may appear. Energy is sapped. Personality becomes flat.

Common constipation is usually caused by lack of "bulk" in meals. Scientific tests show that Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is a fine source of gently acting "bulk." ALL-BRAN also furnishes vitamin B and iron.

Serve as a cereal, or cook into muffins, breads, waffles, etc. Two tablespoonfuls daily are usually sufficient. Isn't it better to enjoy this natural food than to take pills and drugs—so often harmful?

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN corrects only common constipation, makes no claim to be a "cure-all." But it has proved effective in so many thousands of cases that you should certainly give it a trial. Sold by all grocers. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek, Mich.

The natural food that corrects constipation

Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN
DELICIOUSLY FLAVORED WITH MALT, SUGAR AND SALT
FOR CONSTIPATION DUE TO INSUFFICIENT "BULK"
MADE BY KELLOGG IN BATTLE CREEK MICH U.S.A.

"TO ME . . HER LIPS LOOKED *Irresistible*"

SAID

CHARLES FARRELL

Famous screen star tells why he picked the girl with Tangee Lips

The Tangee girl won when CHARLES FARRELL chose loveliest lips while filming Universal Picture, "Fighting Youth".

● If you met Charles Farrell wouldn't you want to have tender, soft lips . . . the kind of lips that would appeal to him . . . that he would want to kiss?

Three girls were with us when we visited Mr. Farrell. One wore the ordinary lipstick . . . one no lipstick . . . the third, Tangee. "Your lips look irresistible," he told the Tangee girl, "because they look natural."

Tangee can't make your lips look painted, because *it isn't paint.* It simply intensifies your own natural color. Try Tangee. In two sizes, 39c and $1.10. Or, send 10c for the 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

● **BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES** . . . *when you buy. Don't let some sharp sales person switch you to an imitation . . . there is only one Tangee. But when you ask for Tangee . . . be sure to ask for* TANGEE NATURAL. *There is another shade called Tangee Theatrical . . . intended only for those who insist on vivid color and for professional use.*

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

New **FACE POWDER** now contains the magic Tangee color principle

TANGEE
TANGEE ROUGE
TANGEE
TANGEE CREME ROUGE

★ **4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET**

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY **MM46**
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.

Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

Name ____________________
Please Print

Address ____________________

City ____________ *State* ____________

Fat? Thin? You Can Be Just Right!

(*Continued from page 63*)

has tried to reduce sensibly—and, according to her lights, she is being honest. Yet she still buys a size 42 dress.

Nine cases out of ten, she has done something like this: she has started out with a nice, brand new resolution to get thin. She does without breakfast entirely—maybe a glass of tomato juice or a cup of coffee for lunch. Or a "choc malt." Gosh, how many times I've heard them order that, and they can hardly sit on the stool at the counter. By dinner time, naturally, she is so hungry she could eat the side of a house—and does practically. Furthermore, she is so out of sorts from starving herself that nothing tastes good or does her any good.

Then no doubt she has puffed and blown her way through a lot of incorrect and useless exercises, which have merely made her hot and cross and haven't helped her a particle. At the end of two weeks—or three or four—her scales heartrendingly tell her that she has lost a measly two pounds. Or maybe she hasn't lost at all. Now I ask you? And for this—for this!—she has starved herself into a state where she can't sleep at night; her digestion and elimination are all out of order; she can't speak a civil word to anyone and life is a pretty flat, stale and unprofitable affair. And what happens? She says, "The heck with it!"

Listen to me, big girl: never starve yourself on black coffee. Use your common sense about eating. You must cut down on your food, or change to the proper food. Go easy on the liquor, too. And for the love of Pete don't nibble and fill up on candy and sweets between meals.

Several months ago I gave my excellent diet for general, healthful reducing. If you missed it get it now. It's yours for the asking. Just write to me, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope and you'll have the diet at once. If you follow my instructions faithfully and conscientiously, along with my exercises, you will be thrilled at your looks and, more important, you will find that the weight you have taken off hasn't left you with sagging and flabby skin and muscles, as quack reduction methods are apt to do. And certainly you'll be grateful that your innards aren't all out of kilter from crazy, get-slim-quick stunts.

HERE are some good tips when reducing: it isn't how little you eat, but how intelligently. The preparation of food is vitally important. The heavy starches are out—the fancy starches are out. That means no potatoes that are mashed with butter and cream and more butter. You may eat a baked potato, preferably the skin with only that part of the potato that clings to the skin. You may have a moderate seasoning of salt and pepper — I said moderate! If you can eat it without butter, so much the better. No griddle cakes or crackers—except an occasional whole wheat or rye wafer . . . no soft, soggy bread, heavy rolls, rich pastries or cakes. And be choosy about your sandwiches, too. Don't eat fried or greasy scrambled eggs—you may have a coddled egg occasionally. Avoid fried foods. Broiled meats for you, and no cream sauces. Don't drink liquids *with* your meals; afterwards you may have clear tea or coffee. Don't drink a lot of extra water. You get your water in fresh fruits and vegetables. Do not boil your vegetables for hours—a few minutes (just until tender) is enough, and in as little water as possible. (Save the liquid for further use.) Eat slowly and chew your food well. And remember this, "If you take plenty of time to live, there won't be any time left to die.

As for exercise, being "pretty active" isn't enough. Doing housework isn't enough. You must exercise scientifically and do it on schedule. Concentrate on the parts you want to reduce and work on them systematically. Ask me for help whenever you need it. I want to help you all. The fleshiness of the face and the extra chins will, to a remarkable extent, disappear with sensible diet, then with my own system of facial treatment we can keep the muscles firm and the skin tight. But we'll take that problem up in a later article. However, if you can't wait, you can write to me in the meantime.

The rear of the hips is one spot where fat has a nasty habit of settling. Here is a good exercise for that particular problem. Work at it. It will do the trick. Don't get bored and discouraged after a few trials. Go to it and show some gumption. I can't be there to help you in person and bawl you out—but I will if you don't get busy. I know you can do so much for yourselves and it is my sincere wish to see all of you as happy and lovely as possible.

Sit on the floor with legs stretched out in front of you. Use your hands only to balance your body. Now, keeping the legs stiff, and together, raise them slightly off the floor, and keep them off the floor. Then begin to hitch yourself along on the floor by swinging the legs over to the left, and as you do this roll on the left hip. Then swing the legs over to the right and roll over on the right hip. You are really walking in a sitting position. Do this back and forth across the floor at least six times to begin with, and later increase to ten. Incidentally, this exercise will also strengthen the stomach muscles.

That is an exercise I recommended to Carole Lombard not so long ago when she was known as "Carole of the curves." Lombard was designed by nature to be a pretty big girl. (All the more credit to her that she is slim and svelte now.) I remember an executive at Pathé pointed her out to me one day, and said, "Can you do anything for *her?*" Without looking a second time, I said, "Plenty!" They wanted her beautifully modeled face in a picture, but they didn't want the Mae West effect below the waist. So I went to work and in three weeks I had Carole down to where her nether parts looked less like a Rembrandt and more like a modern girl.

Carole, like all my babies in Hollywood, must keep slender and graceful. Their jobs depend upon it. And take it from me, so does yours, whatever it is. Some of the stars have a very bad habit. They "cram" their reducing and beauty, like college students "cram" before an examination. When they are not working they loll around in bed too much, go to parties and eat and drink a lot of things they shouldn't. Then all of a sudden they get a call to start work on a picture. One look at themselves and they get frantic. Then they want miracles! When mama is around, they get'em. Otherwise they go the way all flesh. I want you all to be smarter than that.

NOW a word about Norma Shearer. Norma's life has been one long trek along the hard road of ambition, as you all know. She's fundamentally a small person and every extra pound is magnified and as you know the camera makes you look ten pounds heavier. When Norma was a youngster, she wanted to do all the athletic things brother Douglas did and as a result, she developed a pair of husky arms. Her legs were muscular, too. When I first knew Norma she also had to fight anemia. Anemic people are often inclined to be bumpy. Norma has to work hard to keep slim, but she has never been daunted by difficulties. Any star that takes on "Romeo and Juliet" must, you'll admit, have a large percentage of gumption.

It's harder sometimes to get rid of localized flesh, — especially the solid, muscular kind, than to drop from a 42 to 34. If you are troubled with stubborn bulges of fat in certain spots—upper arms, legs, waistline, whatever, let me know about it and I'll help you.

Oh, before I forget, here's a diet for those of you who are anemic or have a tendency to be so:

Breakfast

Start with a half-glass of water with juice of half a lemon
Baked apple, without sugar
Portion of brown rice flakes, with a small glass of skimmed milk
When berries are in season, alternate with the the baked apple
Small cup of coffee, clear

At Eleven O'Clock

A glass of orange juice or tomato juice

Luncheon

Vegetable soup
Cream cheese and lettuce salad
Whole wheat toast, thin butter
Coffee, clear, or tea with lemon

Dinner

Beef Broth (if possible, occasionally put in an egg yolk)
Boiled celery roots for salad or plain lettuce
Choice of one meat: 2 slices of rare roast beef. 2 slices of broiled calves liver. 3 broiled kidneys, or in a ragout. Eat sparingly of the sauce if it is thick
Choice of one vegetable: Steamed celery, asparagus, carrots, okra, green peas or stewed tomatoes
You may have the skin of a baked potato
For dessert: fresh fruit, gelatine or plain cup custard
You may drink the juice made from boiling turnip tops. It is excellent. Also spinach juice or use the leaves of celery that you usually throw away. Coffee

No, my thin darlings, I'm not neglecting you. First a caution: although you don't hear thin girls using the alibi of glandular disturbances as often as fat girls, it frequently is true that glandular faults keep one from gaining weight. In such cases, see a reliable and competent doctor. He will advise you. Most of the time, however, your inability to gain comes from not knowing what to do. You may eat a great deal, but not the right things. There are exercises, too, which thin girls should perform. Exercises to gain weight? But, certainly!

THIN girls should get at least nine hours sleep every night. If possible, have your breakfast in bed. I know, I know. You can't always do this, maybe not at all. I'm merely mentioning it as a good idea. Lie down for half an hour after lunch. If you're a working girl, you can't, of course, lie down after lunch, but you can, perhaps, find a quiet place where you may sit and do nothing—just sit. After dinner, you can certainly lie down for a bit.

It's a good idea for thin girls to have a soothing massage twice a week. Not rough or vigorous, but a gentle, light and relaxing massage.

Drink as little alcoholic stimulant as you can. At parties, it is sometimes more convenient and pleasant for everyone concerned to take one cocktail and string along with it than to cause fuss and palaver by refusing. But don't take a drink unless social usage makes it advisable. A little wine is all right, but strong liquors are inclined to make you nervous and over-excited. Drink malted beer or a good malt tonic with your meals. If you want the name of a good one, I'll give it to you if you'll write to me.

The good old sun is an excellent tonic. Get as much as you can and plenty of gentle exercise in the open air. Did you know that you can get panes of vitaglass put in ordinary windows for a very moderate sum? Two panes of this glass in the lower part of any window where the sun strikes—and you can have yourself a sun bath in the cold winter months.

Swimming is an excellent developer. Learn to swim if you don't already know how. In cold weather, maybe you could go to an indoor pool a couple of times a week.

I have some wonderful exercises that I use for building-up thin spots. Let me know what you need, and I'll send them to you.

Here is a little exercise for rounding out the neck—an exercise which Loretta Young could take up with profit, if I'm not being too impertinent! Inhale quickly. Keep the air up in your throat as much as possible. Fill your wind-pipe and hold it. Now, make every muscle in your neck tense as you distend your throat. Keep your chin relaxed. Exhale. Repeat ten times, and do it every day.

Perhaps some of you are thin all over like Ann Dvorak, who claims she can't

Melt ROUGHNESS
BRING OUT NEW FRESH SKIN —SMOOTH FOR POWDERING

HATE TO MEET TOM WITH THIS ROUGH SKIN
GRAND! POND'S VANISHING CREAM FIXES THAT
1 SECOND LATER
WE'LL HAVE A SWELL TIME. SKIN'S HEAVENLY NOW

Miss Mary Augusta Biddle: "The minute Pond's Vanishing Cream touches my skin—roughness goes!"

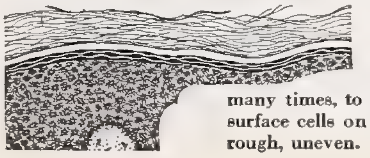
EVEN when your skin is rough "just in spots"—it's enough to spoil your whole make-up. And ruin your evening, too! You feel so self-conscious—you just *can't* be your own gay self.

Yet you can *melt* rough spots smooth!

That roughness is only a dead layer hiding the smooth skin beneath. Look at skin magnified—you see the flaky particles sticking out. Really old dead skin cells!

As a leading dermatologist says: "Surface skin is constantly drying out, thickening with horny cells. Yet, once the old dead cells are melted away, the young underlying cells become the surface skin—smooth and soft. This melting can be done with a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream)."

Try Pond's Vanishing Cream to see this melting principle in action. The instant it touches your skin, roughnesses melt away. New skin comes out—smooth, nice to touch! This shows why Pond's Vanishing Cream is such a perfect powder base.



Outer Skin The epidermis, magnified many times, to show how dead surface cells on top make skin rough, uneven.

For a smooth make-up—Put on Pond's Vanishing Cream—just enough to film your skin faintly. You can't help but like the new pearly softness of your skin—and the smooth way powder clings!

Overnight for lasting softness—After cleansing, leave Pond's Vanishing Cream on overnight. Greaseless, it won't smear the pillowcase. All night long, it brings your skin a finer softness, a more youthful look!

8-Piece Package POND'S, Dept D136, Clinton, Conn. Rush 8-piece package containing special tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream, generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

Name____________________

Street____________________

City____________ State________

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company

"—don't try to get well in a day..."

no appetite? nervous?
losing weight? pale?

—there is usually a definite reason for these

Don't try to get well in a day . . . this is asking too much of Nature. Remember, she has certain natural processes that just cannot be hurried.

But there is a certain scientific way you can assist by starting those digestive juices in the stomach to flowing more freely and at the same time supply a balanced mineral deficiency the body needs.

Therefore, if you are pale, tired and rundown . . . a frequent sign that your blood-cells are weak—then do try in the simple, easy way so many millions approve—by starting a course of S.S.S. Blood Tonic.

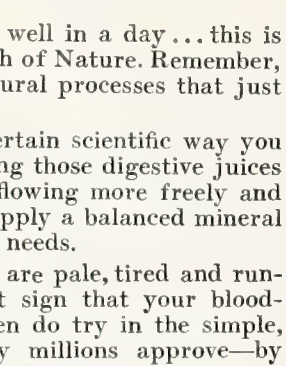
You may have the will-power to be "up and doing" but unless your blood is in top notch form you are not fully yourself and you may remark, "I wonder why I tire so easily."

Much more could be said—a trial will thoroughly convince you that this way, in the absence of any organic trouble, will start you on the road of feeling like yourself again. You should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food . . . sound sleep . . . steady nerves . . . a good complexion . . . and renewed strength.

S.S.S. is sold by all drug stores in two sizes. The $2 economy size is twice as large as the $1.25 regular size and is sufficient for two weeks treatment. Begin on the uproad today. © S.S.S. Co.

SSS TONIC

Makes you feel like yourself again



put on an ounce of weight. To those of you who have this complaint to make, I would suggest the following good, workable and practical building-up diet. Try it. You'll feel good and look good.

Breakfast

Large glass of orange or grapefruit juice. Alternate the juices
Dish of ripe, sliced bananas, milk and tablespoon of brown sugar
Whole wheat toast with plenty of butter, and jam if you like
Coffee or tea with cream. Sweeten with a little honey, if you desire
Two hours later you may have a glass of tomato juice

Luncheon

Bowl of thick soup (chicken gumbo, cream of tomato, lentil, etc.)
Green salad (lettuce, endive, watercress, etc.)
Or salad of half an avocado
Vegetable plate or baked beans or spaghetti or creamed cod fish or broiled sweetbreads
For dessert: cup custard, fruit gelatine, ice cream, puddings, Boston cream pie or layer cake
Large glass of milk or bottle of malt beer

Dinner

Celery (eat all you want)
Ripe olives
Bowl of soup (vegetable or cream soups)
Choice of any broiled or roasted meat, except pork. Eat the meat juices, but first skim off the fat
Two vegetables
Baked potato (skin and all)
For dessert: tapioca pudding, baked apple and cream, cake, pie, or ice cream. Fresh or stewed fruits or gelatine
Glass of milk, malt beer or coffee

Well, there you are, children. I think you'll have enough to keep you busy until next month. But be sure you do it. By the way, have you sent for my special weight-control chart? It's absolutely free, you know. Just send in the little coupon below, and it's yours. Cheerio!

Madame Sylvia,
Modern Screen,
149 Madison Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Madame Sylvia:

Please send me your SPECIAL CONSULTATION and MEASUREMENT CHART for weight control.

Name................................

Street..............................

City................State.............

(Please enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope)

Bachelor At Large

(Continued from page 39)

time he would go through the same agony of expecting to be a terrific flop. Not having the courage to look at the picture himself, he would rush into the secretary's office a few hours before the preview, extract a promise from her to see it for him and relay the bad news. Meanwhile he'd jump into his car and race off to Arrowhead, or any other point where he couldn't be reached by film executives. And invariably, at midnight, the secretary would receive a long distance 'phone call from Cary asking for her judgment of his performance. He had implicit faith in her criticisms.

For months these two met daily in the studio commissary for lunch. Ensued an hour of good-natured ribbing with a lively group of young actors, promising directors, and several members of the publicity department. More sedate lunchers moved as far away from this gay table as possible.

Joining his friends later than usual one day, Cary commented on the strange silence of his secretary. He tried his usual ribbing to bring her back to earth, but when she failed to meet wisecrack with wisecrack, and he noticed tears in her eyes, he, too, grew silent. Later he whispered to her to stop by his dressing-room after lunch.

"What's happened to you?" he said when they were alone. "I don't like this going serious on me all of a sudden. You're worried about something—what is it? If it's money, please stop being a goose and ask me for some. Won't you please tell me what's wrong?" But she only shook her head.

Worried by her obvious unhappiness, Cary managed to ferret out the secret several days later. Her mother was ill and an expensive operation might be imminent. She insisted she didn't have to take advantage of his offer of financial aid. He wasn't satisfied.

Despite her protests, he continued to refer to the subject. If the operation was necessary, he, Cary, was the logical person to take care of it.

When she finally consented, he refused to take her note for the money. Why should she deprive him of this little thing? He was anxious to do something in return for all the sound and practical advice she had given him since the day he arrived in Hollywood.

The operation was successful, but the girl's mother was confined to her bed for some weeks thereafter. Mother's Day rolled around, and with it, a huge box of flowers, which this invalid mother opened curiously. Now who on earth would be sending her flowers besides her daughter. . . .? Inside was a simple card, "from Cary Grant," whom she never had met.

The card was found, after her death some years later, among her most treasured possessions.

AND here is another example of that thoughtfulness in little things.

I walked into his dressing-room one day to find him busily wrapping up a large bundle of funny papers.

"What on earth are you doing with those, Cary?" I asked.

"Oh, I'm just sending them to my young brother. He's crazy about American funnies. I send him all I can find every week."

Cary, by the way, recently has been seeing his young English brother, having gone over to make "The Amazing Quest of Mr. Ernest Bliss," with Mary Brian, for a British company.

And what seems to tie in with his kindness and sensitiveness for other people's feelings is his natural modesty. He has no distorted conception of his own importance, though he is one of the most popular leading men on the screen, and certainly one of the most popular young bachelors in the film colony. "But why should this give one a swell head?" Cary would say. "I'm just trying to do my job as well as I can."

He came bouncing out of his dressing-room the other day, just as a studio guide approached with a party of important visitors. The young office-boy-guide, overwhelmed by the glamor of his present duty, called to Cary, and that gentleman

Alice White, as cute and pert as ever, sailed recently for England to make a picture at Gaumont-British. She and Cy Bartlett have called it a day, maritally speaking. George Givot seems to be her current heart interest.

sauntered over to meet the anxious little group.

"I'd like you to meet *George Brent*," said this new-to-the-studio boy in an official voice. (As if hobnobbing with the film colony's George Brents was part of the day's routine for him!)

"I'm more than flattered," replied Cary, chuckling. "If I didn't think you'd find out later that I was an impostor, I'd like to answer to that name. Unfortunately, I'm not George Brent. I'm just Cary Grant. Sorry to disappoint." And he shook hands all around, thereby causing several ladies to skip a heart beat.

He's still ribbing the office boy about his mistake.

His crony, Randolph Scott, recently observed wistfully, "I wish I could fall in love so completely that everyone else was shut out of my sight and mind."

"Not many men do," said a skeptic acquaintance.

"You're wrong there," replied Randy, "Cary does. Why, when he was so in love with Virginia Cherrill, he couldn't think of anything or anyone else. Even when they were quarreling, which was frequent both before and after their marriage, Cary would be miserable with worry and Virginia occupied even his wrathful thoughts!"

And probably that accounts for Cary's footloose affections at the moment. He's one of the most sought after gents about the town, but aside from his constancy in beauing Betty Furness about, he hasn't really concentrated on a gal, not the Grant way, since Virginia and he parted some time ago.

He may be irresponsible about keeping dates on time, sending flowers and such trivialities, but when the Grant mind and heart become fixed upon a girl, she can be sure she's the main thought in his head all day, every day!

HOW THESE THREE HOLLYWOOD *Make-Up Secrets* Can Give You Beauty

READ how Hollywood's new make-up originated for screen stars by Max Factor, make-up genius, can give you youthful loveliness too.

Hollywood's Powder Secret Gives Skin New Beauty

IN CREATING make-up for screen stars Max Factor originated new color harmony shades in powder, rouge, and lipstick which have proved by rigid camera tests to reveal more beauty in each type of face than any others. In powder, Max Factor has created color harmony shades for blondes, brunettes, redheads, brownettes. Your color harmony shade will instantly enliven your skin with youthful radiance, and give you a lasting, satin-smooth finish. Max Factor's Powder, one dollar.

Rouge That Gives an Exquisite Lifelike Color

LIKE the powder, Max Factor has created rouge in color harmony shades for every type. When you use rouge in your color harmony shade you will agree with Virginia Bruce who says, "The creamy-smooth texture makes the rouge look natural, and the color has a magic way of making the whole face beautiful." Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents.

New Lip Make-Up Gives Lips Alluring Color

TO GIVE the lips an alluring, lasting color, Max Factor has created a *Super*-Indelible Lipstick in color harmony shades for all types. Being moisture-proof, it may be applied to both the inner and outer surface of the lips, giving them an even, lasting color. Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar.

VIRGINIA BRUCE
in
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
"THE GREAT ZIEGFELD"

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP: *Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in Color Harmony*

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"* . . . FREE.

24-4-1

NAME____________

STREET____________

CITY____________ STATE____________

COMPLEXIONS	*EYES*	*HAIR*
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	*LASHES* (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐ Oily ☐ Normal ☐	*AGE*	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐

I CAN'T COME:
IT'S THE WRONG
TIME OF THE MONTH

NONSENSE!
TAKE SOME MIDOL
AND YOU'LL BE YOURSELF

Don't Suffer From "REGULAR" Pain

It's an old-fashioned girl who still suffers each month when there is really no need to! It's just too bad for the girl who doesn't know she can keep her dates and keep comfortable. For painful periods, you need simply do this:

Watch the calendar. At the first sign of approaching pain, take a Midol tablet and drink a glass of water, and you may escape the expected pain entirely. If not, a second tablet should check it within a few minutes. Midol often helps women who have always had a very hard time. And the relief is lasting; two tablets see you through your worst day. Yet they contain no narcotic and form no habit. They do not interfere in any way with the normal and necessary menstrual process. But don't be fooled by ordinary pain tablets offered as a specific for menstrual pain! Midol is a special medicine offered for this special purpose.

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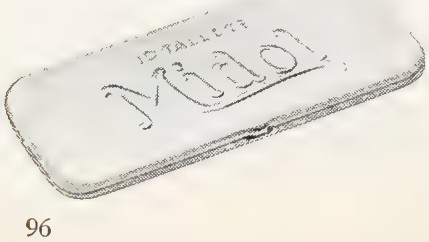

Leslie Howard, Perennial Charmer

(*Continued from page 57*)

stage—but in person, well they were very polite about it, but they wished to be shown.

You're way ahead of me, of course. In half an hour, Leslie made it awfully tough for the other men in their lives. I always feel sorry for the guys who have to follow Leslie. On the screen or on the hoof, he leaves 'em with that far-away don't-touch-me-right-now look.

What did he say to them? Well, he talked about some technical details of the picture, he compared Hollywood with New York and managed the gargantuan feat of not disparaging either place. He said directors had all the fun making pictures, and some day he wanted to be a director.

It was not *what* he said, my pets, it was the *way* he said it.

So far as the mind can see and the naked eye reveal, charm is not visible. But one small clue to Leslie's charm is his quiet but superb confidence. Oh no, don't go off half-cocked like that. Confidence is not something that pounds its chest and swaggers and talks loud and uses no pronouns except the personal "I." Confidence like the Howard's is something quiet and infinitely sustaining. It doesn't give a damn for praise or criticism— it just goes serenely on, buoyed and confirmed by some inner source of strength.

This kind of confidence is so rare in Hollywood that the natives are a little afraid of it. You see, it selects its friends among whomever it finds interesting or amusing, and fails to note if they come within the same salary bracket. It gets in no panics about being seen in the right places with the right people. It dares to wear comfortable old clothes and glasses, not just around the studio but anywhere and everywhere. This sort of confidence actually estimates the worth of a restaurant by the quality of food it serves, and not to *whom* it is served. Thus you will sometimes discover the Howard in little out-of-the-way joints which no other actor would think of entering, because he will not be seen by the right persons.

MAYBE right now gently but firmly you are saying I am nuts to define charm as being nine parts confidence and one part Leslie Howard. All right, *you* define it. And anybody who quotes Barrie and refers to "that damned charm" he mentioned will have to stand in the corner till school's out.

Another thing about how Leslie's charm works. You know, of course, that interviewers are not supposed to be women while on duty. The usual thing is, when you make an appointment, you say "three o'clock at the studio," and that's that. Well, when you make an appointment with Leslie, you go and have your hair done. Then you have a long silent debate whether to wear flat heels and a tweed suit and look practical, or wear high heels and the Lily Daché hat and look as frivolous as possible, so he won't expect too much in the way of an interview . . . Which reminds me. There was an interview, wasn't there?

It was noisy on the set, so we drifted outside and sat in Leslie's English car—half a block long, with more gadgets on the dash than a fancy airplane. Howard loves to give demonstrations with them. You press something and a jack promptly lifts one wheel. Press something else and signals snap out. Whenever an electrician or a prop man passes and looks interested, Leslie shows him the works. Knows what goes on under the hood, too.

In between working the gadgets, Howard told me he was bored with acting. He wants to be a director. Directors have all the fun. The only use for actors is to exploit a story. The actor has no control over his medium. Directing is an exacting business.

"The measure of a picture's greatness is in direct ratio to the greatness of the director. He is the man who brings it together, it depends absolutely upon the

A family group—Ruth, Ronald and Leslie Howard attend the Ted Lewis opening at the Cocoanut Grove. Ronald is certainly a double for his famous Dad, isn't he? Scotty caught Mrs. Howard unaware.

unity of his mind."

Ensued a long technical discussion on the creation and production of pictures. Evidently, Howard had given the subject a great deal of thought. He talks in a remarkably easy manner. His words are understated, his voice unraised under any circumstances—even when a truck went by. He presents his views with utter detachment, leaving the listener to sort and emphasize them.

Only his eyes refuse to be detached. Amusement, gay and flickering, looks out of them. Amusement at the picture he is painting of himself as a rebel, as a profundity, as a shrewd businessman. And by the way, he *is* a shrewd businessman, whether or not the idea amuses him. He is a rather forceful person in a calm way, who wishes to make no outward to-do about anything, least of all his rather daring plan to desert acting for directing.

He wishes to leave the known and the proven, which has become stale to him ("I'm tired of doing bits and ends as one must do on the screen"), for a sporting chance at bigger game.

"And by that I do not mean money," he added, "I would be satisfied to show my pictures in ten or twelve selected cities, and find ample audience for the things I could do without shame.

"It is a very good thing to make up your mind about whom you are going to please. One cannot hope to appeal to everyone who attends the film theatres, that is obvious insanity. I prefer to please those who think along the same line as I do. Why not? Certainly I can understand better what they want. Naturally, it is a limited field."

I edged in a faint note of wonder as to *how* this could be accomplished, in the face of his acting contract with Warners, the "Romeo and Juliet" being made at M-G-M. . . .

"Oh yes, my contract provides only for acting. Yes, indeed. But you see, I have various identities. There is the stage actor, the stage director, the writer, the picture actor—and now the picture director!" He regarded my bewilderment with the air of one gently teasing a small child. (Charm Note: that's another angle on this charm business. When you wish to avoid telling something to a woman, look at her gently, as if she were a very small child. It's marvelous.) He turned on that mischief-mysterious smile, the smile that implies so much and tells nothing, the "you leave it all to me" smile.

SO don't ask me how he will work out his plan, in the face of contractual obligations. Something tells me, beyond a doubt, he will. And it will happen after the most serene one-man rebellion ever staged.

While he was making "Petrified Forest" at Warners, that studio had urgent need for a good determined brace of bloodhounds, due to their star's insouciant habit of disappearance. He was located eventually in any of several odd places. Possibly asleep in the back of a truck, or prowling around the rafters high over the set. Assistant Director Frank Shaw tried to follow him every place, but Howard became expert at losing him.

Howard always arrived late on the set and flew into a simulated bustle of activity right away, "Well, old chaps, what's holding us up?" What can you say to a man like that?

One day he made off on an electrician's bicycle. It happened to have all the man's tools in a leather bag on the back. The electrician waited, fuming, and bawled hell out of Howard when he finally got back. Howard took it beautifully. (I can think of several pretentious actors who might have had the man fired.) When he

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finished, Howard shook hands with him and remarked, "Old chap, I'm afraid you take life much too seriously."

At every possible opportunity, Leslie went to sleep. He just calmly put his head in Bette Davis' lap and fell asleep, or he went out into her car or anybody's car. After four in the afternoon, he begins to fade. It's very strange how Leslie knows exactly when to begin fading. He doesn't like to work after four, and any scenes taken later than that have to be made over in the morning, anyway.

He put in days with Humphrey Bogart figuring out a happy ending for "Petrified Forest." The studio decided he shouldn't be shot, for a while there, and everybody was writing happy endings. Leslie and Humphrey played it on the stage and were firmly convinced there was no logical way to end it happily, so some of their finis were hilarious. One was: Leslie was not to die, he was to go to Paris with Bette. There they would be, Bette painting, and Leslie happy because he was working for Paramount! The studio turned it down.

Then Howard's daughter, Leslie, wrote an ending—very seriously. Bogart was to say, "I can't kill you." So Howard grabs the gun and says, "All right, let me do it." Instead of which, he sticks them all up, gets a big reward and lives happily ever after, with Bette and lots of children. Leslie says his daughter ought to be writing scenarios for Warners.

Leslie's son, Ronnie, looks exactly like his father, and has lots of fun going around autographing. That accounts for two sets of Leslie Howard autographs all over town.

Howard likes to see pictures and goes often to the small neighborhood theatres with his daughter Leslie.

The night of the "Petrified Forest" preview, scheduled for eight-thirty, I was there at eight twenty-five, and the house was jammed. Arrived then a pleasant simply-dressed family group, a man in glasses and an old somewhat faded polo coat, small daughter in her school clothes, and mama minus furs or swank. The Howards. There were no seats. I think they stood up for the performance. I went upstairs and sat on the balcony steps (don't tell the fire department) in some obliging gentleman's lap, as there wasn't any room left on the steps. (Yoo hoo, thanks mister.) Apparently, neither of us minded, it was such a grand picture. Never has such a crowd turned out for a preview in this, our preview-mad village.

Any way you look at it, seeing his pictures or interviewing Leslie Howard, it's Lovely Work, I wouldn't lie to you!

Has Mae West a Dual Personality?

(Continued from page 41)

'Dark Angel' and 'Shanghai.' It's surprising how, in so many pictures you see nowadays, sex is something which causes suffering.

"And what does the audience do after seeing something like that? Has a good cry, and leaves the theatre feelin' shaky, and not so sure whether there's any percentage in emotions that make you suffer like that. And figurin' if this is so, then love like that is somethin' to be afraid of—to avoid.

"But you don't have to be afraid of your emotions—*if* you have your head on your shoulders, and know the definition of control—only don't carry *that* too far!

"Know what you want, and go after it like a man. Put your cards on the table. If you like him, tell him to come up and see you sometime. Don't be coy. Don't be elusive. You don't have to keep him guessing.

"I've learned, from experience, that *any* man can be had—if a girl just acts natural and kinda down to earth!"

WELL, that was that-a. As I walked away, a wiser, saner girl, hoping for an opportunity to put Mae's *educational* advice into practice, she called after me: "Remember—be yourself! And laugh! Take it from me, they love it.

"Don't try to be a great mystery or a tragedy queen. Don't be too demure and little-girlish. And let a man know what you're thinking about once in a while. You'd be surprised how often they're thinking just the same thing!"

With this admonition ringing in my ears, I went to tea one day with Paul Cavanagh.

"Compared to the vultures and harpies who pass for ladies in fashionable society, and whom I've met in droves on both continents," said Paul Cavanagh, balancing a piece of toast and strawberry jam in mid air and gazing into space, "Mae West is a cooing dove!"

With that, my toast and the strawberry jam fell into my cup of tea! I must have looked rather astonished, because the gentleman from Cambridge leaned across the tea table.

"Was that a shocking thing to say?" he asked, quite alarmed. "Will people misunderstand me?" He hesitated for a moment. "But it's true, you know," he said.

"And I'll tell you another thing which will amaze you as much . . . Mae West is the most non-committal member of a sex which spends half its life committing itself! She'll never admit anything! You never know what she's thinking."

OUR screen paragon of female frankness, our straight-from-the-shoulder, beautiful-but-bolder "Klondike Annie" *non-committal?* "Will you pardon me, please, Mr. Cavanagh," I stammered, "while I take time out to readjust my values?"

This little business done, Mr. Cavanagh proceeded to explain a few things about our one-of-a-kind Miss West which probably you, and certainly I, never heard before.

Now the Lillian Russell-ish, big bustle-ish Mae West of the screen is frank. She says so herself. Direct and to the point. She never wastes time in flimsy, feminine shenanigans. If Mae shilly-shallies or vacillates, she does it with her hips and shoulders—never with her mind.

Off-screen, Mae West is different, difficult to know. She's built a smoke screen of reserve about herself.

To Paul Cavanagh, who looks, acts and is suave with the physical and mental pattern of the English gentleman, learning to know Mae West was a staggering surprise. Having nothing more intimate than an audience-screen acquaintance with her, before he became her leading man in "Goin' to Town," Paul (who's slightly on the conservative side) drew his own conclusions. He expected her to be a pretty formidable Amazon—the hard-boiled dame from Broadway with a twang in her voice and a bludgeon in her manner. The kind of woman who

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made you feel unpleasantly conspicuous in a crowd. And if you know Englishmen, there's nothing that can give them a nice quiet case of mental dyspepsia sooner than feeling conspicuous.

When Paul discovered that Mae was not only *not* what he thought, but on the quiet, even *shy* side of things, he was flabbergasted. He repeated the word "shy" and this made me drop another strawberry in my tea. Not that she hasn't poise. She has enough to meet the King of England at a moment's notice—and to feel perfectly at ease. Or to look as if she'd never done anything, but sit behind a silver urn and pour tea at four o'clock of an afternoon—which she did every afternoon during the filming of "Goin' to Town." Even poured it with just the right British accent for Lord and Lady Byng, when they came to visit Paul on the set.

Now Paul calls himself the only unrepentant reactionary in Hollywood.

I mention it because it seems to connect up with his admiration for Mae.

I imagined at first, when he said this, that he was referring to a secret longing for that noble decade, when curves belonged elsewhere than on piano legs or race tracks, and when billows were confined not only to the deep, dark sea.

BUT no. There's something old-fashioned about Mae, says he, but in another way. She has a quality that our emancipated, restless young women fail to have. Mae's soothing. Mae's *cozy*. She lets the man do the talking while she listens, raptly. Even submerging her own personality to his. No need to mention how well that goes with a man. Especially a traditional and slightly sentimental Englishman, who has been taught,

Isabel Jewell cuts Sidney Blackmer a piece of Tom Brown's birthday cake. Isabel is one of Hollywood's cleverest actresses.

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along with his Latin verbs, to beware of aggressive, talkative women. And what a relief Mae must have been after those bevies of dashing young things, all cut out of the same mold. Slim as bronze statues, and twice as hard.

Compared to them Mae is a retiring, demure, lady-like soul—imagine that!

Paul and Mae became good friends. Through this friendship he learned to know many of the unsuspected facets to Mae's nature. For example—that she's so soft-hearted, it's impossible for her to put her foot down on the continued and tiresome demands of hangers-on, who have been taking advantage of her good nature for years. If she's given her friendship and her help, she never lets a person down. No matter how much a drag that person has become upon her.

Shrewd as she is in business—and they don't make the female of the species any shrewder or more successful—she's a babe in arms when it comes to coping with those parasites who cling with a desperate grip to the lapels or skirts of successful celebrities. She hasn't the heart to say "No."

The oft-repeated story about her seriousness, her complete absorption in her work, is quite true. She seldom goes out at night, except to the fights at which she's a regular attendant. And that isn't due to any desire to keep up a good publicity yarn. Mae doesn't care whether you do or don't believe that her private life is as uneventful as that of an old-maid teacher in a girl's finishing school. She doesn't gallivant about because it usually bores her.

During all the time of their work together on the set Mae went to dinner with Paul Cavanagh only once. And he admits he asked her nearly every other day. And he'll never stop ranting at Fate which put an unbreakable engagement in the way of his going to the fights with Mae on that one precious evening when she did him the rare honor of asking him to be her escort. Because an invitation from the real Mae West is as rare as a "come-hither" from Garbo!

Well—there's no doubt about it, knowing Mae West is an education in itself. You always learn something new, interesting and contradictory about her.

Miracle in Hollywood Bowl

(*Continued from page 59*)

fixed her eyes upon me with serious resolution, "I doubt if I should try again. Not that it would take more courage than I could give to it, for it would really take more courage to just quit. I simply feel, quite honestly, that there is just as much happiness to be had outside of Hollywood. Perhaps more. I've been trained to appreciate many things; books, travel, music. Motion pictures could never make up the greatest part of my life under any conditions. I just shouldn't be interested in struggling, starving, searching for a chance to perform in front of a camera.

"It might take only a year to get another break such as Max Reinhardt gave me. It might take years. Even then the immediate future would be problematical. It's too big a gamble to take with youth you can never get back. Being a success as a human being is still more important than being a success as an actress. There's more scope. More latitude. One needs always to be bigger than the thing one wants to be."

THAT was a year ago, an eternity in the rapidly shifting hour-glass of Hollywood. Today, Olivia de Havilland need speculate no longer about her future in the motion picture industry. The Rubicon is crossed, and lies behind with all the doubts of yesterday. On the threshold of stardom, she knows definitely now that for at least the next few years she must mold her life to fit the demands and standards of a career which grows increasingly important.

I was curious to revive the discussion of careers and personal ambition of our last meeting; to check the change of mental attitude, which swift success may have brought. Fame which comes so quickly wrecks the weak, the headstrong and the egotistical. The intelligent and strong readjust themselves to the new life with clear-eyed perception. But unfortunately they are rarely geniuses.

From our introduction I suspected Olivia of more intelligence than genius. It made it easy to believe her resolution about willingly giving Hollywood back to the Chamber of Commerce if she didn't click with her first picture. Enthusiastic public response has now made her a cinema citizen; otherwise she might be back home now, in the little town of Saratoga in Northern California, playing Shakespearean heroines in the community's Little Theatre, as she did before her appearance in Hollywood Bowl.

"It wouldn't be easy to run away from Hollywood now," she admitted from the sidelines of one of the huge "Anthony Adverse" sets. "A taste of fame gives one an Oliver Twist appetite, a greedy desire for more."

"Then your viewpoint of Hollywood has changed?" I asked.

"Naturally," she admitted. "The higher one climbs the more different things look below. The viewpoint changes, not necessarily the person. I haven't changed, really. It makes me angry for people to think that I have, simply because I'm looking down instead of up."

"Do people think so?" I wanted to know.

"Yes, they do. Old friends back in Saratoga, and even in Hollywood, who have known me for years, and always called me 'Livvy' or just plain 'de Havilland,' (that's what I like being called), now write fan letters and address me as Miss de Havilland. It's the formality that stifles me. I'm exactly the same person I was in Saratoga when I played Hermia there with a group of non-professionals. Personally, I don't enjoy living on a pedestal. It becomes only Garbo.

"Being a celebrity is no fun if one can't share good fortune with old friends. There's that old devil Sacrifice you were warning me about. I guess the idea is, when you gain something, you must give up something in return. The question is —what to give up?"

"Love, for instance?" I prompted.

"Nonsense," she protested. "Read the columnists. They'll tell you in print every day that romance flourishes in Hollywood with all the abundancy of weeds. I feel love and romance can be great stimulants for a career," she spoke with intensity. "They oil the emotions and excite the imagination. They create an acting machine. But marriage is something else again."

From one who looks the ingenue so much as Olivia such a statement is noth-

Margaret Sullavan was very annoyed that Scotty snapped Henry Fonda and her at the "Rose Marie" preview. But since when isn't it news to be seen publicly with an ex-husband, especially the current spouse not being along?

---

ing short of astonishing.

"You mean you don't believe in the sacred institution of marriage!"

"Not unless it is going to be kept sacred," she answered. "I'm just old-fashioned enough to believe marriage in itself is a career. For me the two wouldn't mix. But there is an exception to every rule," her tone became reassuring. "Hollywood has many happy unions. Particularly where husband and wife belong to the same profession. I don't profess to be an authority on love and marriage, because in the first place I've never been seriously in love, and in the second place I've never been married. However, I do have a pretty good conception of every girl's dream of a beautiful and idyllic mating with the man she loves.

"If the girl is honest," Olivia continued in her fervent way, "she'll tell you it means having a home of her own and children, and the protection of someone she can look up to and idealize. It doesn't include long separations on studio location trips, constant exposure to public censure in the public prints, earning a salary larger than her husband's with demoralizing results.

"What good is a husband on the other side of the continent whom you visit once a year? What point is there in acquiring a married name only to have the columnists continually trying to take it away from you? Of what use is an independent income gained through earning an enormous salary if it is going to defeat your eventual happiness?. You can't take the real romance out of life. The world wants that kind of romance. They pay to go and see it on the screen. There's a whole lifetime to reap the happinesses a family can give one. An average career in Hollywood is only good for five years at the most."

Rarely has a screen celebrity retired willingly in the midst of fame. Dorothy Jordan and Dolores Costello stand out as two exceptions. Dorothy gave up a lucrative contract to marry Meriam Cooper. The angel-faced Dolores forsook one of the brightest spots on the Hollywood Glory Road for the name of Mrs. John

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Barrymore. Only now that marriage has left her a disillusioned divorcée, is she returning to the screen. So it isn't at all unlikely that Olivia de Havilland will disappear from public life as suddenly as she came, when and if she finds the man she wants to marry.

"If the time should ever come that I shall want to retire from professional life, there is one performance I should love to play before the farewell," she ventured mentally into the future. "It is a part I've played twice—Hermia. Yes, I'd love to play Hermia again in Hollywood Bowl for a last performance. You see," she explained, "I not only believe in perfect marriages, I believe in perfect circles as well. I should like it to end just as it started."

So Olivia de Havilland isn't satisfied with just a miracle in Hollywood Bowl. She wants a super-miracle!

Jean Harlow Is Jealous of You

(*Continued from page 35*)

She likes to feel that she can do what she likes without the magnifying-glass eye of the Press distorting the simplest act. She enjoys flopping around in a pair of old slacks. She likes to tie a ribbon 'round her hair and forget it. She is letting her famous blonde hair go back to natural primarily because it is too much of a darned nuisance to "keep it up." She would prefer never to see the inside of a beauty parlor again. She likes picnics, camping and window shopping.

We were talking in Jean's beautiful, chiffon-draped dressing-room. She was waiting, on tip-toe as usual, to be called back to the set of "Wife versus Secretary"—she being the secretary and Myrna Loy the wife of Clark Gable in the picture of that name.

She was talking not only to me, but also on the telephone to the publicity office and trying, patiently, to put Nosy to sleep on one of her evening gowns, dropped on the floor for bedding purposes. Nosy is a very infantile dachshund given to her at Christmas by Walter Wanger. Jean brings him to the studio with her every day, feeds him, gives him his naps, all by hand, so to speak.

SHE wore dove gray with a white organdie collar and her new, soft brown hair framed a face which is very solemn when she is talking about serious matters.

"It always sounds so silly," Jean said, rising in despair and rocking the recalcitrant pup in her arms (he's no fool, that Nosy!), "for me to be yelling about being jealous of other girls. They probably say, 'Oh, *yeah?*'—and don't believe a word of it. They doubtless figure, skeptically, that, 'It makes a good story but she can't fool us!' For, of course, I do seem to have everything. And in a way, I have. I'm happier right now than I've been in a long, long time. And I've got good reasons to be—I know it—I'm not quarreling with my luck.

"But the funny part of it is, it's so. I envy other girls for the things I haven't got. And the things that they envy me for are things that, being me, I don't want!

"You see, there are a few elements in life which are precious to everyone, vitally so. Time is one of them, privacy is another and self-preservation is a third. And I mean *self*-preservation, not the preservation of the star personality. Like an unjaded interest in the small delightful details of living. A rest from responsibility now and again with the ability to finish a job and be done with it for a time. These elements are as necessary to the spirit of any man or woman as are water and food to the body. Without them we may perish.

"Now, let's see—take clothes, for instance. I'm really envious of the girl who can get a kick out of a new dress, because I can't. I can imagine how other girls sigh when they see me on the screen, decked out to the nines in clinging gowns, opulent furs and all the fixin's. But why envy anyone something they don't enjoy? Most of the things I wear on the screen aren't mine anyway. They are screen clothes and the property of the studio. They are designed by Adrian, not for Jean Harlow, but for the character she is playing at the time. My own wardrobe would make the average girl laugh. I have fewer gowns and accessories than most of the women I know, who are merely social. The real reason being that I've lost all interest in clothes—they've become part of the day's work. I have too much of them, too many sketches to okay, too many fittings to endure. When I'm not working on the set, I want to get as far away from clothes and the thought of them as I possibly can. The very sight of a new dress to be tried on would turn my stomach!

"And yet, I can't really get as far away from them as I could wish. For, if I don't make an appearance, the postman or the grocer boy is apt to see me and soon the report will circulate that I am either dying of a broken heart and 'letting myself go,' or that I'm really not all I'm cracked up to be on the screen. See what I mean?

"*I can't ever be myself* (I often am, but I shouldn't be!). I can't develop myself. I like to think that I have certain latent abilities which it might be fun to do something about. Abilities and interests in no way connected with the 'star personality.' But I haven't time. I must spend all of my time developing the girls I play on the screen. No sooner am I through with one than I must begin to figure out the characterization of another. I can try to perfect the parts I play, but I can never perfect the person I am.

I DON'T know how many people know this, but apart from doctors and dentists, I think we of the screen are the only professionals in the world who keep half-hour engagement books. We not only keep them when we are working in the studio, but when we are working out of it. The actual work of this business, the time spent learning lines, the time spent on the sets is only a fraction of the whole. There would be nothing much to it if making pictures were all—but it isn't. It's all work—even when we play. For when I'm not in the studio, I'm having fittings for the next picture, photographs taken, giving interviews, conferences about the next production, dentist appointments and so on.

"I am always and unremittingly—Jean Harlow!

"When a doctor leaves his office to walk upon the streets, people do not pause and point to him, saying, 'There is Doctor So-and-So, hasn't he got a funny topcoat on?' Few people know who he is, he is just another man. When a secretary closes her desk and takes the subway home, her job is done and her life

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Anna May Wong, just before sailing for China, with Cesar Romero at Basil Rathbone's recent party.

becomes her own.

"But I am still working wherever I am. If I go away for a vacation—well, my idea of a vacation would be to let down my hair, burn up my make-up box, wear slacks, go fishing or swimming, read a lot and relax. Where can I go and find that possible? *I* don't know.

"I can't, as a matter of fact, make the simplest move without appearing in the public prints. Here's a little inside stuff which illustrates what I mean: One evening we were working on "Riffraff" until almost nine o'clock. My director suggested that we have a bite to eat together before going home. Bill was out of town. 'Why not?' would have been the normal reply. But I knew that if we appeared together, the papers would have a Harlow holiday on the morrow. I went, of course. There was no reasonable reason, why not. But the point is that I had to give thought and worry to so perfectly insignificant a move. I had to figure out whether it would be better to dine in some slightly out of the way place or at the Trocadero, where we would be conspicuous. I finally decided, with pursed mouth and knitted brow, that the Troc' would be preferable. At least no one could say that we were trying to 'hide out.' We went to the Troc' and—the next day the papers carried the 'news' that 'all was over' between Bill and me; that I had been seen dining with my director, etc., etc., ETC. The absurdest part being that I mean no more to that director than you do, and you never have met him.

"Ye gods!" groaned Jean, squeezing Nosy until he became slightly noisy, "no wonder I'm jealous of girls who can be themselves. I hate to be forced into being calculating and artificial in everything

JOAN MARSH and EDDIE NUGENT as they appear in "DANCING FEET," a REPUBLIC PICTURE

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Tune in, folks, and get the latest Modern Screen gossip every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening at 7:15 over Station WOR. Sam Taylor interviews your favorite stars and tips you off on the Hollywood lowdown. Pictured with Sam is Dennie Moore of the "Sylvia Scarlett" cast.

I do just because the most harmless moves in the world are ridiculously misconstrued.

ALL of the natural experiences become unnatural. Marriage is a bedroom farce played on a lighted stage, floodlighted. If I were to marry again, which is extremely unlikely for a very long while to come, I wouldn't dare to have a child. If I did and didn't have it photographed, for instance, people would hint that it was malformed or something. If I did have it photographed, I would be accused of cheap publicity via an infant in arms. When marriage and motherhood are forced into unnatural attitudes, it's time to do a little moaning, all of the advantages notwithstanding.

"Romance itself, that perfectly normal flowering of interest between a man and a woman since the world began, is distorted into shapes we don't recognize as us at all. Like Bill and I—we are reported engaged, not engaged, not married, secretly married, deeply in love, completely out of love—with the cards stacked differently every day. You girls, when you are interested in a boy, can take time out to find whether you really are suited, the one to the other. You can let your own hearts dictate to you. You really can be alone. You know, almost as well as I do, how much chance Bill and I have to be alone. I don't mean so far as other people being present is concerned, rather alone, so far as the insistent pressure of public curiosity is concerned. And after awhile, that public pressure becomes a tangible thing, a third party at every tête-à-tête, an intruder on every rendezvous. A thing which should be sacredly private becomes sensationally public.

"I'm jealous of you and your beaux . . . the privacy and the sweetness of it.

"I'm envious of the time you have to be attractive to the men you care about. I make a date. Ha! *Maybe* I can keep it. It's more likely that I can't. If I can, I have to rush like a mad thing. It takes me a good hour to scrub the make-up off my face, get out of costume and into street or dinner clothes. I've been making up all day. I can't take a very intense interest in how I look when the day is done. And that reminds me, Blanchie," said Jean suddenly, laughing and turning to her faithful and indispensable maid, "call my Old Man, will you (Bill Powell to us, girls) and tell him that we will go to the Troc' tonight, thanks. Well, anyway, when I have managed to get ready I am usually exhausted. And after all the effort, I don't dare to stay out for more than a couple of hours because the camera will register the time I got home the next day!

"All of you can be just young girls in love, having a good time, forgetting all else.

"But can I? Now, honestly. . . . ?

"And then," said Jean, "there's the responsibility. In ordinary jobs if something goes wrong, if you make a mistake or even lose your job, only a comparatively few people will be let down. You yourself, your family perhaps. But a star, if she fails in any particular either in her work or in her private life, lets down her studio—producers, directors, cameramen, sound men, publicity departments—the whole complex, highly expensive personnel. She also lets down her public. Millions of dollars are affected—and millions of people. A nightmare thought."

The telephone rang. Miss Harlow was wanted on the set, please. Blanchie hovered. Nosy tenderly was disposed among the laces of the gown on the floor. Jean seated herself at her dressing-table. Things were done to the Harlow hair and face. Jean made a face at her own reflection.

"Well, there you are," she said, "and it's true.

"If I could have remained just Harlean Carpenter, if I could have put on the Harlow personality like a mask while working and could take it off again when the day was done, that would be Heaven. But to be in the public eye all of the time—at home, awake, asleep, in love or out of it, married or single—well, don't be too jealous of me, you other girls, after all fun's fun, you know. . . ."

Read all about Shirley Temple, Bob Taylor, Grace Moore, Jeanette MacDonald and many other picture personalities in the May issue of Modern Screen

Reviews—A Tour of Today's Talkies

(*Continued from page 12*)

interests. There are the usual beautiful girls, plus some swell songs by Ethel Merman, a couple of stand-out vaudeville acts, and a well-gagged story. Most of the gags, as a matter of fact, bring memories of Charlie Chaplin and Harold Lloyd, but Eddie and his associates must be admired for handling them so well that they appear as fresh and as funny as ever. The story has Eddie as a timid soul who becomes a man of action after studying a pamphlet which asks him point blank whether he's a man or a mouse. Around that theme are built several swell comedy sequences which include one of the best chases the screen has offered in several seasons. The cast includes Sally Eilers, William Frawley, Jack LaRue, Brian Donlevy, Rita Rio and Parkyakarkus.

Preview Postscripts

Being funny twenty-four hours a day leaves you feeling anything but, according to Eddie Cantor. In addition to starring in this giggle-getter, Eddie wrote a large part of the script and thought up most of the laughs. He worked on all the main characterizations, assisted Director Taurog and helped in the choice of the Goldwyn Gals. Between times, on the set and in the cold gray hours of the dawn, Eddie works on radio laughs for himself and Parkyakarkus. Then there's the Cantor radio agency, and the contracts for stories and a book soon to come out. Between these times, Eddie writes songs, rehearses with his radio cast and orchestra several days each week, dress rehearsals every Sunday and puts two programs on the air that night. Where he got the reputation of being a family man we wouldn't be knowing . . . Samuel Goldwyn sinks more of his millions into a Cantor picture than any other venture. This one is rumored to have set Samuel back over a million and a half. The "Club Lido" set alone cost in the neighborhood of $12,000. Some 500 yards of gossamer silk was bought from a Japanese firm for the backdrops, and thousands of metal stars, encrusted with brilliants were hung from the flies. The mirror-like club floor was made entirely of glass blocks, backed with ebony. A battery of over a hundred and fifty great arc lights lit the scene . . . Parkyakarkus was born Harry Einstein, later simplified to Parke, then to its present form. He went on the air several years ago, having tired of being a Boston news sleuth. Parke, etc., lays all his success to his mastery of the Greek dialect and his meeting Eddie Cantor . . . Gratitude is far from a scarce item in Hollywood. Sally Eilers thanks Mack Sennett for her success. Lunching with her pal, Carole Lombard, one day at the studio commissary, Sally was spotted by Mack and given a screen test. Mack Sennett comedy roles followed, then bigger and better chances. Movie Producer Harry Joe Brown is Sally's husband, and Harry Joe Brown, Jr., her son . . . Scouting for the Goldwyn Girls begins each summer, when Mr. G. begins lining up material for the annual Cantor epic. Special representatives are sent to cover night clubs, revues, shows, etc. Screen tests are personally supervised by the High Mogul, then twenty girls selected from the thousands of prospectives.

Bette Davis and Leslie Howard in "The Petrified Forest."

★★★★ Captain Blood

(Warners)

Tops for excitement in the screen parade is Sabatini's blood-and-thunder account of Doctor Peter Blood, who broke away from slavery to become the terror of the seas. Captain Blood may not possess all the epic

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"Strike Me Pink," with Cantor, Sally Eilers and Parkyakarkus.

qualities of "Mutiny on the Bounty," but its movement and pace makes it the most entertaining sea story of the year. Besides, it brings into prominence a brand new screen personality who is destined for a niche among the Gables and the Coopers of Hollywood. He is Errol Flynn, a handsome young Irishman who makes his screen debut in the title role. This would have been a good picture without Flynn—with him it becomes the sort of picture that makes reviewers send out for more adjectives. Exiled from England and sold into slavery in one of the colonies, the young doctor takes advantage of an attack on the island, mans the attackers' ship and puts out to sea to become the most feared pirate in the trade. Next to Flynn's outstanding performance there are excellent portrayals by Olivia de Havilland, Ross Alexander, Guy Kibbee, Basil Rathbone and Forrester Harvey.

Preview Postscripts

Errol Flynn has never been a pirate. But he's been practically everything else. Soldier of fortune, a master of trading vessels in the South Seas, a hunter of head-hunters, an adventurer in all the far corners of the globe. From Broadway he was brought to Hollywood for this first picture . . . Olivia de Havilland is good news herself. Eighteen years old, she's getting to first base in less than a year in the industry . . . Seven ships were built for this little epic. Shipbuilding may be industry's most highly specialized job, but a call for seven ships is all in the day's work to studio technicians. Of the seven, two were as complete as any ship that sails the seas, except for lighter construction and little durability. Of regulation size, length, height and beam, each deck is equipped with a full array of cannon . . . You can't surprise the studio gun-makers, either. The head of the studio arsenal received this order: fifty cannons, 400 cap and ball pistols, 450 flintlock muskets, 350 cutlasses, 750 powder horns, 50 powder barrels, 200 cane knives and 300 daggers. The weapons were copied from a few choice arsenal treasures dating back to 1650 . . . Costume research took over six months. One of Miss de Havilland's snappy outfits consisted of a white taffeta petticoat, composed of eight yards of material and forty yards of ruffles. Fifteen yards were wound around her for a velvet skirt and a nine-yard satin pannier covered this. Her bonnet weighed seventeen pounds. Those leather boots which lend such a dashing air to the actors, felt anything but that. Each boot weighed 23 pounds. Considering some fifty pounds of swords, leather jackets, and iron hats, the cast was made up mostly of "heavies."

★★★ The Magnificent Obsession (Universal)

This is a typical John M. Stahl production, which is to say that it is ponderous and painstaking and probably will make its producers a lot of money. Mr. Stahl is the type of story teller who spares no details—a habit which sometimes proves annoying—but it can never be said of him that he's not convincing. For, in this instance, he has taken an obvious tear-jerker, as creaky a tale as the screen has offered in months, and made it into a film which is bound to obtain a wide audience appeal, especially among the ladies. Briefly, it has to do with Irene Dunne and Robert Taylor. Taylor, a playboy who has inadvertently caused the death of Miss Dunne's husband, brings more tragedy to her life when, because of him, she is involved in an automobile accident which costs her her sight. His honest effort to make amends constitutes the picture. Evidence that the story is faulty is contained in the fact that six years after the accident Mr. Taylor has acquired a medical school diploma and the Nobel Prize for his work in surgery. From a critical standpoint it's not a first-rate picture, but audiences who enjoy a good cry will admire it considerably. As for the cast, both Miss Dunne and Mr. Taylor are handsome and capable, and supporting roles are ably handled by Charlie Butterworth, Ralph Morgan and Betty Furness.

Preview Postscripts

Sixteen weeks of intensive filming were needed for this one. At least Director John M. Stahl thought so. Most movie megaphoners concentrate on "key" scenes, but Director S. considers every scene the most important in the picture. Over 467,000 feet of negative film rolled through the cameras and was cut to the 10,000 feet you are allowed to enjoy. Editing and cutting of an important flicker takes twice as long as actual production. Over 330 reels decorated the cutting-room floors, after Stahl had personally butchered the film down to the 10 reels for release. Twice the total footage you see was used, since photographic action is recorded on one film and sound on another, with the two later combined in a so-called movietone print. The "sound track" is a narrow strip running along the side of the photographed scene . . . Over 4,300 extras were engaged on this picture and a total of 42 sets were constructed. Sets ranged from a huge dock and reproduction of a section of the "Normandie," to elaborate hotel interiors, the Montmartre hills, a group of residences taking up a couple of city blocks, and two large, completely equipped hospitals, not to mention a few more. All this fancy business ran into the million mark. Thirty-eight complete costume changes added to the Dunne glamor, while Betty Furness fell heir to twenty-seven outfits. Guaranteeing a magnificent obsession of your very own, sisters. Vera West did the designing . . . Charles Butterworth has discovered it's smart to be dumb. After passing the Indiana bar, Mr. Butterworth decided he was through with brain strain. So he became a newspaper reporter. This, too, he discovered required occasional thought, so he decided on an acting career. . . . Robert Taylor claims he's just a young man trying to get along. But how this twenty-four-year-old young man gets along! Graduating as a full-fledged psychiatrist from Pomona College, Bob was immediately snatched by movie moguls; had his choice of signing several dotted lines, and is now a star. He's a native Nebraskan and to date hasn't gone Hollywood. The rumor hounds would have us believe that he's really interested in Janet Gaynor, his newest co-star.

★★ The Lady Consents

(RKO-Radio)

For those who enjoy seeing Ann Harding play her favorite role—the sacrificing wife—there is possibly a full measure of entertainment here. For those who are just a bit tired of watching the gallant Miss Harding in the process of being "regular" to the point of boredom, let this be fair warning. As in most Harding pictures, the eyes of her screen husband soon fall on this comely lass or that one, and you know what happens. Poor Ann is left holding the sack—bravely, of course— while her erstwhile mate is out having himself a time. To a critical observer it seems that Miss Harding's movie mates start looking around almost before the picture has begun. Perhaps, having seen previous Harding films, they know what is required of them. In this case Herbert Marshall is the husband and Margaret Lindsay, following the familiar formula, lures him from home and fireside. After a year or two with her he returns to Miss Harding, who is waiting. Miss Harding is always waiting. Walter Abel does what he can in the thankless role of Miss Harding's persistent suitor, and Edward Ellis is excellent as Mr. Marshall's father.

Preview Postscripts

Though an RKO major production, on which neither time nor expense was to be spared, Director Stephen Roberts was accused of bringing in a "quickie" with this one. He finished the picture ten days ahead of schedule, an unheard of event in movie annals. At least when it does happen, the news seldom leaks out, so great a piece of scandal it is. For the longer a picture is in production, the more the studio pays and pays, and the actors and director get and get. Experienced crew, cast and director were blamed in this case . . . Ann Harding is making her first trip to Europe any of these days. Besides being a firm believer in "See America First," Miss Harding hasn't had a minute to call her own since starting her acting career some ten years ago. Between careers and domestic crises, Miss H. has had her hands full. Everyone but Ann says she'll soon be marrying a Honolulu army man. Bernard Newman designed all those swanky clothes jobs which are sported by the three leading women. Newman is looked upon with awe among stylists of Southern California. They say he's the first to sense a trend in style in this country. Whether that's true or not, the gals go awfully well with Mr. Newman's ideas.

"Three Live Ghosts," with Cecilia Parker and Richard Arlen.

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Jean Parker and Robert Donat in "The Ghost Goes West."

★★ Three Live Ghosts

(M-G-M)

Much ado about three soldiers, listed in the war records as officially dead, who return to London and find difficulty proving themselves mortal. After all, if the government says you're dead, what can you do? One of them (Richard Arlen) is hiding out from a jail term which he believes awaits him in America, another (Charles McNaughton) wants very much to be regarded as alive, but his mother (Beryl Mercer) insists he's not because she has already collected his insurance, and the third (Claude Allister) is actually not sure whether he's alive or not. Things are further complicated by the fact that the Messrs. Arlen and McNaughton have two young ladies (Cecilia Parker and Nydia Westman) in love with them, and Mr. Allister is troubled with kleptomania. The climax arrives when the latter returns home one evening attired in top hat and tails and bearing jewels and a gurgling infant. All three items turn out to be his own, and with the establishing of his identity comes happiness and all that sort of thing for everyone concerned. "Three Live Ghosts" is a mild little comedy brightened by the performances of Allister, McNaughton, Beryl Mercer and Nydia Westman.

Preview Postscripts

This was a "quickie" for M-G-M. The entire picture took seventeen days, in spite of the fact that practically the entire cast was changed on the second day of shooting. The first three leading men selected looked too ghost-like to be alive. Arlen, Allister and McNaughton, the next selections, were found to look too much alive. But by that time Director Humberstone decided a quickie director couldn't be too choosy. He's known as "Lucky" Humberstone on the studio lot since a few years back when he escaped unhurt from an auto wreck killing eight people. Humberstone is lucky for M-G-M, too, for seventeen-day picture producers, and good ones, are few and far between in Hollywood . . . The fanciest set used on this one was for the battle scene. This necessitated clearing rubbish off a corner of the back studio lot, spading up a couple of trenches and shell holes, stringing up a few yards of barbed wire and calling it a day. Besides a snap for the prop department, this film provided a break for Richard Arlen. He was completely happy for the first time in reel life, due to the disreputable wardrobe allotted him for the role. Dick has a clothes complex. His favorite costume is an ancient sweater, corduroys bought a few years earlier and a gangster's check cap. The Arlens (Dick, Dick, Jr., and Jobyna Ralston) have just returned from England, where the head of the family did some pictures for a London film factory . . . Cecilia Parker deserves a hand for being the local girl who made good. But it wasn't as easy as all that. After graduating from Hollywood High School, Cecilia with her sister, Linda, set about haunting the studio gates. Not so much as a peek inside did they get for over a year. The Parker shoe leather was just about giving out when they both landed "extra" bits. That was two years ago. Linda's still doing bits, but Cecilia was given a chance in "Ah, Wilderness." She delivered the goods with such a punch that you'll be seeing the youngest Parker often from now on. At least you'll want to.

★ Man Hunt

(Warners)

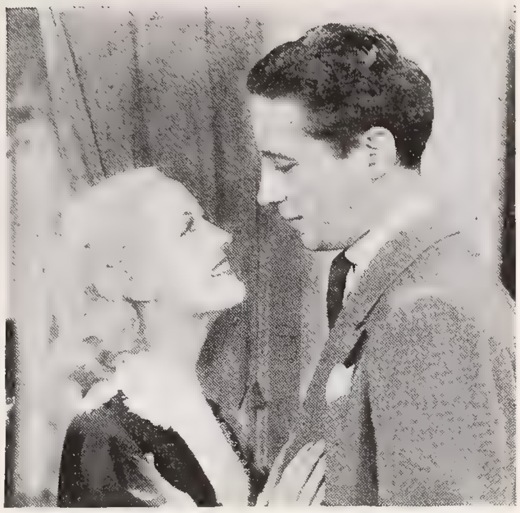
This is the old cops-and-robber stuff, supposedly enlivened by the presence of "Mel Purdue" and his trusty G-men, but it turns out to be one of this month's decidedly minor items. To give you an idea of the sort of hokum it is, here are a few salient truths it offers the audience: 1. That the rural constabulary is composed entirely of comic strip characters who do nothing but get in the way of the G-men. 2. That ace reporters from big-town newspapers accept every assignment as a lark, never remove their hats, spend all of their time drinking and get their greatest pleasure practicing practical jokes on small-town reporters. 3. That a normal girl, in full possession of her faculties, will hide a notorious murderer from the police because he tells her he has a mother. Anyway, Ricardo Cortez is the murderer, and the report that he is hiding in the vicinity of a certain village brings G-men and reporters in swarms from the big city, but it's good old Bill Gargan of the local weekly, with assistance from Marguerite Churchill, a rural schoolmarm, and Chic Sale, a doddering citizen of the community, who triumph for justice and, fortunately bring the story to a close.

Preview Postscripts

This is Marguerite Churchill's first appearance in celluloid for over a year. She's Mrs. George O'Brien in what private life her husband's popularity allows. The O'Brien heiress caused Marguerite's temporary screen retirement . . . That fancy figger which Bill Gargan is sporting nowadays isn't due to dietetic eccentricities, though. It's just due to plain dieting. Bill claims he's consumed the country's surplus in grapefruit this year—and nothing else. Leslie Howard and Gar-

"Man Hunt," with William Gargan and Marguerite Churchill.

gan are Hollywood's most inseparable pals. They met in "Animal Kingdom" when that play was on Broadway, and were later reunited in the screen version . . . This is Director William Clemens' first picture under the new title. Formerly an ace cutter, Clemens was upped to his present illustrious position a short time ago . . . What trouble insects have caused the farmer is nothing compared to what the pests can do to production schedules. While on location in the San Fernando Valley, a swarm of gnats swooped down on the company, attracted by the bright lights. The scene was intended as one evening's work, but the first night was spent by the entire cast and crew fanning the air with whatever was at hand. In between times they swatted. Three evenings passed thusly, until a carload of flit guns (advt.) arrived. Considering that production expenses ran two thousand per night, the picture made a neat dent in the studio budget.



Anita Louise and Ross Alexander in "Brides Are Like That," a pleasant little comedy.

★★★★ The Ghost Goes West

(London Films)

Here is the best British film to reach these shores since Charles Laughton and "The Private Life of Henry VIII." Perhaps it can't be termed strictly British, since its author and two of its featured players are American and its director is French. At any rate, this international alliance has emerged with a picture marked with wit, charm and intelligence. Its star is Robert Donat, who, as Murdock Glourie, died a coward and is forced to haunt the Glourie Castle until he can avenge the family name. All this is rather disconcerting for Donald (also played by Mr. Donat), the last of the Glouries, who feels that his attempts to sell the castle are somewhat impeded by the nightly appearances of his ancestor. The castle is finally sold to a wealthy American, Eugene Pallette, who moves it, stone by stone, to his estate in Florida. The ghost of Murdock Glourie goes west with it, and romantic complications ensue, with the phantom and Donald both in amorous pursuit of Pallette's daughter, Jean Parker. The film is full of excellent satire and gentle ribbing of American wealth, with the delicate touch of the brilliant French director, Rene Clair, felt throughout. Robert Donat is superb in his dual role, and Eugene Pallette and Jean Parker both score heavily in their roles.

★★ Exclusive Story

(M-G-M)

Another newspaper film, and this time it has to do with a crusading reporter's exposé of what is known as "the numbers racket." Numbers, in case you don't know, is a daily lottery most popular in New York's Harlem, and there are reports that the executives in the business have underworld connections. These gentlemen force the small store owners in the region to become their agents, and it's their misfortune, in the end, that one of them is J. Farrell MacDonald. For it is J. Farrell's daughter, Madge Evans, who convinces Stuart Erwin, the reporter, that the racket should be wiped out. The crusade is aided by the newspaper's attorney, Franchot Tone, and since Mr. Erwin is already happily married it will probably come as no surprise to announce that Mr. Tone gives up his fiancée, Louise Henry, for Miss Evans. The film has several fairly exciting interludes, but it is our suspicion that the whole thing would have been completely dull had it not been for the excellent work of Joseph Calleia, who makes the racketeer the picture's most interesting personality. With the exception of this characterization, the picture is routine stuff.

Preview Postscripts

The prop department developed a new trick for that kitchen scene. They showed Madge Evans how to fry eggs without eggs. It's very simple. She just dropped a little dry ice into the frying pan, swished it around, and that cloud of genuine fried smoke is the result . . . The prop men had their hands full for every scene on this picture. When a script calls for lots of running around, as

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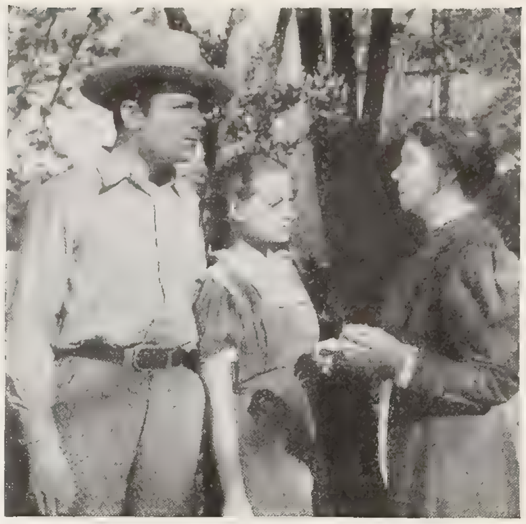

Tom Keene, Eleanore Whitney and Elizabeth Patterson in "Timothy's Quest."

this one does, there's a need for many sets. So besides the newspaper office, which required plenty of thought in assembling, six apartment sets were needed, several sections of Harlem and downtown New York were reproduced, besides courtrooms, waterfronts and several street scenes. The ballroom set was the most elaborate and costly. 150 "dress extras"—who rate top pay of $7.50 per day—had five days' work on this scene. And five days of dancing to one of the best orchestras in Southern California . . . Michael Fessier did the adaptation work on this script. He and Stu Erwin buried the hatchet for the first time in years while working together on the set. Seems that Stu was brought up in Squaw Valley, near Fresno. Fessier was brought up in Fresno. They both played baseball for the local high school teams, and loathed one another for years just on general principles. Besides playing baseball and writing scripts, Fessier can also act upon occasion and fly on any occasion. He makes the parachute jump for Franchot Tone in this picture . . . Joan Tone spent part of each day on the set. Madge Evans is one of her closest friends, so it wasn't just to keep an eye on Franchot . . . Joseph Calleia is fast building himself a reputation among the studio moguls. He is so much in demand that roles are lined up for him months in advance. Calleia doesn't believe in faking any of his acting. His insistence on realism no doubt lends that note of sincerity to his acting, but it proves hard on his fellow actors. If it's a beer bottle that Joseph is to break over someone's head, he insists on the real thing. And that knock-down-drag-'em-out rumpus between Franchot and Mr. C. is the genuine article. So were the black eyes which Mr. Tone wore for the next week.

★★ Brides Are Like That
(Warners)

A pleasant little comedy of domestic affairs which should afford most of its audiences satisfactory entertainment. Based on a play called "Applesauce," the picture uses that commodity as its theme, for Ross Alexander, our hero, employs it at every opportunity. It's his theory that people are happier when you take the trouble to tell them they're swell. Another of his theories is that a smart young man like himself shouldn't have to bother much about hard work. All of this is against the principles of his wealthy uncle, Joe Cawthorn, and almost upsets his married life with Anita Louise. Anita really loves him, of course, but her parents, Gene and Katherine Lockhart, continually point out that she might have done better by marrying Richard Purcell, a conscientious young doctor to whom she was once engaged. But our hero comes through with an invention which is rather vaguely explained as a contraption to keep apples from spoiling. Since the world is full of people who want to keep apples from spoiling, the domestic difficulties of young Mr. Alexander and his lovely bride immediately disappear. Ingratiating performances by the entire cast keep this one from becoming a bore.

Preview Postscripts

Anita Louise thinks she may have fifty years ahead of her in pictures. Or she may have five. At any rate Anita is one girl who will be prepared. When this picture was completed she made her debut as a harpist at the Institute of Fine Arts. Prior to this she has exhibited water-colors and etchings there. And to top her talents, Anita can cook. Having to burn those biscuits in the picture was the hardest moment in her screen career . . . Ross Alexander has never looked for a job in his life. Work has always come looking for him and he's found it practically impossible to avoid. Most actors, f'rinstance, get a chance after months spent in directors' anterooms—if they're lucky. But Ross was presented with a role in "Enter, Madame," for a graduation gift from dramatic school. He never uses make-up or grease paint for a screen role, and prefers drama to comedy. Says the easy roles are the hardest to take . . . Joe Cawthorn is celebrating his 64th year of entertaining the public. He started in 1872 in a pickaninny chorus in Robinson's Hall in New York City. Since that time he's never earned a dime except in the acting profession . . . Dick Purcell has a theory on the best way to get to Hollywood. He claims the idea is to get as far away as possible and stay just as long as you can. At least, that's how he got his first chance in this town. A couple of years ago, Dick came on his own to Hollywood, looking for a role in talkies. He was so sure that Purcell had the stuff that he starved for almost a year waiting for someone to give him a little attention. Discouraged and slightly anemic, he bummed his weary way back to Broadway. There a role in "Paths of Glory" fell to his lot. A Warner sleuth spotted him in a performance the first week and frantically signed him on the dotted line, before any of the other studio spies should spot him.

★★ Timothy's Quest
(Paramount)

Another childhood classic has been put into celluloid without losing its charm. Not only that, but this Kate Douglas Wig-

"The Lone Wolf Returns," with Gail Patrick and Melvyn Douglas, looking romantic.

gin story seems vastly improved. Although the names of the cast are not imposing, it is doubtful if a more successful group could have been assembled for the characters. Elizabeth Patterson is excellent in the role of a cold-hearted spinster who loathes anything resembling a child or a man. Dickie Moore will surprise you with the intelligent manner in which he goes about being Timothy. Virginia Weidler does well in her part, and you'll like small Sally Martin, who is a child actress to watch. Eleanore Whitney, in her first straight dramatic role, shows that her ability isn't limited to her feet by any means, and Tom Keene, whom you haven't seen for some time, is pleasing as the romantic lead opposite her. The play is entertaining enough for adults, too, in spite of being a story aimed especially at the children.

Preview Postscripts

Four-year-old Sally Martin is known as the "Baby Bernhardt." Some publicity agent had a good brain-wave on that one, but there is no doubt that Miss Martin has great possibilities . . . Tom Keene isn't as unfamiliar as you may think, for he was on the screen frequently in days gone by. But his name was George Duryea in those days. When the slump came in his work, he consulted a numerologist who bequeathed him with the present name. The next day came a call from the studio, and George Tom has been at work ever since . . . Eleanore Whitney is Paramount's White Hope. She's the fastest tap dancer in existence, for one thing. For another, she shows dramatic ability. For another, the Whitney is reported to have a really blue-sy blues voice. Guess that will hold you, M-G-M, with your Eleanor Powell . . . Elizabeth Patterson is well known as a Shakespearean actress both in this country and England. She has been in just a few pictures, but is gradually becoming so much the vogue with casting directors that she may never return to her first love.

"Muss 'Em Up," with Preston Foster, Florine McKinney and John Carroll.

★★ Rose of the Rancho
(Paramount)

So, after all the ringing of bells and general fanfare, the Swarthout picture has been released. And the truth is out. The picture is simply not what it was cracked up to be. The star herself is not at fault. Neither her beauty nor her superb voice has suffered by the screening and canning process. But the treatment of the story has made the characters appear flat and uninteresting. Miss Swarthout is the daughter of a California hidalgo, who turns leader of a band of vigilantes to protect their homes from the desperadoes. The desperadoes, however, turn out to be a bunch of grand guys with operatic tendencies. The vigilantes have their musical moments, too, while John Boles and Gladys Swarthout break into song at the least provocation and in the most dangerous situations. Charles Bickford, who plays the leader of the outlaws, seems a bit undecided what to do since he has no voice to speak of. Willie Howard and Herb Williams provide as many laughs as they can squeeze in between arias. In short, the picture is a disappointing debut for one of Miss Swarthout's undeniable ability. Let's hope it is just beginner's bad luck.

Preview Postscripts

Except for two interior scenes taken on the lot, this picture was filmed on the Paramount ranch at Lake Malibu. There a walled city was built in exact replica of the California towns of 1850. It was modeled particularly after Monterey, the first capital of the state where sunshine originated. Authorities on California history did research on the sets for over six months, prior to construction. Attics, museums and libraries were ransacked for material and the result was as authentic a reproduction as the corps at Paramount has ever accomplished. Besides the old town, another city was built up to accommodate the 150 members of cast and crew who spent over two months on the ranch. Over fifty houses of canvas and wood were built for the crew, while special cottages were erected for the principals. One mess hall was used

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by the entire outfit, and evenings were gala occasions, with Gladys Swarthout and John Boles handing out a few thousand dollars worth of grand opera. The barnyard scenes look most picturesque and pleasant as you see and hear them. But they provided more trouble than all the rest of the scenery put together. Some fifty cows, chickens, pigs, etc., had been rounded up as part of the local color. All would go well until some impassioned love scene was well under way. Then would come the low, sad mooing of a cow, or a few loud disgruntled grunts from a porker. Production experts figured the live stock cost the studio approximately three thousand cash in lost time . . . It was William LeBaron's idea to do another "Rio Rita" with this one. For in that old-timer he had introduced a brand new comedy team, the Messrs. Wheeler and Woolsey. So this time he introduced another team, Willie Howard and Herb Williams, with the same high hopes. This is their first crack at the movies, though both are well known in show business . . . The debut of opera stars in films has been made much of. The remarkable thing about these songbirds isn't that they have forsaken patrician opera for plebeian movies, but that they have forsaken many of the operatic standbys—chiefly, professional jealousy. Miss Swarthout, on arriving in Hollywood, leased Grace Moore's home. For "inspiration" she said. And to introduce Lily Pons, a potential rival in movies, Miss S. gave the swankiest party that even Hollywood has seen to date.

★ The Lone Wolf Returns

(Columbia)

Although the title seemed to promise something really exciting—like adventures with the pack in the Frozen North—what do we get? A pack of jewel thieves, that's what. And to make it far, far worse, sophisticated jewel thieves. Oh, very. Melvyn Douglas, smartly clipped as to accent and mustachio, is the Lone Wolf, champion gem snatcher. A rival in the profession and the L. W. are both concentrating on the Stewart sparklers, than which no collection in the world can outshine. But when Gail Patrick turns out to be Miss Stewart, you can imagine Melvyn's embarrassment. Love blooms, though Gail gets pretty peeved when she finds out who Melvyn is. However, he proves his true nature by saving her jewels from the rival meanie, thereby winning Miss Stewart and the collection for himself. You can draw your own conclusions, but we should add that Miss Patrick is very pleasant to look upon, and Tala Birell, who plays a lady thief, is both attractive and talented.

Preview Postscripts

This is the first time the Lone Wolf has been at large since the days of Bert Lytell. Melvyn Douglas' real name is Hesselberg, his father being the well-known Russian composer, Edouard Hesselberg. He's married to Helen Gahagan, Broadway actress and lately of the screen. They have a written contract that neither will interfere with the other's careers or temperaments . . . Douglas Dumbrille is an onion farmer from Canada. What's more, he intends going back to Canada when he's made enough money to raise only pedigreed onions. Claims he's the only actor alive today who's been broke in every city in the United States . . . Tala Birell got her first break by understudying Marlene Dietrich in Berlin. They were both working under the supervision of Max Reinhardt at the time. Since then, Tala has played in most of the European capitals and in English and French pictures. But she thinks Hollywood is swell and tops any other city in the world . . . Those apartment exterior shots provided plenty of trouble and expense. It should be a simple and economical matter to photograph buildings for exterior scenes, but as in this case it usually develops that the cheaper way is to construct the building right on the lot and be done with it. Around Los Angeles' exclusive Wilshire district there are many apartments. One was selected for a scene on this, but by the time the cameras were up, some fifteen minutes, a crowd of five hundred was jamming the streets, endangering the cast, crew and cameras . . . Visitors were strictly banned from a set on this picture. It was the one where Mr. Douglas takes a bath. But at noon a couple of ladies were allowed to go on, since the cast was at lunch. Imagine their horror to see Melvyn still sitting in the tub, calmly munching a sandwich.

★ Muss 'Em Up

(RKO-Radio)

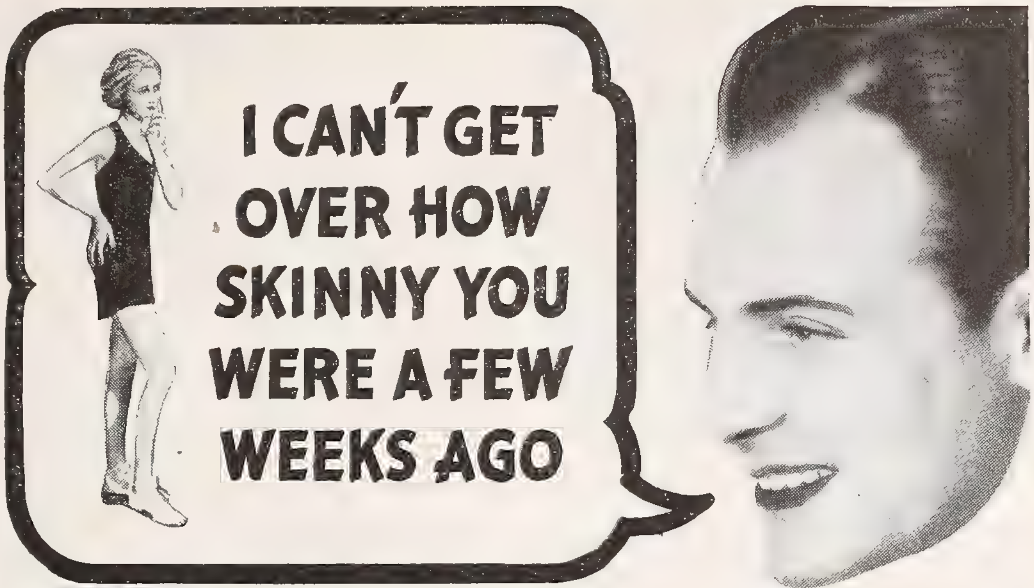
This is a conglomeration of kidnappers, cops, killers and comedians. If you once

Her role in "Show Boat" completed, Helen Morgan is back in New York appearing at the swanky "House of Morgan."

get them straightened out you might enjoy yourself. Certainly you won't find many of the characters dull. Preston Foster gives a good performance as a policeman with a love of duty, while Guinn Williams plays another copper with one love—for a good fight. And Alan Mowbray is still nonchalant, but this time he has definite ulterior motives. His idea is to frame his ward's (Florine McKinney) kidnapping, and get some ransom money from Margaret Callahan for his trouble. Here's where Preston Foster gets busy. First, of course, he falls in love with Margaret Callahan. Several reels of good old rough stuff follow before justice and true love crash through to victory. Some people prefer an evening of solitaire, or even bridge, to this sort of thing.

Preview Postscripts

Charles Vidor, director of this one and many another in the past three years since he arrived in Hollywood, is the town's foremost linguist. On the set, Vidor speaks to his actors and workmen in their native tongues—whether English, Italian, Hungarian, Russian, French or German. He used to be a director on German pictures, though a native Hungarian. Then came Hollywood, where he met and married Karen Morley. They have one son, who can't even speak English . . . Preston Foster has not only played about as many different types on the screen as is possible for a young man less than thirty, but he's had just as varied a career in real life. He's been a newsboy, lifeguard, shipping clerk, service station server, salesman, opera singer and actor before coming to the screen. Foster is another of these he-men who refuse doubles. Maxie Rosenbloom, yep, the Maxie, plays one of the gangsters in this picture. It's up to Foster to knock him out in one scene. And Preston laid Maxie out flatter'n flat . . . Margaret Callahan hadn't a desire in the world to go on the stage. But after a part in the school play at graduation time, she became so enamored of the stage that nothing stopped her till she landed a job . . . Clarence Muse and his son appear in this one. Clarence is as popular a man as you'll find any place among stage folk. And Clarence, Jr., is a chip off the old block.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If you, too, need these vital elements to build you up, get these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Then, day after day, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness. Constipation and indigestion from the same cause vanish, skin clears to normal beauty—you're an entirely new person.

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No matter how skinny and rundown you may be, try these new Ironized Yeast tablets just a short time, and note the marvelous change. See if they don't build you up in just a few weeks, as they have thousands of others. If you're not delighted with the benefits of the very first package, your money will be instantly and gladly refunded.

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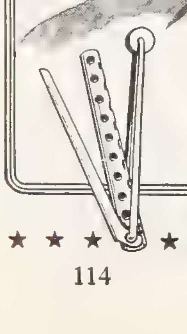

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MARIAN MARSH
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Pat's Pal, "Banksy"

(*Continued from page* 21)

her birthday by signing a long term contract. At fourteen years of age, she had set out to become a star.

The thing that happens to so many young actresses, happened to Patricia. Because of her matured appearance, people were under the impression that she was much older than her given age. At heart, Patricia was merely a child. For her screen roles she had to wear sophisticated clothes and act in a grown-up manner. At fifteen she was trying to portray women, who had lived, loved and lost. People were inclined to expect too much, judge too harshly and condemn too easily. Patricia wasn't ready yet to accept the many responsibilities that are all part of a screen career. Life became a series of misunderstandings with the ever-faithful "Banksy" trying to catch up the loose ends.

WITH Patricia launched on a screen career and away at the studio all day long, her husband actively engaged in the theatre, Mrs. Leftwich turned to the social life she loved so much. Being young and beautiful, her delightful company was sought-after in Hollywood's social whirl.

Patricia would return home after a difficult day at the studio and find the house filled with guests. With an early morning call it was impossible for her to remain up and yet she didn't want to appear rude to her mother's guests. Mr. Leftwich, deep in his plans for the future, concentrated on work. So with three temperamental people pulling in three opposite directions, living under one roof became a problem. No one was to blame. Nothing could be done. Each had his own life to live and at it's best, mixing a theatrical career and domesticity was an impossibility.

Recently, Alexander Leftwich and his wife were divorced. There were no hard-feelings, they parted as friends. Living together under such circumstances eventually would have killed all their respect for each other, they decided to separate. While her step-father went back to his producing world, Patricia and "Banksy" took a top-floor apartment in the exclusive Hollywood district. Her mother since has gone on a trip and will be away for months.

During the dramatic unfolding of family affairs, "Banksy" remained a silent, knowing witness. Never once did she express an opinion unless it was asked of her. Yet from time to time, each member would come to her and confide his problems. It was up to "Banksy" to listen to all, advise each and betray none. Her position was that of maid; but it required all the delicacy of a diplomat never to stand between Patricia and her parents, yet remain loyal and true to the little girl who had grown up to mean so much to her.

"I love Patricia as if she were my very own," says "Banksy." "We've sort of grown up together. At times it's been very difficult. Loving her so much, I've never wanted to see any harm come to her. Ofttimes I've had to bite my tongue while I stood by, watching her make mistakes. I could have saved her from them, but I felt if she learned her lessons early in life, they would be lasting.

"It seems like I've known Patricia all her life. She has never once told a lie to me. And I think it is because she knows I would never tell one to her. Our friendship has always been just that way. Many times she has come to me with problems. When I speak my mind, she sometimes gets out of patience. But the beautiful part about Patricia is that if I am right, she doesn't come to me afterwards and give me a chance to say, 'I told you so.' That would be very embarrassing to me. She just goes ahead and takes my advice and lets me see her doing it.

"Patricia is still so young and, like all young people, inclined to be intolerant and impatient. I believe it is wrong to depend too much on others. To our ownselves we must be true and regardless of what world we live in, we should be our best in that particular world. Life is just like a poker game and sooner or later someone calls your bluff.

"These are some of the things I've tried to teach Patricia. I never try to force them but rather present them to her for what they are worth. She is an individual and has her own life to live. She has to think things out for herself. I am only here to help when I can—in case she ever needs me."

Tom Brown's Dad and Mom gave a surprise party for him. Jim Cagney, Pat Ellis and Marsha Hunt with Tom during the festivities

Studio Addresses

(*Continued from page* 13)

BRIAN, MARY: Free lance. Write her at 20th Century-Fox.
BRISSON, CARL: Paramount.
BRODERICK, HELEN: RKO-Radio.
BROOK, CLIVE: 20th Century-Fox.
BROWN, JOE E.: Warner Bros.
BROWN, JOHN MACK: Columbia.
BROWN, TOM: RKO-Radio.
BRUCE, NIGEL: 20th Century-Fox.
BRUCE, VIRGINIA: M-G-M.
BUCK, FRANK: RKO-Radio.
BUCKLER, JOHN: Columbia.
BURGESS, DOROTHY: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
BURKE, BILLIE: Free lance. Write her at Columbia.
BURKE, KATHLEEN: Paramount.
BURNS, GEORGE: Paramount.
BUSHMAN, RALPH: M-G-M.
BUTLER, JIMMY: Paramount.
BUTTERWORTH, CHARLES: M-G-M.
CABOT, BRUCE: M-G-M.
CAGNEY, BILL: Republic.
CAGNEY, JAMES: Warner Bros.
CALLAHAN, MARGARET: RKO-Radio.
CALLEIA, JOSEPH: M-G-M.
CANSINO, RITA: 20th Century-Fox.
CANTOR, EDDIE: Samuel Goldwyn.
CARLISLE, KITTY: Free lance. Write her at M-G-M.
CARLISLE, MARY: M-G-M.
CARMINATI, TULLIO: Columbia.
CARRILLO, LEO: Columbia.
CARROLL, MADELEINE: Walter Wanger.
CARROLL, NANCY: Columbia.
CAVANAGH, PAUL: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
CHANDLER, CHICK: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
CHANDLER, HELEN: Free lance. Write her at United Artists.
CHAPLIN, CHARLES: United Artists.
CHATTERTON, RUTH: Columbia.
CHEVALIER, MAURICE: M-G-M.
CHRISTIANS, MADY: M-G-M.
CHURCHILL, MARGUERITE: Warner Bros.
CLARKE, MAE: M-G-M.
CLIVE, COLIN: Universal.
COLBERT, CLAUDETTE: Paramount.
COLLIER, CONSTANCE: M-G-M.
COLLINS, CORA SUE: M-G-M.
COLMAN, RONALD: United Artists.
CONKLIN, PEGGY: Walter Wanger.
CONNOLLY, WALTER: Columbia.
COOK, DONALD: Columbia.
COOPER, GARY: Paramount.
COOPER, JACKIE: M-G-M.
CORTEZ, RICARDO: Warner Bros.
COURTNEIDGE, CICELY, M-G-M.
COURTNEY, INEZ: Columbia.
CRABBE, LARRY: Paramount.
CRAWFORD, JOAN: M-G-M.
CROMWELL, RICHARD: Columbia.
CROSBY, BING: Paramount.
CROSMAN, HENRIETTA: 20th Century-Fox.
CUMMINGS, CONSTANCE: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
CUMMINGS, ROBERT: Warner Bros.
DANIELS, BEBE: Free lance. Write her at 20th Century-Fox.
DARE, DOROTHY: Warner Bros.
DARRO, FRANKIE: Free lance. Write him at Warner Bros.
DAVIES, MARION: Warner Bros.
DAVIS, BETTE: Warner Bros.
DEE, FRANCES: RKO-Radio.
DE HAVILLAND, OLIVIA: Warner Bros.
DEL RIO, DOLORES: Warner Bros.
DE MILLE, KATHERINE: Paramount.
DEVINE, ANDY: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
DIETRICH, MARLENE: Paramount.
DINEHART, ALAN: 20th Century-Fox.
DIX, RICHARD: RKO-Radio.
DIXON, JEAN: Columbia.
DODD, CLAIRE: Warner Bros.
DONAT, ROBERT: United Artists.
DONLEVY, BRIAN: Paramount.
DONNELLY, RUTH: Warner Bros.
DOUGLAS, MELVYN: Columbia.
DOWNS, JOHNNY: Paramount.
DOYLE, MAXINE: Warner Bros.
DRAKE, FRANCES: Paramount.
DUMBRILLE, DOUGLAS: Columbia.
DUNA, STEFFI: RKO-Radio.
DUNN, JAMES: Universal.
DUNNE, IRENE: RKO-Radio.
DURANT, JACK: 20th Century-Fox.
DURANTE, JIMMY: M-G-M.
DVORAK, ANN: Warner Bros.
EDDY, NELSON: M-G-M.
EGGERTH, MARTA: Universal.
EILERS, SALLY: Universal.
ELDREDGE, JOHN: Warner Bros.
ELLIS, MARY: Paramount.
ELLIS, PATRICIA: Warner Bros.
ERROL, LEON: Free lance. Write him at Columbia.
ERWIN, STUART: M-G-M.
EVANS, MADGE: M-G-M.
EVANS, MURIEL: M-G-M.
FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS JR.: United Artists.
FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS SR.: United Artists.
FARRELL, CHARLES: Universal.
FARRELL, GLENDA: Warner Bros.
FAVERSHAM, PHILLIP: Warner Bros.
FAYE, ALICE: 20th Century-Fox.
FAZENDA, LOUISE: M-G-M.
FEARS, PEGGY: 20th Century-Fox.
FELLOWS, EDITH: Columbia.
FETCHIT, STEPIN: 20th Century-Fox.
FIELDS, W. C.: Paramount.
FLYNN, ERROL: Warner Bros.
FONDA, HENRY: Walter Wanger.
FORAN, DICK: Warner Bros.
FORBES, HAZEL: RKO-Radio.
FORBES, RALPH: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
FORD, WALLACE: Free lance. Write him at Columbia.
FOSTER, NORMAN: 20th Century-Fox.
FOSTER, PRESTON: RKO-Radio.
FOX, SIDNEY: RKO-Radio.
FRANCIS, KAY: Warner Bros.
FRAWLEY, WILLIAM: Paramount.
FRITCHIE, BARBARA: Paramount.
FROMAN, JANE: Warner Bros.

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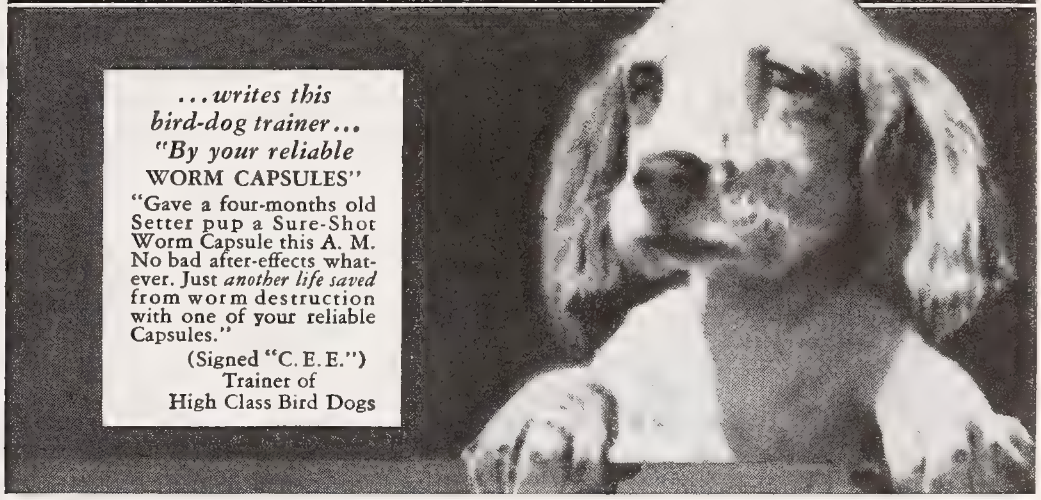

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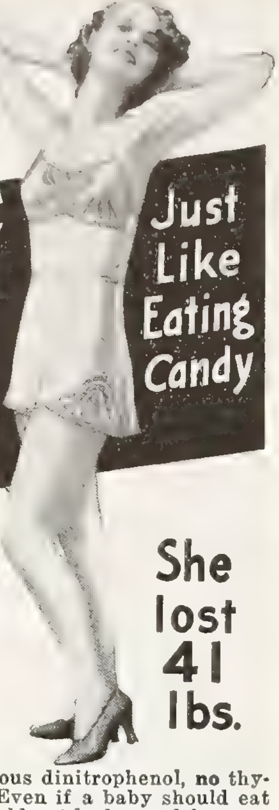
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Pat Paterson and husband, Charles Boyer, at Basil Rathbone's party.

FROOS, SYLVIA: 20th Century-Fox.
FULLER, FRANCES: Paramount.
FURNESS, BETTY: M-G-M.
GABLE, CLARK: M-G-M.
GAHAGAN, HELEN: RKO-Radio.
GALLAGHER, SKEETS: RKO-Radio.
GALLIAN, KETTI: 20th Century-Fox.
GARAT, HENRI: 20th Century-Fox.
GARBO, GRETA: M-G-M.
GARGAN, WILLIAM: Warner Bros.
GAYNOR, JANET: 20th Century-Fox.
GIBSON, WYNNE: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
GLEASON, JAMES: RKO-Radio.
GODDARD, PAULETTE: United Artists.
GOMBELL, MINNA: Free lance. Write her at 20th Century-Fox.
GORDON, C. HENRY: M-G-M.
GORDON, GAVIN: Columbia.
GRABLE, BETTY: RKO-Radio.
GRAHAME, MARGOT: RKO-Radio.
GRANT, CARY: Paramount.
GWENN, EDMUND: M-G-M.
HADEN, SARA: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
HAINES, WILLIAM: Mascot.
HALE, ALAN: RKO-Radio.
HALEY, JACK: 20th Century-Fox.
HALLIDAY, JOHN: Paramount.
HAMILTON, NEIL: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
HARDIE, RUSSELL: M-G-M.
HARDING, ANN: RKO-Radio.
HARDWICKE, SIR CEDRIC: United Artists.
HARDY, OLIVER: M-G-M.
HARLOW, JEAN: M-G-M.
HARVEY, FORRESTER: Free lance. Write him at M-G-M.
HARVEY, LILIAN: Free lance. Write her at Columbia.
HAYDON, JULIE: Paramount.
HAYES, HELEN: M-G-M.
HAYWARD, LOUIS: M-G-M.
HEALY, TED: M-G-M.
HENRY, CHARLOTTE: Republic.
HENRY, WILLIAM: M-G-M.
HEPBURN, KATHARINE: RKO-Radio.
HERBERT, HUGH: Warner Bros.
HERSHOLT, JEAN: M-G-M.
HERVEY, IRENE: M-G-M.
HILLIARD, HARRIET: RKO-Radio.
HOBSON, VALERIE: 20th Century-Fox.
HOLLOWAY, STERLING: 20th Century-Fox.
HOLMES, PHILLIPS: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
HOLT, DAVID: Paramount.
HOLT, BETTY: Paramount.
HOLT, JACK: Universal.
HOPKINS, MIRIAM: Samuel Goldwyn.
HORTON, EDWARD EVERETT: RKO-Radio.
HOWARD, JOHN: Paramount.
HOWARD, LESLIE: Warner Bros.
HUDSON, ROCHELLE: 20th Century-Fox.
HULL, HENRY: Universal.
HULL, WARREN: Warner Bros.
HUME, BENITA: 20th Century-Fox.
HUNT, MARSHA: Paramount.
HUNTER, IAN: Warner Bros.
HUNTLEY, G. P. JR.: Universal.
HUSTON, WALTER: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
HUTCHINSON, JOSEPHINE: Warner Bros.
HYAMS, LEILA: Paramount.
JAGGER, DEAN: Paramount.
JARRETT, ARTHUR: RKO-Radio.
JASON, SYBIL: Warner Bros.
JENKINS, ALLEN: Warner Bros.
JEPSON, HELEN: Paramount.
JEWELL, ISABEL: M-G-M.
JOHNSON, KAY: RKO-Radio.
JOLSON, AL: Warner Bros.
JONES, ALLAN: M-G-M.
JONES, BUCK: Universal.
JONES, GORDON: United Artists.
JORDON, DOROTHY: RKO-Radio.
JORY, VICTOR: Columbia.
JUDGE, ARLINE: 20th Century-Fox.
KAAREN, SUZANNE: Republic.
KARLOFF, BORIS: Universal.
KARNS, ROSCOE: Paramount.
KEATON, BUSTER: Fox.
KEATING, FRED: Columbia.
KEELER, RUBY: Warner Bros.
KEENE, TOM: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
KEITH, ROSALIND: Paramount.
KELLY, PATSY: M-G-M.
KELLY, PAUL: 20th Century-Fox.
KELLY, WALTER C.: Paramount.
KELTON, PERT: RKO-Radio.
KENT, BARBARA: Columbia.
KENYON, DORIS: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
KIBBEE, GUY: Warner Bros.
KIEPURA, JAN: Paramount.
KING, WALTER: 20th Century-Fox.
KNAPT, EVALYN: Universal.
KNIGHT, JUNE: M-G-M.
KRUGER, OTTO: Columbia.
LALLY, HOWARD: 20th Century-Fox.
LAMONT, MOLLY: RKO-Radio.
LANDI, ELISSA: Paramount.
LANGDON, HARRY: Columbia.
LANE, LOLA: Free lance. Write her at Mascot.
LANG, JUNE: 20th Century-Fox.
LANGFORD, FRANCES: Walter Wanger.
LA RUE, JACK: Free lance. Write him at United Artists.
LAUGHTON, CHARLES: Paramount.
LAUREL, STAN: M-G-M.
LAWRENCE, ROSINA: M-G-M.
LAWTON, FRANK: Universal.
LAYE, EVELYN: M-G-M.
LEDERER, FRANCIS: RKO-Radio.
LEE, BILLY: Paramount.
LEE, DIXIE: 20th Century-Fox.
LEE, DOROTHY: RKO-Radio.
LEROY, BABY: Paramount.
LEROY, HAL: Warner Bros.
LEYTON, DRUE: 20th Century-Fox.
LIGHT, ROBERT: Warner Bros.
LIGHTNER, WINNIE: Free lance. Write her at Columbia.
LINAKER, KAY: Warner Bros.
LINDEN, ERIC: M-G-M.
LINDSAY, MARGARET: Warner Bros.
LLOYD, HAROLD: Paramount.
LODGE, JOHN: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
LOMBARD, CAROLE: Paramount.
LORD, PAULINE: Columbia.
LORRE, PETER: Columbia.
LOUISE, ANITA: Warner Bros.
LOVE, MONTAGU: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
LOWE, EDMUND: Universal.
LOY, MYRNA: M-G-M.
LUGOSI, BELA: Universal.
LUKAS, PAUL: M-G-M.
LUND, LUCILLE: Mascot.
LUPINO, IDA: Paramount.
LYON, BEN: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
MacDONALD, JEANETTE: M-G-M.
MACK, HELEN: RKO-Radio.
MacLANE, BARTON: Warner Bros.
MacMAHON, ALINE: M-G-M.
MacMURRAY, FRED: Paramount.
MALA: M-G-M.
MANNERS, DAVID: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
MANNORS, SHEILA: Columbia.
MARCH, FREDRIC: United Artists.
MARGO: Free lance. Write her at M-G-M.
MARCH, JOAN: RKO-Radio.
MARSH, MARIAN: Columbia.
MARSHALL, HERBERT: RKO-Radio.
MARTINI, NINO: 20th Century-Fox.
MARX BROTHERS: M-G-M.
MAYNARD, KEN: Columbia.
McCOY, COL. TIM: Columbia.
McCREA, JOEL: Samuel Goldwyn.
McFARLAND, SPANKY: M-G-M.
McHUGH, FRANK: Warner Bros.
McKINNEY, FLORINE: Universal.
McLAGLEN, VICTOR: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
MEIGHAN, THOMAS: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
MELTON, FRANK: 20th Century-Fox.
MELTON, JAMES: Warner Bros.
MENJOU, ADOLPHE: Warner Bros.
MERCER, BERYL: Free lance. Write her Republic.
MERKEL, UNA: M-G-M.
MERMAN, ETHEL: Samuel Goldwyn.
MICHAEL, GERTRUDE: Paramount.
MILJAN, JOHN: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
MILLAND, RAY: Paramount.
MITCHELL, FRANK: 20th Century-Fox.
MITCHELL, GENEVA: Columbia.
MONTENEGRO, CONCHITA: 20th Century-Fox.
MONTGOMERY, DOUGLAS: Universal.
MONTGOMERY, ROBERT: M-G-M.
MOORE, COLLEEN: RKO-Radio.
MOORE, DICKIE: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
MOORE, GRACE: Columbia.
MOORE, VICTOR: Universal.
MORAN, POLLY, M-G-M.
MORENO, ANTONIO: 20th Century-Fox.
MORGAN, FRANK: M-G-M.
MORGAN, RALPH: Free lance. Write him at Republic.
MORGAN, HELEN: Warner Bros.
MORLEY, KAREN: Warner Bros.
MORRIS, CHESTER: M-G-M.
MORRISON, JOE: Paramount.
MOWBRAY, ALAN: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
MUIR, JEAN: Warner Bros.
MULHALL, JACK: Free lance. Write him at Mascot.
MUNDIN, HERBERT: 20th Century-Fox.
MUNI, PAUL: Warner Bros.
MURPHY, GEORGE: Columbia.
MURPHY, MAURICE: 20th Century-Fox.
NAGEL, CONRAD: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
NEAGLE, ANNA: United Artists.
NIXON, MARIAN: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
NOLAN, LLOYD: Columbia.
NOVARRO, RAMON: M-G-M.
NUGENT, EDWARD: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
OAKIE, JACK: 20th Century-Fox.
OBERON, MERLE: United Artists.
O'BRIEN, GEORGE: 20th Century-Fox.

O'BRIEN-MOORE, ERIN: Free lance. Write her at RKO-RADIO.
O'BRIEN, PAT: Warner Bros.
OLAND, WARNER: 20th Century-Fox.
OLIVER, EDNA MAY: M-G-M.
OLSEN, MORONI: RKO-Radio.
O'NEILL, HENRY: Warner Bros.
O'SULLIVAN, MAUREEN: M-G-M.
OVERMAN, LYNNE: Paramount.
OWEN, REGINALD: Free lance. Write him at M-G-M.
PALEY, NATALIE: RKO-Radio.
PALLETTE, EUGENE: Free lance. Write him at Warner Bros.
PARKER, CECILIA: M-G-M.
PARKER, JEAN: M-G-M.
PARRISH, GIGI: Republic.
PATERSON, PAT: 20th Century-Fox.
PATRICK, GAIL: Paramount.
PENDLETON, NAT: M-G-M.
PENNER, JOE: Paramount.
PERRY, JOAN: Columbia.
PICKFORD, MARY: United Artists.
PITTS, ZASU: Universal.
PONS, LILY: RKO-Radio.
POWELL, DICK: Warner Bros.
POWELL, ELEANOR: M-G-M.
POWELL, WILLIAM: M-G-M.
PRYOR, ROGER: Universal.
QUALEN, JOHN: 20th Century-Fox.
QUIGLEY, JUANITA: Universal.
QUILLAN, EDDIE: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
RAFT, GEORGE: Paramount.
RAINER, LUISE: M-G-M.
RAINS, CLAUDE: Warner Bros.
RALPH, JESSIE: RKO-Radio.
RALSTON, ESTHER: Republic.
RAND, SALLY: Paramount.
RATOFF, GREGORY: RKO-Radio.
RAY, CHARLES: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
RAYMOND, GENE: RKO-Radio.
REED, PHILLIP: Warner Bros.
REGAN, PHIL: Warner Bros.
RHODES, ERIK: RKO-Radio.
RICE, FLORENCE: Columbia.
RICHMAN, HARRY: Columbia.
ROBBINS, BARBARA: RKO-Radio.
ROBERTI, LYDA: Paramount.
ROBERTSON, GUY: Republic.
ROBINSON, BILL: 20th Century-Fox.
ROBINSON, EDWARD G.: Warner Bros.
ROBSON, MAY: M-G-M.
ROGERS, CHARLES: RKO-Radio.
ROGERS, GINGER: RKO-Radio.
ROLAND, GILBERT: 20th Century-Fox.
ROMERO, CESAR: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
ROONEY, MICKEY: M-G-M.
ROSS, SHIRLEY: M-G-M.
ROULIEN, RAUL: 20th Century-Fox.
RUGGLES, CHARLES: Paramount.
RUSSELL, ROSALIND: M-G-M.
SABIN, CHARLES: Columbia.
SAVO, JIMMY: M-G-M.
SCHILDKRAUT, JOSEPH: Columbia.
SCHUBERT, MARINA: Paramount.
SCOTT, RANDOLPH: Paramount.
SEARLE, JACKIE: 20th Century-Fox.
SELLON, CHARLES: 20th Century-Fox.
SELWYN, RUTH: M-G-M.
SEWARD, BILLIE: Columbia.
SHANNON, PEGGY: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
SHAW, WINIFRED: Warner Bros.
SHEA, GLORIA: Columbia.
SHEARER, NORMA: M-G-M.
SHIELDS, FRANCIS X.: Sam Goldwyn.
SHIRLEY, ANNE: RKO-Radio.
SIDNEY, SYLVIA: Walter Wanger.
SKIPWORTH, ALISON: Paramount.
SLEEPER, MARTHA: M-G-M.
SMITH, C. AUBREY: United Artists.
SMITH, QUEENIE: Paramount.
SOTHERN, ANN: Columbia.
SPARKS, NED: Warner Bros.
STANDING, SIR GUY: Paramount.
STANWYCK, BARBARA: RKO-Radio.
STARRETT, CHARLES: Columbia.
STELLING, WILLIAM: 20th Century-Fox.
STEN, ANNA: United Artists.
STEPHENS, HARVEY: M-G-M.
STEPHENSON, HENRY: M-G-M.
STEVENS, ONSLOW: Universal.
STONE, FRED: Paramount.
STONE, GEORGE E.: Warner Bros.
STONE, PAULA: Warner Bros.
STONE, LEWIS: M-G-M.
STUART, GLORIA: Universal.
SULLAVAN, MARGARET: Universal.
SUMMERVILLE, SLIM: Universal.
SWANSON, GLORIA: M-G-M.
SWARTHOUT, GLADYS: Paramount.
TALBOT, LYLE: Warner Bros.
TAYLOR, KENT: Paramount.
TAYLOR, ROBERT: M-G-M.
TEASDALE, VERREE: Warner Bros.
TEMPLE, SHIRLEY: 20th Century-Fox.
THOMAS, FRANKIE: RKO-Radio.
THOMAS, JAMESON: Republic.
TOBIN, GENEVIEVE: Warner Bros.
TOMLIN, PINKY: Universal.
TONE, FRANCHOT: M-G-M.
TORRENCE, DAVID: Free lance. Write him at M-G-M.
TRACY, LEE: Paramount.
TRACY, SPENCER: M-G-M.
TRAVIS, JUNE: Warner Bros.
TREE, DOROTHY: Warner Bros.
TREVOR, CLAIRE: 20th Century-Fox.
TURPIN, BEN: Free lance. Write him at Mascot.
TWELVETREES, HELEN: 20th Century-Fox.
VALLEE, RUDY: Warner Bros.
VELEZ, LUPE: M-G-M.
VENABLE, EVELYN: Republic.
VINSON, HELEN, Free lance. Write her at Columbia.
WADSWORTH, HENRY: M-G-M.
WALBURN, RAYMOND: Columbia.
WALKER, JUNE: 20th Century-Fox.
WALKER, RAY; Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
WALTHALL, H. B.: 20th Century-Fox.
WALTERS, POLLY: Universal.
WALTON, DOUGLAS: Samuel Goldwyn.
WARE, IRENE: Universal.
WATERS, ETHEL: Free lance. Write her Universal.
WAYNE, JOHN: Republic.
WEBB, CLIFTON: M-G-M.
WEIDLER, VIRGINIA: Paramount.
WEISSMULLER, JOHNNY: M-G-M.
WELLS, JACQUELINE: Free dance. Write her at Republic.
WEST, MAE: Paramount.
WESTLEY, HELEN: RKO-Radio.
WHEELER, BERT: RKO-Radio.
WHITE, ALICE: Free lance. Write her at Paramount.
WILCOXON, HENRY: Paramount.
WILLIAM, WARREN: Warner Bros.
WILLIAMS, CLARK: Universal.
WILLIAMS, HUGH: 20th Century-Fox.
WILSON, LOIS: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
WILSON, DOROTHY: Paramount.
WING, PAT: Paramount.
WING, TOBY: Paramount.
WINNINGER, CHARLES: 20th Century-Fox.
WITHERS, GRANT: Universal.
WITHERS, JANE: 20th Century-Fox.
WONG, ANNA MAY: Paramount.
WOODS, DONALD: Warner Bros.
WOOLSEY, BOB: RKO-Radio.
WRAY, FAY: Columbia.
WYATT, JANE: Universal.
WYNYARD, DIANA: M-G-M.
YOUNG, ELIZABETH: Universal.
YOUNG, LORETTA: M-G-M.
YOUNG, POLLY ANN: Free lance. Write her at 20th Century-Fox.
YOUNG, ROBERT: M-G-M.
YOUNG, ROLAND: United Artists.
YOUNG, TAMMANY: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.

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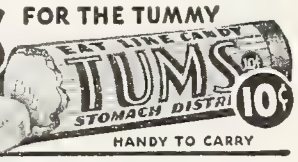

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BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER
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MILD

The House of Morgan

(Continued from page 23)

back from his forehead as if there were nothing more important to be done in the world, just as if she wasn't acutely aware that the die of their entire future was about to be cast, and said: "Exactly, Frank. It's my happiness, too. And I can't be happy unless you are. So you see it really is up to you. Fifteen thousand dollars a year! That's a great deal of money, isn't it? But I'm not sure happiness for some people doesn't cost more than that."

Then, her eyes level with his eyes, she asked, "What do you truly want to do?"

All of which is one of the reasons why Frank today says that Alma is responsible for his success. She believed in him. She was willing to string along on a little when she might have had a great deal. And all of which is also why, taking no credit away from Alma Morgan—that I say Frank is the one who should be applauded. It takes the rarest kind of courage, moral courage, for a man to take his wife at her word at such a crucial time.

Not long ago, I lunched with Frank Morgan in his dressing-room. In an adjoining room, where his valet answered the telephone and pressed a pair of striped trousers, there were riding boots sprawled on the floor and a variety of cravats hung over the back of a chair.

OUTSIDE, a studio worker was painting a bright star on Frank's dressing-room door. The splendid characterizations he has contributed to pictures like "Naughty Marietta," "I Live My Life" and "The Perfect Gentleman," and before this "The Affairs of Cellini," have for some time entitled him to one of the handsomest salary checks any stock player receives and now he has stardom itself. He did well to stick to the theatre years ago, you see, discouraged as he must have been when those with whom he worked began outshining him.

"However," he said, and in his eyes there was that same amused tolerance he shows on the screen, "I've always known I must work for everything, that success never will come quickly for me. I'm not one to shoot ahead like a comet, I must make my own way slowly and painstakingly.

"When I first came to Hollywood I had the same experience. In New York I'd had hits. After playing in 'Topaze' I'd become a fair-sized name in the theatre. But out here they said, 'He looks like a banker!' And I was cast as one banker after another. In spite of my record, it never seemed to occur to anyone that I might be good as anything else. And since my agent never had seen me on the stage he hardly was qualified to argue for my versatility."

The slow Morgan smile so familiar to movie-goers washed across his face. You get the feeling that life amuses him always, even when it goes contrary to the way he would have it go. Which in itself shows a kind of wisdom.

"One day," he said, "I remember I got a little provoked. I suggested to my agent that a salesman wouldn't attempt to sell a car without knowing what was under the hood and I tried to point out that this was exactly what he was trying to do with me. But he only smiled, the way agents feel they have to smile at actors, and I kept right on playing bankers for a long time after that. While I tried to content myself with the large sums of money they paid me."

But to get back to the main story of Frank and Alma Morgan, there was another time when Frank was rehearsing for a play which promised to be a turning point in his career. After the dress rehearsal he and Alma went out for supper. They had a little celebration. Sweetbreads. Champagne.

"Frank," she asked over the sparkling rim of her glass, "just what are you trying to get across there in the second act?"

Storm signals went up in his eyes. "What am I trying to get across in the second act?" he demanded. "Good Heavens, it seems to me I make it obvious enough. As a matter of fact, if ever in my life I did a good piece of work, I do it there."

Telling about this row the other day Frank was amused. "You know how furious we always get," he said, "when someone puts his finger on the very thing about which we ourselves are doubtful. I'd worked hard on that second act simply because deep down inside of me I hadn't been any too sure about it. So, of course, when Alma questioned me I blew up.

"However," he continued, "for hours that night I did considerable thinking. I'd disagreed with Alma and I'd acted darn unpleasant, but the things she said had impressed me."

The following evening when the play opened Frank changed his second act performance entirely. The critics raved. And the play did prove an important milestone in his career. Consequently, this is another time when he gives Alma credit. But, again with praise for Alma for keeping her perspective and having the courage to speak her mind, I think Frank deserves a credit line, too. For not being as set and stubborn as many men would have been in his place. For having the good grace to turn around and change his performance. And, when he came out on the stage in response to the applause he received, for making Alma who was in the audience, such a deep and sweeping bow that waves of color flooded her face, and her heart began thumping in a way too few wives' hearts ever thump once their wedding rings have lost their pristine shine.

IT was here fairly recently that there was apprehension on the M-G-M lot about one of Frank's pictures. His producer thought it might be a good idea to junk the film shot and start on something else. Frank, however, really thought the picture was amusing and that he was giving a good performance. And, contrary to the general belief, actors don't always believe this about themselves, especially intelligent actors like Frank Morgan.

"I'll tell you what," Frank said to his producer, "my wife, as you know, isn't an actress. And she doesn't know why a thing isn't good or how it should be changed. But I've reason to trust her instincts. Let me run the film we've shot for her before I decide whether or not I want to call quits."

The producer agreed. That same night Frank and Alma had dinner in the studio commissary. Then they went over to the projection room. "I want the truth," he told her. In over twenty years of marriage she never had given him anything else and he knew it. But this was important. A great deal depended upon this picture.

"I think it's fun," Alma said when the film had been run. "And I think you're

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splendid. And I may as well tell you I was prepared for the worst. You've taken this part so seriously, I thought you'd probably gotten yourself all tied up in knots and that it showed on the screen. I was ready to admit you seemed strained and to suggest it might be a good idea if you went off on a little tear, loosened up, and then started all over again."

This was all Frank needed. He went to the producer. "Sorry," he said looking anything but sorry, looking downright jubilant, "I've bad news for you. I want to go on with this picture. Alma likes it. So I believe in it."

They finished the picture and it's been a success. Proving once again, according to Frank, that he wouldn't be where he is today if it weren't for Alma. She sounds darn swell, no doubt about that. But I can count on my thumbs the men I know who would admit being influenced by what their wives thought about their affairs. So I certainly think he deserves honorable mention here. Besides few actors or artists or writers ever have sense enough to know that others might have a better perspective on their work than they themselves could have.

So it goes. Frank says he wouldn't be where he is today if it weren't for Alma. And I say Alma wouldn't be where she is today if it weren't for Frank. And as you can see for yourself we're both right. And as you also can see for yourself all of this is why over twenty years of happiness have come to the House of Morgan and why, through thick and thin—which is the only way that counts—Frank's and Alma's marriage has been a success.

She Knows Wives!

(*Continued from page 52*)

any other girl in pictures or out.

"How'd you do it?" I asked Myrna, when I finally caught up with her.

"Do what?" she came back at me innocently.

"How do you know so much about wives? Where'd you get all this dope that enables you to make a girl in one picture one sort of wife and in another another sort. I could name you half a dozen actresses (single), who would have played all those wives alike and another half dozen (married), who would have played themselves every time."

"Well, don't name them," Myrna begged hastily. "I don't want to be a party to your blasphemies against the art of my fellow workers."

"If I leave you out of my blasphemies, will you break down and give out about wives?" I asked cautiously.

"I don't really know very much about wives," she answered, and then, rather hastily, "or about husbands, either. But here's a thought: Years and years ago when I was but a tot, there was a perfectly swell actress on the legitimate stage named Blanche Bates who was playing in a show called 'Nobody's Widow.' Now, Miss Bates had never been a widow. When someone asked her how she played the part so convincingly, she said that when she was cast for the role she made her friends give dinners for her and she saw to it that at every dinner there was at least one widow. She made a study of them. That has always stuck in my mind because I thought, '*There* is a woman who knows what she's doing. There's no guess work with her.'

"When I was cast for my first wife—

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in 'The Animal Kingdom'—I read the script and my first reaction was 'What a perfectly horrible person!'

THEN I began looking around among my married acquaintances to see if there were any who possessed any of the traits of that girl. I finally found, to my surprise, that there was one girl who was not unlike her. What surprised me was that I had never before thought of this girl as being particularly cold or selfish. She just had seemed human with average faults, good qualities, etc.

"So, I thought that probably this girl in 'The Animal Kingdom' wasn't as bad as I had pictured her. She was a girl who had always had plenty of money, she'd gone to finishing school, she had made up her mind to make a good marriage and when she made it I don't believe she was consciously trying to dominate her husband or regulate his life. She was simply trying to work out her marital problems according to her idea of the dictates of good taste. That that might not also have been her husband's, never occurred to her. She simply had no imagination and she was devoid of a sense of humor. That's how I played her. I simply tried to make her human.

"In 'Manhattan Melodrama,' I was the thoughtful, considerate type."

Myrna paused and drew a breath. In her smart blue outfit, with her hair blowing carelessly about, she looked too kiddish to be discussing marriage and wives.

"Where did you find the prototype of *that* wife?" I inquired.

"Don't use language like that right after lunch," she instructed me severely. "That girl had been through the mill, and I think if it hadn't been for the censors, we might have discovered there was more to her past than met the eye.

"'The Thin Man,' of course, was vastly different. There was the type of wife every girl would like to be—or nearly every one. I suppose there *are* girls who think a 'sense of duty' is more important and that a man's creature comforts should be looked after before his spiritual welfare.

"Anyhow, the girl in that picture had a swell sense of humor. She and her husband were casual about everything. They wouldn't, for the world, let anyone see how much they really cared for each other."

MYRNA raved on in her enthusiasm over "The Thin Man." Personally, my belief is that, whether she realizes it or not, her enthusiasm for this part is due to the fact that Nora more closely approximated the kind of wife she, herself, would be. She has a cryptic sort of humor and she is, I imagine, the kind of girl who would never let her emotions play too near the surface.

At any rate, that wife was every man's dream of what a wife should be—a swell looking dish, a wisecracker, a pal, a girl who never lost her temper, who didn't jump at conclusions AND who wasn't always fussing over a guy.

"'Evelyn Prentice,'" she was saying, "came right after 'The Thin Man' and it nearly broke Bill's and my hearts. Evelyn was the neglected type of wife. We had just built up this marvelous illusion of marriage as it should be, in the former picture, and then, in the latter, we had to turn right around and tear it down. In this one I was just a patient Griselda who suffered and suffered, in silence, waiting for things to get better. I know you've seen that type of wife. Personally, I've always wanted to strangle them.

"I shouldn't complain, however, and the only reason I mention it is because it was at such variance with the one in 'The Thin man.' Anyhow, it was another and different type in my long career of wives and in the end it turned out to be a rather interesting characterization.

"As I said before, all you can do with any of them is to try to make them human. They don't have to be models of virtue or cleverness if one can just find some way to make them *live*. And that's what I've tried to do."

"What kind of a wife are you playing next?" I mocked.

"Well, as you know, the picture is called 'Wife versus Secretary.' I'm the wife, Jean Harlow the secretary and Bill Powell is the man in the case. You can see I'll have my work cut out for me.

"You know," she went on, "I'm terrified at playing so many wives. They could so easily become a trial. How to keep playing them and make each one different. I'm afraid I'll get so after awhile all my wives will be alike—just as you've seen players of whom people say, 'Oh, he's always the same.'

"Imagine Mr. Powell's calm resignation if I developed into that type of screen wife and when we were cast in 'Some Sweet Day' he'd ask me, before starting the picture, 'Are you going to be the same type wife in this as you've been in the last four pictures we've played in? Can't you do something to make this one a little different?'

"It would be very humiliating. And, even as it is, I've reached the point where I've discovered that husbands are just as different in real life as the wives are. I find myself looking at this man and that, mentally figuring what kind of a wife would suit this one and what kind would suit that one. I also catch myself speculating on the appalling possibility of marrying this man or that one of my acquaintance, wondering if I should have to change my whole personality in order to become the type of wife I'd decided would best suit him—and if I did do that, if the personality of that wife would fit me!

"You can see," she continued anxiously, "it's not a question that can be opened and closed very casually. It's a matter that requires a great deal of concentration and I really haven't time to go into it.

"Oh, yes!" she burst out ecstatically as I rose to go. "I forgot to tell you, some day not too far distant, I return to my first love. We're going to do the sequel to 'The Thin Man.'"

"It couldn't possibly be," I jeered, "that your enthusiasm for that part is occasioned by the fact that it turned out to be your biggest box-office success?"

"No!" she answered promptly. "I'd have loved her if she hadn't made a dime. She was so matter-of-fact about everything I didn't need to use gestures. We Anglo-Saxons like to think of ourselves as being so casual about everything that we don't need to gesticulate to express ourselves or emphasize our meaning."

"How about your Orientals?" I asked maliciously.

Those early Oriental parts of hers are a sore spot with Myrna, but she acted like a little lady and hid her chagrin. "Quiet, please. Couldn't you tell from my characterizations that I didn't know anything about Orientals?"

"Well, we'll skip the Orientals," I conceded, "but you sure know all about wives."

"We'll skip the wives, too," Myrna decided. "This was just a discussion between us. If I'd go on record about wives, all the wives in the country would be down on me. How can a single girl discuss wives? Anyhow, I think the wives are all swell and it's a miracle to me how they do as good a job as they do, considering what they have to put up with. It's the husbands, not the wives, who are the problems!"

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Who is the genius behind Shirley Temple? The answer to this intriguing question is disclosed in the May issue of Modern Screen

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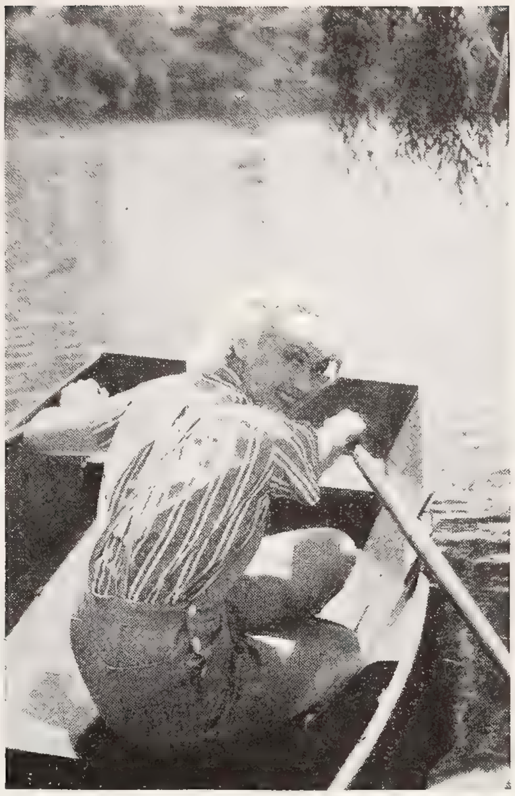

There's nothing like rowing to keep one's figure in tip top form, is Joan Blondell's sage advice to the gals.

Information Desk

(*Continued from page 14*)

KATHRYN BARNES, De Soto, Mo.—Alan Baxter played the role of Babe Wilson in "Mary Burns, Fugitive." His next picture will be "Thirteen Hours By Air" and he is under contract to Walter Wanger Productions, 1040 N. Las Palmas, Hollywood, Cal.

HENRY WADSWORTH: Here's another who's gone a long way, since he checked out of Maysville, Ky., where he was born. His father was an attorney and Henry was brought up in a large house and in well-to-do circumstances. Having graduated from the University of Kentucky in Lexington, he later attended the Carnegie Institute of Technology in Pittsburgh. Henry had always wanted to be an actor, had earned his college degree in Drama, and had always been the shining light of school plays. Leaving Carnegie he went to New York with his degree, fifty dollars and high hopes. These hopes were dimmed and he was forced to play in vaudeville until he landed a job in a Pawtucket, R. I., stock company, where he was immediately successful in juvenile roles. Then Broadway offered him the lead in one of its shows, "Tommy." Since then he has worked constantly, going from Broadway to various stock companies all over the country, from New York to Hollywood and the movies and back again. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 150 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. He is under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal., where he recently completed an important role in "The Voice of Bugle Ann." Another recent release is "Ceiling Zero."

LORRAINE FREEMAN, Kensington, Md.—The part of Pinky Parker in "Old Man Rhythm" was taken by Johnny Arledge, whose biography appears in this department.

PRESTON FOSTER: This deserving young man has been getting the breaks lately, for which hooray! Born on October 24, 1902, in Ocean City, N. J., he

. . . The Ruby Keeler Prize Menu Contest is in full swing! Complete contest details appeared in the February and March issues of Modern Screen. Here are the prizes that will be awarded: $1000 in cash prizes, a Crosley Shelvador Refrigerator, a Crosley Console Radio, 5 H & W China Dinner Sets, 15 General Electric Portable Mixers, and 10 Manning-Bowman Toaster Sets. If you haven't sent in your entry yet, get busy!

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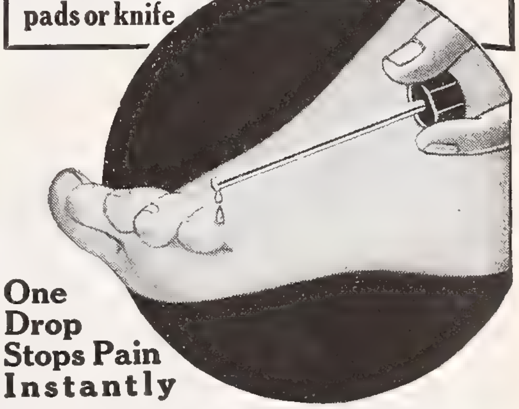

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AFTER

was the son of non-professionals. The family moved to Pitman, N. J., where he completed his education and paid for it by doing odd jobs such as gardening, selling pianos and working in an ice house. Finally he became shipping clerk for the Victor Talking Machine Company at Camden, N. J., where he remained for two years. Possessing a rich baritone voice he began appearing in amateur entertainments, finally gave up his job and began to do concert work, later singing over the radio. Then came an opening in the chorus of the La Scala Opera Company in Philadelphia which gave him an opportunity to work up to secondary, then leading roles in the Pennsylvania Grand Opera Co. Then a brief excursion into vaudeville, followed by dramatic roles in New York stage plays. A Warner Brothers scout signed him to a contract and he has been in Hollywood ever since. Married to a non-professional, he loves the outdoors and his hobby is boating. He keeps in physical condition by punching the bag and the use of a rowing machine. Preston is 6 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 196 pounds, has brown curly hair and blue eyes. His most recent picture is "Muss 'Em Up," and his next, "Love Before Breakfast," with Carole Lombard. Write him at the RKO-Radio Studios, 780 N. Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

M.S. READER, Baltimore, Md.—You can collect the bet. William Powell is not Dick Powell's father, nor is he any relation to him. Methinks Bill would be anything but flattered!

ELEANOR POWELL: Do you remember seeing this dancing demoness in "George White's Scandals"? Not many do, but that was her first picture. Her full name is Eleanor Torrey Powell and she's nicknamed Ding. Born on November 21, 1913, in Springfield, Mass., Miss Powell attended dancing school as a child and made her first professional appearance at Atlantic City when she was thirteen. For several years she alternated between Springfield and dancing lessons in the winter, and Atlantic City and professional dancing in the summer. In 1929 she started to take tap lessons, then began her New York career in earnest with "Follow Thru," her first show. Then came other Broadway musicals and the title of "World's Greatest Feminine Tap Dancer." She has always loved sports, especially horseback riding and swimming. She names gardenias as her favorite flower, blue as her favorite color and roast beef and ice cream as her pet foods. Miss Powell is unmarried, weighs 122 pounds and is 5 feet 5¼ inches tall. Her hair is chestnut and her eyes blue. After "Broadway Melody of 1936" she returned to New York to appear in a musical show, and her studio is as anxiously awaiting her return to Hollywood for another picture as the rest of us. Write her at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

HILMA TAYLOR, Omaha, Nebr.—Henry Fonda, who was so good in "Way Down East," "The Farmer Takes a Wife" and "I Dream Too Much," will be seen next in "The Moon's Our Home." His leading lady will be Margaret Sullavan, to whom he was formerly married.

ROBERT DONAT: Chalk up another hit for this marvelous male. If you haven't seen "The Ghost Goes West" you've really missed a treat, and further proof that Mr. Donat has what it takes. "The Private Life of Henry VIII" was his first picture. "The Count of Monte Cristo"—which really launched him—was his second, and "Thirty-nine Steps" his next to last. Born in Withington, Manchester, England, on March 18, 1905, he gave evidence of acting ability at a tender age. 1921 marked his professional stage debut which was followed by several years spent in stock and repertory theatres touring the English provinces. Mr. Donat's London success was in "Knave and Queen," which was followed by many others. He has brown eyes and auburn hair, stands 6 feet tall and weighs 165 pounds. He is modest, soft-spoken and has a grand sense of humor, getting a great kick out of the way Americans pronounce his name—Doan-at is correct. Roast beef and American ham and eggs are his favorite foods. He and his wife have two very young children, John and Joanna. Right now there are two pictures for him in the offing. They are "Knight Without Armor" with Merle Oberon, and "Hamlet."

INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please print a brief life story of

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in your department.

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City..................State..............

"Chawmed, I'm Sure!"

(*Continued from page* 45)

Pitts. Their eyes met, they smiled. They stopped, shook hands and began talking about which drug store was best in their neighborhood.

It is difficult, Claudette says, to know whether she has actually been introduced or has just seen the person on the screen. All stars are movie fans themselves and the faces of their co-workers are all familiar. Once in New York, Claudette was in the ladies' room of a smart hotel. Irene Rich came in. And Claudette couldn't, for the life of her, remember whether someone had once introduced her to Irene or whether it was just because the face was so familiar, the mannerisms and gestures so well-known that it seemed as if they were old friends. They looked at each other, hesitated a moment and then spoke formally. Each was embarrassed.

AND then there was the time when Claudette Colbert and Constance Bennett, who had never seen each other off the screen before, sat in the same small doctor's anteroom waiting for appointments. Furtively, from behind copies of magazines, they looked at each other. When their eyes met, each pretended a tremendous interest in her own particular periodical. And each fervently prayed that the doctor would arrive soon. But he didn't. Finally Claudette dropped her magazine and said, "Listen, my name's Colbert and I work in the movies."

Connie feigned seriousness. "My name's Bennett. You might have heard of my father. He was on the stage." And then they both laughed and were chatting so intimately when they were called for their appointments that they kept the doctor waiting.

But perhaps one of the most amusing of Claudette's first meetings was one with Shirley Temple. It happened the night that Claudette won the Motion Picture Academy award for her performance in "It Happened One Night." She had, as you know, not expected to win and was called at her home just as she was about to leave for the station to catch the train for New York. They told her to appear immediately, so she arrived at the swanky dinner in a plain brown traveling suit—the rest of the stars were dressed up to the eye-brows.

Just as she was rushing in, she was stopped at the door by a dozen photographers, one of whom deposited Shirley Temple in her arms. The idea was that pictures were to be taken of Shirley handing Claudette the trophy. And, naturally, no one thought to say, "Miss Colbert, Miss Temple."

The cameramen took a long time arranging their lights. Shirley was standing on a table beside Claudette holding the heavy silver trophy. Finally the child began to cry. "I know, darling," Claudette said. "You must be tired and I'm sure you've worked hard all day. But never mind, they'll be through in a minute and you can rest."

Shirley sniffled. "Oh, no, it isn't that," she said. "I'm not tired at all. But I hate being out here. I want to be in there at the banquet. I'm afraid I'm missing something."

ONE of the few people that Claudette met formally was Norma Shearer. It happened at a party, the hostess introduced them and left them alone. Each is a great admirer of the other's work. Each wanted to tell the other so, but it seemed like flattery. They started, at last, to talk about pictures they had recently seen and Claudette told Norma she thought she was swell. And Norma told Claudette she was grand. And that was that.

For a long time Irene Dunne had admired Edna May Oliver as an actress. And if she missed a single one of Edna's screen sniffs she felt cheated. Often she asked the studio to run Miss Oliver's films over and over again for her. They worked on the same lot, but had never met.

One day Irene, her maid in tow, was

hurrying from the set on which she was working to her dressing-room. Coming toward them were Edna May and her maid. The two maids spoke but the actresses hesitated. The maids then, seeing their mistresses hesitating, introduced them to each other. And that was the beginning of a mutual admiration society!

Another friendship developed from a real "fan" meeting. Ann Sothern was an ardent admirer of Joan Bennett. She was as anxious to meet her as you would be. Ann had planned a New York vacation and had made her reservation on a transcontinental airplane. Then she read in the paper that Joan Bennett was going to New York by plane the day before. Ann changed her reservation so that the time of departure would coincide with Joan's. Once in the plane they began to talk and the friendship grew until in New York they lived in the same hotel. They are now almost inseparable.

THE meeting of Mary Brian and June Collyer, however, was not begun with mutual admiration. Mary thought that anyone as pretty as June must be conceited and Mary loathes self-satisfied people. They were introduced by the director, when both worked in a film together. June asked Mary to lunch, Mary declined. But a Hollywood studio is a small world and when Mary walked into the restaurant the only seat vacant was at June's table. There was nothing for her to do but to sit down, embarrassed as she was, but June was so gracious that Mary was put immediately at her ease. She began to like June in spite of herself. They lunched together regularly during the making of the picture, became fast friends and when June's baby was christened Mary was the godmother.

Yes, Hollywood is a small town. By rights everyone should know everyone else. Certainly the faces are familiar enough. So maybe Emily Post should be called in to write a new book of etiquette with a chapter on "Introductions for the Famous." It might save a lot of embarrassing situations in Hollywood. And then again, it might not.

Johnny Arledge and Louise Latimer provide the romantic interest in "Thorobreds All."

HE WANTED NO MARRIAGE TIES

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Women were cheats! Women were chiselers!

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"She Knew Her When" and the writer tells all about Grace Moore in the May issue of Modern Screen

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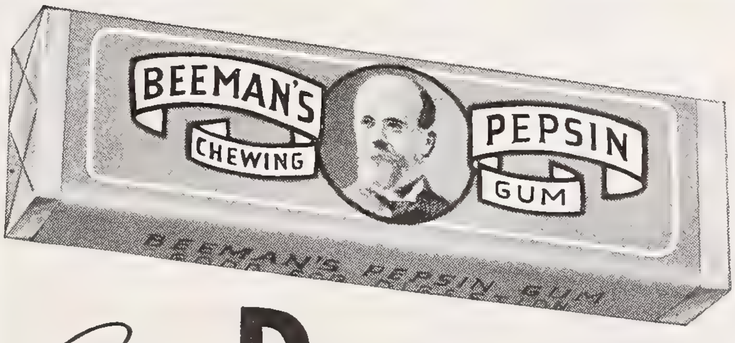

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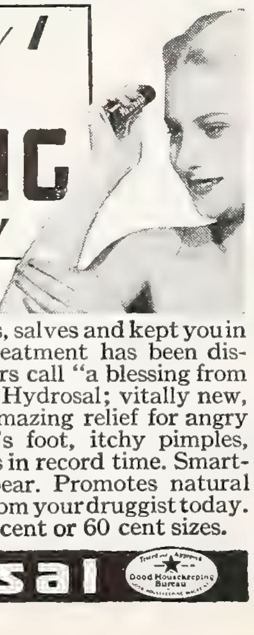

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Hydrosal

More Good News

(*Continued from page 49*)

There's an interesting tale—well, anyway, *we* like it—connected with Paramount's "13 Hours by Air," which has to do with transcontinental air travel. The Fred MacMurray-Joan Bennett opus was purchased a couple of years ago under the title of "21 Hours by Air." Air transportation has speeded up so in the past year that the story, while lying on the shelf, underwent two title changes, "18 Hours by Air" to "14 Hours by Air." Right now it's down to 13, so if a picture arrives in your neighborhood entitled "10 Minutes by Air," you can tell your friends you knew it when.

* * *

And now Warners are about to remake "Main Street." If it turns out well you can thank director Archie Mayo, who has been hounding the producers for months insisting they re-shoot the Sinclair Lewis classic. The Warner Brothers finally relented, but they compromised with Mr. Mayo. They're going to let him make the picture, but he has to call it "I Married a Doctor."

* * *

No one has ever questioned the diplomacy of the Japanese, and Joan Crawford probably never will. Recently her gardener asked her out to the Tone garden to show her some of his handiwork. Mrs. T. noted with pleasure a large "JOAN" spelled out in parsley. In the next bed, and also in parsley, the tactful gardner had spelled out "MINA," the name of Joan's cook. "You like it?" beamed the gardener. "I made it for the two ladies of the house."

* * *

While Shirley Temple may be the sweetheart of 20th Century-Fox, anyone around the lot will tell you that the studio's Number One siren is Jane Withers. The present object of her attentions is Paul Kelly, and she won him by an insidious campaign which began with clipping news items about Kelly and presenting them to him. Next she inquired about his attitude toward Shirley. When she found out he admired her rival, Jane immediately went into "The Good Ship Lollypop," doing a swell impersonation of Shirley, which cinched matters for her. Now, whenever the Kelly attentions waver, Jane merely goes into a Temple routine.

* * *

Perhaps the most interesting production of the moment is "Princess Charming," mainly because everyone is sitting around waiting for an explosion of some sort. Josef von Sternberg, who is not the most placid guy in town, is directing, and his stars are Grace Moore and Franchot Tone. Miss Moore is no blushing violet when it comes to standing up for her rights in a picture, all of which has everyone on the set keeping their fingers crossed, for when the blow-up arrives they're wagering you can hear it all the way to Pasadena.

* * *

We're still puzzling about the Jessie Matthews situation. The charming English gal, a British stage and screen favorite, was signed several months ago by M-G-M to co-star in a musical with Bob Montgomery. After the release of her latest picture, "First a Girl," in which she received many nice adjectives from the critics, M-G-M bought off her contract and will substitute Eleanor Powell in the forthcoming musical. It'll be nice to see the Powell lass once more, but it also would have been nice to get a first-hand look at England's best-looking screen star.

* * *

Things were pretty tense on the Warner lot for a while, too. Out there they're making a screen version of "The Green Pastures," and the cast, of course, is colored. On the next set another group of colored performers were doing a musical number called "Save Me, Sister" for Al Jolson's "The Singing Kid." The "Green Pastures" contingent would have nothing at all to do with their colored brethren on the next set. The air of mystery was finally cleared up by Rex Ingram, who plays De Lawd in "The Green Pastures." "Over there," he said, "they're doing just exactly what we're preaching against in our picture."

* * *

There is also quite a bit of dissension and looking askance among the members of the cast of "The Green Pastures." During the making of the Heaven scenes, the older actors, who are angels in the production, looked with disdain on the younger element, which devoted its between-scenes moments to truckin' and various other forms of Harlem hot-stepping. The angels feel that truckin' has no place in Heaven.

* * *

One of the longest single speeches in pictures was delivered by Douglas Dumbrille for a scene in "Opera Hat." The speech was a 750-word number which consumes three minutes of the film. A 3-minute speech is not unusual on the stage, but in picture's it's something of a record—so much so that on each take the extras on the sidelines laid bets with each other as to whether or not Dumbrille would go through it with no errors. Naturally, the scene was shot several times before it was satisfactory. By our watch the speech was recorded for posterity in 45 minutes.

* * *

There was a surprised gang of cowboys on the "Sutter's Gold" location trip recently, and it's all because of Binnie Barnes. Every day during production Binnie saddled a horse and enjoyed a short ride around the lot. One morning one of the cowboys in the picture tried, as a gag, to lasso her, but he missed. Binnie borrowed his rope, and proceeded to give the boys a neat demonstration of trick and fancy twirling, much to their amazement. What they didn't know was that Binnie started her professional career on the vaudeville stage in Australia as a fancy roper, and she still knows a trick or two.

* * *

Perhaps this isn't amusing, but it seemed funny to us at the moment. Watching a picture in production at Universal, we noticed, sitting in a canvas-backed chair, a large Indian squaw, smoking a pipe and waiting her turn to go on. On the back of the chair was the hand-lettered inscription: CAROLE LOMBARD.

* * *

The long-anticipated Astaire twins turned out to be one small boy, weighing somewhere in the vicinity of seven pounds. Fred didn't appear downcast at the solo performance and his wife, the former Phyllis Potter, has two sons now, anyway, one by her former marriage. (*Cont'd on page 126*)

Guarantee of Satisfaction

The publishers of MODERN SCREEN guarantee that you will be satisfied with your purchase of every packaged product advertised in this magazine. If for any reason you are dissatisfied, MODERN SCREEN will replace the product or, if you prefer, refund your purchase price. In either case all you have to do is to send us the unused portion, accompanied by a letter outlining your complaint. This guarantee also applies if the product, in your opinion does not justify the claims made in its advertising in MODERN SCREEN

Careful examination before publication and rigid censorship, plus our guarantee, enable you to buy with complete confidence the products you see advertised in this issue of MODERN SCREEN.

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When nature is lax
TAKE A BEAUTY LAXATIVE

You can't expect to have a peaches-and-cream complexion unless you maintain regular habits of elimination.

Don't let more than one day go by without coming to Nature's aid with a beauty laxative.

Olive Tablets are mild and gentle and non-habit-forming. They bring about the desired result promptly.

Accumulated body waste is an enemy of health and beauty. Get rid of stored-up poisons quickly by taking a beauty laxative.

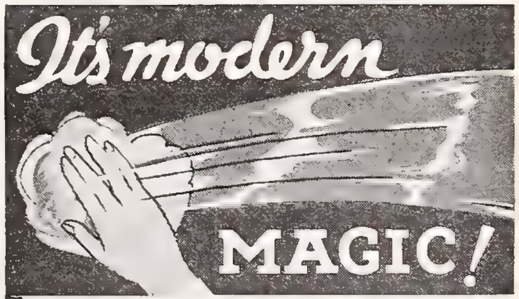
Three sizes, 15¢, 30¢, 60¢. All druggists.

DR. EDWARDS'
OLIVE TABLETS
THE *Beauty* LAXATIVE

ITCH
STOPPED IN ONE MINUTE

Are you tormented with the itching tortures of eczema rashes, athlete's foot, eruptions, or other skin afflictions? For quick and happy relief, use cooling, antiseptic, liquid D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION. 40 years world-wide success. Its gentle oils soothe the irritated skin. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle, at any drug stores, proves it—or money back.

D.D.D. *Prescription*



AERo POLISH works modern magic on your furniture just as its famous companion item AERoWAX has worked magic on millions of floors. AERo POLISH renews original beauty and lustre. Works fast—cleans and polishes instantly. Other polishes *promise*—AERo POLISH *acts!* Backed by a positive money-back guarantee! AERo POLISH is also a companion product to AERoMIX, the safe paint cleaner—and AERoMOPS. Try AERo POLISH. Satisfaction guaranteed or price refunded. At dealers' everywhere.

AERO
POLISH

AERO
POLISH
Made by MIDWAY CHEMICAL COMPANY, Chicago

MORE GOOD NEWS

The younger set at the Biltmore Bowl—Grace Durkin, Dick Cromwell, Phil Reed and Anita Louise—have a grand time.

Irene Hervey, minus Bob Taylor, at the Club Seville. Her escort is Allan Jones, handsome baritone.

Lew Ayres, Phyllis Frazer, Ben Alexander and Ginger Rogers. Ginger went East recently with her mother.

Boris Karloff and Buck Jones, who deal in cold-and-red-blooded screen characters exclusively, aren't that way at all at home. In fact, the Joneses and the Karloffs are in the midst of a friendly rivalry over guess what? Well, if you must know, it's roses. They both grow strange and exotic types of flowers, and when one of them comes through with a new one it's immediately called to the other's attention. Can't you picture Frankenstein's monster out in his garden tenderly nursing a rose, and hoping against hope that he's keeping up with the Joneses?

* * *

Loud Cheers Department: Kay Francis, regarded by many as cold and rather haughty, can be credited with one of the nicest deeds that has come to our attention in some time. It seems that several months ago Ruth Jones, secretary to the head of the publicity department at Kay's studio, was severely injured in an automobile accident. As a result, she spent considerable time in a hospital in San Bernardino, some distance from Hollywood. Without fanfare or publicity (up till now) the lovely Kay has paid a good share of the hospital bills, and she and Delmar Daves have been Miss Jones' most constant visitors.

* * *

All is now serene in the Warren William menage, but 'twas not always so. The W.'s, as you may have noted from the pictures, have a bar, the walls of which are decorated with the features of two quizzical-looking monkeys. The trouble all started when Warren purchased a pair of real simians. The flesh-and-blood pair were puzzled by their inanimate brethren on the wall. Finally they took to jumping at them, trying to stir up a little action, but the only result was that the wall took a terrible beating. To keep his home intact Warren was forced to get rid of half of his collection, and the live pair were sent into exile.

* * *

During the racing season at Santa Anita most of the stars spent their spare time hanging on the rail and betting on favorites. Everyone had his special system of picking winners, but our favorite is Arline Judge's. Arline merely counted the letters in the day of the week it happened to be, and played the horse whose number corresponded. She didn't win a bet that way all season, but the system pleased her highly.

* * *

Do you want a letter from Bing Crosby? It's easy; just pan him. It's true, for Bing is a very conscientious guy, and handles his fan mail more carefully than any other star in Hollywood. A request for a picture always brings one, and a letter of praise, of which there are many, brings a nice form letter of appreciation. Comes one of the rare letters which denounce him, and Bing sits himself down and delivers a personal reply, hoping thus to straighten out any dislike the letter writer might have. Bing is to be admired for his industry, so please don't pan him unless you mean it.

* * *

We spent a pleasant hour beside a swamp load of crocodiles recently, watching Wallace Beery and John Boles do a scene for "A Message to Garcia." John and Wally are escaping from something or other, and in order to make their getaway they must cross the swamp. Before going on, it might be well to inform you that the largest and most menacing of the reptiles is a studio concoction of rubber, but the smaller amphibians surrounding it are the real thing, in charge of a crocodile trainer (swell profession!). On the second take Mr. Boles, an agile crocodile-dodger, crossed successfully, but Wally, perched on a rock in the middle of the swamp, slipped backward and stepped squarely on the head of one of them, who resented it enough to take a vicious snap at the Beery foot. Wally calmly kicked back at the crocodile and marched indignantly across the swamp to safety. There is no moral to this tale, except that if any crocodiles are reading it, let them be warned not to snap at Mr. B.

Mary Blackford surrounded by a group of friends—Ben Alexander, Paula Stone, Cecilia Parker, Phyllis Frazer and Anne Shirley.

Jan Kiepura and Marta Eggerth hold hands at the Pickford affair. Devoted obviously, they still deny marriage.

Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

HANDSOME, LUSTROUS

11 5/16 INCHES LONG—DISTINCTIVE PATTERN

"A smart serving tray of a thousand uses," says Jonel Jorgulesco, famous New York designer, "perfect for tomato cocktails . . . for little cakes, sandwiches, bread . . . for cream and sugar . . . or on one's dresser. The design and weight are excellent."

"A $1.25 VALUE"

"I shopped several leading department stores in New York and Philadelphia and found similar trays selling at $1.25 to $1.50—in no case less than $1.25."

Frances Rogers,
Research Investigator
145 95th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
January 3, 1936

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

To everyone who takes advantage of this opportunity to secure the $1.25 chromium-plated serving tray we make this guarantee: If, within two weeks after buying this tray, you are not *entirely satisfied*, you may return the tray in good condition to us, and we will refund you the full 25¢ you paid for it. The Borden Company

FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY—ACT NOW!

$1.25 Serving Tray

IN HEAVY CHROMIUM PLATE—VERIFIED VALUE

for 25¢

And the labels from two (2) cans of Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk

IMPORTANT: This offer is made solely to acquaint you with the amazing *magic* pies, frostings, puddings, cookies and candies that you can make in entirely new *magic* short-cut ways with Eagle Brand. You'll find an astonishingly *magic* recipe on every Eagle Brand wrapper and label. And at the left are two *magic* recipes you'll use again and again!

Save $1.00 by prompt action!

Don't delay. You can have the $1.25 Serving Tray pictured above for only 25c and two Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk labels*, if you'll act at once. Please understand that this tray is in highly polished chromium plating—on a durable nickel-plated steel base. This amazing offer holds good for a limited time only. Use coupon at the lower right.

Free Cook Book

Along with the tray you get a whole cook book of *magic* recipes—for cookies, pies, puddings, candies, frostings, salad dressings and delicious ice creams.

MAGIC RECIPES

TRY EAGLE BRAND FOR MAGIC SHORT-CUT COOKING:

Magic! Just 2 ingredients!

COCONUT MACAROONS

½ cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
2 cups shredded coconut

Mix Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and shredded coconut together. Drop by spoonfuls on buttered baking sheet about 1 inch apart. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 10 minutes or until a delicate brown. Remove from pan at once. Makes 24.

Magic! Made in 5 minutes! Failure-proof!

CHOCOLATE FROSTING

2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1⅓ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
1 tablespoon water

Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, stir over boiling water 5 minutes until it thickens. Add water. Cool. Spread on cold cake (bought or home-made). Makes enough frosting to cover tops and sides of 2 (9-inch) layers, or top and sides of loaf cake generously, or about 24 cup cakes.

Borden's
EAGLE BRAND
SWEETENED CONDENSED MILK

*Please note: The label required for this offer is the inner Eagle Brand label, not the loose, outer wrapper.

ACT AT ONCE!

The Borden Company, Dept. MM-46
2901 E. Hennepin Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

Enclosed are two (2) Eagle Brand labels and 25c, in coin, for which please send me the chromium-plated tray of verified $1.25 value with money-back guarantee as specified in your advertisement. Also please send your free Magic cook book.

If you live in Canada, send two Eagle Brand labels and 50c to The Borden Co., Ltd., Yardley House, Toronto, Ont.

Name____________________

Street____________________

City______________State________

Order must be postmarked before midnight, April 30, 1936

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE

Luckies are less acid! Recent chemical tests show* that other popular brands have an excess of acidity over Lucky Strike of from 53% to 100%

Luckies a light smoke

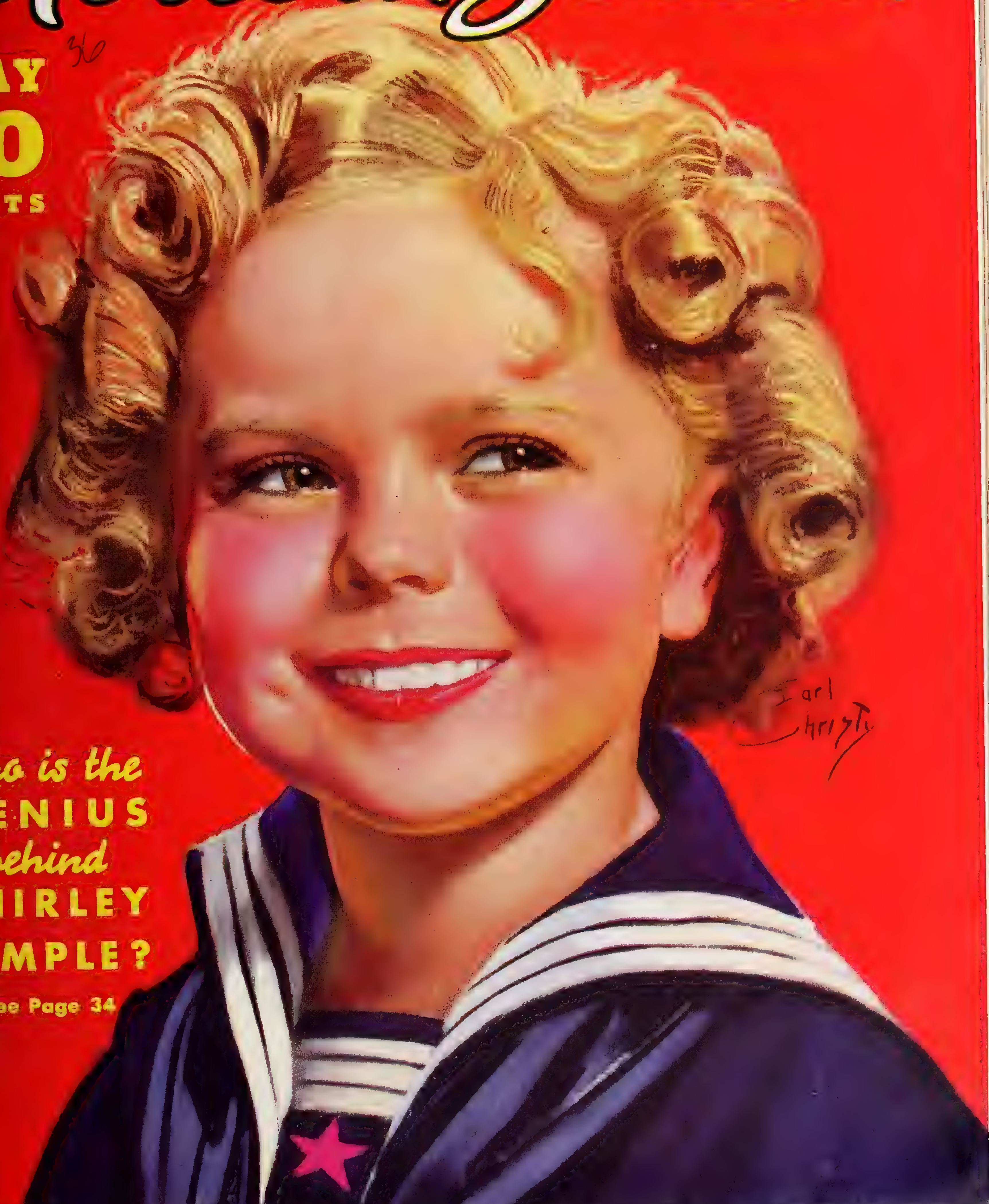
OF RICH, FULL-BODIED TOBACCO — "IT'S TOASTED"

*RESULTS VERIFIED BY INDEPENDENT CHEMICAL LABORATORIES AND RESEARCH GROUPS

Modern Screen

36

AY
0
NTS


Earl Christy

ho is the
ENIUS
behind
HIRLEY
EMPLE?

See Page 34

SPARKLING EYES . . .

Phil Regan and Evalyn Knapp in "Laughing Irish Eyes," a Republic Picture

. . . *It's New* !

WINX CREAMY MASCARA COMPLETE WITH BRUSH REQUIRES NO WATER

Try this new Winx Creamy Mascara today. Always ready for use—requires no water—simply spread a small amount on a dry brush and apply to lashes . . . You'll like it.

NEW
WINX
CREAMY MASCARA
requires no water
WINX
CREAMY MASCARA
BLACK
ready to use
tearproof • harmless
instantly beautifies lashes

. . *an invitation to* ROMANCE

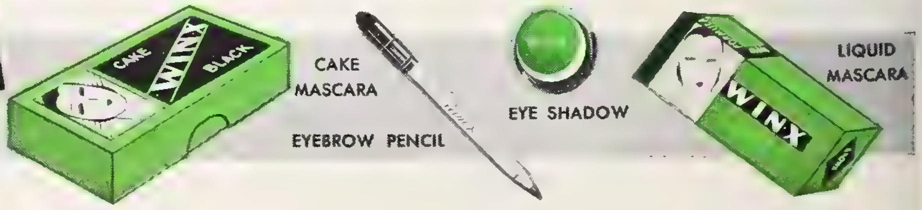
SPARKLING, LAUGHING EYES . . . eyes that say more than words can ever express . . . are the eyes that fascinate men, that invite romance.

Now, every girl can have eyes that sparkle . . . eyes that radiate life and beauty. Just a touch of the new Winx Creamy Mascara to the lashes and instantly they appear darker, longer, and more lustrous. It works wonders—brings out the natural beauty and charm of your eyes—enlivens your whole appearance.

Try this new Winx Creamy Mascara today. It comes in a dainty, convenient tube, complete with brush for applying. Always ready for use anytime, anywhere—no water—no bother—no fuss. You'll like, too, the way its emollient oils keep your lashes luxuriantly soft and natural-looking at all times. In four colors—black, brown, blue, and green—and of course each is harmless, non-smarting, smudge-proof and water-proof.

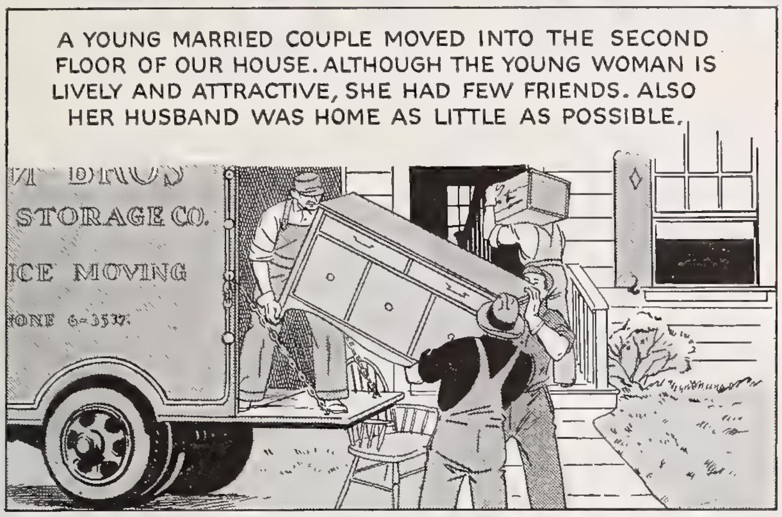
Your local drug and department stores carry Winx in the economical large size. You can also obtain the new Winx Creamy Mascara, as well as the complete line of Winx Eye Beautifiers, in *Introductory Sizes* at all 10¢ stores.

WINX
Eye Beautifiers

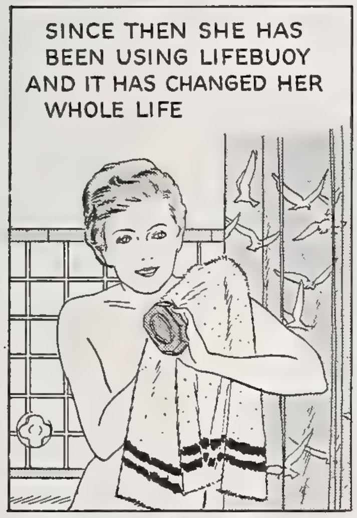


CAKE
WINX
BLACK
CAKE MASCARA
EYEBROW PENCIL
EYE SHADOW
WINX
LIQUID MASCARA

I BROUGHT HER HUSBAND BACK (A TRUE "B.O." EXPERIENCE)


A YOUNG MARRIED COUPLE MOVED INTO THE SECOND FLOOR OF OUR HOUSE. ALTHOUGH THE YOUNG WOMAN IS LIVELY AND ATTRACTIVE, SHE HAD FEW FRIENDS. ALSO HER HUSBAND WAS HOME AS LITTLE AS POSSIBLE.
STORAGE CO.
ICE MOVING
ONE 6-3537

ONE DAY SHE ASKED MY ADVICE. I TOLD HER I'D NOTICED HER FAULT, "B.O.", LONG BEFORE, BUT FELT I WAS TOO MUCH A STRANGER TO MENTION IT


SINCE THEN SHE HAS BEEN USING LIFEBUOY AND IT HAS CHANGED HER WHOLE LIFE

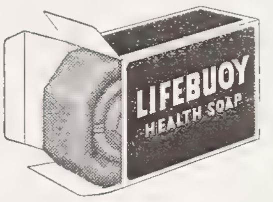
NOW HER HUSBAND TAKES HER OUT EVERY TIME HE GOES AND THEY HAVE HEAPS MORE COMPANY. SHE OFTEN THANKS ME FOR BRINGING HER HUSBAND BACK
REST

Warnings by the thousands

FROM all parts of the country, from all sorts of people, letters *pour* in. Like the one illustrated, every one is a *true* experience—a *warning* to *beware of "B. O." (body odor)!* Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy! Its abundant lather purifies, stops "B.O."

For lovelier skin... Lifebuoy cleanses *deeply, gently*. "Patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women show it is more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau


LIFEBUOY
HEALTH SOAP

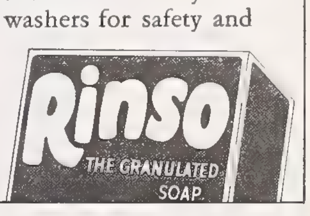
WANT GREASELESS DISHWASHING?

YOU CAN WIPE THAT PLATE FOR AN HOUR—AND THE GREASE WILL STILL CLING TO IT
I KNOW... I CAN NEVER SEEM TO GET RID OF THE GREASY FILM ON DISHES AFTER I WASH THEM

AND JUST FEEL HOW GREASY THE DISHWATER IS. UGH! HOW I HATE DISHWASHING! AND HOW IT RUINS MY HANDS

USE RINSO. ITS RICH SUDS ABSORB THE GREASE... MAKE IT VANISH. DISHES COME CLEAN WITHOUT A TRACE OF GREASE. AND RINSO IS MARVELOUS FOR THE WEEK'S WASH, TOO. IT'S ALL I USE BECAUSE—

Rinso alone, without the aid of bar soaps, chips or powders, gives a tubful of rich suds that *soak* clothes whiter without scrubbing or boiling. Even grimy edges come clean with a little gentle rubbing between the fingers. And the dirt doesn't "settle back" because Rinso suds have "lifting power." The dirt is held in suspension. Of course this safe "soak-and-rinse" method is not only easy on me —it's easy on the clothes; that means Rinso saves me lots of money. Rinso is all I ever use for the dishes, woodwork, basins and floors. It saves time and work all through the house. Rinso is recommended by the makers of 33 famous washers for safety and for whiter, brighter clothes. It is tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.


Rinso
THE GRANULATED SOAP

THE BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP IN AMERICA

MAR 31 1936

©CIB 296140

She dines in LUXURY... yet she TINTS her own nails!

LIKE jewels at her finger tips her scintillating nails flash their message of exquisite grooming. With F-O on her dressing table she is equipped to change the tone of her nail polish at a second's desire, to complement her costume, or her whim. F-O makes possible those gorgeous new tones, soft or vivid, you have longed to wear. Six shades, and you will want every one of them, for the spicy variety and interest they lend your hands. And you may have either creme or transparent.

Do as wealthy women do — use F-O Polish Remover, Cuticle Remover and Polish — know the luxuriousness of a superb and effortless manicure. The professional look, yet applied by you alone.

●F-O manicure preparations in liberal ten cent packages at all 10c stores.

FORT ORANGE CHEMICAL CO., ALBANY, N. Y.

MODERN SCREEN

NOW SHOWING

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ADELIA BIRD, Associate Editor
ABRIL LAMARQUE, Art Editor
LEO TOWNSEND, Hollywood Editor

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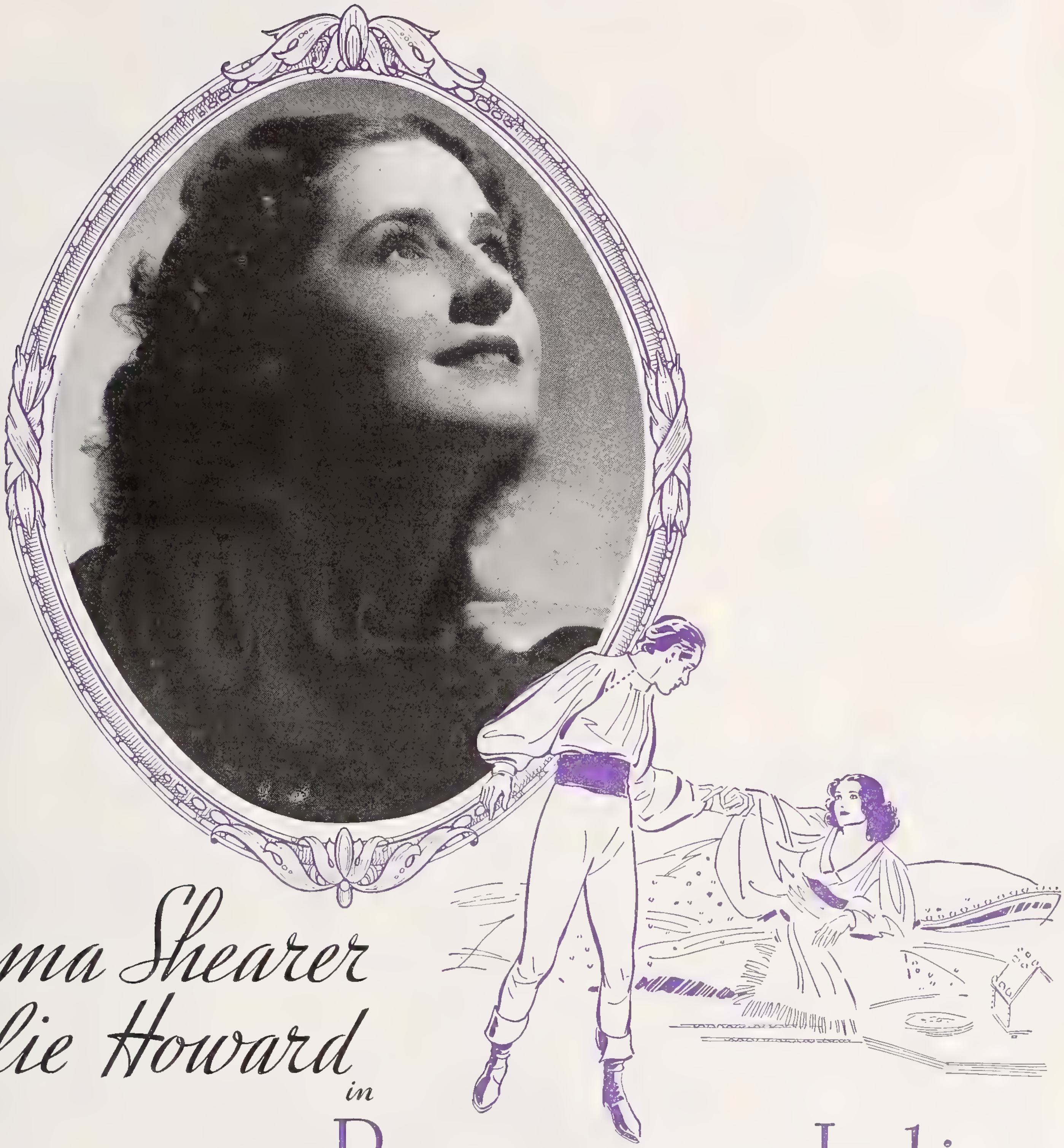
THE MOTION PICTURE THAT IS
EAGERLY AWAITED THE WORLD OVER



Norma Shearer
Leslie Howard
in

Romeo *and* Juliet

with

JOHN BARRYMORE

EDNA MAY OLIVER · VIOLET KEMBLE-COOPER
BASIL RATHBONE · CONWAY TEARLE
REGINALD DENNY · RALPH FORBES
C. AUBREY SMITH · HENRY KOLKER · ANDY DEVINE

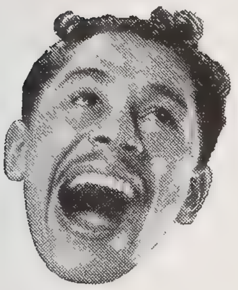
To the famed producer Irving Thalberg go the honors for bringing to the screen, with tenderness and reverence, William Shakespeare's imperishable love story. The director is George Cukor. A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE.

MODERN SCREEN MOVIE SCOREBOARD

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Accent on Youth (Paramount)	3★
Ah, Wilderness (M-G-M)	4★
Alias Bulldog Drummond (GB)	2★
Alias Mary Dow (Universal)	2★
Alibi Ike (Warners)	3★
Alice Adams (RKO)	4★
Anna Karenina (M-G-M)	4★
Annapolis Farewell (Paramount)	2½★
Annie Oakley (RKO)	4★
Anything Goes (Paramount)	3★
The Arizonian (RKO)	3★
Bad Boy (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Barbary Coast (United Artists)	3★
Becky Sharp (RKO)	3★
The Bishop Misbehaves (M-G-M)	3★
Black Fury (First National)	4★
Black Sheep (Fox)	2★
The Bohemian Girl (M-G-M)	2½★
Break of Hearts (RKO)	3★
Brewster's Millions (United Artists)	2★
The Bride Comes Home (Paramount)	3★
Bright Lights (First National)	3★
Broadway Hostess (First National)	1★
Broadway Melody of 1936 (M-G-M)	4★
Call of the Wild (20th Century)	3★
The Calling of Dan Matthews (Columbia)	1★
Captain Blood (Warners)	4★
Cardinal Richelieu (United Artists)	4★
Case of the Curious Bride (First National)	3★
The Case of the Lucky Legs (First National)	2★
Ceiling Zero (Warners)	4★
Charlie Chan in Egypt (Fox)	3★
Charlie Chan in Shanghai (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Charlie Chan's Secret (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Chatterbox (RKO)	2★
China Seas (M-G-M)	4★
Clive of India (20th Century)	4★
Collegiate (Paramount)	2½★
Coronado (Paramount)	1★
Crime and Punishment (Columbia)	3★
The Crime of Dr. Crespi (John H. Auer)	2★
The Crusades (Paramount)	4★
Curly Top (Fox)	3★
Dangerous (Warners)	3½★
Dangerous Waters (Universal)	2★
Dante's Inferno (Fox)	2★
The Dark Angel (Sam Goldwyn)	4★
The Daring Young Man (Fox)	2★
David Copperfield (M-G-M)	5★
Diamond Jim (Universal)	3★
Don't Bet on Blondes (Warners)	2★
Don't Gamble with Love (Columbia)	1½★
Don't Get Personal (Universal)	1★
Doubting Thomas (Fox)	3★
Dr. Socrates (Warners)	2★
East of Java (Universal)	2★
Escapade (M-G-M)	3★
Escape Me Never (United Artists)	3★
Every Night at Eight (Paramount)	2★
Exclusive Story (M-G-M)	2½★
Fang and Claw (RKO)	2★
The Farmer Takes a Wife (Fox)	3★
A Feather in Her Hat (Columbia)	2★
First a Girl (GB)	2½★
The Flame Within (M-G-M)	2★
Follow the Fleet (RKO)	4★
Freshman Love (Warners)	2★
Frisco Kid (Warners)	3★
Front Page Woman (Warners)	3★
The Garden Murder Case (M-G-M)	2½★
The Gay Deception (20th Century-Fox)	3★
The Ghost Goes West (United Artists)	4★
Ginger (Fox)	3★
The Girl Friend (Columbia)	1★
The Girl from 10th Ave. (First National)	2★
The Glass Key (Paramount)	3★
Goin' to Town (Paramount)	3★
Goose and the Gander (First National)	2★
Grand Exit (Columbia)	1★
The Great Impersonation (Universal)	2★
Hands Across the Table (Paramount)	3★
Harmony Lane (Mascot)	2★
Here Comes Cookie (Paramount)	3★
Here Comes the Band (M-G-M)	1★
Here's to Romance (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Hold 'Em Yale (Paramount)	3★
Hooray for Love (RKO)	2★
I Dream Too Much (RKO)	3★
I Found Stella Parish (Warners)	2★
If You Could Only Cook (Columbia)	4★
I Live for Love (Warners)	2★
I Live My Life (M-G-M)	2★
The Informer (RKO)	4★
In Old Kentucky (20th Century-Fox)	3★
In Person (RKO)	2★
The Invisible Ray (Universal)	1½★
The Irish in Us (First National)	3★
It Had to Happen (20th Century-Fox)	2★
It Happened in New York (Universal)	3★
It's in the Air (M-G-M)	2★
Jalna (RKO)	3★
Java Head (First Division)	2★
King of Burlesque (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
King of the Damned (GB)	1½★
King Solomon of Broadway (Universal)	1★
Laddie (RKO)	3★
The Lady Consents (RKO)	2★
Lady of Secrets (Columbia)	1★
Lady Tubbs (Universal)	2★
The Last Days of Pompeii (RKO)	4★
Last of the Pagans (M-G-M)	2★
The Last Outpost (Paramount)	2★
The Leavenworth Case (Republic)	2★
Let 'Em Have It (United Artists)	3★
Let's Live Tonight (Columbia)	2★
Life Begins at Forty (Fox)	4★
Little Big Shot (Warners)	2★
The Little Colonel (Fox)	3★
The Littlest Rebel (20th Century-Fox)	3★
The Lone Wolf Returns (Columbia)	2★
Love Me Forever (Columbia)	4★
Loves of a Dictator (GB)	3★
Mad Love (M-G-M)	2★
Manhattan Moon (Universal)	1★
Man Hunt (Warners)	2★
Man of Iron (Warners)	1★
The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Mary Burns, Fugitive (Paramount)	3★
Magnificent Obsession (Universal)	2½★
The Melody Lingers On (United Artists)	2★
Men of Tomorrow (London Films)	1★
Men Without Names (Paramount)	3★
Metropolitan (20th Century-Fox)	4★
A Midsummer Night's Dream (Warners)	5★
Millions in the Air (Paramount)	1★
Mississippi (Paramount)	3★
Miss Pacific Fleet (Warners)	1½★
Mr. Cohen Takes a Walk (Warners)	2½★
Mister Hobo (GB)	2★
Modern Times (United Artists)	4★
The Morals of Marcus (GB)	1★
Murder in the Fleet (M-G-M)	2★
Murder Man (M-G-M)	2★
The Murder of Dr. Harrigan (First National)	2★
The Music Goes 'Round (Columbia)	2★
Music is Magic (20th Century-Fox)	1½★
Muss 'Em Up (RKO)	2★
Mutiny on the Bounty (M-G-M)	4★
Naughty Marietta (M-G-M)	4★
Navy Wife (20th Century-Fox)	2★
New Adventures of Tarzan (Republic)	1★
Next Time We Love (Universal)	3★
A Night at the Opera (M-G-M)	4★
A Night at the Ritz (Warners)	2★
No More Ladies (M-G-M)	3★
Oil for the Lamps of China (First National)	4★
Old Curiosity Shop (BIP)	2½★
$1000 a Minute (Republic)	2★
One Way Ticket (Columbia)	2½★
Orchids to You (Fox)	2★
Our Little Girl (Fox)	2★
Paddy O'Day (20th Century-Fox)	1½★
Page Miss Glory (Warners)	3★
Paris in Spring (Paramount)	3★
The People's Enemy (RKO)	2★
People Will Talk (Paramount)	2★
The Perfect Gentleman (M-G-M)	2★
Personal Maid's Secret (Warners)	2★
Peter Ibbetson (Paramount)	3★
The Petrified Forest (Warners)	4★
Prisoner of Shark Island (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Professional Soldier (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Public Hero No. 1 (M-G-M)	3★
The Public Menace (Columbia)	1★
The Rainmakers (RKO)	1★
The Raven (Universal)	2★
Red Salute (Reliance-United Artists)	2★
Remember Last Night? (Universal)	2★
Rendezvous (M-G-M)	3★
The Return of Peter Grimm (RKO)	3★
Rhodes, the Diamond Master (GB)	3★
Riffraff (M-G-M)	2½★
Road Gang (Warners)	2½★
Roberta (RKO)	5★
Rose Marie (M-G-M)	4★
Rose of the Rancho (Paramount)	2★
Scrooge (Hagen-Twickenham)	2½★
Seven Keys to Baldpate (RKO)	2★
Shanghai (Paramount)	2★
She (RKO)	2★
She Couldn't Take It (Columbia)	2½★
She Married Her Boss (Columbia)	4★
Shipmates Forever (First National)	3★
A Shot in the Dark (Chesterfield)	2★
Show Them No Mercy (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Silk Hat Kid (Fox)	1★
Smart Girl (Paramount)	2★
Soak the Rich (Paramount)	2½★
So Red the Rose (Paramount)	3★
Special Agent (Warners)	2★
Splendor (Samuel Goldwyn)	2★
Star of Midnight (M-G-M)	3★
Stars Over Broadway (Warners)	3★
Steamboat Round the Bend (Fox)	3★
The Story of Louis Pasteur (Warners)	4★
Strike Me Pink (Samuel Goldwyn)	3★
Sylvia Scarlett (RKO)	2½★
A Tale of Two Cities (M-G-M)	5★
Thanks a Million (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
The 39 Steps (GB)	4★
This is the Life (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Three Kids and a Queen (Universal)	2★
Three Live Ghosts (M-G-M)	2★
The Three Musketeers (RKO)	3★
Thunder in the Night (Fox)	2★
To Beat the Band (RKO)	2★
Too Tough to Kill (Columbia)	1★
Top Hat (RKO)	4★
The Trail of the Lonesome Pine (Paramount)	2½★
Transatlantic Tunnel (GB)	3★
The Triumph of Sherlock Holmes (GB)	2★
Two in the Dark (RKO)	2½★
Two for Tonight (Paramount)	1★
The Voice of Bugle Ann (M-G-M)	2½★
The Walking Dead (Warners)	2★
Way Down East (20th Century-Fox)	2★
We're in the Money (Warners)	2★
We're Only Human (RKO)	2★
The Werewolf of London (Universal)	2★
Whipsaw (M-G-M)	2½★
The Widow from Monte Carlo (Warners)	2★
Wife vs. Secretary (M-G-M)	3★
Wings in the Dark (Paramount)	3★
Your Uncle Dudley (20th Century-Fox)	2★

You'll find this chart simple to follow and a valuable guide in choosing film entertainment. Instead of giving you the individual ratings of Modern Screen and authoritative newspaper movie critics all over the country, we have struck an average of their ratings. You'll find this average under General Rating, beside each picture. 5★, extraordinary; 4★, very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor.

"They love to sing-a"

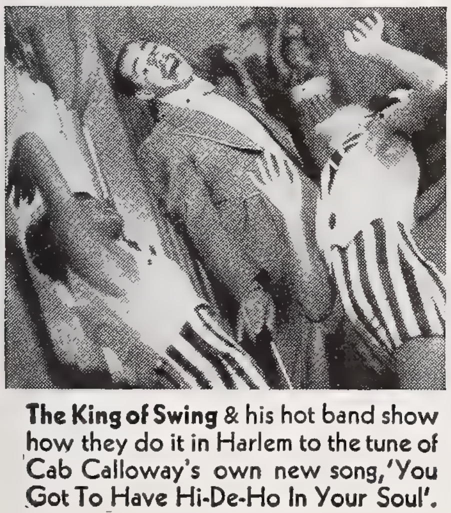


So Al Jolson, Sybil Jason, The Yacht Club Boys, Cab Calloway & His Band, Edward Everett Horton, Wini Shaw, Lyle Talbot, Allen Jenkins and Claire Dodd Have Joined Forces and Voices in a Celebrity-Packed Warner Bros. Song Show That Recalls the Glories of Al's Immortal "Singing Fool."

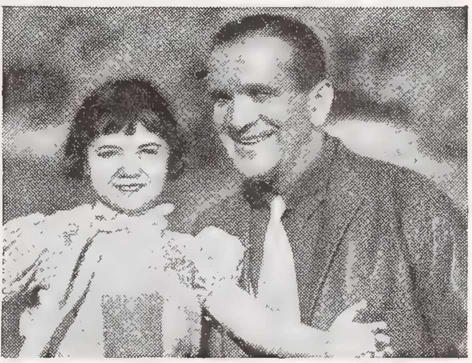
"THE SINGING KID"

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

Al knocks 'em dead with 'I Love To Sing-a', 'Save Me Sister' and other torrid tunes by E. Y. Harburg and Harold ('Stormy Weather') Arlen.



The King of Swing & his hot band show how they do it in Harlem to the tune of Cab Calloway's own new song, 'You Got To Have Hi-De-Ho In Your Soul'.



'Sonny Boy' in skirts! The world's greatest and the world's youngest entertainers form one of the most delightful picture partnerships in years.

Those Yacht Club Boys, boast of Broadway's and Hollywood's niftiest night spots, are musically madder than ever in 'My! How This Country Has Changed'.

•

Girls! Girls! 100's of 'em! bring Harlem to Hollywood in lavish dance numbers staged by Bobby Connolly, forming a gorgeous backdrop for the dramatic story which was directed by William Keighley for First National Pictures.

The Trocadero rocked with merriment one evening recently about two in the morning, for a bicycle party was in progress. All the guests arrived in their best bibs but were asked to enter a bicycle race—the big catch was that the gals couldn't cycle in their evening raiment and so things sorta quieted down.

Some of the star guests that are shown above, left to right: Doug Fairbanks, Jr., gives the old home town the once-over and sits out a dance with Virginia Bruce. Cary Grant and Randolph Scott escort the veddy social Dorothy Fell to the shindig. And Roger Pryor with Ann Sothern deserts the two-wheelers for the more rhythmic and less hectic dancing. These two are still romantically inclined.

Left, Scott catches three interested previewers of "These Three." Ginger Rogers, Joel McCrea and wife, Frances Dee. Frances is certainly masked with those dark cheaters on!

SCOTT SHOTS

Our camera-clicker has a busy night about Hollywood town!

A DRAWING-ROOM DRAMA

Scene: Twentieth Century Limited, Chicago to New York

Drawing Room "A"
Drawing Room "B"

ANTHONY AMBERTON
"So the great Cherry Chester, sweetheart of the screen, is on this train. Ugh! Those marshmallow-faced movie stars make me sick."

CHERRY CHESTER
"H-m-m! Anthony Amberton, the great novelist, the one and only, on this train! Bet they've put the big monkey in the baggage car."

ANTHONY AMBERTON
"Miss Chester says marriage should be like a ski jump. Sudden, reckless. Blah . . .!"

CHERRY CHESTER
"Mr. Amberton has conquered the highest peaks known to travelers. Bilge! Absolute bilge!"

ANTHONY AMBERTON
"I would like to see her just once . . . perhaps . . . no, I must be moonstruck."

CHERRY CHESTER
"I wonder what he really does look like . . . maybe . . . but, no, it's probably that silly old moon."

HENRY FONDA
as Anthony Amberton . . . explorer-author, the darling of the women's clubs.

MARGARET SULLAVAN
as Cherry Chester . . . sensational young movie star, darling of Hollywood.

What the "silly old moon" does to two celebrities who yearn for romance in the moonlight instead of sensation in the spotlight, is entertainingly told in **Paramount's "THE MOON'S OUR HOME"** starring **MARGARET SULLAVAN**, with Henry Fonda, Charles Butterworth, Walter Brennan, Beulah Bondi, Henrietta Crosman . . . Adapted from Faith Baldwin's Cosmopolitan Magazine Serial . . . A Walter Wanger Production . . . Directed by William A. Seiter

BETWEEN YOU 'N' ME—

Want to earn some pin money? Good! Here's your chance

HALP!
RIVERON

Opera has no place in pictures, says one reader.

$5 PRIZE LETTER
Leave Opera to the Intelligentsia

Recently someone suggested in your columns that Nelson Eddy play opposite Swarthout in "Carmen." Perish the thought! Can we who have seen "Naughty Marietta" and "Rose Marie" conceive of anyone but Jeanette MacDonald as Nelson's singing partner? Of course not!

Being an average college student, who is neither a musical moron nor a musical fanatic, I can only say that opera, even "Carmen," bores me to tears and hurts my ears, except the familiar arias. Of course, we all love selections like the "Toreador Song" because of its melody; because, speaking plainly, it has a tune. But the rest, leave it right where it is, in the opera houses where those few who really enjoy it may hear it. We uncultured people happen to love that "trashy" "Indian Love Call" and we'd rather listen to "Rose Marie" than all of Bizet's operas. Let the poor intelligentsia have Wagner and his fellow composers, but let us remain in our happy, blissful ignorance and satisfy our moronic appetities with Victor Herbert and Rudolph Friml.—Shirley Schottland, New York, N. Y.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
Is Screen Drinking Essential?

I find it extremely difficult to criticize a person as delightfully charming and universally loved as William Powell, but I often wonder just how anyone could drink as much liquor as Bill Powell drinks in some of his pictures and still retain his balance, physically and mentally, to the extent of unravelling the most complicated murder cases. Don't you think it a bit far-fetched, to say the least, just a little bit insulting to adult intelligence? Too, the influence is not so good on his young "would-be-sleuth" admirers and, I dare say, he is the idol of as many boys' hearts as of girls'. Don't you think his influence could be just a little more elevating, morally?

Believe me, I am a one hundred per cent Powell fan and consider him second to none when it comes to individual charm and manner of getting that very individual personality of his over to his audience.—Alba M. Wahl, Johnson City, Tenn.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
But Is This America?

When Will Hays, the high mogul of the motion picture industry, made the statement that he was "going to sell America to the world" through the medium of the screen, he evidently did not realize the full import of his words.

IT'S A LIE!
RIVERON

Bill Powell's screen drinking is incredible to one fan.

Recently, comments such as these have come to me from the far-flung corners of the earth:

Johannesburg, South Africa: "Our bioscopes (cinemas to you) are always crowded when American pictures are shown, but tell me, is there as much drinking in your country as "Reckless" and other society pictures reveal? I always feel groggy after watching American stars go through their cocktail paces." London, England: "Is it true that most Americans have little respect for law and order, and are the gangster pictures authentic?" Delhi, India: "Is America really a 'land of milk and honey' and are such pictures as 'Forsaking All Others' and 'No More Ladies' typical of American wealth and luxury?" Palestine, Syria: "Why is it that American stenographers dress like heiresses? Are they paid exorbitant salaries, or do they share in common a checking account with the 'big boss'?" Hong Kong, China: "I like your American movie magazines, but it makes me very sad when I read of the instability of the Hollywood homes—too many divorces and trial marriages. I hope it is only publicity."

What a pity, Mr. Hays, that more films showing the lives of the great rank and file of the people are not made!—Corinne Childress, Charlotte, N. C.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
When a Star Is Not a Star

Isn't it about time that studio press agents stopped calling every new player "star?" In company with a few million other people, I share the belief that the movie audiences select their favorites and glorify them themselves.

Although I believe that new players should be presented to their public by carefully planned publicity, I don't like to see them billed as stars before they have appeared in a picture.

The unfortunate case of Anna Sten, a million-dollar manufactured "star," should have taught the studios a lesson but apparently it hasn't. The public expressed resentment toward the undeniably talented Miss Sten by almost complete indifference.—E. F. King, Glendale, New York.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
Hepburn—Misunderstood

Katharine Hepburn is probably the most misunderstood star on the screen. Shallow criticism that breathes of jealousy and lack of appreciation of true artistry are frequently thrust at her and yet, in a coura-

(*Continued on page 106*)

MY GAWD—
EVERYWHERE—
STARS!
RIVERON

Why call every new player "star"? asks a movie-goer.

We welcome letters about anything and everything concerning motion pictures—new players, old players, censorship, current trends in pictures, double features, shorts, books you'd like to see filmed, and so forth. Ten dollars in prizes will be awarded each month for the six most interesting letters submitted—1st prize, $5; five 2nd prizes of $1 each. Be sure to send your full name and address. Modern Screen reserves the right to publish letters in whole or in part. Address: Between You and Me, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

CARL LAEMMLE presents

EDNA FERBER'S

"SHOW BOAT"

(Version of 1936)

starring

IRENE DUNNE

ALLAN JONES

with

Charles Winninger · Paul Robeson

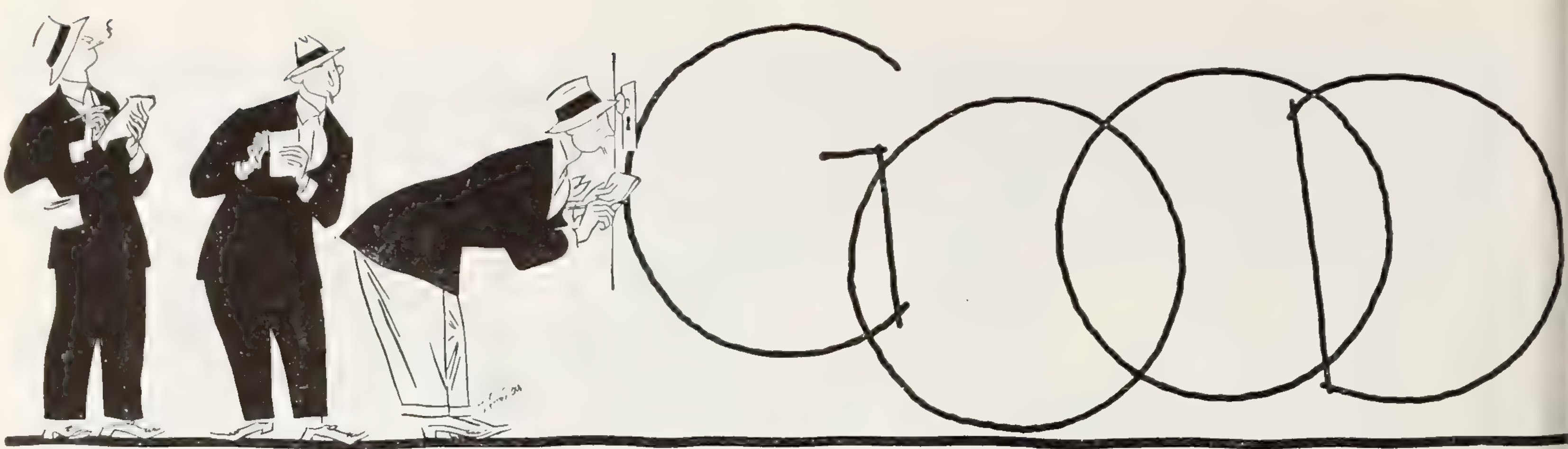
Helen Morgan · Helen Westley

BEYOND QUESTION THE GREATEST SHOW-EVENT OF THE YEAR FOR ALL AGES

THIS 1936 version of Edna Ferber's superb story of the "SHOW BOAT," compared with which every production of its type pales into insignificance, is characterized by GLAMOUR—FASCINATING ROMANCE—BEAUTIFUL, LONG-TO-BE-REMEMBERED NEW MUSIC, new lyrics plus your old favorites, by the masters of melody, Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein II, SCENIC MARVELS and ARTISTS OF RENOWN. We can't enumerate it s multitude of attractions. It will be a striking event in all theatres.

A CARL LAEMMLE, JR. production — directed by JAMES WHALE.

IT'S A UNIVERSAL, OF COURSE!



Left, Lillian Lamont (Fred MacMurray's best girl), Leslie Fenton, Fred Mac M. himself, and Ann Dvorak have fun. Doesn't Ann look swell after her recent rest cure? And below, another foursome with a large joke—Charles Boyer, Merle Oberon, Pat Paterson and David Niven.

Nothing could be sweeter than to start this month's proceedings off with a touching little item about friendship. It's the friendship of a man for a little boy. The man is Victor McLaglen, and the little boy is Freddie Bartholomew. During the shooting of "Professional Soldier" Vic became so attached to young Freddie that he wanted to send him a gift as a token of his admiration. Learning that Freddie had just been given a brand new car, Vic, true pal that he is, had the thing equipped with the very latest in automobile accessories—an automatic tear gas gun!

■ ■ ■

Flash! Here's a Hollywood divorced couple who actually are not friendly! Ruth Chatterton and George Brent, defying the Hollywood tradition, aren't speaking. It all came about because of a gal named Rita Grey. Rita was once Ralph Forbes' secretary, until Ruthie married him and became the young lady's boss, a title which she held through the Forbes and the Brent regimes and until a while ago, when George hired her. Now no one speaks to anyone.

■ ■ ■

It was a great moment for the sightseers at Glendale Airport when Doug Fairbanks, Junior, stepped off the plane for his first visit in two years. Seems that Fairbanks, père, was on hand to meet his expatriate son, and Fairbanks, père, was attired in the last word in hats, a green chapeau of Tyrolean descent. You can picture his astonishment when the younger Fairbanks appeared at the door of the plane wearing a hat just as green and just as Tyrolean. All of which took a bit of warmth out of their greetings.

■ ■ ■

Hearts and Flowers: Carole Lombard seems to have given up Bob Riskin temporarily for Cesar Romero, who divides his time between Carole, Betty Furnace, Virginia Bruce and the skating rink in Culver City. . . . Loretta Young spending lots of her spare time with director Eddie Sutherland, whose fourth wife recently returned from Reno . . . and Margaret Sullavan (separated from William Wyler) and Henry Fonda are an occasional twosome.

■ ■ ■

Autograph hounds and signature collectors can discard anything they may have on hand from the pen of Bob Montgomery, for our Robert has a brand new title. A couple of months ago a little stranger arrived at the Montgomery menage, and he was promptly tagged Robert Montgomery, Jr. So now Bob writes letters to people he doesn't even care about, just so he can sign them "Robert Montgomery, Sr."

■ ■ ■

Not so long ago it was considered the thing out here to be seen at one of Marion Davies' numerous and elaborate soirees. Nowadays, you're practically nobody until you've attended a Joan Crawford music lesson. Joan takes two lessons daily—one in the morning and one in the afternoon—and at the afternoon session tea is served and the elect gather to sip and listen. Some fun, eh?

Your gossip scribbler finds Hollywood party mad and social

NEWS BY LEO TOWNSEND

Below, Virginia Bruce steps out with two of cinematown's most eligible beaux. On the left, James Stewart and on the right, Henry Fonda. And another threesome is shie on gents! Alice Faye and Dixie Dunbar cheerfully share John McGuire's attentions at the Screen Guild Ball.

■ ■ ■

There's a certain young actor around town who's noted for his alcoholic as well as his histrionic accomplishments. A couple of months ago he announced he was about to cast off the Demon Rum and dust off once more the mantle of Booth. Ever since his pronouncement a writer has been trying to see him to interview him on his new-found sobriety. But so far the guy hasn't stopped drinking long enough to talk.

■ ■ ■

The top hats, the white ties and the tails were out in profusion at the "Modern Times" premiere. A Chaplin opening is always something of an event, and the streets for several blocks were lined with people peering into the arriving cars, hoping each would contain a Garbo, a Gable, or a Colbert. A startling note was introduced during the unreeling of one of the short subjects which preceded the feature when a shot of the late John Gilbert was flashed on the screen. A shocked audience applauded timorously, and we noticed that during this short subject both Marlene Dietrich and Virginia Bruce left their seats and stood outside in the lobby.

■ ■ ■

Not to be outdone by Chaplin, Jean Muir staged a fancy opening at her Workshop Theatre when she premiered her production, "Green Grow the Lilacs," before an audience which paid $5.50 apiece for the privilege. The gathering of notables included even the astute Mr. Percy Hammond, dean of New York's drama critics. Mr. H. flew all the way from New York to see Jean's production, although it is rumored about that he got in on a pass.

■ ■ ■

Local Girl Makes Good: Talking to Isabel Jewell recently, we complimented her on the critis' raves she received for her dramatic bit as the little seamstress in "A Tale of Two Cities." We learned that while Isabel appreciated the acclaim from the reviewers, what pleased her most was a number of letters from old acquaintances in Faribault, Minnesota, where she attended St. Mary's Hall ten years ago. "And just to show you what fame will do," said Isabel, "when a picture I'm in plays the local theatre, St. Mary's has a half holiday."

■ ■ ■

Perhaps the strangest affair of the current social season was Donald Ogden Stewart's Nervous Breakdown Party for his wife, who is suffering from same. Mrs. S., under doctor's orders, must retire early each evening, so the party began at noon, with the male guests arriving in top hats and tails, and the ladies bedecked in evening splendor. Along about one o'clock the affair was at its height, with a band blaring away and the guests dancing the afternoon away. Along about two o'clock Carole Lombard made her entrance, made up as a nervous breakdown. And

minded as out of town celebrities are feted night and day!

Everybody turned out for the Screen Guild Ball at the Biltmore. Here are some of the faces that delighted the autograph hounds, lurking in the potted palms! Above, left to right: June Collyer, Norman Foster and wife, Sally Blane. Next, Gene Markey gallantly shares a cocktail with Mrs. Markey, alias Joan Bennett. And Doug Fairbanks, Jr., poses with Marlene Dietrich—at her request!

Two other arrivals who baffle the news snoops —Dick Powell and Joan Blondell.

rumor is rife that most of the party hung around until the crack of dusk.

■ ■ ■

And Barbara Stanwyck recently stepped out on her first unchaperoned date since the split-up with Frank Fay. We saw her at the Trocadero with that handsome young man about town, Bob Taylor.

■ ■ ■

The mystery of the month concerns Jeanette MacDonald's new bracelet. It's a golden gadget from which dangle a number of little golden tags, on each of which is inscribed the name of a night club or a theatre, and a date. Jeanette says it was given to her by an admirer to commemorate evenings he had spent with her. But she won't divulge the gent's name, so you can take your choice.

■ ■ ■

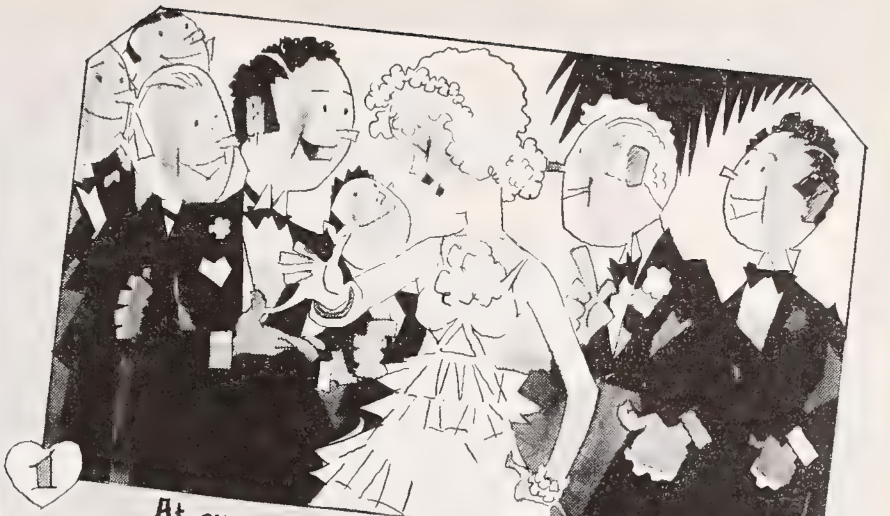
Ida Lupino has a brand new idea in party throwing. If you can't come to one of Ida's parties, Ida brings the party right to your doorstep. Seems she has just purchased a streamlined silver auto trailer equipped with a cocktail bar, which enables her to pick up her guests at their homes, and carry on in all directions. Another advantage for the hostess is that a guest can't very well walk out on her party. He may be miles from home.

■ ■ ■

Dr. Joel Pressman is still winning his battle with the Hollywood cameramen. Recently he and Claudette Colbert attended the preview of "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." As they were about to enter the theatre the camera boys stepped forward, and at the same moment a crowd of fans surged around Claudette. The doctor and the photographers retreated, they to protect their cameras and he to keep his haberdashery intact. A few moments later Claudette emerged, slightly battered and more than slightly pulled apart. That gal should have married a couple of football players, don't you agree? (*Continued on page 78*)

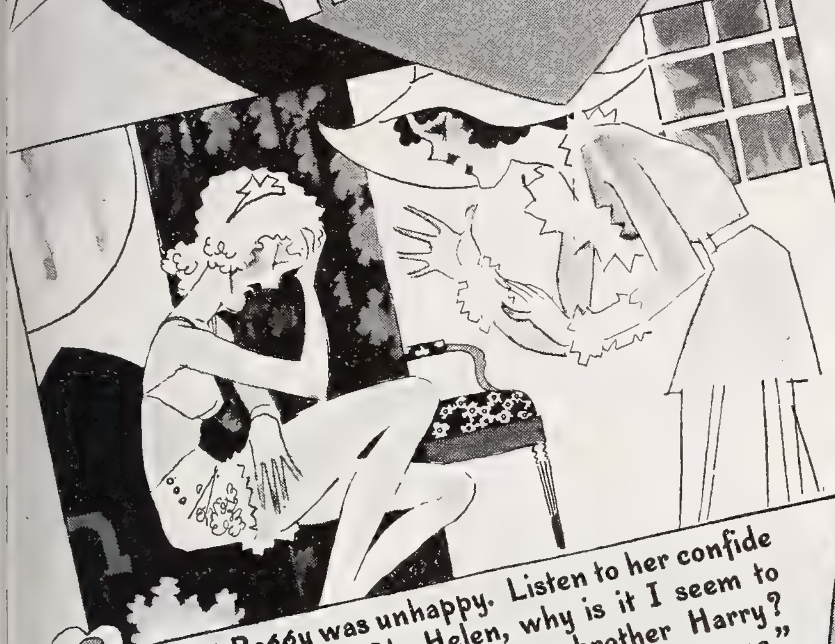
How Pretty Peggy won Harry's Heart

By John Held Jr.



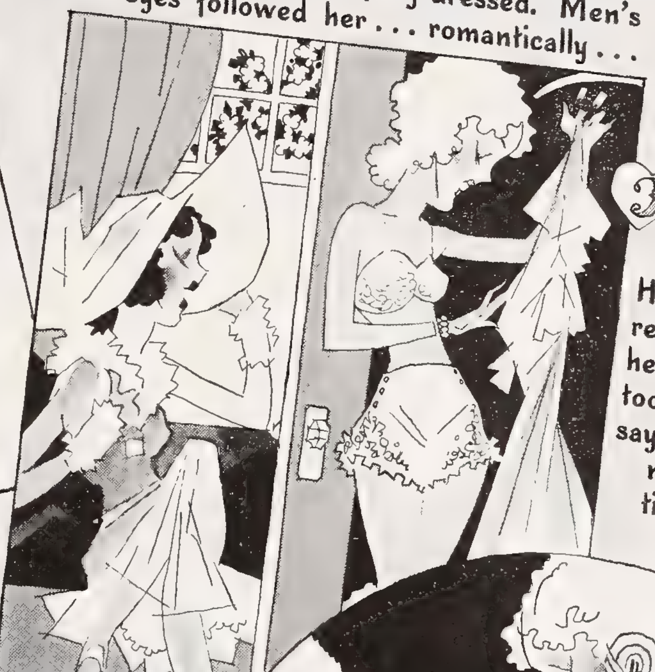
1

At every party Peggy was the center of attention. She was always so smartly—so colorfully dressed. Men's eyes followed her . . . romantically . . .



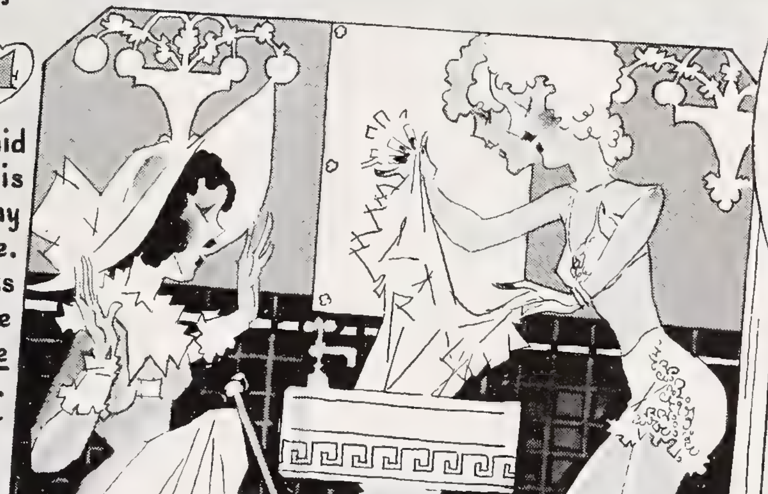
2

But Peggy was unhappy. Listen to her confide to a friend. "Oh, Helen, why is it I seem to attract every boy but your brother Harry? He just doesn't pay any attention to me."



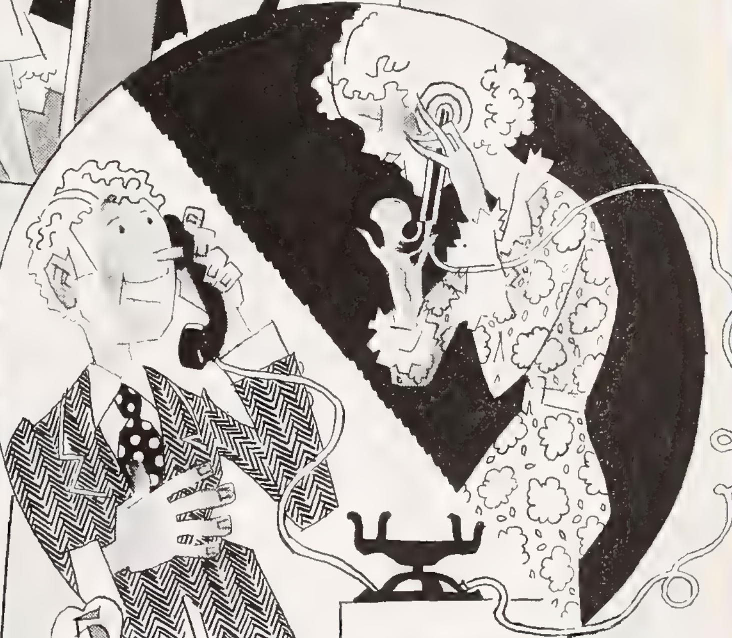
3

"Harry is a very serious young man," answered Helen. "I know he really likes you, but he thinks you are too extravagant. He says you have on a new dress every time he sees you."



4

"Well, Helen," said Peggy, "Tintex is the secret of my 'large' wardrobe. What Harry thinks are new dresses are old dresses made new with Tintex. See . . . you just tint as you rinse and get the most gorgeous new colors."



5

Next day! "Hello, Peggy! This is Harry. I have just been talking to Helen. She says you gave her a marvelous tip. She gave me one, too. How about the movies tonight? Please say 'yes'!"

Tintex Tints *and* Dyes

Tintex
Tints as you rinse
Ecru (Bisque)

A FEW CENTS for Tintex will save you *dollars* on your Spring wardrobe. And so easy to use—so perfect in results. No wonder Tintex Tints and Dyes are the largest selling in the world! 41 colors from which to choose—at all drug stores, notion and toilet goods counters.

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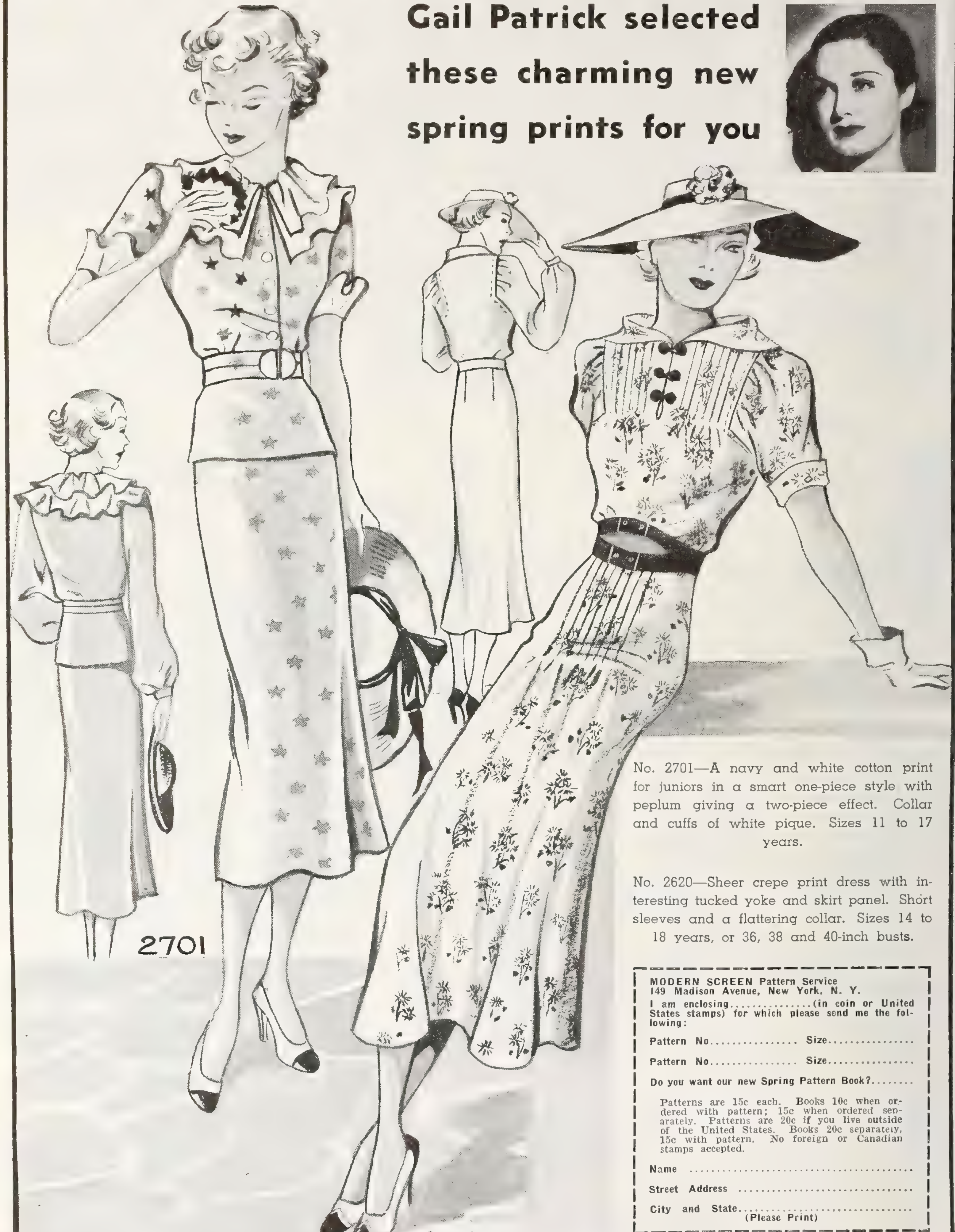
MODERN SCREEN PATTERNS

Gail Patrick selected these charming new spring prints for you



No. 2701—A navy and white cotton print for juniors in a smart one-piece style with peplum giving a two-piece effect. Collar and cuffs of white pique. Sizes 11 to 17 years.

No. 2620—Sheer crepe print dress with interesting tucked yoke and skirt panel. Short sleeves and a flattering collar. Sizes 14 to 18 years, or 36, 38 and 40-inch busts.

MODERN SCREEN Pattern Service
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I am enclosing...............(in coin or United States stamps) for which please send me the following:

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Do you want our new Spring Pattern Book?........

Patterns are 15c each. Books 10c when ordered with pattern; 15c when ordered separately. Patterns are 20c if you live outside of the United States. Books 20c separately, 15c with pattern. No foreign or Canadian stamps accepted.

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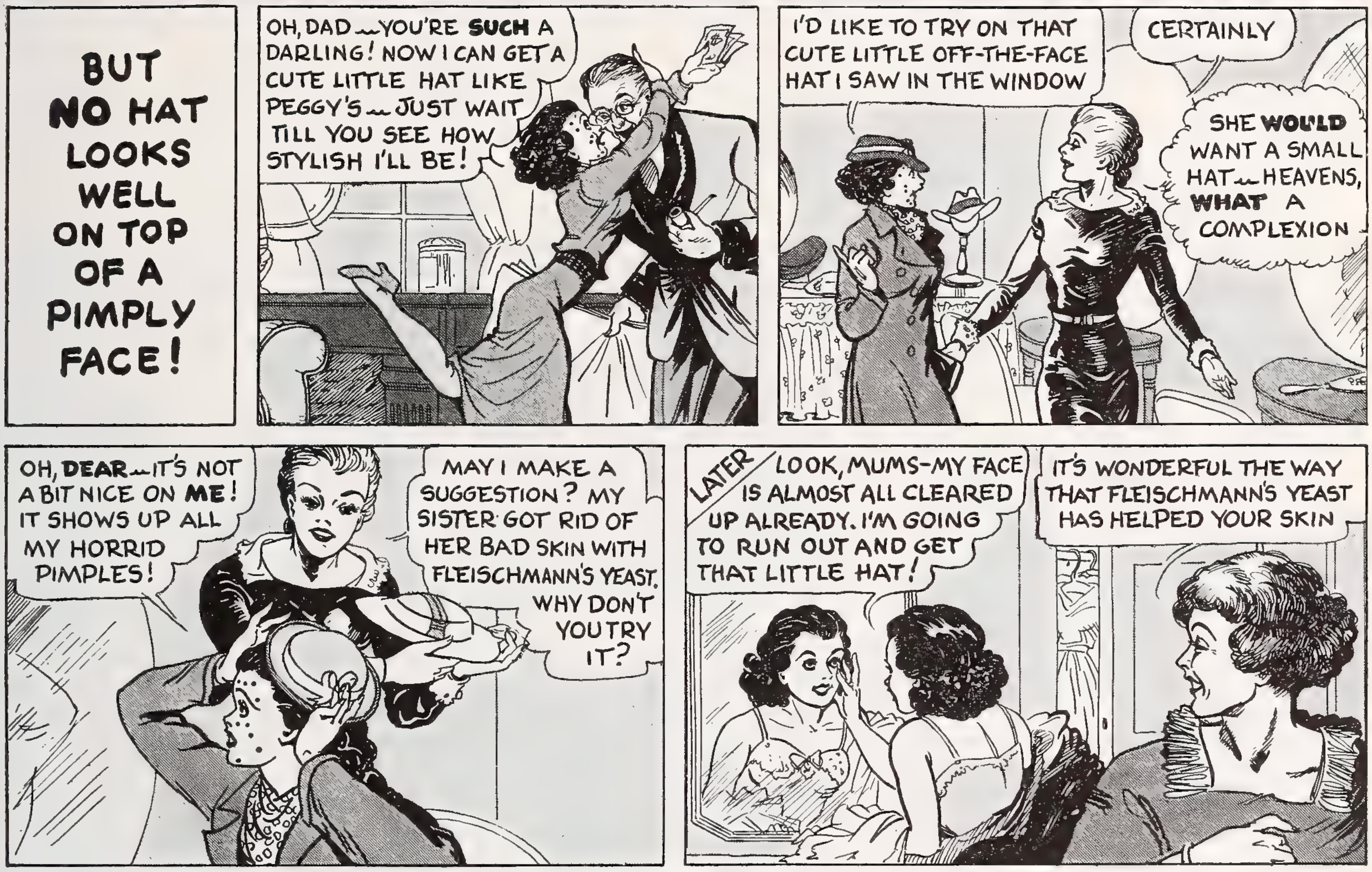
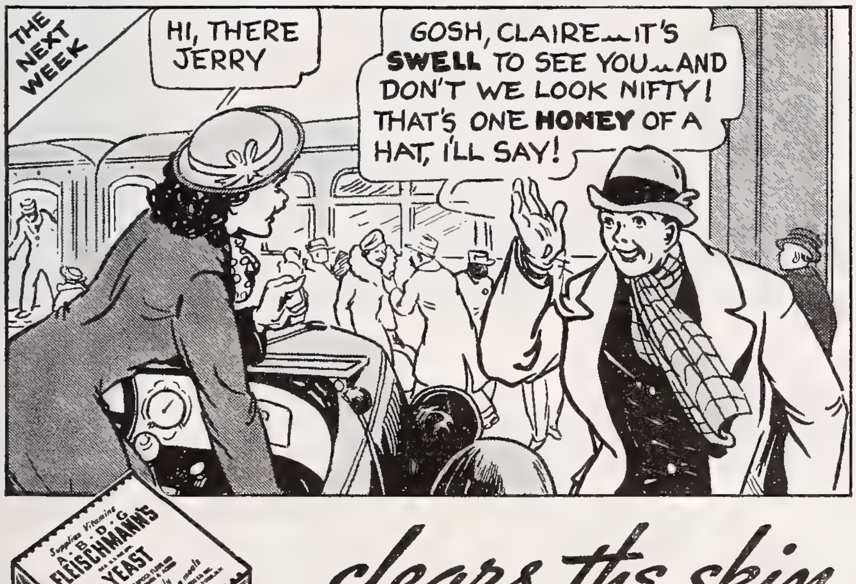
I WISH I COULD WEAR OFF-THE-FACE HATS!


BUT NO HAT LOOKS WELL ON TOP OF A PIMPLY FACE!
OH, DAD — YOU'RE SUCH A DARLING! NOW I CAN GET A CUTE LITTLE HAT LIKE PEGGY'S — JUST WAIT TILL YOU SEE HOW STYLISH I'LL BE!
I'D LIKE TO TRY ON THAT CUTE LITTLE OFF-THE-FACE HAT I SAW IN THE WINDOW
CERTAINLY
SHE WOULD WANT A SMALL HAT — HEAVENS, WHAT A COMPLEXION
OH, DEAR — IT'S NOT A BIT NICE ON ME! IT SHOWS UP ALL MY HORRID PIMPLES!
MAY I MAKE A SUGGESTION? MY SISTER GOT RID OF HER BAD SKIN WITH FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST. WHY DON'T YOU TRY IT?
LATER
LOOK, MUMS-MY FACE IS ALMOST ALL CLEARED UP ALREADY. I'M GOING TO RUN OUT AND GET THAT LITTLE HAT!
IT'S WONDERFUL THE WAY THAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST HAS HELPED YOUR SKIN


THE NEXT WEEK
HI, THERE JERRY
GOSH, CLAIRE — IT'S SWELL TO SEE YOU — AND DON'T WE LOOK NIFTY! THAT'S ONE HONEY OF A HAT, I'LL SAY!

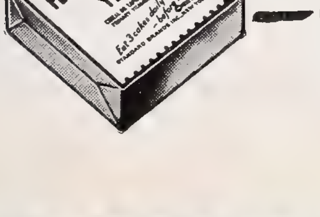
Don't let Adolescent Pimples keep YOU from looking your best

JUST when good looks make such a difference in good times—from about 13 to 25 years of age, or even longer—many young people become afflicted with ugly pimples.

During this time, after the beginning of adolescence, important glands develop and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin, especially, becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin and pimples appear.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast helps to give you back a good complexion by clearing these skin irritants out of the blood. Then—pimples go!

Eat it *regularly*—3 cakes a day, before meals, plain, or in a little water—until your skin is entirely clear. Start today!


Supplies Vitamins A·B·D·G
FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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CAUSE FOR CELEBRATION

Texas' Centennial inspires John Boles to praise his state's famous foods

By Marjorie Deen

IT WAS John Boles, handsome and debonair star and honorary Texas Ranger, who was directly responsible for a sudden and very genuine interest on my part in Texas history, traditions and foods. This interest is one that I feel sure you will share with me when you hear the many fascinating things John had to tell about the dramatic past and the interesting present of his native state.

"There will be 'big doings' this summer in Texas," John informed me recently. "For, this year the Lone Star State is having its Centennial Celebrations with appropriate ceremonies throughout the entire year and an Exposition in Dallas during the summer months when people on their vacations can come down and enjoy it."

The interest and enthusiasm with which Mr. Boles imparted this information made me realize the high regard in which a native of Texas holds his home state. In fact, according to John Boles, every single living Texan is a natural, dyed-in-the-wool, unblushing booster for everything that concerns Texas.

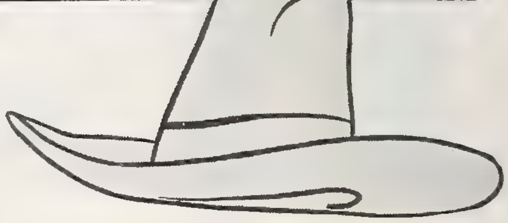
And why not? Certainly everything about that state could be described in Hollywood terms as "simply colossal." First, of course, there is its size! Did you ever stop to realize that Texas has an area larger than the combined New England States, with New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware and North Carolina thrown in for good measure? That this single state which joined the Union just one hundred years ago added to our already vast country a territory larger than the original thirteen colonies? No wonder that it contains within its borders so many different points of interest and a population as diversified as its landscape.

THEN THERE is its fascinating history . . . a combination of glamor (in the historical rather than in the Hollywood sense) and of hardship; of deeds of bravery and daring; of revolution, border skirmishes and battles, in most of which, incidentally, the Texas Rangers figured prominently.

And last, but by no means least, since it concerns us directly here, there is the reputation Texas has justly earned for the excellence and variety of its meals.

Of course, you realize that the recipes of a particular state are typical of it because of the home-grown products which are prominently featured in its cookery. So, within the

John Boles, Texas Ranger, star and gourmet, tells about some Texas food delights. (Insert—courtesy Gebhardt's) Tempting platter of Chile Con Carne.



borders of Texas, you would find the beef from the Panhandle district in the western section of the state; the tropical fruits such as bananas, oranges and Japanese persimmons grown in the southern portion; the products of farms and orchards throughout the state, as well as native tomatoes, rice, hickory, pecans and walnuts, all featured in native dishes.

Then, too, the cookery of a state is influenced by the foreign countries whose representatives settled in that region. So you can readily imagine that Texas, which has lived under six flags, would show in the variety of its dishes the interesting effects of many outside influences.

But let's leave the Lone Star State for the present and take a flying trip out to Hollywood, where we will let John Boles tell us in his own words about the interesting banquet that took place there recently, given by the Texas Society in honor of visiting and resident Texas celebrities.

"I WAS greatly flattered when they asked me to be master of ceremonies at the Texas banquet," said John, modestly, as he settled back comfortably in an easy chair before the fireplace of the Boles' attractive Colonial style Hollywood home. "My job was to introduce the speakers," he went on. "The list read like a page in 'Who's Who.' There was Governor Allred of Texas, in whose honor the dinner was given, and Governor Merriam of California. Jesse Jones, of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, was there, and Mayor Shaw of Los Angeles, while Texas was outstandingly represented by the presence of President Selecman of Southern Methodist University, Mayor Sargent of Dallas, Ginger Rogers, herself, from Texas, Captain Black of the Texas Society and Frank Watson and Don Sterling of the Texas Centennial committee.

"Besides these celebrities and others, there were about six hundred persons present, before whom I had the doubtful pleasure of appearing in a stubbly black beard! The beard was one I had to wear in my role in 'A Message to Garcia.' It wasn't so bad going around in whiskers when I wore sport clothes and soft shirts, but in full evening attire, with a stiff-bosomed shirt and stiff collar, I was a pretty amusing sight. However, I soon forgot about it and entered completely into the spirit of the occasion. And what a fine spirit that was! For, with so many Texans present, you may be sure (*Continued on page* 74)

"I made a bet with Mom..."

"Say, Mom, I bet I'd help you wash if you'd treat me to an ice cream cone."

"Bobbie, I'd give a couple of cones if somebody'd only tell me what makes these clothes so gray, even though I rub and scrub like fury."

"I wish you'd ask your sister, Bill, and see if she knows what's wrong with my mother's washes."

"I bet I don't have to ask. I hear women discussing things in the grocery store where I work and I *know* plenty about washing."

"Your mother's clothes have probably got tattle-tale gray—'cause her soap doesn't wash clean. Why doesn't she get wise and change to Fels-Naptha Soap? Everybody raves about the snappy way it gets out ALL the dirt!"

SO I TOLD MOM ABOUT FELS-NAPTHA SOAP AND GOT MY CONES
AND I GOT RID OF TATTLE-TALE GRAY! FELS-NAPTHA'S GRAND GOLDEN SOAP AND LOTS OF NAPTHA WASH CLOTHES SO CLEAN THEY SIMPLY SHINE! I LIKE FELS-NAPTHA BECAUSE IT'S GENTLER, TOO. WONDERFUL FOR SILK THINGS! EASIER ON MY HANDS!

©1936, FELS & CO.

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" *with* FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

PLAYGROUND OF THE EAST

By Martha Kerr

All in all, the Big City is a veritable merry-go-round of fun for the stars, three thousand miles away from sound tracks, cameras and directors. There's an amusing incident concerning Errol Flynn and Lili Damita (above) and their stop-over in New York. (Left) Roz Russell can always be found at the swankier night clubs.

NEW YORK is the movie stars' playground in the East. It is three thousand miles away from cameras and sound tracks, "unusual" weather and picture producers. It's as stimulating as hot coffee and a cold shower and much more fun. It's the place where anyone who has visited once, longs to return, and which Robert Taylor swears he'll see—or else! (Bob, you see, has never been east of Beatrice, Nebraska, so quite naturally, he's rarin' to go—to New York.)

There is plenty to be done and much to be seen in the town which no other spot in this land seems to offer. The tourists—and movie stars are the most avid of 'em—love to take a peek at Pell Street, the city's Chinatown. Whether or not the disappearing doors, sliding panels, long stem pipes or fat Buddhas are authentic or merely a colorful set-up for travelers, makes little difference to its visitors. ZaSu Pitts, for one, is a lady who would no more think of visiting the Big City without hopping a sight-seeing bus and taking a group of friends to Chinatown than say, playing a scene with her famous fluttery hands parked firmly at her sides.

Although ZaSu invariably takes in Chinatown, she's invariably as excited about it all as a kid on a roller coaster. When she visited its dim streets recently, she took in everything from a game of fan-tan to a plate of chop suey. Her New York friends are not movie people and she herself is not easily recognized, so Miss Pitts may have a veritable field day in whatever part of the city she chooses to see without fear of being mobbed, which, you'll admit, has its finer points.

Most of the picture players go on a shopping spree, for nowhere else is there such a variety of places in which to spend one's hard-earned shekels so lavishly as in this town. Joan Crawford bought twenty-seven hats at a single showing of the latest in ladies' bonnets. Are you gasping? I am, too. But Joan's seemingly extraordinary purchase didn't faze the chapeau-purveyor one single bit. He has become used to the treasured trade of society women and actresses.

AN OPENING night on Broadway draws cinema celebrities as the well-known honey pot attracts flies. Visiting movie players would no more think of missing a play's premiere than of failing to sign an autograph album. When Elissa Landi and Melvyn Douglas opened in "Tapestry in Gray," on Broadway, Errol Flynn, Lili Damita, Henry Fonda, Una Merkel, Sylvia Sidney and Helen

Big city lights! Dancing nights! Dazzling sights! Lotsa fun—yes, it's New York!

Gahagan were just a handful of the numbers who turned out. Each lady wore the approved array of diamond bracelets, ermine coats and orchids. Yep, it may have been pea-in-the-pod exactness, but who wouldn't be among them—the peas, of course—when it comes to being surrounded by furs and flowers? You're right. None of us!

Most celebrities smoke in the theatre's foyer and lobby between acts. That insures seeing everything and being seen by everybody. The Franchot Tones, however, never leave their seats, although they do make it a point to arrive just before the lights are dimmed before the first curtain rises, thus insuring as spectacular an entrance as the star who is playing.

After the theatre, there is always a night club—or several of them. El Morocco and the Stork Club get the biggest play, although the celebrities are unpredictable in their patronage and loyalty to a certain place. If suddenly someone of importance shifts to the Versailles or the House of Morgan, where the sloe-eyed, piano-sitting Helen tosses off torch tunes nightly, all the others do likewise.

No matter how crowded a cafe may be, its manager will always see to it that a prominent person is parked in an advantageous spot. Therefore, when nobody could land a seat at the famous Tony's, the Franchot Tones rated a table, without so much as bothering to make a reservation. Such is success—and nothing succeeds like it in New York.

It was amusing to see Errol Flynn and his wife appear at the Stork Club the evening before the premiere (*Continued on page 109*)

THIS IS THE WOMAN WHO SAID:

"What's the difference, all laxatives are alike!"

The lady above made a mistake. A grave mistake . . . yet lots of people make it. She said, "What's the difference—all laxatives are alike." And that's where she was wrong!

One day she was constipated, and took a laxative. Picked it at random. It happened to be a harsh, quick-acting cathartic that raced through her system in a couple of hours. It upset her. Nauseated her. Sent pains shooting through her stomach. Left her weak—weary. . . . Such drastic remedies should *never* be taken, except on the advice of a physician.

DON'T SHOCK YOUR SYSTEM

When you need a corrective...and who doesn't every now and then? . . . don't make the mistake of assuming that all laxatives are alike. They're not!

You'll feel a whole lot better when you take a *correctly timed* laxative. One that won't rush through your system too quickly. And yet, one that is completely thorough.

Ex-Lax is just such a laxative. It takes sufficient time—6 to 8 hours—to work. Hence, your system is not thrown "out of rhythm." You aren't upset, disturbed, nauseated. You don't suffer from stomach pains. Ex-Lax action is so mild, so easy, you scarcely realize you've taken a laxative—except for the complete relief you enjoy.

Another thing . . . Ex-Lax will never embarrass you with ill-timed after-effects.

A PLEASURE TO TAKE

With Ex-Lax you say farewell to bitter, nasty-tasting purgatives and cathartics. Because Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. It's a real pleasure to take, not a punishment. Get a box today—only 10c at any drug store. You'll also find a still more economical family size for 25c.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!

(Paste this on a penny postcard)

Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170 MM-56
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.

Name..

Address..

City..............................Age..............

(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., 736 Notre Dame St. W., Montreal)

Tune in on "Strange as it Seems," Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time

Patricia Ellis, oval-faced and smooth of brow, can wear the off-the-face hat superbly. And right, above, you see a marvelous new acne cream, being applied, which you must read about.

BEAUTY HEADLINERS FOR

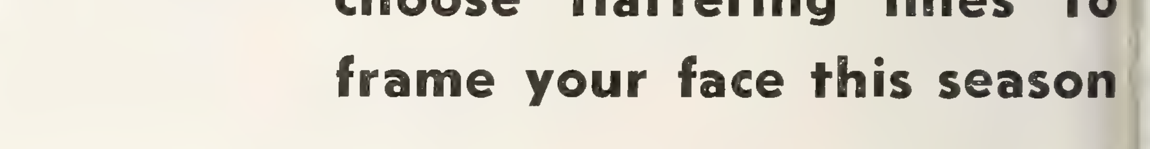
Round or oval, square or long, choose flattering lines to frame your face this season

IT TAKES all kinds of beauty tonics to make up a woman's world—a different hair-do, a new hat, a facial, a compliment—all these things are tonic lifts to the everyday routine of living. Even a spring fever patient shows a slight gleam of interest when you mention shopping to her. So let's go shopping for a hairdress and a hat and a make-up that will "do things" to you. And will "do things" to him as well—that unromantic male who needs impressing with your new glamor.

We're going to think about something besides bargain headlines in making our selections. We're going to think about headlines in relation to our faces. What is the thing to consider when you're shopping for a new hairdress or a new hat? Why, the headlines, of course . . . those important lines that frame your face. They include the lines of your hat, your hair and your neck, too, to a certain extent. These lines around your face can either frame it correctly, and bring out the best in it, or they can hide your best points and bring out your worst ones.

There are at least four general types of faces. I put them into four general classifications for the sake of simplicity, although there are, of course, different mixtures and variations of these types. Anyhow, here they are round, square, oval, long-and-thin.

IF YOU have a full-moon sort of face, like Grace Bradley's or Mary Carlisle's, and the bane of your life is the sweet girly-girly look this roundness gives you, don't go out and buy yourself a round little hat. When some coy young salesgirl claps a saucer-like sailor hat on your head, or an equally circular little turban, set your round chin into square lines and shake your head vigorously. It isn't your type! It



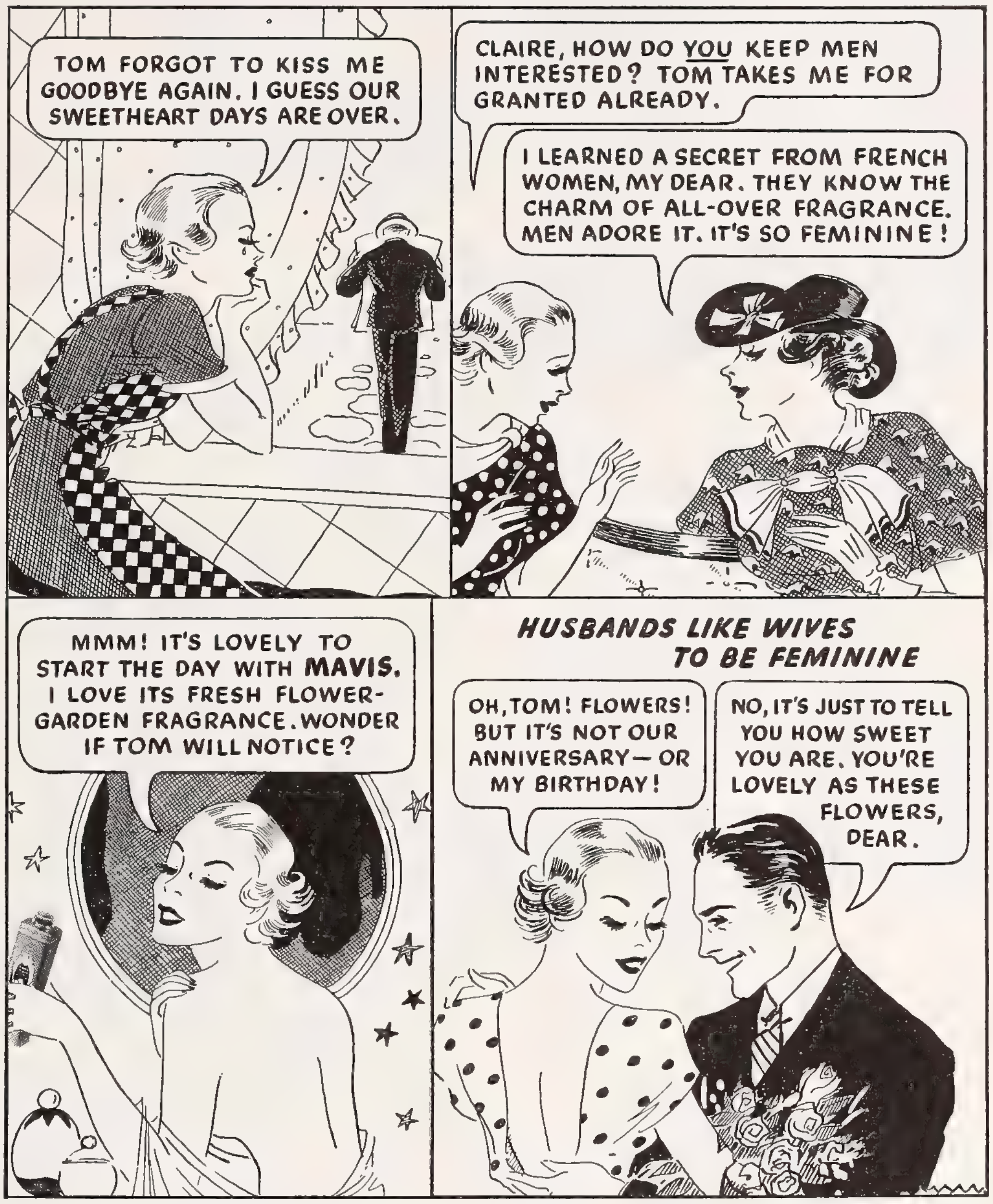
BY MARY BIDDLE

SPRING

makes you more moon-faced than ever. Demand a hat that boasts of angles and points, rather than curves. Go in for the peaked Tyrolean sort of thing, or the high-crowned coachman's topper, with an irregularly rolled brim that almost covers one eye. One eye is just as good as two for the purposes of glamor.

If you're wearing too fussy a coiffure, my chubby-faced cherubs-who-want-to-look-sophisticated, you will look all wrong with your new hat. But then that sort of hairdress is all wrong for you, anyway. A nice sleek, ear-tip-length coiffure is best for you, cut in close contour fashion, with swirled waves, perhaps, but not too many ringlets. You don't need the latter. The sleeker your hairdress, the less ingenue you'll look. And don't (*Continued on page 110*)

Does Marriage end ROMANCE?


TOM FORGOT TO KISS ME GOODBYE AGAIN. I GUESS OUR SWEETHEART DAYS ARE OVER.
CLAIRE, HOW DO YOU KEEP MEN INTERESTED? TOM TAKES ME FOR GRANTED ALREADY.
I LEARNED A SECRET FROM FRENCH WOMEN, MY DEAR. THEY KNOW THE CHARM OF ALL-OVER FRAGRANCE. MEN ADORE IT. IT'S SO FEMININE!
MMM! IT'S LOVELY TO START THE DAY WITH MAVIS. I LOVE ITS FRESH FLOWER-GARDEN FRAGRANCE. WONDER IF TOM WILL NOTICE?
HUSBANDS LIKE WIVES TO BE FEMININE
OH, TOM! FLOWERS! BUT IT'S NOT OUR ANNIVERSARY—OR MY BIRTHDAY!
NO, IT'S JUST TO TELL YOU HOW SWEET YOU ARE. YOU'RE LOVELY AS THESE FLOWERS, DEAR.

Before you dress!—use the secret of all-over fragrance—MAVIS!

Keep lovely with Mavis. At least twice a day . . . before you dress . . . after every bath . . . smooth your skin all over with Mavis Talcum. Mavis is so pure and soothing. It guards the youth of your skin . . . protects it from drying . . . keeps it velvety and soft. And the use of Mavis is so Parisian! Its subtle fragrance clothes you in glamour. And protects your feminine daintiness . . . gives you a fresh adorable charm that lasts the day or evening through.

Mavis Talcum in 25¢, 50¢ and $1 sizes at drug and department stores—convenient 10¢ size at 5-and-10¢ stores. We invite you to try Mavis—use coupon below.

MAVIS
Genuine Mavis Talcum
IN THE RED CONTAINER

V. VIVAUDOU, INC.,
580 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

I enclose 10¢. Please send by return mail the convenient size of Mavis Talcum—so I can try its fragrant loveliness.

*Name*__________
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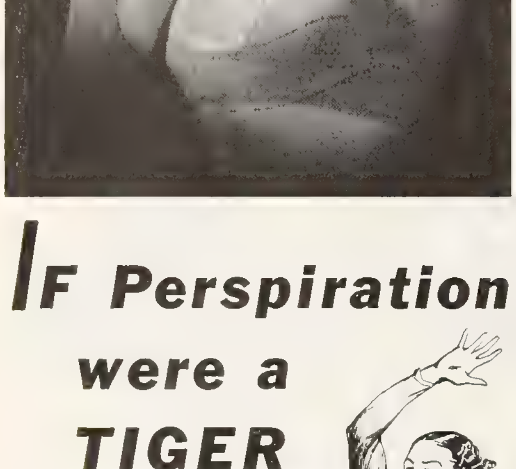
*State*__________

MM-5

IF Perspiration were a TIGER



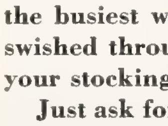
—you'd jump to protect yourself from its ravages! Yet the insidious corroding acid of perspiration can destroy the under-arm fabric of your dresses as surely, as completely, as the scarifying claws of a tiger's paw!

Answers to thousands of questionnaires revealed the astounding fact that during the past year perspiration spoiled garments for 1 woman in 3! What appalling wasteful extravagance, when a pair of Kleinert's Dress Shields would have saved any one of them at trifling cost.

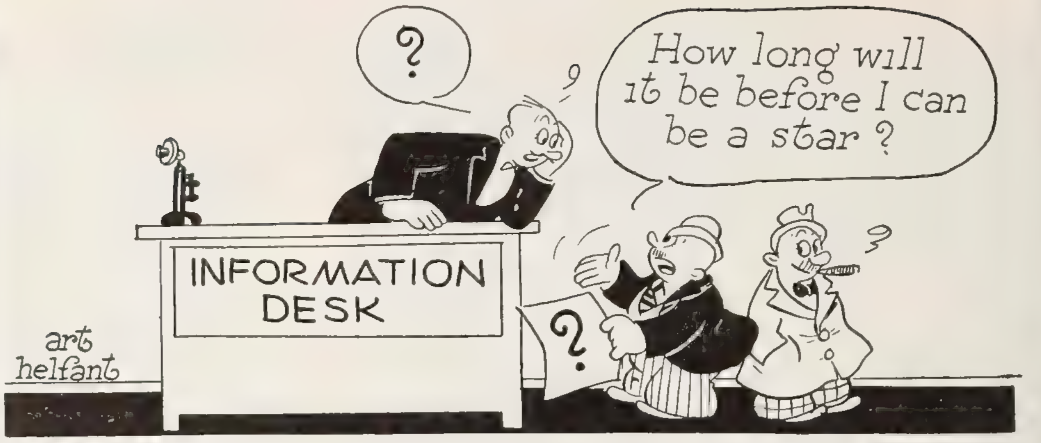
And this *surest* form of perspiration protection is now the *easiest* also! Kleinert's Bra-form is a dainty uplift bra equipped with shields—always ready, *without any sewing*, to wear with any dress at any moment. A supply of two or three solves the perspiration problem for the busiest woman and they're as easily swished through the nightly soapsuds as your stockings and lingerie!

Just ask for "Kleinert's" at your favorite notion counter—shields, 25¢ and up; Bra-forms, $1.00 and up.

Kleinert's
T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
DRESS SHIELDS



Guaranteed by GOOD HOUSEKEEPING AS ADVERTISED THEREIN


?
How long will it be before I can be a star?
INFORMATION DESK
?
art helfant

Join the throng of question-askers

NOTE: Since there have been so many requests for brief life stories of the following players, it will again be impossible to print the names of our readers. Please consider yourself automatically included.

ERROL FLYNN—Doubtless everyone who saw "Captain Blood" has been wondering just who this dashing, handsome newcomer is. So here you are! He was born in the north of Ireland on June 20, 1909, and received his education at the Lycee Louis le Grand, in Paris, and at St. Paul's School in London—during which time he indulged in the usual college sports; boxing, swimming, rowing and Rugby. Errol Flynn's (that's his real name) father was a professor of biology in Belfast and also at Cambridge. Now, here's an interesting item. Errol is a direct descendant of Fletcher Christian, leader of the real mutiny on the Bounty. And Flynn's first picture work was done in the South Seas, while he was there pearl fishing, for a small English film company making "Mutiny on the Bounty." The role he played, logically enough, was that of his ancestor—the same role played by Clark Gable in the American version of the same picture. Then Errol went back to pearling, but shortly turned to prospecting for gold in the "bush" country of New Guinea. With the money earned in the latter expedition, he bought a coast-wise schooner, but a wreck on a hidden coral reef ended that. Six months of miscellaneous activity and Errol returned to England, carrying with him "the acting bug" caught in his first dramatic experiment. He played on the London stage in several productions, and in stock through the provinces. Finally Warner Brothers signed him to come to America, and on the way over he met Lili Damita, but it wasn't until their paths crossed again in Hollywood that the romance ripened and resulted in marriage. After playing in "The Case of the Curious Bride" and "Don't Bet on Blondes," he finally got a break in the title role of "Captain Blood." Now for a little about his personality. Errol has ambitious literary tendencies and is now completing a book covering his adventures in the "bush" and pearl fishing. Has also written short stories and verse. Does not sketch, paint or play a musical instrument. Dislikes spiders and alarm clocks, but likes thunder storms and the sound of wind and rain. Errol is very athletic. He's a champion boxer and also swims, rides and plays tennis. He is 6 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 180 pounds, and has brown hair and eyes. And here's some really good news—Errol Flynn is slated to make "The Charge of the Light Brigade." Isn't that sumpin'? Write him at Warner Brothers Studios, Burbank, Cal.

A. W. S., Austin, Tex.—I'm glad you asked for a list of the biggest money making stars of 1934-35, according to box office receipts. Doubtless, others will be interested, too. Here are the first twenty: 1. Shirley Temple; 2. Will Rogers; 3. Clark Gable; 4. Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers; 5. Joan Crawford; 6. Claudette Colbert; 7. Dick Powell; 8. Wallace Beery; 9. Joe E. Brown; 10. James Cagney; 11. Mae West; 12. Bing Crosby; 13. William Powell; 14. Janet Gaynor; 15. Jean Harlow; 16. Norma Shearer; 17. W. C. Fields; 18. Ruby Keeler; 19. Warner Baxter; 20. Grace Moore.

ANITA LOUISE—That is her real name, except that there used to be a Fremalt on the end of it, and she was born in New York City on January 9, 1915, of mingled French, German and English ancestry. Anita was educated at the Professional Children's School in New York, and the Greenwood School for Girls in Hollywood. Her first ambitions were to be an actress and to write music. She is an accomplished musician, excelling at the piano and the harp, has a fine singing voice, and is a talented dancer. She can speak several foreign languages. At the age of 7, Anita began her theatrical career, playing in "Peter Ibbetson" and others. In 1927 she made her first picture—"The Music Master." Anita is fond of all outdoor sports, and especially likes tennis, riding, swimming and fencing. She is 5 feet 3½ inches tall, weighs 106 pounds and has light blue eyes and light blonde hair. She is not married. "Brides Are Like That" is Anita's most recent production, and she is also in "Anthony Adverse." She is scheduled to join Dick Powell and Joan Blondell in "Stage Struck," in which she will dance. Write her at Warner Brothers Studios, Burbank, Cal.

JEANETTE PETCH, Gananoque, Ont., Canada—ZaSu Pitts is very much alive and has only recently finished work in "13 Hours by Air." Extra players are divided into several different groups. There are the "class A extras" who are people of good appearance with fine wardrobes. They may earn as much as $15.00 per day. The "class B extras" must also look well and be able to deport themselves in a professional manner. They earn about $10.00 a day in scenes where many people appear. "Class C extras" are used for mob scenes and large gatherings, and are paid $7.50 a day. Appearance is not so important. The average extra is considered very fortunate if he is able to obtain work two days out of the week.

RANDOLPH SCOTT—Born in Orange County, Va., on January 23, 1903, Randy was the son of non-professional parents. In fact, no one in his family had ever been on the stage. He received his education in private school, the Woodberry Forest School, Georgia Tech and the University of Virginia. After finishing college, Randy took off for Europe where he spent a year, then returned home to join his father's engineering firm. Two years of this, and young Mr. Scott decided to take a vacation in Hollywood. There he became interested in dramatics and joined the Pasadena Community Playhouse group, with which he remained for 8 months. His work earned him parts in legitimate productions on the West Coast for two years, until he was signed by Paramount in December, 1931. "The Sky Parade" was Randy's first picture. Followed four years of Westerns, until he finally made good in a straight acting role in "Roberta." Mr. Scott is not married. He is 6 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 190 pounds and has hazel eyes and light hair. He names swimming, golf and riding as his favorite sports. "Follow the Fleet" is Randy's latest screen effort. Write him at RKO-Radio Studios, 780 N. Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

JANE WEBSTER, Englewood, N. J.—Elissa Landi was born in Venice, Italy, as was correctly stated in Modern Screen—not near Vienna, Austria. Her most recent picture, by the way, is "Amateur Gentleman" with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

FRANKIE DARRO—Born in Chicago, Ill., on December 22, 1918, Frankie Johnson was what is known as a "stage child." His parents were vaudeville artists and their young son made his stage debut at an early date. When Frankie was two, he accompanied his family to Hollywood and appeared in Anna Q. Nilsson's "Judgment of the Storm." which film started him on his "picture-stealing" career. Frankie was educated at the Lawlor's School in Chicago. His favorite sports are football, baseball, hockey and tennis, and he was a Boy Scout patrol leader. His screen career began in earnest in 1929, when he appeared in "The Rainbow Man." Most of his earlier work was done in Westerns, but lately he has been getting a lot of well-deserved breaks. Frankie has dark brown hair and eyes, and has been doing a lot of growing lately—he's probably about 5 feet 6 inches tall now. His most recent pictures are "Born to Fight" and "Phantom of Death Valley." Write him at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

LUCILLE LOW, San Antonio, Tex.—Ward Bond is a feature player, not an extra. He was born in Denver, Colo., on April 9, 1905, and was educated in Denver schools, then the University of Southern California. Between college semesters he played roles in pictures. Weighing 200 pounds, he stands 6 feet 2 inches. His most recent productions are "The Cattle Thief" and "United States Smith." His address is Columbia Studios, 1438 N. Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Felix Knight has only appeared in one "short subject" since "Babes in Toyland."

FRANCHOT TONE—Franchot's life has been almost as varied as the numerous and sundry roles he has portrayed on the screen. Born in Niagara Falls on February 27, he is the son of Frank J. Tone, an industrial executive. He has one brother four years older than himself, Frankie Jerome Tone, Jr. Franchot attended small private schools and then entered the Hill School in Pottsdam, Pa., to prepare for Harvard. His brother, then attending Cornell, arranged for him to enter that University. He finished the course in three years, attended a summer session at the University of Ronnes in France, was president of the Cornell Dramatic Club while there, and served as an assistant to the head of the Romance Language Department, specializing in French. After graduation he joined a stock company in Buffalo and later appeared in a number of New York productions. When he was appearing in the Group Theatre production of "Success Story," which was a sensational hit, he was signed by M-G-M to a long term contract. His first film role was in "Today We Live" with Joan Crawford and Gary Cooper. His favorite sports are golf and swimming. He sees all the movies he can and enjoys dancing for recreation. He plays an excellent game of bridge and likes mystery stories. Franchot married Joan Crawford on October 11, 1935. This is his first marriage. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 160 pounds, and has light brown hair

If you would like to see a brief synopsis of your favorite's life in this department, fill in and send us the coupon on page 25. General questions, of course, will be answered here, too. Those asked most frequently and the most interesting ones receive first preference. And not too many at a time, please. Address: The Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

and hazel eyes. His next picture is "The King Steps Out" with Grace Moore. This will be followed by "The Unguarded Hour" with Loretta Young. Write him at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

GENE AUTRY—Born in Tioga, Texas, on September 29, 1907, Gene started his vocal career early by singing in his grandfather's church. As a lad he "rode herd" and at 12 entered his first rodeo. At 14, Gene joined a travelling medicine show for a season, acquired a saxophone and traded it for a guitar. While attending school in Ravia, Okla., he learned telegraphy at the railroad station where he worked after school, and at 18 became a full-fledged telegrapher on a lonely division of the Frisco Railroad. There, to pass the time away, he perfected his guitar technique and composed cowboy songs, later making good with them in radio at Tulsa, New York and Chicago as the "Cowboy Idol of the Air." His first picture was "The Phantom Empire." Gene is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 165 pounds and is a natural athlete. He has reddish brown hair and brown eyes. Write him at Republic Studios, 9336 W. Washington Blvd., Culver City, Cal., where he recently completed "Red River Valley," with Frances Grant, and "Galloping Minstrel." He is soon to start on "Comin' 'Round the Mountain."

KAY FRANCIS—Kay was born Katharine Gibbs in Oklahoma City, on Friday the 13th, 1899. Before she was 4 she had lived in Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denver and finally New York, and her education was received in almost as many different places—convents in Fort Lee, N. J., Roxbury, Mass., and New York City; Miss Fuller's School in Ossining, N. Y., and the Cathedral School, Garden City, N. Y. During this time she was very proficient in athletics, especially sprinting, and tennis which she still enjoys. After graduation Kay went to secretarial school and then to Europe, later taking secretarial jobs with several prominent people. Eventually she decided to take a fling at the stage and was successful in several New York hits. Then Hollywood, her first picture being "Gentlemen of the Press" in 1929. She has been married three times, most recently to Kenneth MacKenna, and her current swain is Delmar Daves. Kay's hobby is sailing. Miss Francis has black hair and blue-gray eyes, is 5 feet 6½ inches tall and weighs 125 pounds. Her next picture will be "Angel of Mercy" with Ian Hunter and Donald Woods. Write her at Warner Brothers Studios, Burbank, Cal.

TOM BROWN—Whether it sounds like a fake or not, Tom Brown is his real name and he is the son of Harry Brown, stage producer, and Marie Francis, musical comedy star. He is of Irish descent and his birthday is January 13. He is 23 years old. At the age of 6 months Tom first appeared before the footlights in the arms of his mother. The New York Professional Children's School is proud to number him among its alumni, and he almost went to Brown University except that the stage beckoned too strongly. He was a well known child actor in the days of silent films and was prominently cast in more than 50 stage plays both on Broadway and on the road, to say nothing of appearing on three different radio programs. In 1929 he appeared in "A Lady Lies," his first picture—and has been concentrating on screen work ever since. Tom is modest and unassuming about his success, likes to tinker with automobiles and play practical jokes, is an ardent devotee of all outdoor sports but is especially enthusiastic about swimming and hiking. He is 5 feet 9 inches tall, weighs 155 pounds and has blue eyes and medium brown hair. His most recent picture is "Gentle Julia" which will be followed by "Border Flight." Write him at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

RICHARD CROMWELL—Starting from the very beginning of this young man's life, he was born Roy Radabaugh on January 8, 1910, in Los Angeles, Cal. He is of Dutch-American descent and has three sisters—Ann, Dorothy and Lillian—and one brother, Hudson. When Richard was 8 his father died, and after having attended Long Beach public and high schools (where he devoted himself to amateur dramatics and art), Dick won a scholarship to the Chouinard Art School in Los Angeles. To support himself he worked as a soda jerker, but eventually opened an art studio which was patronized by many of the stars. He happened to learn that a player was needed for the title role in "Tol'able David." He applied for the job and, what's more, landed it, to his everlasting success. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 150 pounds, has blue-green eyes and blonde hair. For recreation Dick plays tennis and swims, and his hobby is painting and making portrait masks. He is scheduled to play in W. C. Field's next picture, "Poppy," opposite Rochelle Hudson. Write him at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

JEANETTE MacDONALD—She is one of the three talented daughters of Daniel and Anna MacDonald, and was born in Philadelphia, Pa., on June 18, 1907, of Scotch-American descent. There she attended grammar school, but completed her education in New York City where her family moved. As a child Jeanette studied dancing and singing and later appeared in a revue on the stage. Then followed an engagement with "The Night Boat" company as a chorus girl and understudy for the feminine principals in the cast. The next season she had a small part in "Irene" and then a better one in "Tangerine." Her first real success came when she was cast in "Fantastic Fricassee." Then came a contract and a series of leading roles in musical comedies. Her first picture was "The Love Parade" with Maurice Chevalier in 1930. She is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 120 pounds and has red-gold hair and green eyes. She likes to meet new people, see new places, is fond of swimming, dancing, riding and the theatre. She plays the piano, reads mystery novels, and collects tiny figures playing musical instruments. Her next picture is "San Francisco" with Clark Gable. Of course, you've already seen "Rose Marie" with Jeanette and Nelson Eddy. Write her at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

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For gray-eyed Marie DeVille (above), Marvelous Matched Makeup Patrician type. For brown-eyed Lois Ravel, Marvelous Parisian type makeup is right.

BEHIND the scenes in broadcasting studios, off the set in Hollywood . . . everywhere girls get together they are talking about Marvelous . . . the Matched Makeup!

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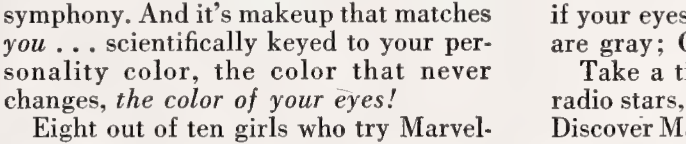

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Three great stars together . . . in a glorious and courageous venture that decided the fate of three nations!

"Wally" (Viva Villa!) Beery's lovable villainy was never so uproarious!

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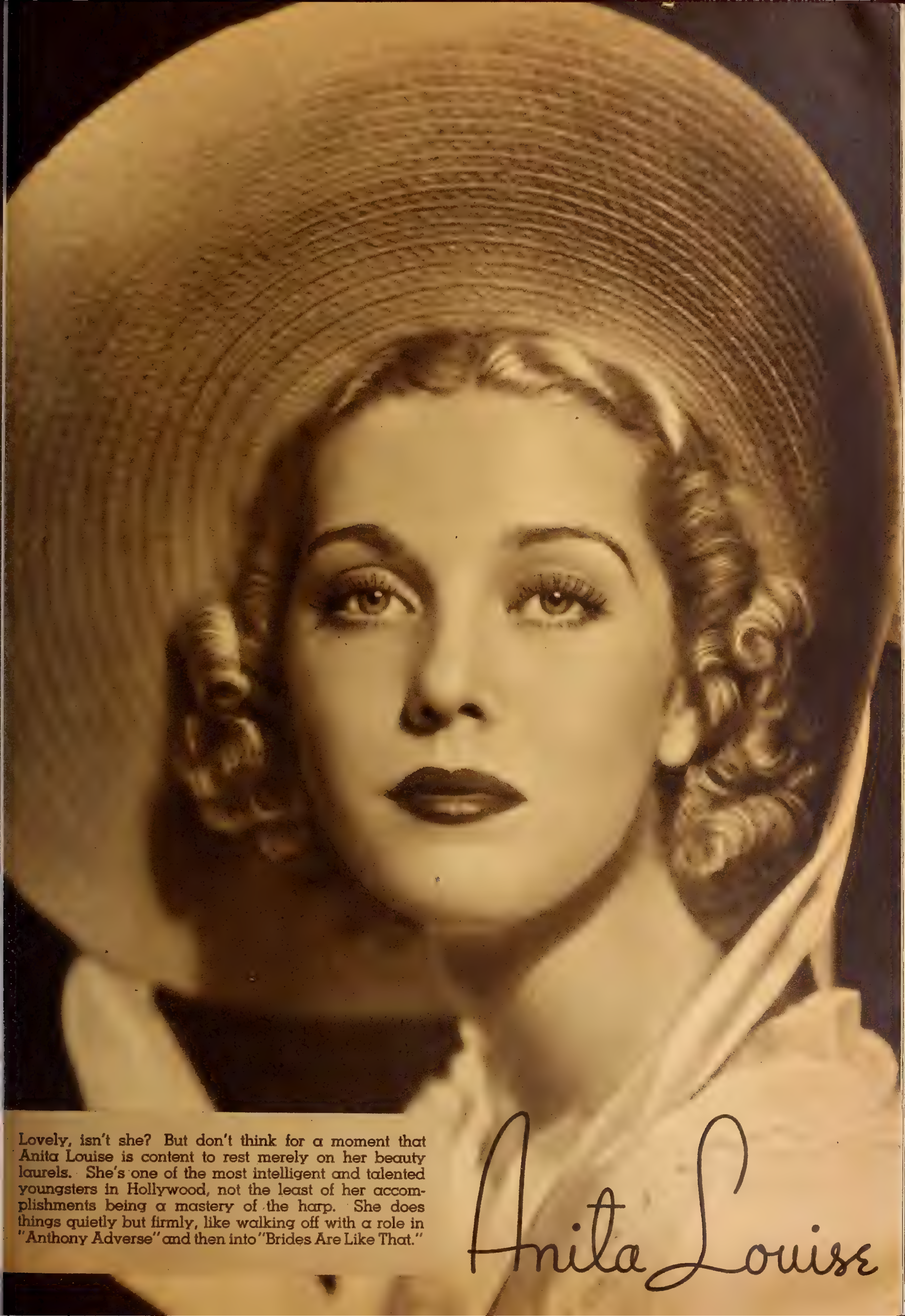
ALAN HALE • HERBERT MUNDIN • MONA BARRIE
A DARRYL F. ZANUCK 20th CENTURY PRODUCTION
Presented by Joseph M. Schenck
Suggested by Elbert Hubbard's Immortal Essay
and the Book by Lieut. Andrew S. Rowan
Associate Producer, Raymond Griffith • Directed by George Marshall

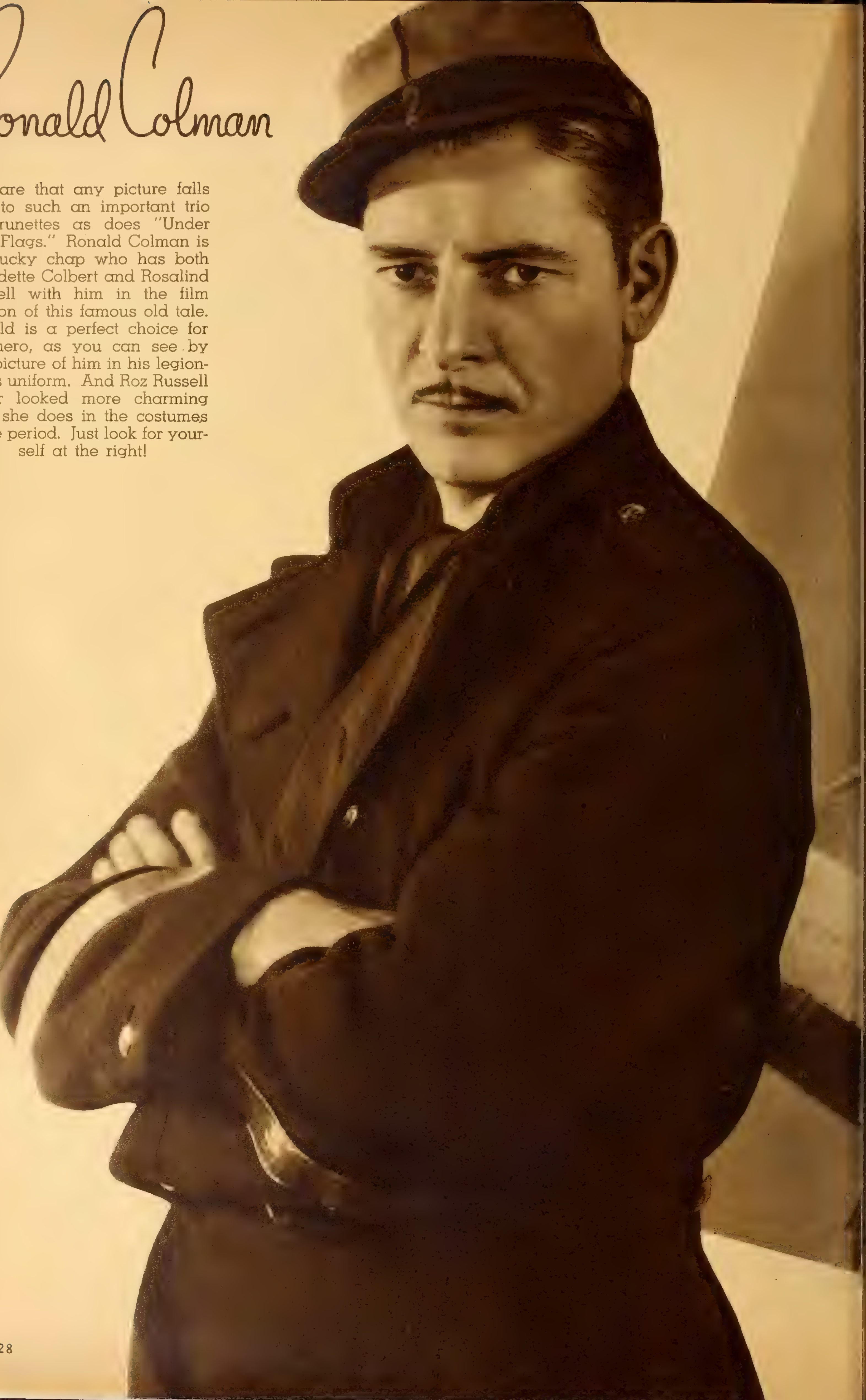
20th CENTURY FOX



Lovely, isn't she? But don't think for a moment that Anita Louise is content to rest merely on her beauty laurels. She's one of the most intelligent and talented youngsters in Hollywood, not the least of her accomplishments being a mastery of the harp. She does things quietly but firmly, like walking off with a role in "Anthony Adverse" and then into "Brides Are Like That."

Ronald Colman

It's rare that any picture falls heir to such an important trio of brunettes as does "Under Two Flags." Ronald Colman is the lucky chap who has both Claudette Colbert and Rosalind Russell with him in the film version of this famous old tale. Ronald is a perfect choice for the hero, as you can see by this picture of him in his legionaire's uniform. And Roz Russell never looked more charming than she does in the costumes of the period. Just look for yourself at the right!



Rosalind Russell

Gene Raymond

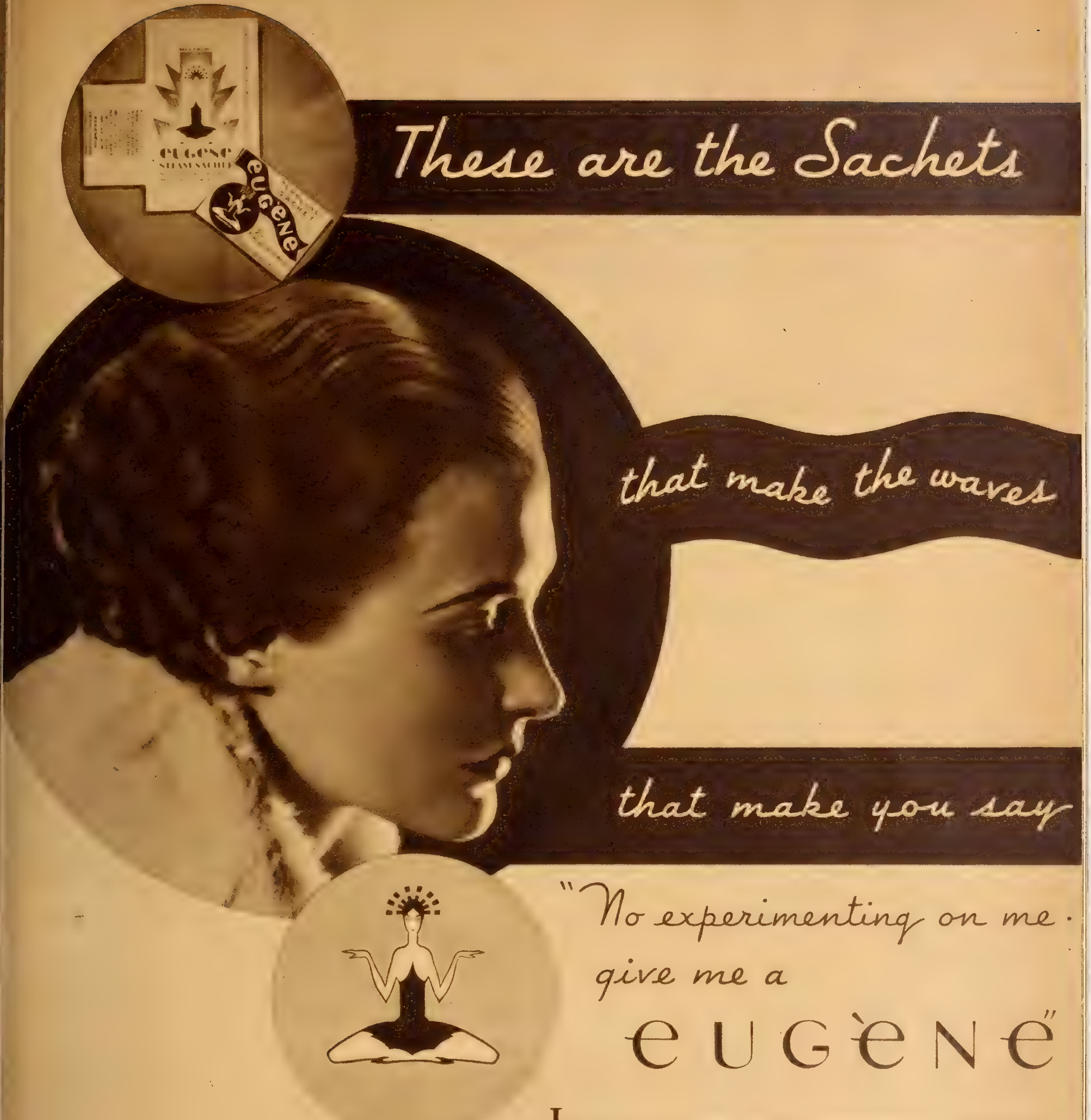
Gene likes to talk to you seriously about acting, but just try to get him to commit himself on love! The funny part is that Gene is one of the most popular beaux in town with Jeanette MacDonald and Janet Gaynor on his list. He's in "Love on a Bet" next.

Kay Francis

Kay is portraying Florence Nightingale in her new picture, "Angel of Mercy," and from this pensive pose, it looks as if the soothing influence of the great war nurse has had its effect already on the usually vivacious Kay. Ian Hunter is her new lead.

James Cagney

James C. isn't Irish for nothing, as his studio discovered recently when he staged a one-man revolt. However, when and if things are patched up, this versatile actor will do "Over the Wall."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WHO IS THE GENIUS

THEY WERE waiting for Shirley on the set. In the dressing-room, Mrs. Temple was trying to put the finishing touches on Shirley's curls, but Shirley wouldn't stand still. She was giggling and dimpling and making faces at herself in the mirror. You or I might have thought it was just pep. But Mrs. Temple, a veritable seismograph for every Shirley mood, recognized a tiny trace of suspense, and fear. She waited, however, until she had slipped the last golden-taffy curl off her finger. Then she put her two strong hands on Shirley's shoulders, steadied them firmly, and spoke to her, as her calm dark eyes met Shirley's bright blue ones in the mirror.

"Now, precious, I want you to forget that this scene is any more important or any more difficult than the rest. There's nothing for you to worry about, no reason for you to be frightened or afraid. It's going to be easy for you. As you dance up those stairs, just remember that mother is loving you, and when so much love goes with you, nothing bad can happen."

"I'll remember," said Shirley, suddenly solemn and sober and still.

When they reached the set, Shirley left her mother's side, and skipped off toward the high circular iron staircase, up which she was to tap dance. And as she skipped, she was singing softly under her breath. I didn't recognize the tune—it was all her own—but the words were familiar. I had heard them just a moment or two before. They were, "Mother is loving you, nothing bad can happen."

At the bottom of the steps, she saluted her director and called out gayly, "Okay! Let's go!"

The scene was the one with Guy Kibbee on the circular staircase, in "Captain January." Shirley went through that long, difficult scene without a mistake—four pages of dialogue and more than forty steps! But anyway, that was not the important thing to me. I was held spellbound by quite another miracle—the miracle of faith. As we watched, all of us with hearts beating a little faster, Shirley tapped up those high, narrow, slippery, iron steps without the least fear of falling! There was not even a forced expression of bravery on her face on the way up. Not even one sigh of relief when she reached the top. Yet a mountain goat would have feared for his safety on those steps.

THE ANSWER? Mrs. Temple's words flashed through my mind again. And Shirley's belief in the protection of love had dismissed all nervousness from her mind.

Suddenly I began to understand a lot of things about Shirley that I had never understood before. Why she wasn't spoiled, when all the world was spoiling her. Why she wasn't conceited when all the world was praising her. Why she wasn't a nervous wreck, when all the world was clamoring for her! *Mrs. Temple was the reason why!*

I have known a lot of child actors and I have known a lot of stage mothers. There are few of them who have ever won my approval. I have always been prejudiced against them ever since the time a fire broke out on a set which I happened to be visiting. There were forty children on that set. And forty mothers on the sideline. The mothers beat a hasty retreat toward the doors, and the children, believe it or not, were left to get out the best way they could! Is there any wonder that I'm prejudiced against the mothers of talented tots?

This small star gets her encouragement and

BEHIND SHIRLEY TEMPLE . . ?

guidance from an inspiring source

By Kay Osborn

But about Mrs. Temple I feel differently. I have met her often and watched her with Shirley on many occasions, and since that day on the "Captain January" set, I have talked to many people who know her well. I had a grand chat about her with Irving Cummings, just the other day—one which bears repeating. Mr. Cummings directed Shirley in one of her most successful pictures, "Curly Top," and now he's making "Poor Little Rich Girl" with her.

When I asked him, "How much do you think Mrs. Temple has had to do with Shirley's success?" he answered quickly and enthusiastically, "Everything! Why, Mrs. Temple is much more Shirley's director than I am. She teaches her her lines, coaches her on how to say them, suggests Shirley's expressions, shows her how to stand and sit and walk and talk and run! There's really very little left for a director to do when Shirley arrives on the scene.

BUT MOST important of all are the things she does, and the things she doesn't do, to keep Shirley from becoming spoiled. For everyone knows that on the day when Shirley becomes conscious of her great charm, then, on that day, will her charm disappear. That's what makes Mrs. Temple's job one of the most difficult tasks that there are in all Hollywood.

She must keep a constant eye on her famous daughter—her health, her habits, her whereabouts—yet she mustn't let Shirley know that she is being watched any more than an ordinary child would be watched. When they are driving to and from the studio, Mrs. Temple usually closes the windows in the car, but she doesn't tell Shirley she does that to keep a draft off her, or to prevent soot from blowing in her eyes. Nor does she tell her that the man driving the car is a G-man as well as a chauffeur. Never, in any way, does she let on to Shirley that she is the important little person she is.

WHEN SHIRLEY is asked to sign autographs, she thinks it's just part of the game of acting that she loves so much. She never dreams it's a personal compliment. Mrs. Temple, too, is responsible for that healthy thought. Even when Shirley says she's tired of signing autographs and wants to stop, Mrs. Temple says, "All right, stop!" That happened recently at a big luncheon for Shirley. All the guests were sending up their menus to have them autographed. Shirley autographed a few, but then the food took her fancy and she said she'd rather eat—and eat she did!

Mrs. Temple might have said, "Look, Shirley dear, all those people will be disappointed, you'd better finish (*Continued on page 80*)

Ginger and husband, Lew Ayres, share many enthusiasms, one of them being tennis.

"'TAIN'T SO!" CRIES Ginger

By Dorothy Donnell

THE POLICE held hands and made a ring around us, but they couldn't keep the crowd from trampling us," said Ginger Rogers' mother. "I saw their faces. Neither admiration nor affection nor even curiosity was registered on them, but something quite dreadful. Do you suppose that the depression has made the public envious of movie people? It needn't have! In the old days when investments were safe a few players might become rich, but not now. I said to Mary Pickford recently, 'You were the last. There will never be another wealthy movie star!' We of this generation have disinherited our children even in Hollywood. But that crowd—it was like a French Revolutionary mob scene! I saw their hands clutching at my daughter's hair. She'll never be able to wear that dress again. And it wasn't hero worship. It was almost hate!"

Is this the explanation—I thought—of people's eagerness to listen to Hollywood divorce rumors? Is it a sop to their own miseries to believe that their movie idols are unhappy in spite of their limousines and race horses and bank accounts? Is there compensation for every day, garden variety humans, like you and me, in the thought that hair like a red gold glory doesn't bring happiness and that beautiful eyes may shed tears? Is it the fans themselves who refuse to allow their film favorites to be happy? For love in Hollywood does not die of some exotic blight or unnatural disease, but simply—forgive the pun—of rumortism!"

Just now, all the forces of nature and science seem combined to break up one movie marriage that threatens to be successful.

For centuries scholars have worn their eyes out over midnight manuscripts, inventors have given their lifetimes to perfecting miracle working machines, in order to enable a radio announcer to send out into the ether the report of another broken screen romance.

And all over our great country, by simply turning a knob, we fortunate heirs of the ages, the privileged possessors of modern civilization, were able to receive the news.

"What did we tell you? Another Hollywood star is in Reno tonight to have her marriage melted."

All movie households do not have marble swimming pools and ermine bedspreads. The rented home of one young film couple, for example, has seven rooms, partially occupied by a high-powered telescope, a complete toy railway system which the master and mistress of the house run perching on their hands and knees, and a nice collection of first editions of Kipling and the Victorian poets. It's monthly rental leaves change from a hundred dollar bill.

"But we do have a good radio," young Mrs. Lew Ayres—Ginger Rogers to you—told me a trifle grimly. "And after dessert that evening we moved into the living-room and turned it on. We'd had Margaret Sullavan and her husband and the Andy Devines to dinner and, as we sat 'round the fire drinking our coffee, somebody said, 'Let's tune in and listen to the lowdown.' So Lew turned the knob—just in time to hear, 'Another Hollywood star is in Reno tonight. Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres have come to the parting of the ways.'

WAS I BURNED?" exclaimed Ginger. I reached for the telephone and got Long Distance. I guess the operator could tell from my voice something was awfully wrong. At any rate she got me the broadcasting station in New York in a hurry. 'I want to speak to that movie columnist,' I shrieked. The voice at the other end was shocked. 'He is

Ginger is doing "I Won't Dance" with Fred Astaire next.

Why won't we allow the Rogers - Ayres marriage a fighting chance at happiness?

on the air at this moment, I couldn't possibly interrupt a broadcast,' I was told. 'Can't you give me the message?' 'Tell him that this is Ginger Rogers, and I'm calling from Hollywood, not Reno. I'm sitting here in my own home with my husband and some friends and if he doesn't deny the statement he's just made about me before he goes off the air, I'll call my lawyer.' The man tried to soothe me. 'If there's been any mistake, I am sure it will be rectified in the next broadcast.'

"I fairly screamed at him clear across the continent. 'Tonight! Now! I want the same people who heard it just now to hear the denial!' I guess I frightened him. He turned away and said something to someone. In a minute he was back. 'Listen to the radio,' he said. There was an advertising announcement on the air, and then the voice again. 'I've just had Ginger Rogers on the wire. She denies that she's in Reno or getting a divorce. Sorry, Ginger!' "

"Just before we came East on this trip," Ginger's mother added, "a newspaper editor in Reno called to tell me that he had just met Ginger on the street. (*Continued on page 98*)

SENTIMENTAL ROUGHNECK

By Franc Dillon

George Raft is no ladies' man, but he has some ideas about women and love that you couldn't possibly have suspected

ONE DAY recently, at the Paramount Studio, the monotony of the morning's work was interrupted when the director looked up to speak to George Raft, who had been standing at his elbow a moment before. George was not there. The director called but there was no answer. Assistants began to scurry around. They looked all over the huge sound stage. They looked outside; he might have stepped outside for a breath of air. They questioned Mack Grey, his friend who is like a shadow, but he, like the others, could only say: "He was here a minute ago."

When telephone calls to various other places in the studio failed to produce any sign of George, a systematic search began because, during his five years as a star, George had never before held up a scene. Twenty minutes passed and, as the situation began to take on an air of seriousness, in walked George with an elderly lady on each arm. He placed each one tenderly in a chair where they could see everything and, realizing he had been holding up the scene, rushed to the director and whispered his apology:

"I found these ladies wandering around outside. They were lost and they want to see how movies are made. Don't tell them who I am."

That incident is hardly consistent with the George Raft you know on the screen, is it? It isn't consistent with your emotions as you sit in a theatre and watch him, as you alternately thrill with admiration at his superb portrayals of wicked characters and shiver with apprehension at the terrifying possibility of meeting him in the dark.

On the screen his cold, steel-blue eyes have much the same effect on you that looking into the business end of a loaded gun would have, but out of the picture there is hardly anything about this charming, soft-spoken chap which would establish him as a villain. He is decidedly not a tough guy and the fact that his admirers believe the real George Raft to be like his screen characters is just another tribute to his competence as an actor.

Off the screen he is an amiable, quiet, considerate person—just the opposite from his screen self—and, like many another portrayer of hard-boiled roles, George is just an old softie where women are concerned. Any woman, he likes, can wind him around her little finger and the sight of tears from feminine eyes reduces him to a state of helplessness.

AT THE moment, there is a young lady who has George literally standing on his head, doing handsprings and spending his spare shopping moments buying her pretty presents. She returns his affection but, being a smart girl, knows his weak points and never fails to press an advantage. Ordinarily, she calls him "Uncle George" but when other wiles fail, the little flirt looks up at him archly and lisps: "Daddy."

And George, being no stronger than other weak men where a lady is concerned, immediately capitulates.

"I'm just nuts about her," he confessed to me. "She can have anything I've got."

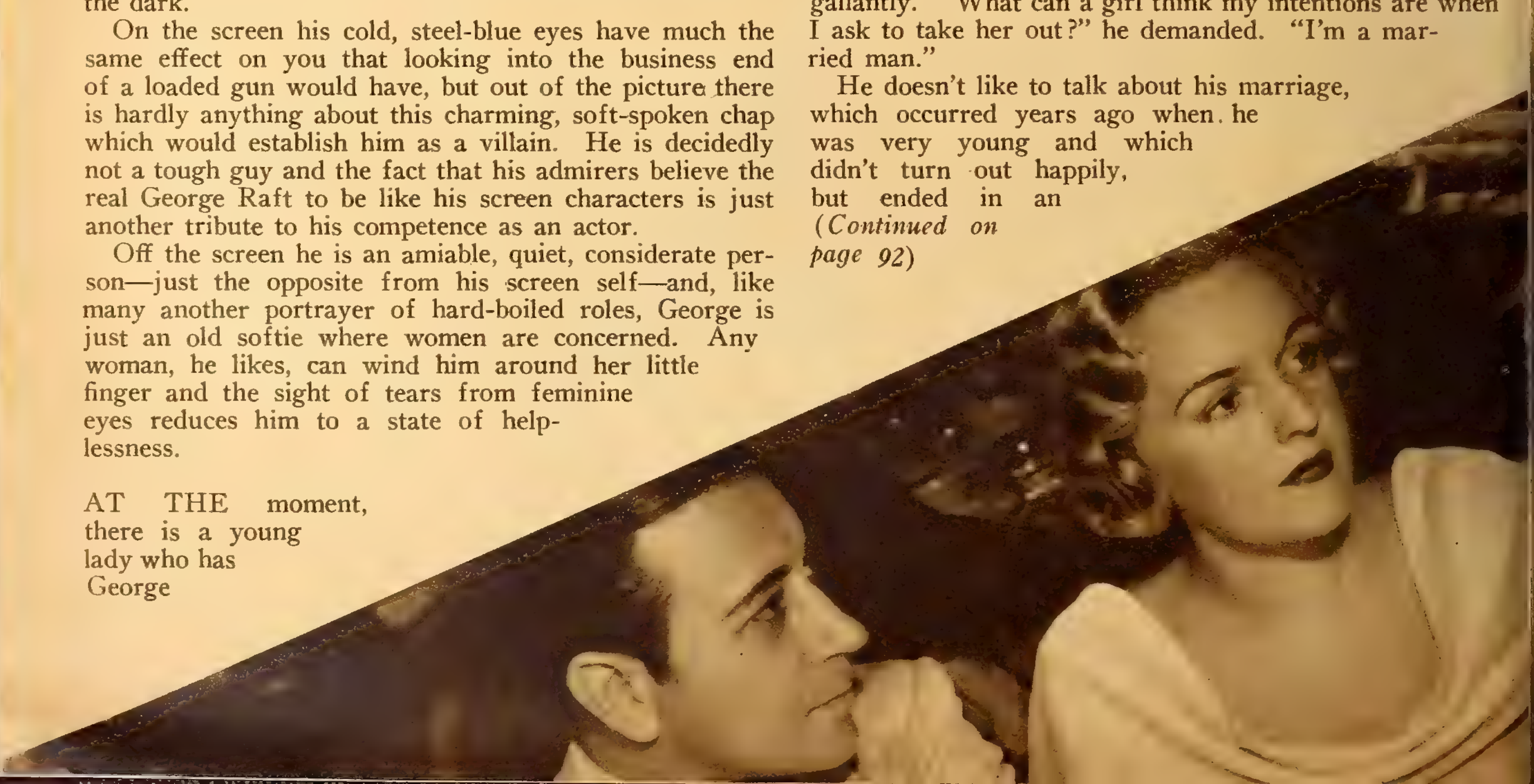
It may be her blue eyes that attract George, or her blonde curls or maybe the fact that she measures thirty-six inches from stem to stern and is just five years old. At any rate, one of George's fondest dreams is that some day he will be in reality her daddy, for she is the small daughter of George's best girl, Virginia Pine. He buys toys for the child by the truck load, keeping the most fascinating ones at his own apartment in the hope that she will call on him frequently.

George isn't a ladies' man in the popular sense of the word. He likes women and they like him, but he isn't a flirt. He confines his attentions to one girl at a time, and since he has been in Hollywood his name has been closely linked with but one girl—and *only* one. She is Virginia Pine who, in George's words is "the sweetest and the prettiest girl in the world."

George doesn't like to talk about girls and hesitates to be seen too frequently with the same girl because he's not free to marry. "It subjects a girl to gossip," he explains gallantly. "What can a girl think my intentions are when I ask to take her out?" he demanded. "I'm a married man."

He doesn't like to talk about his marriage, which occurred years ago when he was very young and which didn't turn out happily, but ended in an

(*Continued on page 92*)



Below left, Virginia Pine is George's off-screen romance, while right, Rosalind Russell is his heart interest in "It Had to Happen."

(Right) With her successful co-partner, Nelson Eddy, in "Rose Marie." (Below) Beaux may come and beaux may go but Bob Ritchie is always in the background of Jeanette's life.

Would you guess that the dignified MacDonald adores to be goofy and impulsive?

Jeanette's MADCAP MOMENTS

EVERY TIME I read about Jeanette MacDonald's wholesale sagacity I become annoyed. People are so persistent in plugging her as a cool and calculating creature. She's always the level-headed lovely who never makes a move without first pausing to think it over. Her Hollywood life is apparently a cut-and-dried affair, time-clocked to such a degree that she's in tempo only with her career.

The girl evidently does everything with a reflecting weather eye warily out. When I see write-ups, purporting to be the complete lowdown on Miss MacDonald, I can't help sighing at the crime they're committing!

For, in reality, Jeanette isn't a stuffy soul at all. She's a radiant redhead who may be a prim princess to her press agents, but who's often a riot to her friends. Have you ever heard of how she went whooping it up at the beach concessions in Ocean Park and ended up by falling off the merry-go-round? Or of the time she went berserk with the pearls? I like the episode when she "borrowed" a costume from the show she was doing, because she was sick of her one and only evening dress. And, mentioning clothes, do you know she chooses her wardrobe in a positively nutty way?

Her last-minute scrambles to be sewed into her party duds before sweeping into a formal Hollywood gathering are minor mad moments in the exciting existence this prima donna actually leads. You ought to be fully in-

Though she's mighty serious about her work, Jeanette MacDonald's private life isn't the cut-and-dried affair some people think it is.

By Ben Maddox

formed of that occasion when she lit into a big New York theatrical producer. And why she once impetuously forsook Hollywood and all its monetary rewards. But snatch yourself a cigarette and relax. I've merely begun.

It's a fact, yes, that Jeanette MacDonald is one star who is exceptionally sensible where her job is concerned. She has worked hard to acquire her present fan following. She's too intelligent to spoil her set-up by playing the fool, and certainly she's too well-bred to indulge in those gaudy gestures.

I do believe, however, that it's my duty to the MacDonald admirers to tell the rest of the truth. Jeanette's human streak will endear her (*Continued on page 81*)

ON HIS WAY

By Carolyn S. Hoyt

Kathleen Lockhart, Ross and Anita Louise in "Brides Are Like That."

Stardom is his goal and Ross Alexander, with that Gable "ummph," is very near it

ROSS ALEXANDER, six-footer plus, has what it takes for movie idolhood. The Gable "ummph." A voice, deep, throaty, controlled, that sends little shivers undulating up and down the feminine spines. A realistic grip on life that shows in his faintly cynical blue-eyed gaze. It's the quizzical look in those eyes that's going to round up the ladies. It already has.

What attracts them, too, is the excessive masculinity he radiates. He likes dogs and prize fights (none of your sissy featherweight matches, either . . . they have to be heavyweight, with blood spurting and teeth raining onto the canvas) and ice hockey (the more banged shins the better) and horse races. Stacked up against some of our better delineators of he-manhood, Alexander (born Alexander Ross Smith, Junior, and a real New Yorker) makes them look like a bunch of posey pickers.

"It's a funny thing about that," said Alexander between bites of roast duck, absorbed in the rarefied air of Warner Brothers' exclusive "Green Room" studio cafe ". . . . I had a wardrobe woman at a Long Island house party comment on it. She was something of a fortune teller, went around predicting peoples' futures at the party.

"I really don't know how I happened to be there because it was made up of a university theatrical group, and I hadn't been to college. I was 'kicked out' of school at sixteen, as a matter of fact. I met this woman earlier in the evening. 'And at what school did you matriculate?' she asked me, putting on a big act. 'Experience,' I answered. And she didn't say another word to me until later, when she started to read my palm.

"At the party were a lot of fellows and girls, one chap was so womanish, you'd wonder if he had brought his knitting. Well, the wardrobe (*Continued on page 87*)

It's that amused twinkle in the eye that's so beguiling. He's a happy-go-lucky fellow.

Would you risk your career as did these stars?

THE DECISIONS of actors, standing at the crossroads of their careers, are the cause back of their success or failure. Those who take a stand, decide, and go on are those who in the going-on meet up with "good luck." But good luck is the smile of a right decision while facing the crossroads of left or right.

Many a decision made by a player has become the most famous story associated with him. When Greta Garbo decided that five o'clock was late enough for her to work for any motion picture company, she put her decision into execution with the now famous line: "I tank I go home now."

Arline Judge is a youngster who had a decision thrust upon her. It was a ticklish decision to make inasmuch as it was love against a career. At least, it was put up to her that way by those who thrust the decision upon her. They were merely business names to her, but names who had the say-so in the studio that had brought her from New York to give her a picture career. This career began as one of the leads in Wesley Ruggles' picture "Are These Our Children?" Mr. Ruggles' interest in Arline became more than professional. He invited her to have dinner with him. She did. The first date led to others. Ruggles' interest warmed. Likewise, Arline's. They were becoming very serious and matrimony loomed around a near corner.

The studio, however, wanted no such corner for Miss Judge. It was one thing to romanticize in celluloid. It was another to romanticize away from celluloid. Arline received a request to make a prompt appearance in the head office. She appeared. Very tactfully, the executive, behind the flat-topped desk, intimated that the studio had big things in store for Arline

(*Continued on page* 95)

Top to bottom, three who changed their lives by decisions difficult to make: Arline Judge, Robert Young and Gloria Stuart.

By Dorothy Herzog

DECISIONS AT THE CROSSROADS

JUST HOME Folks

The Lloyds—Peggy, Harold, Gloria, Mildred and Harold, Jr.

PLEASE DON'T call us Hollywood's happiest couple," begged Mildred Davis Lloyd. "We aren't the happiest couple in Hollywood, I am sure. I wouldn't want to be. Harold and I are just two normal, healthy people who married because we loved each other and we are raising a normal, healthy family and are enjoying it.

"We have disagreements. They are never very serious, but we frequently have a difference in opinion and we don't hesitate to tell each other about it. When we get peeved about anything we talk it out and arrive at an understanding that is agreeable to both of us. Then we kiss and 'make up' like other folks do.

"I think it is absurd for anyone to say that two people can live without occasional quarrels. Harold and I don't. We are really just plain home folks. Harold is an ordinary business man at heart whose business happens to be located in Hollywood. There isn't anything of the actor about him after he leaves the studio. Luckily we like the same things and get a lot of happiness out of the children, so we never have a dull or wasted moment."

That, in a nutshell, is the story of Harold and Mildred Lloyd and how they have managed to make a success of matrimony in a place known the world over for its menaces to marital happiness. When Junior gains a pound or learns to chin himself, that item is just as important in the Lloyd menage as is Harold's selection of his newest leading lady.

Mildred suffers for Harold's art occasionally. In his latest picture, "The Milky Way," he plays the part of a milkman. Mildred says that for a solid month he got up at dawn and slipped around to the front door, to practise the art of delivering milk. It seems that one of the fine points in a milkman's technique is to be able to put down the bottles in the wee small hours of the morning without making any noise.

It was several weeks before Harold accomplished the art, but now he is so good that if anything should ever go amiss with his movie career, he could get a job in any dairy.

Mildred says she goes through an ordeal every time he starts a picture. When he made "The Catspaw" he would greet her in Chinese every morning and he would eat with chop-sticks at the table and say good-bye like a Chinaman. She says she felt like a half-caste herself before the picture was finished.

It is easy to understand why Harold has found his greatest success since marriage. Mildred is an optimistic person and has a canny understanding of audience appreciation. She catches all the "sneak previews" of Harold's pictures with him and whenever she says that a scene should be cut or lengthened, Harold accepts her advice without question.

It is surprising to find that Mildred's domestic problems are like so many other wives. Gloria and Peggy Lloyd are going through the same experiences and phases that all normal children do. They have bands on their teeth and they have become ardent movie fans.

Mildred says that taking them to the movies is quite an ordeal. The whole family goes to the neighborhood theatre every Saturday night, but the children never get enough. They always want to see the show over again. Every time they go Harold says, very sternly, "Now remember, we are going home the minute the picture is over and I don't want anybody to say a word or we won't go again." But they usually come home around midnight

Found at last! The happiest family in all Hollywood—

with both Harold and Mildred vowing that they never will go again. However, next Saturday always finds them back in their old seats.

The girls have a little club in the neighborhood which they call "The Jolly Eggers." They were deep in initiation plans a few weeks ago. They were planning a portable club house so they could move it about and were trying to decide upon the insignia for their membership pins.

The Lloyd home consists of eighteen acres, beautifully landscaped. There is no need for them to go any place to seek relaxation or enjoyment, for everything is there within those high stone walls.

On account of numerous kidnapping threats, an armed guard patrols the estate and nobody is ever admitted inside the barred gate until they establish their identity. Every part of the house is connected by means of a private telephone exchange. The Lloyds have a private telephone book listing all of the various connections.

Although they are surrounded with every conceivable form of luxury, they maintain a sane method of living. They are all interested in the Dionne quintuplets. Each one has picked a baby as his special pet and each one watches all the news items and photos concerning "his" infant's progress. Mildred, Gloria and Peggy selected five dainty little bonnets which they sent to the Quintuplets and their proudest possession is the letter of acknowledgment sent them by Dr. Dafoe.

THE Lloyd children are advanced mentally for their years. Travel has undoubtedly helped them. The entire (*Continued on page* 85)

SUNFLOWER DAIRY

Harold Lloyd, all dressed up for "The Milky Way."

By Mary Sharon

the Harold Lloyds, all five of them

MAUREEN EXPOSES

By Gladys Hall

Rarely will you hear a star discuss her true love, her career and her faults so frankly or honestly

I DON'T think I'll ever commit suicide," said Maureen, with a pleasant laugh. "I don't think I'll ever have melancholia or die of a broken heart or be hauled off to a psychopathic ward or go under for the third time. Perhaps I might for love, but for nothing else."

And, as she spoke, Maureen's blue eyes strayed, as they had been straying ever since we sat down to lunch in the studio commissary, to John Farrow where he sat at a table a few feet from ours. And it's not being sentimental to say that never have I seen such a look in the eyes of any girl in love. All of the tenderness, all of that starry first wonder, all of the sweetness and fidelity, pride and humbleness, slavery and sovereignty of love was in her eyes.

"John is all I really care about . . ." whispered Maureen.

"But to go back—I'll never do anything desperate about anything else that may befall me because, when I have most reason to be desperate and depressed, I am the most do-and-darish. When I'm down, I'm up. I'm like my native Ireland in this respect. I parallel the history of my country—I'm at my best when I'm cornered and have to fight.

"On the other hand, any little success I may have simply anesthetizes me. I just sit down and do nothing. I sink into the first comfy chair, with a book, and call it a day.

"I've always been like this. When I was a tiny youngster, at home in Ireland, if I happened to be on the outs with the family and was being ignored and sent to Coventry, my back was up right away. I'd do drastic things to recall attention to myself. I'd work like a demon in school so that my report card would be better than the reports of my sisters and brothers. Or I'd give away all of my clothes to the poor so that I could pose as a poor little martyr, stripped to the skin. Or I'd deliberately fall downstairs, injure myself in some carefully minor way so that I would be in the limelight, entitled to sympathy. It usually worked—and once I was reinstated I promptly lapsed again.

"When I was sent to a convent school in London, I did very well at first; I got good marks, both in my work and in my conduct. There seemed to be nothing to strive for then. So I just did nothing. I muffed

At left you see two views of Miss O'S. when she's in what she terms an "up" mood. But, you should know what goes on with this gay Irish gal when she's in the depths! At right, Maureen with Johnny Weissmuller in a new jungle thriller, "Tarzan Escapes." Also an off-screen view with Maureen and the-object-of-her-affections, John Farrow. They have been repeatedly rumored married, but you'll read the true facts in this self-revelation of Maureen's.

my studies. I didn't so much disobey rules and regulations as disregard them. I let myself go to such an extent that I was—and I've never told of this blot on my 'scutcheon before—I was expelled.

"My people were sent for to come from Ireland and take me home. I knew that I had a battle on my hands. I knew that I would have to face the music and that the music would be plenty martial. I was down in the slough of despond and defeat but—my spirits soared! I prepared for the fray. I wore my prettiest dress. I decided not to eat too much so that I would lose weight and look pale and interesting. I adopted the martyr pose as the one best suited to my needs. I played my part excellently. I posed as a free soul who could not be subjected to English rule, or something. The result was excellent for me. For I was sent to Fontainbleau to live for several months. And it did me good. I got more out of that experience than I would ever have got out of remaining in school. I learned to speak a very decent French. I met some interesting people. It really did things for me . . . .

"I would never have come to Hollywood if it hadn't been for one of those 'down' periods of mine. I hadn't been sitting very pretty with the family. Mother was strict and I'd been going out a lot more than she approved. Came a night when I was invited to dance and dine at a sort of night club in Dublin, a place very similar to our Cocoanut Grove here in Hollywood. Mother told me I couldn't go. Immediately my fighting spirit rose. I was defiant, I'm afraid. I said that I must go. I *would* go—and I did. And that was the night when Frank Borzage saw me and asked me if I would like to make a test for the screen.

NOT THAT this has anything to do with the subject we're talking about," said Maureen, her dark eyes suddenly tender, "but here's something about my coming to Hollywood I've never told anyone before. Dad, you see, didn't want me to come. Frank Borzage knew this and he said he would come and talk to Dad but that, if Dad continued to feel too strongly about it, I'd better abide by his wishes and remain at home. I was pretty certain Dad would say 'no.' And then, the night before Mr. Borzage was to call on us, my baby sister was saying her prayers, when Dad chanced to pass her door and heard her say, 'Dear God, please make Daddy let Maureen go to Hollywood, for thy Son's sake. Amen.'

"It was on the wings of that dear little prayer," said Maureen, with a shaky laugh, "that I really came to Hollywood. . . .

"When I first arrived, everything was wonderful. I made the picture with John McCormick and he was marvellous to me. Everyone was interested; things went beautifully. I took myself a very swank apartment at the Garden of Allah. I was up—oh, 'way up . . .

"After the McCormick picture I was judged a 'success.' That was my undoing. Everyone was only too anxious to be nice to 'the little Irish girl.'

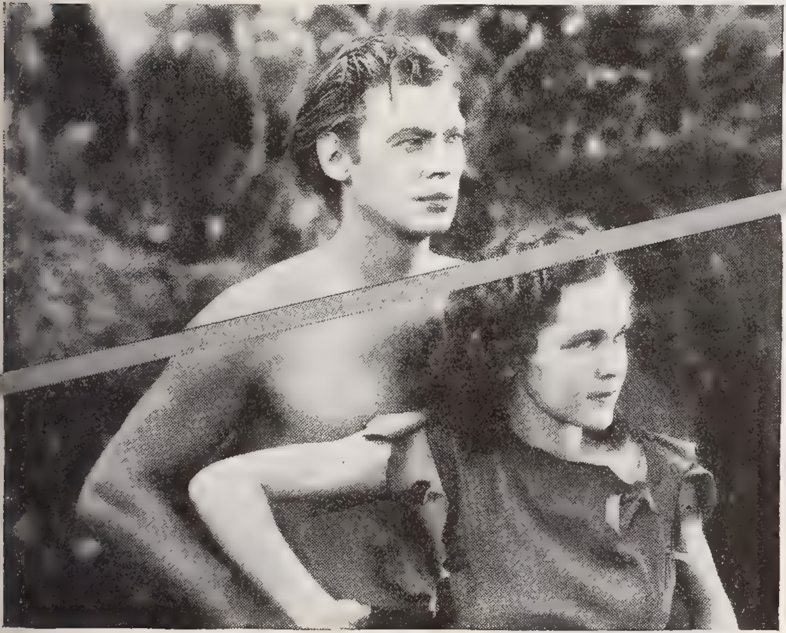
"I just can't *stand* success," laughed Maureen. "And this is what I did. The studio offered to give me singing lessons, drawing lessons, elocution lessons. But, I figured, if one could be successful *without* knowing these things, why bother to learn? I took one elocution lesson, two dancing lessons, *no* singing lessons and then sat back quite pleased with myself!

"Next they told me that I should see pictures and watch other actresses but I, in my ignorance, thought that the reason I was 'successful' was just because I didn't know how to act! (Must have been an acute case of swelled head which ballooned me up into that mirage!)

"The final straw came when they compared me to Janet Gaynor who was my favorite star. From that point I just bent backwards doing nothing. Nothing has ever been done as completely as *I* did nothing—if I make myself clear!

"I didn't bother about my clothes, on the screen or off. I never studied. I stayed out late every night and arrived for work each morning in a state of total exhaustion.

FINALLY came the awakening! What I had considered my 'success' was no such thing at all, merely the mistaken enthusiasm of someone in the front office. I was not attracting people into the theatres. On the contrary, *I was keeping them out.* Yes, I'm going to let you have it all. I had, you see, made enemies of Janet Gaynor's fans, who resented their idol being compared to this upstart young creature playing in pictures Janet should have been in. And (*Continued on page* 100)



MISS O'SULLIVAN

REVIEWS —A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES

The picture parade of laugh hits and musicals marches on

By Leo Townsend

(Left) That top-notch team, Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire, won't disappoint you in their latest dancing-singing delight, "Follow the Fleet."

See Modern Screen's Movie Scoreboard on page 6

(Left) Warner Baxter and Gloria Stuart in "The Prisoner of Shark Island." (Above) Yes, they're all in one picture—Myrna Loy, Clark Gable and Jean Harlow—in "Wife vs. Secretary."

(Above) "Modern Times" is undoubtedly the most talked about picture in many a moon and acclaimed one of Chaplin's best. Paulette Goddard lends beauty and talent to this silent film.

★★★★ Modern Times (United Artists)

All that actually need be said about "Modern Times" is: Chaplin is back. As it's been nearly five years since "City Lights," the return of Charlie in any sort of picture is an event. His return, it is our happy duty to report, is doubly welcome because this is a better picture than "City Lights." Some will regard it as Chaplin's best film: our own opinion is that it ranks with "The Gold Rush" and "Shoulder Arms." Anyway, it's more than pleasant to see once again the familiar figure of the pathetic little vagabond, still the underdog, still at odds with the world, and still aiding the damsel in distress. "Modern Times" is a satire, the story of the clash between an individual and a system, between man and the machine. It's a silent picture (if you don't know what that is, ask somebody's mother), with musical accompaniment composed by the star, who also wrote and directed the film. Best of all, it's Chaplin with all his tricks. Two of the funniest comedy sequences in recent years are his tussle with an automatic feeding machine and his debut as a singing waiter, in which he chants a strange jargon accompanied by a dance that out-Freds Mr. Astaire. Portraying the waif one expects in all Chaplin pictures is Paulette Goddard, and the young lady has beauty and considerable animation. You'll be seeing "Modern Times" anyway, so why are we telling you all this?

Preview Postscripts

This marks the first time that Chaplin actually "shot" from a completed script. Heretofore he has merely had the skeleton story outlined in his mind, improvising the action on the set. But the comedian spent almost three years writing this story, down to the most minute detail. Contrary to general belief, Chaplin is not averse to the talking picture for screen expression or entertainment. But for his own medium he feels the pantomime method is far superior. Among the most familiar symbols in the world today are the stick, hat, shoes and moustache which have contributed so much to Chaplin's fame. When he arrived in America for the first time in 1910 and made a two-year tour in vaudeville, they were with him. When he made his first appearance in pictures, in the Keystone Comedies, they were with him. And when he formed his own company—the first star to acquire his own studio—the stick, hat, shoes and moustache were listed as his chief assets. It isn't all fun being a celebrity and a legend, though. Hardly a morning passes that the Chaplin mail does not include a request for a few hundred dollars as a suitable prize for a "Chaplin Contest" in some corner of the globe. Last month a nation-wide contest was held in Japan for the best impersonation of the little comedian. A few weeks ago in Hungary, a poll was taken by one of the leading newspapers, asking its readers that if seven world-famous figures were in danger and only one was to be saved, whom would they choose to rescue. Chaplin won by an overwhelming majority. You'll spot many an old familiar face in a Chaplin picture. Whether it's a chance for a "bit" or a larger role, Charlie considers his pals of the old acting days first. Among those present in "Modern Times" you'll find Henry Bergman, who has appeared in every Chaplin film for the past twenty years, Stanley Sandford, Chester Conklin and Hank Mann—all Keystone pals. Then there's Edward Kimball, Wilfred Lucas, Lloyd Ingraham, Johnny Rand and many others. Paulette Goddard is a new face, though. She was discovered by Chaplin while playing minor parts in the Hal Roach studios. Because he believes the public prefers to make its own discoveries, Charlie has refused to have his protégée interviewed or given any publicity.

★★★★ The Milky Way (Paramount)

Since Hollywood's two best-known comedians return to the screen simultaneously, it is a pleasure to report that Harold Lloyd is almost as funny in his way as Charlie Chaplin is in his. The difference between them is, perhaps, that Chaplin's comedy is built entirely around himself, while Lloyd's is fashioned around anyone who happens to be present at the moment the gag explodes. Our hero is a mild-mannered milkman who inadvertently gets mixed up in a fracas in which the middleweight champion of the world is knocked out. The press believes the milk purveyor landed the lethal sock, and since the press is a powerful thing, our meek friend soon finds himself a hero of the ring, completely equipped with a smart manager, Adolphe Menjou, and a set of boxing opponents. Around this situation Mr. Lloyd, his director and his script writers have contrived a series of unending and hilarious gags which leave the audience limp with exhaustion by the time the final bell rings. Notable scenes are: Lloyd demonstrating his ducking prowess, Lloyd punching in waltz time, Lloyd teaching his ducking trick to a dowager, and Lloyd in a cab trying to conceal from the driver the fact that his companion is a horse. The entire cast is superb, with special emphasis on Adolphe Menjou, Verree Teasdale, William Gargan and Lionel Stander.

Preview Postscripts

Harold Lloyd's proudest claim to fame is that he never seriously wanted to play "Hamlet." Not seriously. But he does have a hankering to give an audience the chance to roar at his soliloquy and roll in the aisles over his death at Ophelia's bier. Says he's aiming at the funny-bone of his audience, not their brain. Rather make 'em laugh than think, any day . . . One

(Continued on page 112)

'FURRINER' FROM TIMES SQUARE

By Dorothy Spensley

NEW YORK'S Montmartre Cafe, during the 'twenties was a popular night spot. It's small, columned dance floor was the scene for the gallant act that sent Cesar Romero into films, via the stepladder of the stage.

Since Romero's arrival in Hollywood two years ago, the Manhattan Latin has made fourteen films, his first "The Thin Man," and his latest "Love Before Breakfast," with Carole Lombard. He has appeared with Dietrich, Arliss, Colman, Margaret Sullavan and other noteworthies' pictures, and has a contract with Universal.

But before telling you about his Montmartre days, let us trace Cesar's footsteps through a period when he was employed by the National City Bank. It was too dull for the graceful six-footer. Nights found him dancing, as a guest. Presently he was dancing, as a professional, with Lisbeth Higgins, Brooklyn debutante, who had theatrical aspirations. Cesar quit the bank job.

All of fashionable Brooklyn turned out in 1927 when Higgins and Romero did their turn in the show, "Lady, Do!" They waltzed, did a fast fox-trot, a tango and threw in a bit of the Apache for good measure. For three years, with partners he hated, partners he liked, and a partner he loved, Romero was a New York exhibition dancer . . . Club Richman, Ambassador Roof, St. Regis Roof, the Montmartre.

One night in 1930, with lovely Nitza Vernille in his arms, Romero stepped out under the colored spotlights of the Club Montmartre. They swung out on the floor to the notes of a tango that had acrobatic variations. Suddenly Nitza, slim and tall, like a column, stood still. Ready, Romero! A swirl of silks, and Nitza was horizontally atop his shoulders, arms outstretched, toes pointing like arrows, and Cesar was performing great arcs about the floor with Nitza on his shoulders.

Be careful! For God's sake, be careful. Those columns . . . too near the floor. A swerve too near, a false move, and Nitza would be dashed against their flutings. Night after night they took this risk for the sake of applause. Applause meant money.

Then a sudden, biting pain in Cesar's side. Excruciating, like a knife that tears its way through tissue. I'm going to fall! I can't stand this agony. I can't faint . . . Nitza . . . confident that I won't drop her. If she fell, she might never walk again. One more dip, then she slides from my shoulders. She is down. Applause. We bow off. My hand clutched to my side.

"I fell to the floor in the hallway," says Romero, retelling the story, "in more pain than I have ever suffered. Finally, I was carried to my dressing-room. Someone found an ice bag. A doctor came, hurriedly. Said it was a strain that affected my appendix, that it might necessitate an operation. I couldn't afford to take time off to remain in a hospital for any length of time.

"For two weeks I danced with the same pain griping me, and I'd rush off the floor and slap an ice bag over my appendix. It was agony, but we fulfilled our contract, although I knew it spelled the end of my dancing career. And it did. But it drove me to the stage. And from the stage I went into pictures."

Cesar Romero danced his way to fame, and here he is stepping with Carole Lombard in "Love Before Breakfast."

Films were glad to see Romero. They took one look at his six-foot two-inch body, his huge chest expansion, his wavy, black hair, his brown eyes, his easy grace, and yelled, "Here's another Valentino."

He isn't another Valentino. And doesn't want to be. He'd like to know who started that fable. Years ago when he was a youngster, and a rabid movie fan, he admits that he would cover the lower part of his longish face with one hand and mark the resemblance that he bore to the late film idol. But he

(*Continued on page* 101)

Romero is as American as your Uncle Sam and proud of it

MEN ARE OUT . . !

Glenda won't rely on them, but is always in love with 'em

By Ruth Rankin

Glenda Farrell, in person! She's doing "Snowed Under" with George Brent.

MEN HAVE never done me any good! . . . but I can't live without 'em!" Glenda added with a flourish, in case you get any wrong ideas.

In the old Farrell homestead is a little brown-and-beige sitting-room known as the "tell-all" department. Something sort of warm and friendly about it, something conducive to spilling the beans.

My motto is, always trap Glenda in the sitting-room if you really want her to talk. I've heard her in every room in the house on account of being a neighbor who runs in and out at odd times, and here's the way it sizes up: she goes grand in the drawing-room, that green-and-white-and-crystal magnificence with the old-ivory concert-size piano, and who wouldn't? I always want to say, "Come off, Duchess, I just saw you lift that chicken leg from the ice-box." In Tommy's playroom she is all mother, as she patiently demonstrates the wrong way to put an airplane together.

In the dining-room she is busy being a hostess, and even upstairs in the rumpus-room, she doesn't let down her hair. Everyone else does, and *some*body has to keep the pressure down. In her bedroom, with the pink satin slip-covers, she goes to bed with Mr. Tilley—that's the name of her favorite hot water bottle—and before you can say, "nine o'clock on the set, made up," she's sound asleep. Or else she takes a book with her, and many is the love-sick swain who has murmured, "Oh, to be bound in vellum."

Well, now that small digression is over, we can get back to the story which is about how men have never done Glenda any good, remember? Of course, if they weren't around under foot all the time and ringing up on the telephone every twenty minutes, she would probably be saying, "Men are marvellous, so big and strong and wonderful, I owe all my success to men. Hey men, where are you?" But you see, Glenda hasn't reached the grateful age yet, an age which even actresses reach, believe it or not. In fact, Glenda is such a long way this side of it she can still afford to tell the truth—a rare luxury seldom afforded any woman, much less a picture actress.

Let's see, where were we? Wait now, don't tell me. Oh yes. Glenda was sitting over there on that beige Chesterfield thing you sink into a foot and it practically takes a tug-of-war to pull you out of it. Often, I've thought how nice it would be to spend a winter in Glenda's Chesterfield, just thinking about life and hatching ideas like this one (only it happens to be Glenda's idea, this time).

"You know," said Glenda, gradually receding from sight, "in the general direction of our subject, allow me to begin by saying I have never met a man yet who asked me to give up my career for him!

"Maybe it's my fault. It seems to be a mistake to be too capable and self-supporting. These girls, brought up from the cradle to be helpless and dependent, are the ones who get the breaks. They are rotten spoiled, but the basic theory is sound—if they don't

(*Continued on page 84*)

Grace Moore has risen from a lonely night club singer to the very peak of picture, radio and operatic fame.

Once Grace Moore bought gumdrops instead of champagne

SHE KNEW HER When—

By Mary Watkins Reeves

WHAT'S she really like?" There's scarcely a week that four or five people don't ask me that question about Grace Moore. And when I answer them I never know whether to start with the Bag of Gumdrops incident or The Case of the Case of Champagne story, since both prove the same rare and delightful thing that Grace Moore has risen from a lonely little night club singer to the very peak of picture, radio and operatic fame, and she hasn't changed a bit!

This time, since the gumdrops are lo! these thirteen years stale, while the champagne is as yet uncorked, I'm going to start this story at the beginning.

It still strikes me as darned odd that I should have met Grace Moore as long ago and in as unusual a way as I did. Except that in Manhattan you can bump into most anybody most anytime. It was in 1922, during an Easter vacation from school. I was spending the holidays in New York when one afternoon I stopped in Washington Square Park for a swallow of water.

A girl was bending over the fountain drinking. When she finished she looked up, noted the bundles in my arms, smiled and said to me, "Go ahayd, I'll hol' it faw yuh," indicating the iron knob that had to be turned to make the water flow.

I drank. And I probably remarked something as definitely non-Yankee as, "That's right nice of you. Thank you mighty much." Because the next moment she was saying, "What part of the South are *you* from?" in the way all Southerners do when they meet each other in alien territory. And a few minutes later we were sitting on a park bench under a ratty little tree eating gumdrops together.

They were her gumdrops. They were what got the conversation started because they were brickbats if I ever gnawed on any.

THAT'S THE way they do you in this town," she said, offering me the bag again. "The shopkeeper vowed these were fresh. Look at them. Things like that make me so mad I could spit! It isn't the dime, it's the principle of the thing. Now down home . . ."

I liked the girl. She had fiery blue eyes, she gesticulated incessantly when she talked and she was friendly. I was sure she was pretty lonely, and when she told me she was a night club singer I almost died of adolescent curiosity.

"I work in the floor show at *"Le Chat Noir,"* a couple blocks over that way." She pointed toward the Sixth Avenue "L" and added, "The Black Cat."

Night club singer! According to my naïve, homegrown brand of ideas, night club singers were razmataz ladies who slunk around in mascara and skin-tight black satin, crusty with rhinestones and broke into the Charleston on the last chorus. They made merry all night and slept all day under ermine coverlets and probably even wore high-heeled bedroom slippers. And this girl wasn't a bit like that.

In the first place—well, she just *was* a nice girl. She looked no more than eighteen. Her hair was a dull but not an unpretty shade of brown. *(Continued on page 90)*

Grace Moore, her husband, Valentin Parera, and Mary Pickford at a recent Hollywood party.

A scene from the long-awaited "The King Steps Out," with Franchot Tone.

and was poor and unknown, not wealthy and famous

Bob and Irene Hervey having fun at Palm Springs.

BOB

—big

He's sitting pretty, with stardom ahead—but has it turned his head and heart?

TELL ME, honest and truly, cross-your-heart-hope-to-die, how does it really feel to be the big rave?"

M-G-M's Daily Special, that day, a mushroom smothered filet mignon, was temporarily forgotten as I leaned forward across the lunch table and earnestly directed that question at Robert Taylor. Then, quickly, I laughed at my own folly. "Of course, you won't really tell me the truth. It's one of those hackneyed questions that everybody asks and that nobody ever really answers."

"I'll answer it," Bob said enthusiastically. "I'll tell you the honest-to-goodness, cross-my-heart truth! Only you won't believe me! But anyway I'll tell it to you. Here's exactly how it feels. Maybe I'll be sitting in my house all alone some evening, and maybe I'll pick up a movie column or a fan magazine and, of course, I look to see what they say about me. Somebody says, 'Bob Taylor, the most promising young man on the screen today . . . due to be one of the biggest stars by the end of 1936.'

"I read it twice to make sure I read right, and then I throw the thing across the room and I get up and walk around with a sort of silly expression on my face. I say to myself, 'Well, it would be nice to believe, but I doubt it. They'll catch on to me sooner or later. I *can't* be anything but a flash in the pan!' There, that's how it feels! And it's darned uncomfortable!"

"But the thrill?" I put in lamely. "You don't get a kick out of it?"

"How can I be thrilled about something I don't believe? Oh, I'm glad about having some money in the bank, instead of working in one for $30 a week, which is where I was headed before Metro signed me up. And I'm thrilled about the nice house I just rented for my mother, and about my new car. But thrilled because they say there are big things ahead of me? Now, wouldn't I be a chump to fall for that kind of ballyhoo? I'll be thrilled when I've proved my success, when I've got more than just a couple of good roles under my belt—but not until then.

"I've just had the breaks so far. Anybody would have come through in a great picture like 'Broadway Melody.' 'Magnificent Obsession' was sure fire, too, with a cast that just naturally carried me along! But suppose I had

TAYLOR rave!

By Katharine Hartley

to carry a picture myself? That's what it means to be a star. And I won't believe I'll be a big one, till I am one! Even then I'll probably still be pinching myself, and holding my breath, like I am now.

YOU SEE, if I'd had any theatrical inheritance, or any theatrical experience, or even any great urge to be an actor, I might have felt differently about it. In that case I might have felt that I was entitled to some success as an actor. But I never really acted before in my life—college theatricals can't count for much—and I never took any lessons. So naturally, I was just as surprised as the next fellow when I found myself with a contract."

"But your mother? At least she must be thrilled?"

"If she is, she doesn't say so. We never talk about my pictures. We don't even go to see them together. Once we went together to see 'Society Doctor,' but it made me so nervous to watch her watching me that we don't do that any more. If she had only said, 'That's good,' 'That's bad,' 'That's indifferent,' it would have been something to ease the strain—but she never said anything. Just patted my hand, and let it go at that. I know she saw 'Broadway Melody' six times, because my cousin, my grandmother and my secretary—they all live with mother—told me so. But she never mentioned it.

"Then the other afternoon she went to see 'The Magnificent Obsession' for the first time. Well, about six o'clock I dropped in at the house, hoping to find out what she thought of it. The first thing she said was, 'Oh, Bob, I'm so glad you came over. I want you to tell me what I should do. The salesman at the gas company tells me that if we turn in the old stove we have now, I can get a brand new one, for only $3.25 a month, and they just put it on the gas bill. What do you think? Shall I do it?' So the talk started on stoves and ended on stoves, and I still don't know what she thought of 'The Magnificent Obsession.'

"All the time I have been in pictures, she has had only one criticism to make and that is that she thinks I spend too much money. In spite of the fact that I'm saving more than half of my salary! Like me, she can't believe it will last, I guess."

(*Continued on page 88*)

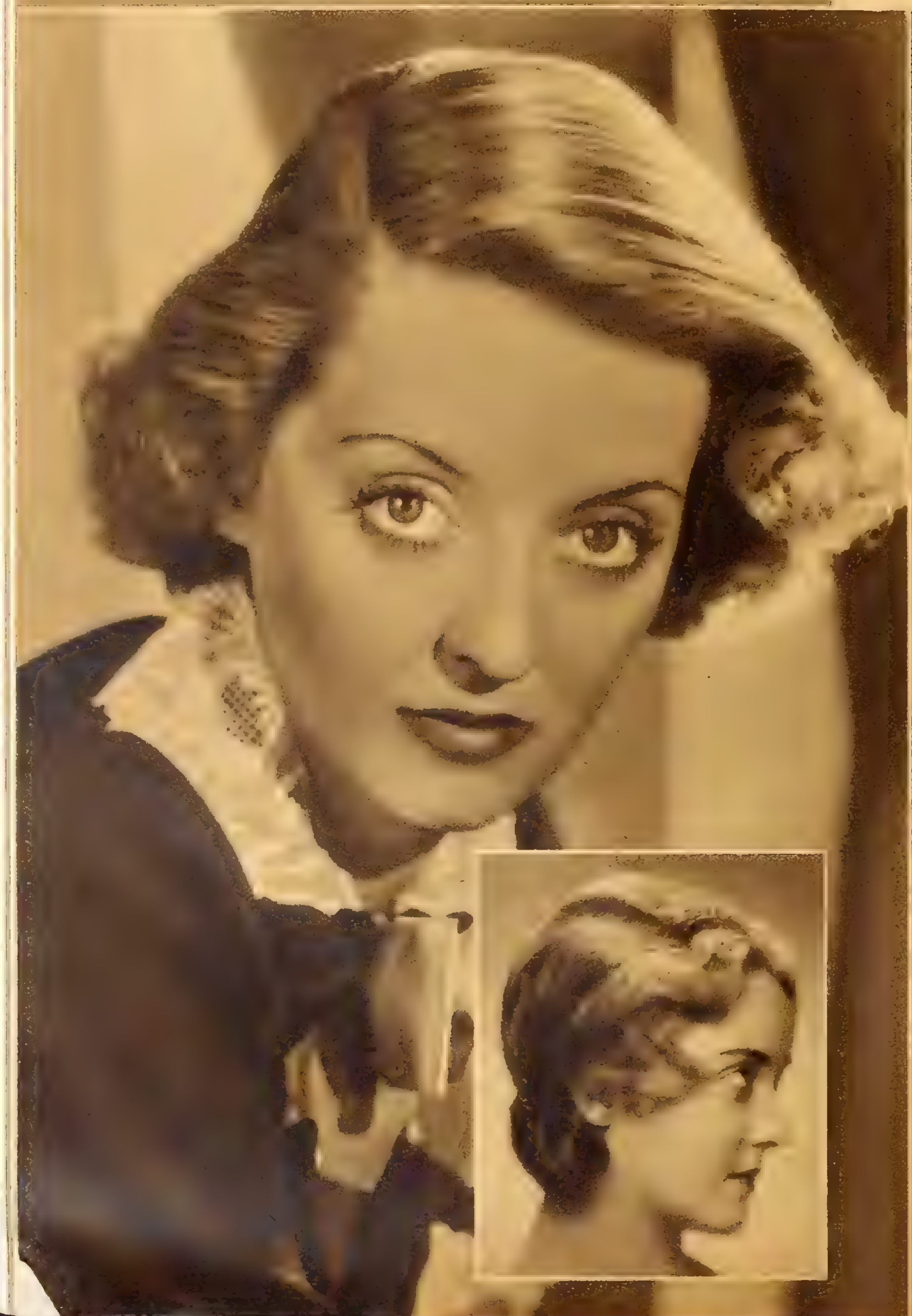
Beatrice, Nebraska's home talent who made good!

DOES HOLLYWOOD WANT NEW *types?*

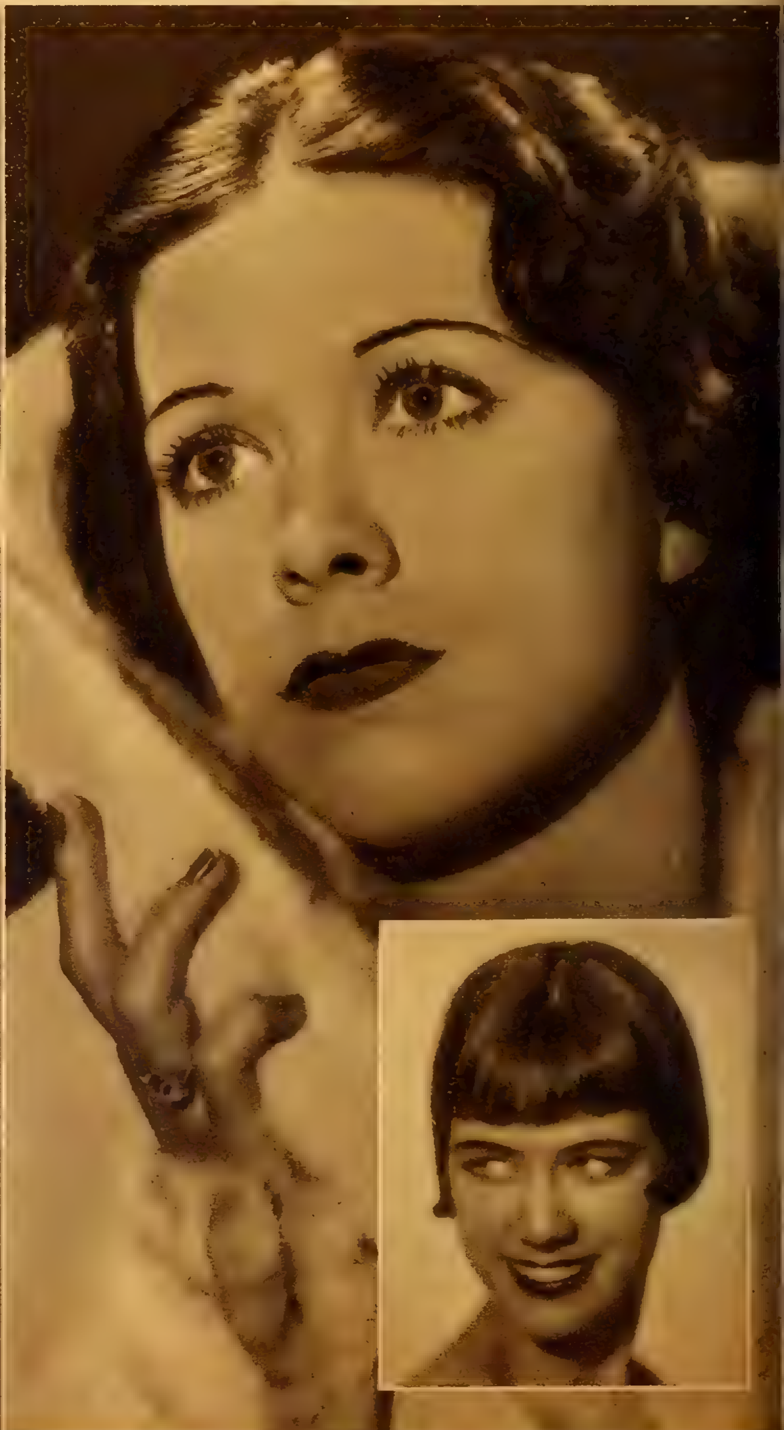
Studios insist that they do, but see if you think they mean it

By Katherine Albert

The small picture shows Bette Davis before she was remodelled according to the usual Hollywood standards.



Before and after "shots" of Eleanor Powell. Don't you think she had more individuality before her movie days?



HOLLYWOOD needs new types," cry the producers. "We are actually looking for new faces all the time," they tell you.

And just to prove it, almost every big studio has a "scouting" department, consisting of a group of expert men and women whose job it is to cover the country like a Joe E. Brown grin. They look in at all the Little Theatres, ferret around in the highways and byways, spot girls and boys dining in restaurants and say, "Ah-ha, we have a new face. Here is a different type."

When big directors "receive the press" they're always giving out advice to you girls and it always runs something like this, "Don't imitate. Be individual. Create your own personality. Don't arrange your hair in the standardized way. Don't wear the same type of clothes others wear. If you want a chance in Hollywood you must have individuality. You don't need beauty. All you need is individuality. You must not look like the already established stars." And so on *ad infinitum, ad nauseum,* add your own music.

So we believe all this and say, "Isn't it wonderful? Why, I don't look like anybody except myself. I guess I have a chance."

And now suppose you had a chance to go to Hollywood because you were a new type, the one and only of your kind. What would happen? Well, the only thing I can go by is precedent. Let me point out what happens to individuality in Hollywood.

Gladys Swarthout, too, had to conform to Hollywood's idea of glamor, so that now she looks like all the rest.

So Hollywood wants new types, eh, new faces? Then why don't they use a few of the new types they already have?

Listen! You can be as individual as a sword fish and when Hollywood gets through with you, you'll find yourself (much to your surprise) one of the four standard Hollywood types—a Garbo, a Gaynor, a Shearer, or a Harlow.

LET'S LOOK for a minute at what they've done to Gladys Swarthout. The first time I saw her she was rehearsing a radio program. Certainly, *there* was a girl who stood out from the crowd. In all that melée of sound effects, technicians, microphones and singers, Gladys was an outstanding individualist. Not pretty in the conventional sense of the word, she had that thing called personality the already quoted directors rave about.

Well, Hollywood snatched her from the opera and the radio, and the other day I was looking at some photographs of her and I give you my word I didn't know who she was. She might have been Gail Patrick or Rosalind Russell or Eleanor Powell. For she had been through the Hollywood standardization process and had come out with her hair done in the standard fashion, her eyebrows made up in just the same way as the rest, her mouth rouged exactly as the make-up experts rouge every other mouth.

They've had a tough time cutting Eleanor Powell to the pattern. But boy, they've tried. There's a girl with a face that's almost impossible to confuse with any other face. Here's one with no conventional prettiness, but before Hollywood got her, when she was a dancer on Broadway, she had a cuteness enhanced by a Dutch bob and straight bangs that took away some of the length of her face.

A year before Eleanor was given her Hollywood contract they made a test of her and said she was by no means good-looking enough to make the grade in pictures. So she set out to re-make herself. And presently she found herself in Hollywood where they did her over again, just in case.

Everybody had a hand in this process. Even Louis B. Mayer, the head of the studio, gave suggestions and wrote memos about it.

She was sent first to the hairdresser where she had a permanent wave with little curls all around her face. A lightening rinse was applied. Then they plucked her eyebrows into a thinner line, although she has always had a fine natural arch. The make-up man had his day and gave her a new mouth and there were porcelain caps for her teeth. And they taught her how to confine her gestures —she had always spoken with broad, sweeping gestures before—until, at last, with all the high-paid folks in the studio working on her, Eleanor Powell was as nearly standardized as a girl with Eleanor's true

(*Continued on page 72*)

PLAYERS

Above, Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnny Farrow spend a lazy day sailing on Johnny's beautiful boat. A fellow sailor caught this relaxed pose of Maureen reading and Johnny chawing candy. Below, girls who want to lure Dick Powell better take up fishing! Dick is an expert angler and likes to land 'em big and take pictures of them afterwards!

Even stars like to snap their own off-the-screen pictures

PLAYING HOOKY

Ruby Keeler, above, sneaks away from the set whenever the director isn't looking—and this is what she does! Hubby, Al Jolson, "snapped" this. Below, her Toluca Lake home is Gertrude Michaels' holiday hideaway and ping pong is her strenuous idea of relaxing!

When Dorothy Lee takes off her make-up, she puts on a bathing suit, for swimming's her pet diversion.

Note Joan Bennett's inclination to stoop. Exercise is its most satisfactory cure.

Bette Davis has developed a swaggering, insolent walk, not becoming a girl.

Ann Harding's tendency is toward a weak spine—thus an ungraceful walk.

. . ARE YOU GUILTY OF

Round-shouldered? Conscious of height? Ungraceful walk?

GO AND STAND in front of a full-length mirror. How do you look? Not so bad, perhaps? That is to say, you're not overly fat and you're not skinny. You might not win any prizes, but you'd pass in a crowd. Mm-hmm.

Listen, darlings, I don't want you to pass in a crowd. I want you to stand out in a crowd for beauty and poise and grace.

And remember another thing: while you're standing in front of your mirror, you unconsciously try to look your best. The common garden variety of vanity which you all possess makes you pull your stomach in, throw your shoulders back, hold your head up, when you're looking at yourself in the mirror. Once away from said mirror, you forget—you slump, let the abdomen stick out, duck your head forward. Naturally, you can't go around concentrating all the time on your stomach and shoulders and head. A dandy companion you'd be if you did thataway. No. You must work on these weak spots in your figure and these weaknesses in posture and carriage so that correct habits become as natural as breathing. And how are you going to do that? I'll tell you.

The common figure faults of people who are known as "average"—neither marvelous nor terrible, neither too thin nor too fat—are the following: round shoulders; an ungraceful walk; an awkward sitting posture; bulging abdomens on comparatively slender figures, which look all the worse for the very fact that the figure is slim; and heads that thrust forward, which fault brings with it such consequences as a lump on the back of the neck, sagging chin lines and lines in the flesh of the throat.

Some of our highly paid movie stars are just as guilty

Jean Muir, the too-tall girl, who tries to appear shorter by slouching.

We believe, in addition to the story, direction, photography and the performances of the players, that one of the most vital factors in the success of a motion picture is the physical attractiveness and charm of its stars. We realize that constructive and instructive comment on this subject by a recognized authority will be of interest to our readers as well as to the actors themselves. MODERN SCREEN is, therefore, glad to announce the appointment of Madame Sylvia as its Beauty Critic of Motion Pictures.
—Editor.

THESE SINS?

Here are some star remedies

By Madame Sylvia

of these sins as you are yourself. Pretty little Joan Bennett, for example, was at one time very round-shouldered. She is, as you know, near sighted and though she wears proper glasses off the screen, she has acquired the habit of peering closely at things. Joan, furthermore, is not particularly strong.

You may be round-shouldered for any number of reasons: youngsters who grow too fast get the habit of slouching from fatigue. Tall girls try to make themselves look shorter by hunching their shoulders forward. Lack of energy, starved nerves, lack of circulation—all these things cause one to slump. It becomes natural to slump and it's much harder to overcome a fixed habit than to get rid of twenty pounds of excess weight. Harder—but not impossible. I don't care how long you've had the habit, you can *(Continued on page 76)*

SHE WANTS TO BE A MISSUS

In the old days, Alice and Rudy Vallee planning their picture and radio work together.

A scene from "King of Burlesque," with Warner Baxter.

Alice Faye would gladly trade her big movie contract for a

By Reginald Taviner

YOU'D THINK she'd had her Wonderland already—Alice Faye. March Hares, Mad Hatters, Walruses and all. For Alice lives through the looking-glass now, and hers is everything that Hollywood has to offer.

But this Alice wants something more, something much more. She wants love and—a husband. She wants them so much that even though the husband might be making only enough money for love in a cottage, she'd still gladly trade her big movie contract for him if she had to choose between the two. It's hard to believe, but the fact is Alice would prefer that he could only afford love in a cottage, for this is exactly her idea of real happiness.

Now, don't get Alice Faye wrong. She isn't "fed up" with Hollywood. She isn't dissatisfied with her career. She isn't a bird in a movie-gilded cage, nor a poor little rich girl who wants to throw that swell mink coat, and all that goes with it, into the first convenient ashcan.

Quite the contrary. Alice is thrilled by her good fortune. But she wants a husband whom she can love more than anything she has ever had or known or loved thus far, more than all those other things put together.

"I want someone who will make me forget *me,*" said Alice wistfully, "someone who will make *me* jump at the lift of a finger, someone who will lead *me* around, someone who will be so important in my life that even my work will be relatively unimportant."

You know Alice Faye, of course. She's the slim, blonde, blue-eyed streak of vivacity whose feet twinkled so flashingly in "George White's Scandals" both on stage and screen. She's the girl who got her first break when she

Although Alice Faye has almost everything anyone could ask, her happiness isn't quite complete.

good chance to promise to "love, honor and obey"

was a Broadway chorine by becoming a featured radio singer with Rudy Vallee, and then, coming with him to make the picture, stepped into Lilian Harvey's shoes when Lilian walked out of 'em and off the set.

Alice is the girl who came through so nicely in the movie, "Scandals," that the studio gave her that nice, juicy contract, the one that enabled her to bring her mother and her brother out to California from New York and have all the things that every girl longs for and dreams of.

But Alice is fearfully in earnest about that husband.

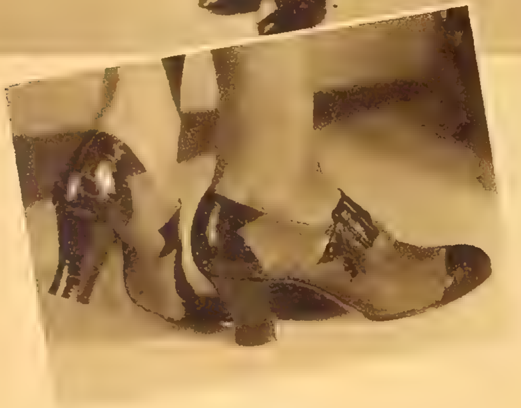
"You see," says Alice in that quiet little voice of hers, "I have been working ever since I was thirteen. I've been trying to get somewhere, trying to make the grade by myself. Thinking about *me* and the career *I* was trying to carve. Now I'm beginning to think that there's something better than that, thinking about someone else. Thinking about what someone else is trying to do, and helping him to do it."

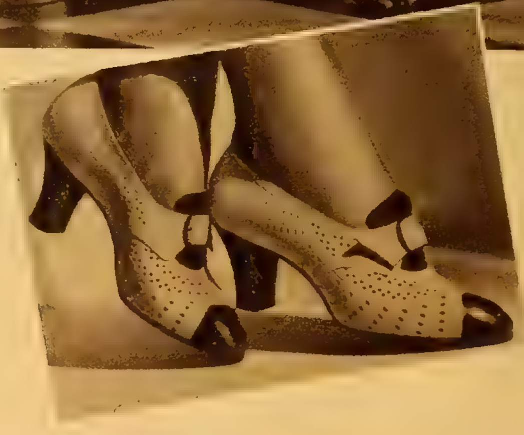
Alice is still pretty young to have found out that sharing somebody else's dream is the way to happiness, and not being all wrapped up in your own.

"It isn't that I don't love my work," Alice went on, "and it isn't that I haven't a nice home, nice clothes, a nice car. I have all that. It isn't that I don't get a tremendous thrill out of being in front of the camera, seeing my picture and my name on the billboards. I do. But that isn't all there is, is it?"

Alice knows it isn't, and that's why she wants a husband. Sitting among the topmost branches of the tree at twenty, she looks around her and her vision grows surprisingly clear. She's beginning to feel that even a rosy world is only a very sour apple if you've got to eat it entirely by yourself.

(*Continued on page 105*)





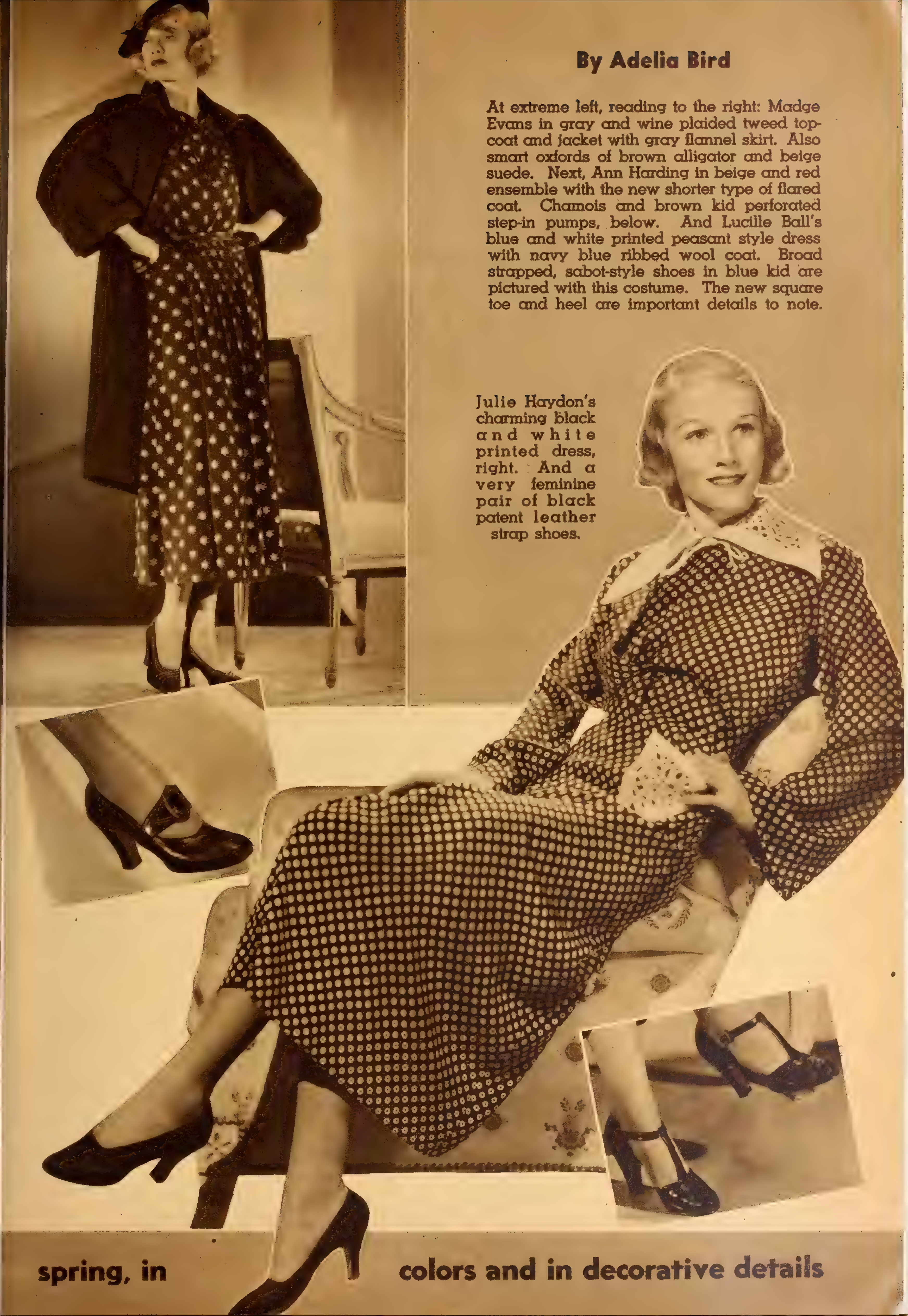
IF THE SHOE FITS—*Wear It!*

I'M TAKING special license this month with that moralizing old saying which is the title of this fashion yarn. Costumes and shoes are so closely related in this spring of 1936 that you can't consider one without the other. Don't become so absorbed with your new spring clothes that you skip casually over that very important item, your shoes! In other words, paraphrasing, don't wear a shoe unless it fits your costume!

Those clever people, who design your footwear, have studied important spring costume trends with an eye to making their shoes veritable first cousins to your clothes in every respect. Here are some of the ingenious ways your shoes show that they're close relatives of your new outfits.

Pleats are very big in costume design, so some of your new daytime shoes have pleated details, introduced in many clever ways, some requiring an almost unbelievable shoemaking skill. Then there's the peasant influence which is echoed in footwear—bright colors, embroidery, and a sturdiness of design. Shoes retaliate with bright stitching, color contrast, broad straps and decorated tongues, low heels and the very new development of

Hollywood closely relates the shoe to the costume this



By Adelia Bird

At extreme left, reading to the right: Madge Evans in gray and wine plaided tweed topcoat and jacket with gray flannel skirt. Also smart oxfords of brown alligator and beige suede. Next, Ann Harding in beige and red ensemble with the new shorter type of flared coat. Chamois and brown kid perforated step-in pumps, below. And Lucille Ball's blue and white printed peasant style dress with navy blue ribbed wool coat. Broad strapped, sabot-style shoes in blue kid are pictured with this costume. The new square toe and heel are important details to note.

Julie Haydon's charming black and white printed dress, right. And a very feminine pair of black patent leather strap shoes.

spring, in **colors and in decorative details**

Above, Lucille Ball makes a delightful spring picture in her floral printed cocktail gown. Lucille designed this herself. The neckline is high in front and low at back.

At left, you see Kay Linaker's clever idea of using a silver armor mesh tie with a tailored white dinner suit. This is a very neat and different accessory trick.

square toes and heels.

Many dressmaker touches, of avowed femininity, such as braid, puffing and smocking are back. Even ribbon and bow trimmings—and each of these fine points of fashioning are repeated in your shoes. You'll find it's twice as much of a kick to pick your shoes with an eye to their relationship to your best spring bib and tucker.

Navy blue, green, brown, black and wine-red shoes with matching accessories are worn to contrast with pastel costumes. And light and dark leathers in contrast with each other are smart. As the season turns into summer, you're going to approve of sports shoes that reverse the usual brown and white theme, that is, the white is used only to trim the brown body of the shoes, instead of the white as the body and the brown as the trim.

One big bit of shoe news that all Hollywood, as well as you gals, will cheer is the return of patent leather to a bright spot in the fashion sun. And such patent leathers! No longer just the staple black but a galaxy of fascinating colors in gem tones ranging from pearly white to a glowing ruby red, even amethyst, in the violet range, which makes a marvelous alliance for evening gowns. You'll be crazy about them.

Ties and oxfords, step-in pumps (and the good old standby, the opera pump) and the very new looking broad strap shoe are much seen—to mention just a few of the important styles.

I could go on for pages discussing details and styles, but rather than do that, I have selected a number of the stars' new spring costumes together with a group of the newest shoes that would make a perfect match for them. In each case, the star is wearing a shoe which is most suitable to her costume—but I've gone them one better and picked out another shoe style that would be just as smart to wear, too!

Before beginning a detailed description of these, however, I want to mention the return of a shoe that has been Hollywood's most beloved style for years. It's the darling of you girls who have to wear short vamps, it's the French cut pump called the D'orsay. Loud have been the wails of many star gals who, *(Continued on page 103)*

The fast pace of Modern Living puts an extra strain on Digestion

Natural Digestive Action Notably Increased by Smoking Camels

People in every walk of life get "keyed up." The effects on digestion are known to all! In this connection, it is an interesting fact that smoking a Camel during or between meals tends to stimulate and promote digestion. Enjoy Camel's mildness . . . the feeling of well-being fostered by Camel's matchless blend of costlier tobaccos. Camels set you right. Smoke Camels for digestion's sake!

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MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR.
of Wilmington, Delaware

is justly proud of her charming house with its beautiful gardens—one of the historic landmarks of Delaware. Both Mr. and Mrs. du Pont are enthusiastic about yachting. And they are famous for their hospitality. Mrs. du Pont says: "I always enjoy Camels—all through the day—and during meals especially. They never seem heavy, and I like their flavor tremendously. They make the whole meal so much pleasanter. I'm a naturally nervous person. That's another reason why I prefer Camels. They never get on my nerves, no matter how many I smoke."

Mrs. du Pont, photographed recently in the luxurious Rainbow Room, Rockefeller Center, 65 stories above the streets of New York

Among the many distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, *Philadelphia*
Miss Mary Byrd, *Richmond*
Mrs. Powell Cabot, *Boston*
Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., *New York*
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge, II, *Boston*
Mrs. Byrd Warwick Davenport, *Richmond*
Mrs. Henry Field, *Chicago*
Mrs. Chiswell Dabney Langhorne, *Virginia*
Mrs. James Russell Lowell, *New York*
Mrs. Jasper Morgan, *New York*
Mrs. Potter d'Orsay Palmer, *Chicago*
Mrs. Langdon Post, *New York*
Mrs. Brookfield Van Rensselaer, *New York*

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

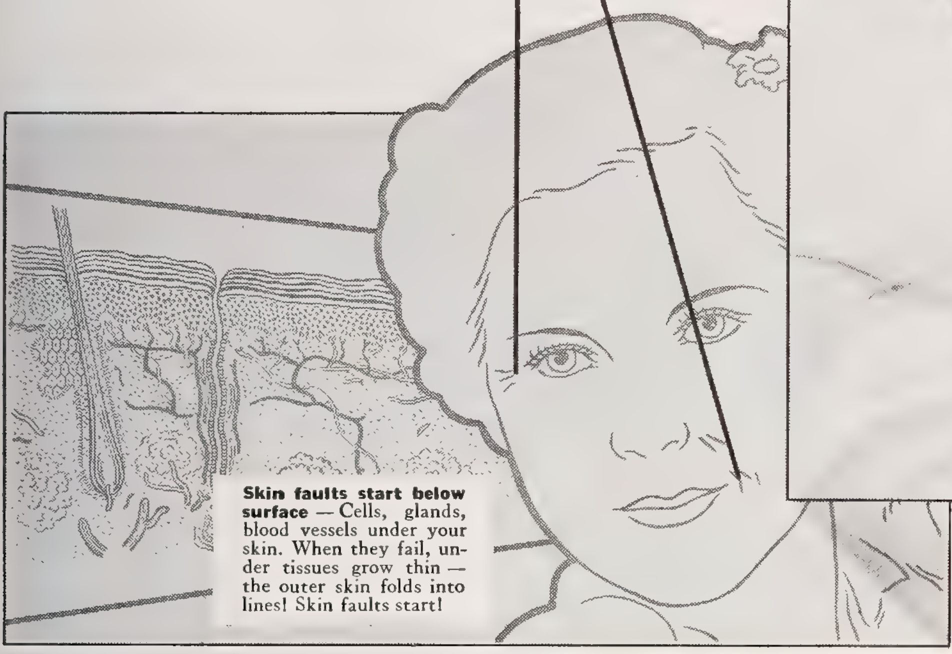
Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS ...Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand.

For Digestion's sake smoke Camels

HILL-BILLY ROMANCE

You lovers of homespun romance will revel in the revival of that old thriller, "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." It's in color this time and Sylvia Sidney is June Tolliver with Henry Fonda as the object of her affections. This saga of the Virginia mountains, when feuds and moonshine likker kept life virile, still makes good entertainment due greatly to Fred Stone, Sylvia, Henry and others of the able cast. Sylvia will do "Mob Rule" with Spencer Tracy and Henry plays opposite his ex-wife, Maggie Sullavan, in "The Moon's Our Home."

LINES SAY "over 30!"



Skin faults start below surface — Cells, glands, blood vessels under your skin. When they fail, under tissues grow thin — the outer skin folds into lines! Skin faults start!

Miss Esther Brooks, much admired in New York this past winter, says: "Pond's Cold Cream takes every speck of dirt out of my pores, keeps my skin clear of blackheads."

A Sign that UNDER TISSUES are Shrinking!

THOSE mean little lines that creep in around your eyes, your mouth . . . You are only 25. But people see them—"She's every bit of thirty!"

Or, you are over thirty . . . but not a sign of a line. And everybody takes you for years younger than you are—"Not a day over 20!"

Do you know what those same little lines say to a dermatologist? He sees right through them to the under layers of your skin, and says: "It's the *under* tissues at fault!"

Keep away Blackheads, Blemishes —with Under Skin treatment

Skin faults are not always a matter of years. Look at the skin diagram above. Those hundreds of tiny cells, glands, fibres *under* your skin are what really make it clear and satiny—or full of faults! Once *they* fail, skin faults begin. But keep them active—you can, with Pond's rousing "deep-skin" treatment—and your skin blooms fresh, line-free, as in your teens.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils which reach deep into the pores. It floats out all the dirt, make-up, skin secretions that are starting to clog. Already, your skin looks fresher!

More . . . You pat this perfectly balanced cream briskly into your skin . . . Start the circulation pulsing, oil glands working freely.

Do this regularly—day after day. Before long, cloggings cease. Pores grow finer. Blackheads, blemishes go . . . And those myriads of little fibres strengthen! Your skin grows firm *underneath*—smooth, line-free *outside*, where it shows.

Mrs. Eugene du Pont III

whose fresh, glowing skin just radiates youth and beauty, says: "Pond's Cold Cream freshens me up right away . . . It takes away that tired look and makes 'late-hour' lines fade completely."

Here's the simple Pond's way to win the clear, glowing skin that never tells of birthdays. Follow this treatment day and night.

Two things to remember

Every night, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. Watch it bring out all the dirt, make-up, secretions. Wipe it all off! . . . Now pat in more cream briskly. Rouse that failing underskin. Set it to work again—for that smooth, line-free skin you want.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin becomes softer, finer every time. Powder goes on beautifully.

Start in at once. The coupon below brings you a special 9-treatment tube of Pond's Cold Cream.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE

and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. E-50, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name________________________

Street________________________

City____________State________

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company

EYE MAKE-UP

done in good taste

MAYBELLINE EYE BEAUTY AIDS

The Choice of Fastidious Women

Of course you want the finest eye cosmetics that money can buy. It is generally accepted that Maybelline mascara has advantages not found in others. This pure and harmless eyelash darkener is preferred by discriminating women the world over, not only because it is positively non-smarting and tear-proof, but because it gives the most *natural* appearance of long, dark, lustrous lashes, instantly... eye make-up done in good taste. Maybelline Mascara's pure *oil* base does for your lashes what no ordinary mascara can do... it keeps them soft and silky! Always neat, compact, and easy to use, it comes in a beautiful red and gold metal vanity case, for just 75c, at all leading drug and department stores. Refills for this case are only 35c. Try it *today*... you'll be delighted!

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

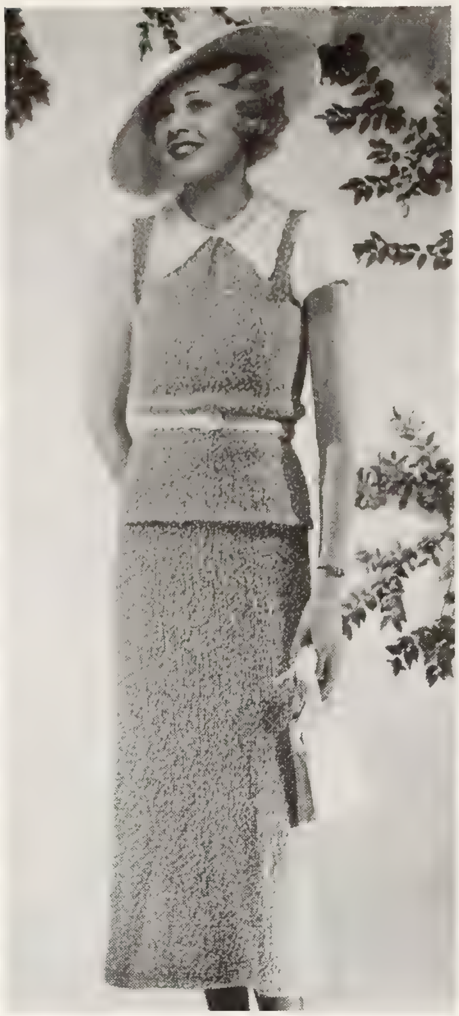
All Maybelline preparations have this approval

Maybelline
HARMLESS TEAR PROOF WILL NOT SMART THE EYES
-BLACK-
Maybelline Co.-Chicago U.S.A.

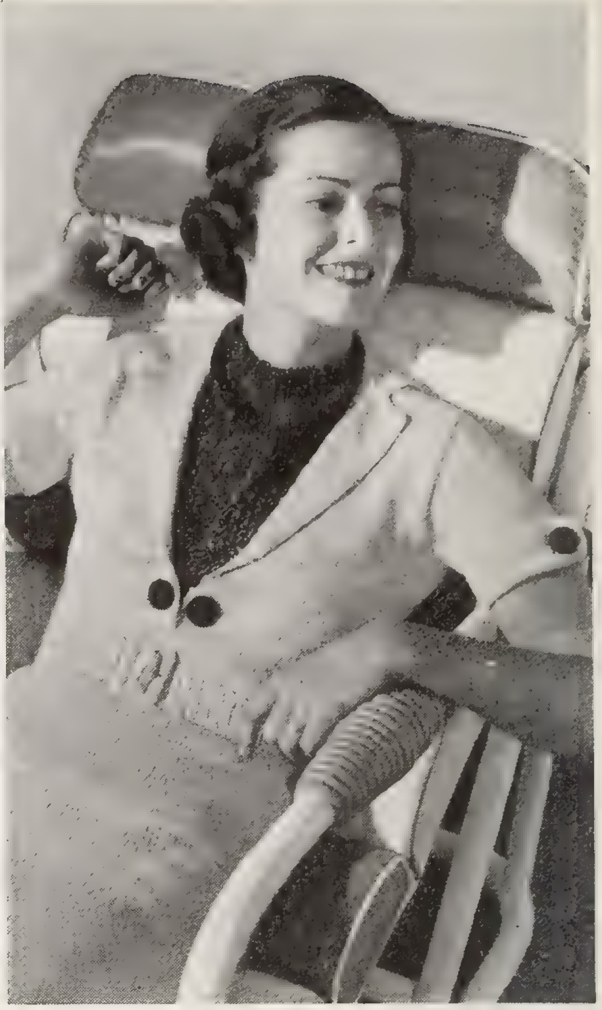
Generous introductory sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had at leading 10c stores

Maybelline

MASCARA . . . EYE SHADOW
EYEBROW PENCIL . . . EYELASH TONIC CREAM
AND SPECIAL EYEBROW BRUSH



1A—A spectator sports dress in a nubbly yarn with contrasting short sleeves, collar and belt. Yarns in lovely colors.



2A—Active or spectator two-piece dress. The jumper top has an unusual neckline with smart contrasting color "dicky" scarf.

YOU CAN KNIT THESE

Hollywood stars are knitting these two charming fashions for summer sportswear

HERE'S a real knitting preview for you! Two styles that Hollywood stars are busily knitting for their summer wardrobes—and you can start yours, too, right while they are working on their knitted dresses.

The grand part of both these patterns is that you can use the tops as sweaters when you don't want to wear the skirt in matching combination. They're very simple to knit, the interesting yarns and the color contrast giving the effect of intricately designed and individual costumes.

The instructions come to you free of charge, all you have to do is to fill in the coupon on the right and enclose it with a stamped, self-addressed envelope—be sure your envelope is large enough to hold directions. Send for your instructions at once and you can have your dress finished to wear to the first week-end holiday you go on this summer.

Adelia Bird,
MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me knitting directions for:

Pattern 1A
Pattern 2A

Name..............................

Street..............................

City............State..............

Check one or both patterns desired.

At 6 – Sally is tired out after a hard office day

At 7 – Sally is radiant, gay, her skin fresh and delicately fragrant

This quick Beauty Bath peps you up – leaves you *dainty*...

FOR the girl who wants to win out with men, *daintiness* is all-important. There's a world of fascination in skin that's not only thoroughly clean, but delicately fragrant, too!

You'll love the way a Lux Toilet Soap beauty bath relaxes and refreshes you. You'll love the fresh, sweet odor it gives your skin. And here's another important thing:

The lather of Lux Toilet Soap is ACTIVE. It cleans the pores deeply, carrying away stale perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt. After a Lux Toilet Soap bath, you feel like a different person. You're ready for conquests—and you *look* it!

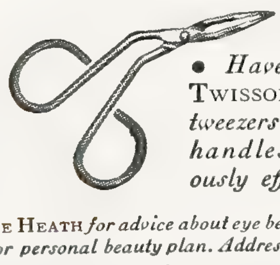
9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap because they've found it such a superb complexion care. They use it as a bath soap, too, because they know neck and shoulders need the beautifying care this gentle soap gives.

LUX
LUX
TOILET SOAP

EYE DEAS
by Jane Heath

Do CANDLELIT dinner tables appear in your When-to-be-Beautiful Chart these early spring months? Then make this simple, amusing experiment: First, make up your face. Then, with KURLASH, curl the lashes of *one eye*. Add LASHTINT to these lashtips and touch the eyelid with SHADETTE. Now light a candle and look in a mirror. Notice how the side of your face with the eye unbeautified "fades away" . . . but how the other seems more delicately tinted, glowing and alive. It's the best way we know to discover how eye make-up and curled and glorified lashes can make your whole face lovelier. KURLASH does it without heat, cosmetics or practice. ($1 at good stores.)

Naturally, the candlelight test will show up straggly, bushy, or poorly marked brows. And that will be your cue to send for TWEEZETTE, the automatic tweezer that whisks away offending hairs, roots and all, painlessly! Probably you'll want a LASHPAC also, with a unique stick of mascara, like a lipstick, to darken lashes and mark brows. It has a clever little brush for grooming too! Each, $1—at good stores.



• *Have you tried* TWISSORS—*the new tweezers with scissor handles—marvelously efficient*—25c.

Write JANE HEATH *for advice about eye beauty. Give your coloring for personal beauty plan. Address Dept.* MM-5.

Kurlash

The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

Does Hollywood Want New Types?

(*Continued from page 57*)

individuality can be.

I HONESTLY think that pretty soon they'll work out a system whereby a face can be made into putty, put into a thoroughly approved Hollywood mould and come out exactly as the executives, directors and cameramen want it to be.

Did I say that there were four Hollywood types? I think I'm giving them a break. Sometimes it seems that there are but two—the blondes and the brunettes.

In fact, I knew a man living in Hollywood who met a blonde. At every party he attended he thought he saw this girl. Naturally, he spoke, thinking it was the one he knew. He got several icy stares and one good resounding smack in the face. So he stopped speaking to blondes. And then a few weeks later he was at another party not speaking to any blondes when a girl came up and said, "Well, getting pretty ritzy, aren't you?" And that was the girl he really knew.

Garbo is definitely a type of her own now. Yet she, too, was run through the Hollywood mill. If you'll look at some of her early stills taken in Sweden and if your eye can ignore the dated clothes, I think you'll see that actually she had much more individuality then than she has now.

Garbo was one gal who fought hard against being standardized. (The rest submit to it docilely and with delight.) But you can't fight very hard when you're a studio newcomer and speak only Swedish.

So they would sit Garbo before a mirror and the make-up people and hairdressers would do their stuff. And when they were finished and would stand back admiring themselves for the reflection they had created, Garbo would look at herself with a jaundiced eye and pronounce, "Garbo does not like!"

It happened over and over again. So they'd get out the book again and try type 4-BX and still Garbo would not like. Finally, she was reported to the front office and the front office sent word that Garbo would like or else. And that's how the Garbo you know was born.

LUISE RAINER has a nice new sort of face, but I'll bet silver dollars to hardtack that it won't be long until it is standardized, Hollywood style. Elisabeth Bergner has a face of her own. Maybe that's why she won't return to Hollywood. In fact, most of the foreign stars look like real people.

Look at Bette Davis. She couldn't get anything to do but weak sister roles. Her trunks were all packed to leave for New York when a call came from George Arliss asking her to appear in his picture because he knew Bette was a swell actress. There followed a big remodeling process—hair blondined, eyebrows plucked, mouth painted on. And presto! chango! abracadabra! Bette was a big success.

Remember Kay Francis in "Gentlemen of the Press"? With that sleek boyish bob and those heavy eyebrows, she looked like nobody else in the world but Kay Francis. But it wasn't long, it wasn't long!

No, sir, you're only allowed to see the stars *au naturelle* for a very short time. Then they must conform, they must be remade or you don't see them any more. They're just shipped back home with a "sorry, brought out by mistake" notice.

Now, the interesting part is that the gals, themselves, get a kick out of it. It is thrilling to sit before a mirror with dozens of efficient hands giving you the works and emerge with a personality utterly different from the one you sat down with. It appeals to the imagination of every woman. I'm sure you, too, have looked at yourself and wished you could trade in that old pan for a new one.

True, the camera makes certain demands. But you can't tell me that it isn't able to photograph girls unless their eyebrows stand up like totem poles and their mouths look as if they've been freshly tattooed. Certain things are necessary, I realize, but why must they all be the same things?

I may be dead wrong, but I thought Joan Blondell was sort of cute the way she was—her hair flying around her face, a little on the plump side, maybe, but at least she was herself and a definitely different type. And, she did have pep and vitality and a certain dynamic quality which is rare enough among the languid lilies of the screen.

And now Joan Blondell has gone and done it, too. Now she is a "new" Joan Blondell with hair thinned out, eyebrows plucked differently, sleekness and chic all over the place.

Just to prove my argument I'm going to pull a small psychology test. Very slowly I'm going to say some names. Rosalind Russell. Rochelle Hudson. Patricia Ellis. Anita Louise. Anne Shirley. Ann Dvorak. Arline Judge. Cecilia Parker. June Knight. Gertrude Michael. Marian Marsh. Betty Grable. Gail Patrick.

I could go on, but that's enough for the test. You've seen these girls, either in the films or in photographs dozens of times. And yet when I mention their names does an instant vision flash into your mind? Does a complete face, an individual face come up clearly in your brain's eye at the mention of each name?

NOW, have someone name ten girls in your class at school or friends of your friends—girls you don't know too well. Betty Jones. Mary Smith. Sally Brown. Okay? Do you see their faces sharp and clear when their names are mentioned? I have a hunch you do.

There, then, the case rests. Your friends haven't been standardized by Hollywood. They haven't been stripped of individuality.

Oh, mind you, there are exceptions. There are stars who survive the process and emerge with clear, sparkling personalities. And I don't know why I should be complaining about those who have been remade to fit the Hollywood pattern. Certainly they're all beautiful. They're all glamorous. The Hollywood type is a lovely type and I'm all for it.

But the only thing that makes me mad is that they're always saying that Hollywood needs and wants new types. That individuality is the thing. And then they don't stand behind their statements.

So don't fall for it any longer. Because if you were picked by one of the "new faces scouts" and brought to Hollywood this is what would happen: if you are little and cute and soft, you'd be moulded into the Janet Gaynor pattern. If you are tall and willowy and sloe-eyed, you'd turn out to be Garbo, no matter what you thought about it. And if you are of medium height and medium coloring and look like a lady, they'd make you into a Norma Shearer. And so on and on and on. Improvement is commendable but standardization is something else again.

The most tragic triangle of all—

HUSBAND...WIFE *and* FEAR

Back of most marriage failures, say family doctors, is woman's *fear*, born of ignorance and half-truths. "Lysol" would help to prevent many such needless tragedies.

IGNORANCE of proper marriage hygiene, and the "incompatibility" it brings, is estimated to be the cause of more than half the divorces in America today.

The nervous fears of a wife...her natural reluctance to be frank about such a delicate subject...a husband's puzzled resentment. These are the rocks on which thousands of marriages crash.

How stupid—how sad—that this tragedy should go recklessly on—when there is one simple method which has earned the confidence of millions of women who use it regularly...the "Lysol" method.

There are two important properties of "Lysol" which make it valuable in antiseptic marriage hygiene. (1) It has an exceptional *spreading* quality; it reaches germs where many ordinary methods can't reach. And, (2) it remains effective in the presence of organic matter (mucus, serum, etc.) when many products *don't work*. Yet in the proper solution, "Lysol" is dependable and harmless to sensitive tissue. *So* dependable and harmless, it is used in the delicate operation of childbirth.

The use of "Lysol" gives a reassuring sense of *antiseptic* cleanliness. But, far more important, it gives you peace of mind, free from that tension of suspense that leads to so many needless heartaches.

The 6 Special Features of "Lysol"

1. SAFETY..."Lysol" is gentle and reliable. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2. EFFECTIVENESS..."Lysol" is a *true germicide*, which means that it kills germs under practical conditions...even in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.). Some other preparations don't work when they meet with these conditions.

3. PENETRATION..."Lysol" solutions, because of their low surface tension, spread into hidden folds of the skin, and thus virtually *search out* germs.

4. ECONOMY..."Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.

5. ODOR...The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears *immediately* after use.

6. STABILITY..."Lysol" keeps its *full* strength, no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.

•

Lysol
Lysol

Lysol
Disinfectant

New! Lysol Hygienic Soap...for bath, hands, and complexion. Cleansing and deodorant.

FACTS MARRIED WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

LEHN & FINK, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. MS5
Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant
Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS", with facts about Feminine Hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

*Name*________________________

*Street*________________________

*City*______________ *State*____________

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CHERAMY

April Showers

TALC

April Showers
Talc
CHERAMY
Paris
New York

28¢

THERE'S glorious fragrance — *the perfume of youth* — in April Showers Talc. There's luxury supreme in its soothing, smoothing touch. Yet the cost is low for quality so high.

No wonder it's the most famous and best loved talcum powder in the world!

Exquisite . . . but not Expensive

Cause for Celebration

(*Continued from page 19*)

that interest in this year's Centennial Exposition ran high. Then, during the course of the banquet I received from the Governor of Texas my honorary commission as a Texas Ranger."

"Only a Texan familiar with the history of the Rangers can fully appreciate how highly I value that honor. For the memory of the Texas Ranger will live forever in the great Southwest in song and story. Organized in 1836, the Rangers were the guardians of the border, the dashing and ever-ready hunters of the buffalo and the ever-watchful foes of warring Indian tribes.

"Besides receiving my commission I also received a special invitation from Governor Allred to visit the Centennial Exposition at Dallas with the special promise made to my two daughters, Marcelite and Janet, that they would be allowed to sleep in Sam Houston's very own bed. Naturally, I expect to go home this summer, not only because of the inducements I have just mentioned, but also to sample some of the wonderful Texas dishes I've always loved.

"Eating has always been a family tradition," said John, a certain nostalgia creeping into his voice. "At home, in Greenville, near Dallas, Texas, we ate not only well, but plenty! Of course, my parents had been well trained in eating by their parents, for both Grandmother Boles and Grandmother Love always had at least three meats on the table at one meal! I guess it must have made us all grow, for every one of the Boles men were over five feet eleven (John himself, you know, is six feet two), while on my mother's side the Love men had to stoop to pass through doors.

"Although, most folks think only of Chili, Enchilada and other Mexican dishes in connection with Texas foods," went on John Boles, visibly warming to his subject, "in our home we adhered more to Southern traditions, even to the colored mammies who cooked for us. But even if my mother had a million cooks there are certain things she has always made and always will make herself. For no cook could ever make them to suit her! Such things as Pecan Devil's Food Cake and home-made Frozen Fruit Salad are her pride and joy. She'll prepare them for us this summer, or I miss my guess, and by special request she'll be sure to have my special favorite, Fried Chicken with Cream Gravy, served with Rice Croquettes which have a dab of jelly in the hollow of each croquette. I can just taste it now!"

AND I could, too, as John described it. But, fortunately, I did not have to stop with an imaginary meal for through Marcelite Boles, John's delightful Texas-born wife, I secured his mother's recipe for this famous chicken dish — Cream Gravy, Rice Croquettes and all—and was able, therefore, to prove to my own entire satisfaction the truth of John's claims. The combination is completely perfect. But my enthusiasm for that dish is as nothing compared to my liking for the Greenville Pecan Devil's Food Cake or the Frozen Fruit Salad. In fact, I tried out a complete meal à la John Boles! And so vociferous were the praises of those who ate it with me that I now feel more confident that it was the Boles recipes and not merely the Boles charm which sold me so completely on the excellence of Texas cookery. Here's the menu:

A TYPICAL BOLES DINNER
Fried Chicken, Cream Gravy*
Fresh Garden Peas
Rice and Jelly Croquettes*
Frozen Fruit Salad
Greenville Pecan Devil's Food Cake*

Now if that makes you as hungry in imagination as it does John Boles in memory, you'll surely be delighted to know that you can get recipes for all the starred dishes of this popular star by sending in the coupon at the end of the article.

No article on Texas cookery would be complete without some mention of dishes of Mexican inspiration. Nor will we need to omit such mention, for Mexican dishes also came in for enthusiastic praise on the part of this famous son of the Lone Star State.

"Both my wife and I are extremely fond of Tortillas, Enchilada and that perennial favorite, Chili Con Carne," John told me. "We often serve toasted Tortillas with hors d'oeuvres. Tortillas, served with a sauce become Enchilada and a delicious concoction it is, too, one that is as famous here in California as it is in southern Texas. Then of course we often serve Chili as a party dish, or with vegetables as a Boiled Mexican Dinner. Chili Con Carne now comes in cans, put up by Gebhardt's whose Chili Powder has long been famous as a seasoning. Sometimes our colored butler, who does about everything around our place except buy our clothes, concocts a home-made Chili that is marvelous."

I secured an immediate promise from Marcelite Boles that she would let me have her recipes for all those interesting Mexican dishes — Tortillas, Enchilada and Chili Con Carne. And then, in the few minutes that were left of our interview, I tried to gather as much information as possible about Texas and the reason for this year's interesting Centennial plans. Doubtless, you, too, will be interested in some of the things I learned from Mr. and Mrs. Boles about their home state. But before telling you about them, let me remind you that this month's leaflet will bring you not only the Chicken Dinner so glowingly described by John, with its Frozen Salad and yummy cake, but also recipes for those tempting-sounding Mexican treats we were just discussing. That's a lot of recipes for the cost of a single stamp, so send in your coupon, now, before you forget! And while you are clipping the coupon, be sure to cut out the Corn Tamale recipe which is directly above it.

And now back to Texas for a review of its colorful history and a preview of its equally colorful Centennial which many of you, probably, like the Boles family, are planning to attend this summer.

THE Centennial Exposition which opens in Dallas on the 6th of June commemorates the 100th year of Texas independence from Mexican rule.

Other celebrations will be held at different times and in historic places throughout the state—notably in San Antonio, at the Alamo, in whose defense a hundred years ago, 181 Texans died to the last man, giving to the cause of independence their noble example and the stirring watchword of the Revolution, "Remember the Alamo!"

Visitors to the Lone Star State are sure to learn other things about its history, notably the reason for Texas' rightful claim that it has lived under six flags!

The first Texas settlement, it seems, was made by the French under LaSalle, whose mortal remains to this day repose there in an unmarked grave. But because of previous explorations Spain claimed that territory and eventually settled and ruled there, giving it its name.

In 1810 Mexico revolted from Spain and when they gained their independence, ruled Texas as a province of Mexico. Then in 1836 Texas revolted from Mexico and raised the flag of the Texas Republic with its Lone Star, thus gaining the name of the Lone Star State, a designation which, as you know, has remained to this day. In this revolt countless colorful characters stepped into the pages of history, notably Sam Houston who, with but 800 Texans, defeated the Mexican General, Santa Anna, commanding a force three times as great, in the decisive battle of San Jacinto which won Texas the independence it is celebrating in this year's Centennial.

After ten years of independent statehood Texas was admitted to the Union, later to secede with the other southern states and to serve valiantly during the Civil War under the Confederate flag.

So there you have the six flags of Texas — those of France, Spain and Mexico, the flag of the Texas Republic, the flag of the Southern Confederacy and that of the United States. Small wonder, then, with so much variety, that their history is absorbing, their cooking delicious, and their men as charming as John Boles, whose favorite dishes we feature in this month's leaflet.

TEXAS CORN TAMALE

1 mild onion, sliced thin
¼ cup butter, melted
¾ pound ground beef
2 cups canned tomatoes
1 cup yellow corn meal
1 cup canned yellow bantam corn
1 teaspoon minced parsley
½ cup chopped stuffed olives
2 teaspoons salt
1 teaspoon paprika
A few grains pepper, black
A dash of cayenne
2 eggs, slightly beaten

Fry onion slices in butter until faintly brown. Add meat and cook until meat has lost its pink color, stirring constantly. Add tomatoes, bring to a boil and add corn meal gradually. Cook and stir until thoroughly blended. Remove from heat, add corn, parsley, olives and seasonings, then the beaten eggs. Mix together thoroughly. Turn into well greased baking dish. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) for 1 hour and 15 minutes, or until firm and brown. Serve in slices, hot or cold. Particularly delicious when served hot with a sauce made by adding Worcestershire sauce to undiluted, condensed canned tomato soup. Serves 6.

THE MODERN HOSTESS,
MODERN SCREEN,
149 MADISON AVENUE,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Please send me a free leaflet containing recipes for John Boles' favorite Texas dishes.

Name....................................

Street....................................

City.................. State..........

WE TRY TO LIVE ON A BUDGET BUT MY FOOD BILLS ALWAYS RUN OVER ——
LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT MY DISCOVERY. IT COSTS LESS THAN 3¢ A PORTION

and my husband says it's a
"MILLIONAIRE'S DISH"

"JOHN'S fussy about food and seasonings. It's not often he gets enthusiastic. But I don't think I *ever* serve Franco-American Spaghetti that he doesn't say, 'This is positively the finest spaghetti I ever tasted!'

Helps me save

"Franco-American not only costs very little itself, but helps me save on other dishes, too. It makes inexpensive cuts of meat so tasty and tempting. It combines wonderfully with left-overs. And I often have it for lunch or supper in place of meat. It's the biggest help I know in planning 'economy' meals we really *enjoy* eating!"

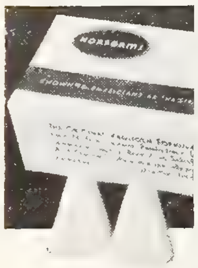
Far and wide Franco-American is becoming known as "the spaghetti with the *extra* good sauce." The cheese and tomato are combined in exactly the right proportions. The seasoning is so skilfully done. There's plenty of zest, but no strong over-seasoning; instead, you find a subtle blend of flavors, a delicate piquancy that delights you anew every time you taste it.

Yet a can all ready to heat and serve is usually no more than ten cents, actually less than 3c a portion. You couldn't prepare spaghetti at home for so little. Think of all the different ingredients you need for the sauce (Franco-American chefs use *eleven!*), the cost of cooking them, the time and trouble it takes. It's decidedly more economical to buy Franco-American. Order several cans today.

Franco-American
SPAGHETTI

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

FEMININE
HYGIENE
made easy



NOTHING COULD BE EASIER

Norforms are small, convenient, antiseptic suppositories completely ready for use. They require no awkward apparatus for application. They leave no lingering antiseptic smell around the room or about your person. They are dainty and feminine, soothing and deodorizing. Many women use them for this deodorizing effect alone.

EVERY DAY, more and more women are adopting Norforms as the most modern, convenient and satisfactory form of feminine hygiene.

Norforms are easy-to-use antiseptic suppositories that melt at internal body temperature, and spread a protective, soothing film over delicate internal membranes —an antiseptic film that remains in effective contact for many hours.

- A distinctive and exclusive feature of Norforms is their concentrated content of *Parahydrecin*—a powerful yet harmless antiseptic developed by Norwich, makers of Unguentine. *Parahydrecin* kills germs, yet Norforms are positively non-injurious. There is no danger of an "over-dose" or "burn."

MILLIONS SOLD EVERY YEAR

Send for the Norforms booklet "The New Way." It gives further facts about modernized feminine hygiene. Or, buy a box of Norforms at your druggist's today. 12 in a package, with leaflet of instructions. The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, New York.

NORFORMS
for modern feminine hygiene

© N.P.CO. 1936 Known to Physicians as "Vagiforms"

Are You Guilty of These Sins?

(*Continued from page 61*)

get rid of it. And you must, because a graceful carriage is just as important as correct weight. You may have a basically lovely figure and a pretty face, but if you go drooping through life like limp spaghetti, you'll never look well and the most expensive clothes will look dowdy on your figure.

Here is an exercise I gave Joan, to rouse up the old circulation and so help do away with slumping:

There's a large muscle located just over each shoulder blade. Put your left hand over onto your right shoulder and fish around until you feel it. See? Dig your thumb down under your shoulder blade. Dig hard. Hurt yourself a little—that's the idea. Keep your right hand just above your right hip, elbow bent, the hand a little more toward your back than your middle. There, that keeps the shoulder muscle in the right position for this treatment. Repeat, on the other side. You can do this exercise so easily, any time during the day. At your office desk, take a few minutes for each shoulder. At home, take ten minutes out once a day, five minutes for each shoulder. What does it do? It snaps up your circulation, without putting you through strenuous exercise. After ten minutes of digging, you won't feel like slumping.

Another exercise for round-shouldered souls: put two or three books on your head and walk back and forth. Cross your hands behind your back, the left elbow in the palm of the right hand and the right elbow—but you get the idea, I'm sure. It will strengthen your neck muscles, make you keep your head up and when your head is up, it's practically impossible to be round-shouldered.

Don't do these very easy exercises a few times and then think, "Heck, that's nothing," and stop. As I said in the beginning of this article, you have to work on faults which are the result of bad habits until correct habits become second nature to you.

YOUNG Jean Muir offers a fine example of some youthful figure faults. Jean is taller than the average movie star. She has a well developed bust. Long arms and legs. These attributes, which are really assets, Jean has a tendency to turn into liabilities. She's self-conscious about her height, perhaps, so she tries the old knee-bending stunt to look smaller. Many a tall girl will do this when dancing with a short man. And what's the result? Well, the stagline asks, "Who's the awkward number in blue?" I know—I know. Oftentimes, the boys seem to go for the cute little girls. And you feel left out of things, all because of those few extra inches. But never mind—there are plenty of men in this world who admire tall girls. Stop moaning over your height, which you can't do anything about and concentrate on carrying yourself as a tall girl should—like a queen or a goddess or an Indian maid, or any other poetic simile you can think of.

Since I've brought up the subject of dancing, I might as well include a few tips. Tall girls dancing with short partners, place your hand flat on the man's shoulder. Don't stick your elbow out in any fancy position—keep your arm close to his arm. Look down at your partner—smile as fetchingly as you can. He'll look up, you see, which gives him additional height and keeps the poor chap from feeling unnecessarily self-conscious. Flat-heeled sandals are popular for evening right now. Wear your hair low—no bunches of curls or ornaments. All these tricks help, but it doesn't help to slump.

But to get back to Exhibit B—Miss Muir. Another thing which knee-sagging does to the figure—it's almost impossible to keep the abdomen flat, the muscles of the abdomen firm and strong, if you let your legs bend. Do I need to say more? Straighten up those legs and firm up those tired abdomen muscles by the following exercise:

Lie on the floor, on your back, with your hands under your hips for support. Bring your legs up. Continue the right leg on up toward the chest, and lower the left to about three inches from the floor. Then reverse—left leg up, right leg down. Don't let the down leg touch the floor. Make five shifts and then let your legs down and rest. Sure it's difficult, but I've been easy on you up to this point.

This exercise is also good for slimming the thighs and upper legs, in case you're interested. It's also grand for firming flabby flesh and muscles after a general reducing routine and for restoring the abdomen to self-respecting flatness after having a baby. In the last case you should, of course, consult your doctor and perhaps prepare for this exercise by easier work first. I'm merely making a suggestion.

I spoke of Jean Muir's healthy, well developed bust, which she has a tendency to try to make look small by hunching her shoulders forward. So many self-conscious young things do this. What does it do? It ruins the muscles of the breasts, makes them sagging and unlovely. It ruins the line of your back—dresses look sloppy and ill-fitting. In short, the entire figure suffers. Now, there's some excuse for Jean, for she's in pictures and the general fashion persists for petite movie stars. But there's no excuse for you. Don't do it.

Where slumping is due to general lack of strength and vitality, you should follow an energy-building diet. I can make suggestions for foods you should eat, and plan a diet for you, if you'll write me for such information.

ANN HARDING once had a very ungraceful walk. This was partly due to the fact that Ann cared very little how she looked—she never cared what she had on—any old thing would do. And it was partly due to the fact that Ann had a weak back. Here is an exercise I gave her to strengthen and stimulate the back muscles:

Massage your own spine? Impossible, you say? Not at all. Place your eight fingers firmly at the base of your spine, thumbs pointed out toward the hips. Rotate your fingers. Don't move 'em around *over* the skin—move the flesh itself around firmly. Work up—up—as far as you can. And massage as firmly as you can. Standing or sitting, I don't care how you do this exercise, just so's you do it. Do it at night, before you go to bed. It will make you sleep well, which never hurt anybody.

The German goose step is another way to get grace and spring into your walk. This isn't so easy, it takes a bit of strength. But go at it. Knees stiff. Exaggerate. Kick your feet out as far as you can. It strengthens the leg muscles.

Of course, in this article I'm talking mostly about average figures, which have been allowed to get into certain bad habits. Naturally, you can't walk gracefully if you're carrying around pounds of excess weight, nor can you walk gracefully if you're so thin that you're apt to fall apart. You've got to get your body's flesh as it should be before you can begin to talk about grace and suppleness. These exercises are okay to do if you're working on weight problems, sure, but don't slack on the real hard work of reducing or building up.

Don't point your toes out when you walk, point them straight ahead. To be a little bit pigeon-toed isn't a bad thing. I said a little! Wear as good shoes as you can possibly afford. Take care of your feet; you've only got one pair to last you a lifetime. Wear a good foundation garment—snug, but not tight—if you're inclined to sag. An uplift bras is a good thing, but don't have the straps too tight.

Avoid mannerisms in walking. Oh, yes, there are such things. That's the reason I included a picture of Bette Davis on the opening spread of this article. Bette's walk—on the screen, that is—illustrates my point a little. Bette has played so many meanies of late that she has developed a swaggering, insolent sort of walk to fit the parts she plays. Let's hope she doesn't adopt the walk in real life. Don't mince. Don't stride like a man. It's quite possible to have a free, vigorous gait without being masculine about it. Don't swing your rear in an exaggerated manner —'tain't refined, nor is it graceful. Joan Crawford has an extremely graceful walk which is at the same time spirited and easy, in the modern manner.

AND now—sitting. I could write reams about sitting, and I haven't the space for even one ream. Do, please, sit on what you were given to sit on and not halfway between that part and your neck. The figure should be lightly poised against the back of your chair. If you haven't the will power to sit properly in a soft, comfortable chair, choose a hard, straight-backed one. I give you my word that, though it may be difficult to sit up straight at first, once you acquire the habit, you'll never get tired. Don't keep your legs crossed all the time. You shouldn't, really, ever cross your legs, for it retards circulation, but I realize it's a modern habit. Put both feet on the floor, one a little in advance of the other—that's the best position. Keep the knees together. And hold your stomach in. Don't think you can conceal a bulging tum by crossing your arms over your front. Oh, yes—I've seen you!

That's all I can take the space for this month. If I've left out *your* pet and particular fault, 'scuse mama, please, and write and ask her about it. One subject I haven't taken up is that of the nervous gals—those who are all in a twitch most of the time, who can't eat and can't sleep and who commit some of the faults mentioned herein, but through causes that are more difficult to remove. I can help you, with diets and easy exercises and relaxing stunts, if you want me to.

Next month I'm going to tackle some really hard problems—like big legs and bad noses and sagging busts and the problem of the exceptionally tall and exceptionally short. This is Sylvia, signing off, and looking forward to hearing from you.

Now, darlings, I want you all to get busy and get all the loveliness and health that belong to you. Are there any questions? Write me your problems, whatever they are. I will help you with your beauty, your figure, general health and other difficulties. It is my work and I love it. And remember this: to me *your* problems are more important than the movie stars' and furthermore I read and answer every one of your letters myself, and everything is strictly confidential. Let's work together. Sit down and WRITE NOW! It doesn't cost a thing. Just a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

And here's a surprise for you! I've made up a very Special Consultation And Measurement Chart. It will help you check and control your weight. Would you like to have one? You would? Okay, darlings, just send in the little coupon below.

Madame SYLVIA,
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Dear Madame Sylvia:

Please send me your SPECIAL CONSULTATION AND MEASUREMENT CHART for weight control.

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Street............................

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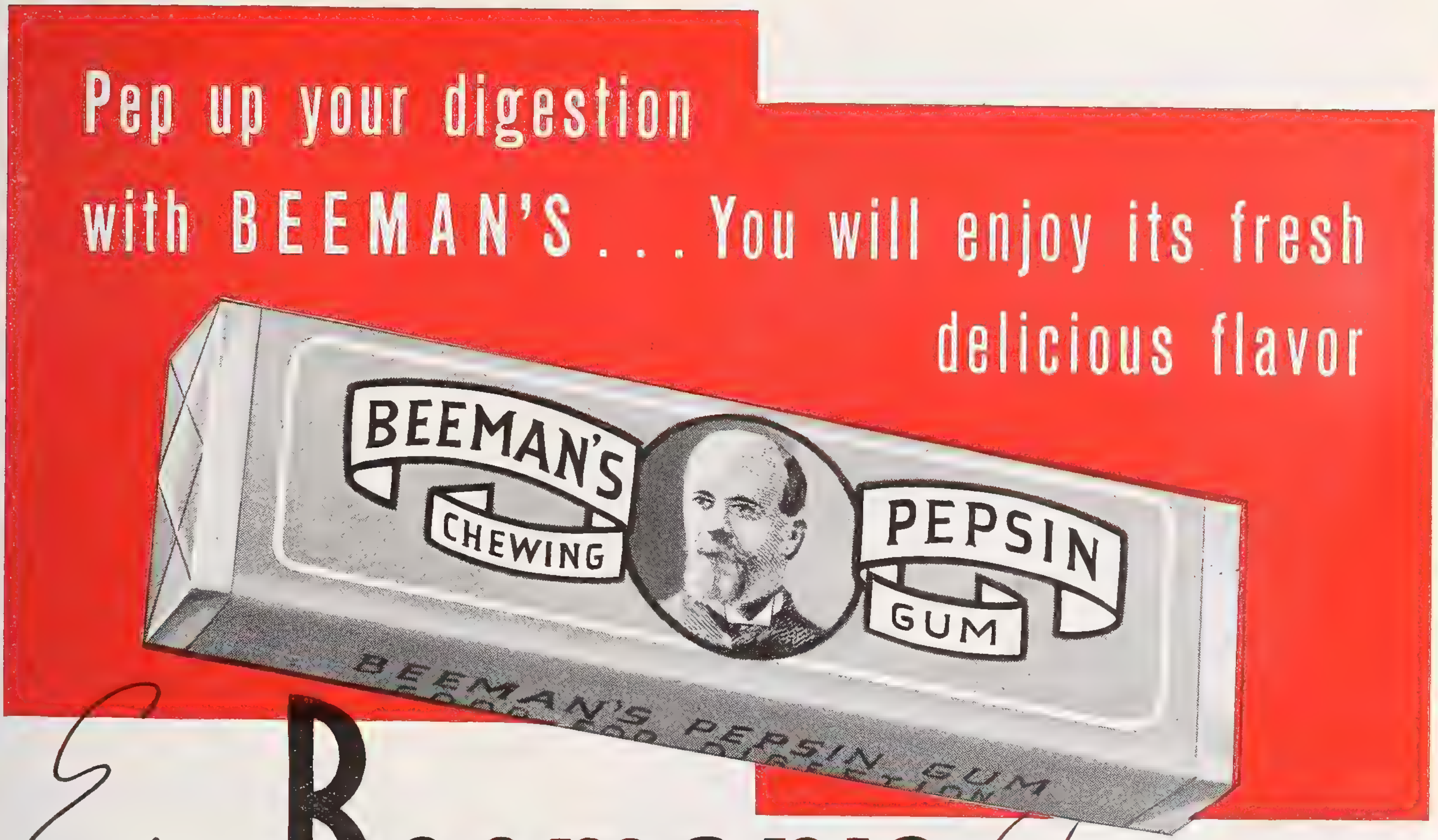
(Please enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope)



MORE GOOD NEWS..

Herbert Marshall, Heather Angel, Gloria Swanson and Ralph Forbes line up for Scotty at the Screen Guild Ball in the Biltmore.

Happy foursome—Cesar Romero, Carole Lombard, Irene Hervey and Bob Taylor.

(*Continued from page 14*)

Paul Kelly thinks he's a difficult guy to live with, but Mrs. K. considers him something of a martyr for living with her as long as he has. Anyway, on their fifth anniversary a couple of months ago, Paul received a medal from Dorothy on which was engraved: "To Paul—for living with me for five years." It's a domestic *croix de guerre,* a tribute to a fighting man and a patient husband.

■ ■ ■

Bob Taylor is getting a reputation around Hollywood. People are regarding him as a "Good Influence." It seems that Bob, who is one of the best-natured boys in these parts, has on occasion stepped out with a few of the town's haughtiest gals. In the Taylor presence the ladies, for some reason or other, clamber down from their high horses and turn out to be as gracious and pleasant as you please. Right now the shining example is Janet Gaynor. The little Gaynor has never been noted for sociability, but ever since her first few dates with Bob she's been practically the friendliest gal in town.

■ ■ ■

Speaking of haughty ladies, how about the actress who made a picture with Gary Cooper some months ago? Walking onto the set the first day of production, she asked the name of a tall young man standing on the sidelines. "That," she was told, "is Mr. Cooper." "And who," inquired the lady, "is Mr. Cooper?" And they say she wasn't kidding.

As you probably know, George Raft walked out of his co-starring role with Carole Lombard in "The Princess Comes Across" when he discovered Carole's favorite cameraman was to photograph it. George's last words, as he exited, were: "Put the names of ten cameramen in a hat and let me draw one." Jack Oakie, announcing he would comply with the Raft request, called for a hat. A prop boy returned with a derby, bits of paper were tossed into it, and Mrs. Oakie's whimsical son reached in, only to withdraw immediately, screaming murder. The prop boy, a bit on the whimsical side himself, had equipped the hat with a mousetrap.

■ ■ ■

Not to be outdone by the Donald Ogden Stewarts, who tossed a formal party at high noon, another gay group sponsored an affair a few evenings later which began at three in the morning. A mad, mad time was had by all, with Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Betty Furness racing across the dance floor on a tandem bike, pursued by that arch-of-all-villains, Cesar Romero. Also among those present was Marlene Dietrich, but, to the disappointment of all, she didn't ride a single bicycle.

■ ■ ■

Up at Lake Tahoe to make scenes for "Bless Their Hearts," a company headed by Mary Astor and Melvyn Douglas found themselves in a terrific dilemma. "Bless Their Hearts" is a story of a group of snowbound people, and everything went well with the shooting until the company actually became snowbound. Everyone in the company but Douglas contracted the flu, the camera crew announced that you

(*Continued on page 122*)

Gail Patrick and Robert Cobb at the Screen Guild Ball. This is another one of Hollywood's romantic duos.

One of the screen's finest character actors, Edwin Arnold, makes a rare public appearance, with wife in tow.

The Ronald Burlas (Una Merkel) on their way to the ball, which everyone attended.

The *Throat* Tested Cigarette

Scientific research has, at last, enabled Philip Morris to replace personal opinion with this scientific fact: **Philip Morris Cigarettes have been PROVED by actual tests on the human throat measurably and definitely milder than ordinary cigarettes.** A fact ethically presented to and accepted by the medical profession.

NO OTHER CIGARETTE CAN MAKE THIS STATEMENT!

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Now only a trial will convince you of this. We know, because among 5,000 women recently, more than half using a sample of Luxor liked it better than their present powder.

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Thus with the 75c gift of perfume, plus our check for 55c you get 2½ times what you paid for Luxor if you are not satisfied. Act now!

55c moisture-proof FACE-POWDER Luxor

Coupon brings 4-piece make-up kit!

Try Amazing New Luxor Hand Cream
This marvelous new skin softener keeps hands soft, white, smooth. It is guaranteed non-sticky and dries instantly. At all cosmetic counters.

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Please send me your 4-piece make-up kit including generous amount of Luxor Moisture-Proof Powder, Luxor Rouge, Luxor Special Formula Cream and Luxor Hand Cream. Here is 10c to help cover mailing. (Offer not good in Canada). Check,
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Who Is the Genius Behind Shirley Temple?

(*Continued from page 35*)

the autographs first! She might have, but she didn't. Because she doesn't want Shirley to know that anybody attaches any importance to the autographs she signs.

Mrs. Temple has also helped to keep her natural by never forcing her to say or do anything she doesn't feel like doing, or saying. And that in itself is revolutionary. Stage mothers are always telling their offspring what to say to the director, how to curtsey to the star, how to compliment the cameraman, how to smile so they'll show their teeth to the best advantage, how to grab the best lighting, and so on and on—and such mother-coaching naturally can lead to only one thing. The child becomes unnatural, false, affected, and extremely conscious of his or her looks. Mrs. Temple has never been guilty of such a practice.

"She always allows Shirley to act on her own initiative. And, except on the set, where she is entirely responsible for Shirley's grooming, she never pays particular attention to how she looks. She never fusses with Shirley's hair in public. She doesn't even notice if Shirley's face gets dirty. And even when Shirley decides to take out her teeth, Mrs. Temple doesn't stop her!

"Oh, didn't you know?" Irving Cummings leaned back and laughed genially at the recollection. "Yes, Shirley lost a front baby tooth or two, some time ago, and naturally we had to make a temporary bridge for her, so we could continue with her pictures. But in spite of the fact that Shirley looks ridiculous without the bridge, (just as any child does, without her front teeth), she is always taking it out without the slightest self-consciousness. It seems she can eat better without it, and eating is one thing she likes almost as well as acting. It was at that same big luncheon, the one I mentioned before, that Shirley yanked out the bridge, and tossed it across a space of five or ten feet to her mother, with the loud words, "Keep my teeth till I eat, will you, mother?"

DID Mrs. Temple get flustered and embarrassed in front of so many strangers? Did she scold Shirley for her abandon of the bridge, and of propriety? She did not. She just ignored the entire incident as being unimportant!

"And recently when Shirley got into a rough-and-tumble scrap with her brothers and came out of it a little worse for wear, Mrs. Temple made no comment whatsoever on the bold bad scratch on Shirley's face. Yet such a scratch would have thrown many a movie mother into a tantrum, and would have brought a heap of abuse down on the boys' heads, for endangering their so-beautiful, and so-valuable sister! Perhaps Mrs. Temple did caution the boys later, but it was not in front of Shirley!

"It's been said that Shirley remains unspoiled and unconscious of her importance, because she lives in a world of her own imagination. That's a lot of bunk—it's not true at all. Shirley's imagination is no different from any other kid imagination, and she doesn't live in a world of her own. She lives in an ordinary, everyday world, just the same as other children do—and that's the sole reason why she isn't spoiled. Mrs. Temple, more than Shirley, deserves credit in that respect!"

I asked Mr. Cummings if he thought that Shirley was a "poor little rich girl" herself. In spite of all the worldly treasures she owns—all sorts of animals, dolls from every country, as many clothes as she can wear—isn't there something that she wants, and can't have, because of fame? Friends, perhaps? Isn't it true that she's kept away from other children—because of contagion?

MR. CUMMINGS shook his head. "It's true that she isn't allowed to make friends with everybody she'd like to make friends with—but that isn't for the reason you suggest. It's because of the very thing we have been talking about—the possibility of contracting something worse than

Mrs. Temple reads daughter Shirley a bedtime story before tucking her in bed. And this famous little girl enjoys it as much as any other youngster would.

physical disease. You see most children, having seen Shirley on the screen, stare at her with hero-worship in their eyes. They think Shirley is wonderful. Mrs. Temple doesn't want Shirley to 'catch' that idea from them, so she has to keep Shirley away from non-professional children. Professional children, like her stand-in for example, are a little less in awe of her, and for that reason, Mrs. Temple believes that they make better playmates."

I can see now why Mrs. Temple's is one of the hardest jobs in Hollywood, and why it's a job that is never finished. Even long after she has tucked Shirley in her tiny bed at night, there is still work to do. Sounds to be listened to, fears to be fought, and prayers to be said. Yet through it all Mrs. Temple knows, and Shirley knows, that the most important thought of all is, "Mother is loving you."

Shirley, by the way, celebrates her seventh birthday on April twenty-third.

Jeanette's Madcap Moments

(*Continued from page 41*)

to you a lot more than all those tales of her concentration on her career. She's smart. Yet that doesn't prevent her from being delightfully silly sometimes.

Some years ago when Jeanette came up to New York from her native Philadelphia, she managed to experience her most embarrassing moments. She had a part at a Newark theatre. And to her distress only one evening gown. She'd worn it a whole season and was heartily tired of it. There was no money to splurge when New Year's Eve rolled around.

Her problem was all the more acute because she was in the throes of first love and the young man's family and associates were wealthy, socially prominent folk. She realized that all the other girls at the party which his mother was giving would be decked in splendor.

Finally, Jeanette yielded to temptation. When the theatre curtain rose she wore a beautiful bouffant gown of shimmering yellow taffeta, trimmed in a lush green. She waited until everyone had departed and then put it on again for the party.

At the stage door was her aristocratic beau. Also, a howling storm. In dashing to his car she ruined the slippers that accompanied the outfit, and the snow spotted the voluminous skirt. In spite of a guilty conscience, though, she had a pretty grand time. She outshone all the women there. But came the morning after! She'd been a house guest who had forgotten to bring a street suit.

There was a New Year's Day matinee and Jeanette had to return to the theatre in billowing attire. She had to go by subway and the blizzard was getting worse. Traffic was held up, delaying her. They held the curtain, praying she'd arrive. When she did, far too late to sneak in, she was caught short. The leading lady was upset, the stage manager was in a tantrum, and—well, Jeanette's been darned understanding of girls in catastrophies ever since!

SHE was punished for phenagling her initial airplane ride, too, but indirectly. Jeanette was in Kansas City, and she'd made her decision not to wed until she'd savored thoroughly of personally achieved success. Still, she enjoyed dates and a most attractive young man was paying her court. His father was a rich bread king and owned planes to advertise the family

COFFEE AND DOUGHNUTS AGAIN! THAT MEANS HE HASN'T A JOB YET!
I BET I KNOW WHY HE'S STILL OUT OF A JOB!
SO DO I...BAD BREATH! HE'S SUCH A NICE BOY, TOO. THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO HELP HIM... I KNOW!
SO ANN LEFT THIS HINT AT JIM'S PLACE
WHAT'S THIS? AN AD ABOUT BAD BREATH AND HOW IT BEGINS WITH THE TEETH... I WONDER NOW—
JIM INVESTIGATES
YES, IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH ARE BY FAR THE COMMONEST CAUSE OF BAD BREATH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM GETS TEETH REALLY CLEAN!
I'LL CHANGE TO COLGATE'S TODAY!
TEN DAYS LATER
HERE'S A REAL TIP FOR YOU AT LAST, ANN! I'VE GOT A SWELL JOB NOW!
OH, THANK YOU, MR. ROGERS!
I GUESS THAT COLGATE AD WAS RIGHT!
NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH SO BRIGHT AND CLEAN!
Now—NO BAD BREATH behind his SPARKLING SMILE!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
20¢ LARGE SIZE Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢
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MILLIONS realize how true this is, and use Colgate Dental Cream for real protection. Its special penetrating foam removes decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums, and around the tongue—which dentists agree *cause* most bad breath. At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredient polishes enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

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If
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could look out through
our windows

You would see some of the fields where the vegetables for Gerber's Strained Foods are grown—fertile gardens under our own control to produce the finest possible specimens for feeding your baby. Raising "Home Grown" vegetables is not enough. Harvested exactly when they offer the highest food value, they are rushed to our kitchens to prevent the loss of vitamins that occurs when vegetables are exposed to the delays of transportation and storage. And every one of our farms is less than an hour's trucking distance away!

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Send 10c and Three Gerber labels for this little sateen, stuffed Doll. Specify whether boy or girl doll is desired.

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NAME ____________
ADDRESS ____________
CITY ____________ STATE ____________
AGE OF BABY ____________

"Mealtime Psychology", a booklet on infant feeding sent free on request. "Baby Book", on general infant care, 10c additional.

product. But papa had put his foot down on sonny's taking any girl-friends sky-gliding.

However, Jeanette was determined to discover how it felt to fly. With feminine guile she prevailed upon this smitten scion to invite her to dinner at a specific country club. Papa's planes were parked nearby. So when she smiled her sweetest and begged for a glance at the airships, her ecstatic escort couldn't resist her.

Somehow her friend found himself chatting with someone else when a pilot was climbing into one of the planes. So minx MacDonald had no trouble addressing herself to the employee. She confided that she was dying for a flight. And zoom, they were off before papa's obedient son had a chance to shout stop! But the wind-up was this: Jeanette's bewitched cavalier outdid himself with such figure-eights and complicated loopings that she staggered onto the ground so air-sick she couldn't stay for the programmed dinner and dancing!

With precocity like that cropping out, you'll be surprised to learn that Jeanette has a horror of showing off. She never sings at fashionable Hollywood functions, even when the other celebrities do their stuff. It isn't that she isn't regular. She just becomes so fussed at the closeness of peering strangers that she couldn't utter a note if her life depended upon it.

Yet, recently a dozen of her friends were presented with a perfectly fascinating one-woman show. After a scrumptious supper at her Colonial home in Brentwood, where she lives now because the doors stuck in the house she used to live in, Jeanette suddenly went batty. She dragged her pals upstairs and began tearing through her trunks, searching for old costumes. Her studio accompanist was there, and soon the grand piano in the living-room was tinkling gayly while Jeanette, making quick changes, delivered a repertoire with magnificent gusto. That's an evening that won't be forgotten.

In person she is smaller than you'd anticipate. She is athletic, rather than delicate. And although she is modish with the metropolitan simplicity that is most chic, she cares little for clothes. She's bored with shopping and when she has to make sartorial selections she does so as fast as possible. And depend on her to start the task in a crazy manner!

THE one thing Jeanette has a weakness for is footwear. So she'll eagerly go on "shoe-benders" and bring home a flock of appealing pumps. It's a constant struggle to assemble ensembles that'll match the shades of her shoes. If she intends to step out tomorrow night, for instance, and needs a new outfit, she has her secretary telephone four particular Los Angeles stores. Each sends three or four gowns for her consideration. A lightning decision is made. An hour or so before she goes out the MacDonald dressmaker arrives, and there ensues a whirlwind of alterations and final touches.

Directors have a mania for equipping her costumes with elaborate trains. Personally, Jeanette says, "I think they are a blasted nuisance. You have to kick them around or hold them up. And when I hear music I want to dance!" Which reminds me of that afternoon when La MacDonald blew up so elegantly.

It was a spectacular set and Jeanette had donned a concoction with several trailing trains. She had to walk in, sing, do some emoting, and then exit—gracefully, of course. On each rehearsal it was okay, but on every take she'd get tangled up and trip herself. After dozens of takes her patience was exhausted. "This dress . . . this dress!" she screamed. She stamped. Her hands went this way and that and got mixed accidentally with the pearl necklaces draped around her neck. The strands broke and the beads shot wildly in every direction.

A pall had fallen over everyone. Jeanette, when she came to, stood glaring. Then the cameraman remarked, "Why, Miss MacDonald, aren't you ashamed of yourself?" To which she retorted, "No, I'm not! There ought to be a law against a dress like this!" Next day she went to see the rushes. But they'd filmed and recorded her outburst, too. "I never saw anyone look sillier," Jeanette declared. "There I was, behaving like a spoiled child, absurdly ferocious!"

SHE figures it's not sporting for a star to be temperamental, just because she can get away with it for awhile. When Jeanette's angry it's almost always at something for which she alone is to blame. She's liable to stir up a rage when she repeatedly gets a bit of action wrong. Director Woody Van Dyke recognizes this mood and keeps a chair handy. On occasions he'll place it in front of her. She kicks it and then stops seething.

If Jeanette finds herself boiling at her daily music lessons—and this occurs when she can't remember the exact words or register the right melody—she grabs a book, throws it on the floor, and jumps on it lustily. Her teacher remains very calm during this demonstration, and finally inquires nonchalantly, "Are you over it?"

I don't want to give you the impression that Jeanette has a hectic temper, even though she is redheaded and sensitive. She is slow to rile. She doesn't pick quarrels with those she dislikes. It annoys her to have to be pleasant to them, so she simply avoids them. Poseurs and two-faced people are not on her list, for she herself can't be deceitful. But in depicting her as an ever-serious young woman her biographers have disregarded certain happenings which largely account for her popularity. She couldn't be the stimulating personality she is, if she'd never demanded her due. And, at critical moments, in outbursts of temperament.

There was that rash run-in she had with a stage producer. She had the lead in a Broadway musical and two days before the opening a whole new routine was casually introduced. They didn't have time to rehearse it properly and Jeanette asserted that it shouldn't be attempted on such short notice. This stage mogul was notoriously hard to get along with, and no mere actor had ever dared cross him. He thereupon squelched the ambitious Jeanette before everyone, condemning all performers in his egotistical harangue.

Before the still startled company she told him exactly what she thought of him. He'd had his nerve to speak to her that way, and to want a song-and-dance that couldn't be good. Furthermore, his luck might be better if he'd pay more attention to actors' suggestions! That stand in behalf of her own and her fellow artists' self-respect was so new to him that on the following day the new routine went out and she went on to be acclaimed in a smoothly rehearsed number which she refused to have marred.

It is Jeanette's credo that you have to maintain high standards for yourself if you wish to progress. She broke with Hollywood a few seasons ago, boldly abandoning a long-term contract. It seems she'd signed with a studio which failed to capitalize on her talents, and after three starring films she was utterly disappointed and chagrined. She didn't mind the total absence of songs. Her objection was to the mediocrity of the stories. "I like to try at least to furnish entertainment," she states, recollecting.

One eventful day she resolved that she'd quit Hollywood altogether if she was

Jane Withers has just begun work in "Little Miss Nobody."

going to have to continue with ordinary material. She requested her release. They gave it to her only on the condition that she promise in writing that she wouldn't appear in anyone else's pictures for six months.

As it turned out that was a most fortunate step for Jeanette. She'd been besieged with personal appearance offers from Europe. She was such a sensation in Paris and London that the English scouts of another Hollywood studio insisted on hastening her back to California. They bought off the continental tour she'd arranged and fixed it up with her ex-bosses. And hence today, instead of being a forgotten idol, thanks to poor pictures, she's tops in major productions.

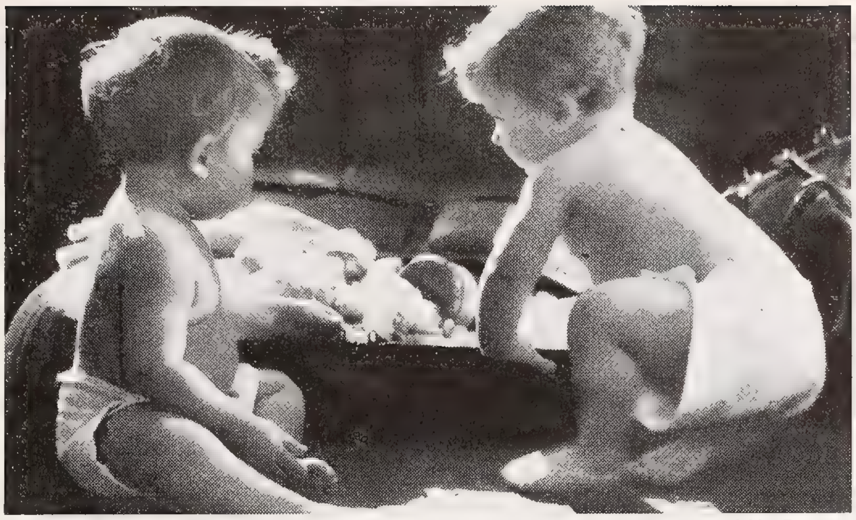
As I asserted, the public generally assumes that Jeanette MacDonald is perpetually swathed in sables. Consequently, when she digs out her slacks, an average coat, and brushes her hair underneath a jaunty tam, she can fare forth quite incognito. More than once she's wandered up and down the pier with the Saturday night throng at the beach. The most notable visit was in her customary raiment. Being recognized didn't stop her from being the life of the party.

She went to Ocean Park's concessions with a couple of chums, and on the way they ran into another group of acquaintances in play. After a million chuckles the group approached the merry-go-round.

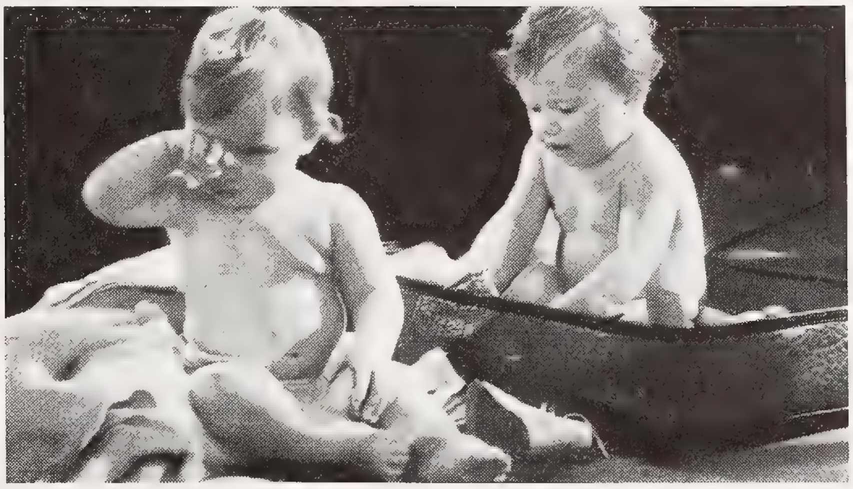
"Come on, let's go on it!" cried this supposedly dignified star. Jeanette was off on another of her mad moments. "I used to be in the circus as a youngster," she explained with convincing earnestness. (She who was so carefully reared in Philadelphia!) "My parents were bareback riders, and I can do stunts, too!"

She became a feminine Tom Mix, jockeying spectacularly on her pseudo-saddle. With every whirl she waved more impressively. Finally she caught her foot in the stirrup and was bolted right off the merry-go-round. And she sat up bruised but grinning.

Yes, indeed, this Jeanette MacDonald is a keen careerist. But, believe me, she's also some elegant fun when she's got a fancy to frolic!



● *"Listen—you're my twin and best pal—but it'll be a cold day when I go traveling with you again! Crab—whine—boo-hoo . . . all the way home! I know what you need though—watch me unpack our suitcase and get it!"*



● *"Now stop your whimpering! I know you're chafed and hot and cranky—I don't feel any too comfortable myself. I am hurrying, aren't I? I'll find it if I have to dig clear through to China!"*

● *"There you are! Now will you take back what you said about me? Sprinkle yourself with that soft downy Johnson's Baby Powder and smile for a change. And then give some to Sister!"*

• • •

Johnson's
Baby
Powder
Borated Talcum

● *"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder—I'll defend your baby's skin from chafes and rashes . . . I'll keep it soft and satin-smooth—I'm that way myself! No gritty particles in me as in some powders—and no orris-root. I'm made of the purest, finest Italian talc. (Your baby will like Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream, and Baby Oil, too!)"*

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

This story will interest many Men and Women

NOT long ago I was like some friends I have...low in spirits...run-down... out of sorts...tired easily and looked terrible. I knew I had no serious organic trouble so I reasoned sensibly...as my experience has since proven...that work, worry, colds and whatnot had just worn me down.

I had been listening to the S.S.S. Radio Program and began to wonder if my trouble was not lowered strength in my blood... I started a course of S.S.S. Tonic Treatment...at the end of ten days I noticed a change...I followed directions faithfully... a tablespoonful before each meal.

The color began to come back to my skin ...I felt better...I did not tire easily and soon I felt that those red-blood-cells were back to so-called fighting strength.

The confidence mother has always had in S.S.S....which is still her stand-by when she feels run-down...convinced me I ought to try this Treatment...it is great to feel strong again and like my old self.

Much more could be said...a trial will thoroughly convince you that this way, in the absence of any organic trouble, will start you on the road to feeling like yourself again. You should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food...sound sleep ...steady nerves...a good complexion... and renewed strength.

There is no guess work in the S.S.S. Tonic Treatment...decades of popular acceptance and enthusiastic words of praise by users themselves speak even louder than the scientific appraisal of the progressively improved S.S.S. product which has caused millions to say to their friends—

S.S.S. TONIC

Makes you feel like yourself again

© S.S.S. Co.

Men Are Out!

(Continued from page 51)

know how to do anything, why, some man will *have* to take care of them. And the silly thing about it is, some man always does." Glenda sighed and answered the telephone for the fifth time. All I heard her say was "no." Out in the yard, Tommy whooped it up with the boys next door.

WHEN Glenda came back, I wondered innocently, "Do you ever wish Tommy had been a girl?"

"But please, my nerves!" Glenda pressed her forehead and looked anguished. "Listen, my fine feverish friend. Is it not enough that I, a woman alone against the elements, am endowed with a cyclone in pants? But a daughter—spare me! A daughter at least should have her father and several assorted uncles, brothers and cousins to practise on, to teach her to be suitably helpless.

"If I had a daughter, the kindest thing I could do for her would be to bring her up to be a little tow-headed nitwit, always losing things for some attractive man to find, that's what I would prefer her to be —for her own ultimate happiness. And how could I give her lessons? I don't know how, myself. Haven't any idea how to go about it."

"But what," I suggested, gently, "has this to do with men?"

"Lots. Think it over," Glenda advised. We studied the situation for three minutes. It kind of occurred to me we got off on the wrong foot—she came to the same conclusion, right then.

"Lord, how ridiculous! It's a lot of nonsense. I wouldn't be happy being that kind of a woman, might as well admit it. I doubt if half of the type are really happy, themselves. Anyway, the energetic self-supporting woman is just a little jealous of her, that's why we say these things about her."

Well, you can't beat that for honesty, can you?

"Now to return to our premise, if you don't mind," I suggested with typical Irish subtlety—Glenda is Irish too, so she likes you to be subtle in an obvious way—"how's about in business? I thought an actress . . . well, you know."

GLENDA leaned forward and shot sparks as if she had just swallowed a fire-cracker. "Look, funnyface. Because it's you and this is business, I can't get sore, but here's how it is. *No man has ever helped me along toward success as an actress.* I got whatever I have through just plain struggle and hard work!

"Men have never helped me in connection with jobs. I landed 'em by going in and convincing producers, by saying, 'I'm better than so-and-so for this part, and I can prove it to you.' Then we argued and fenced and banged the ash trays until I finally played the part, or didn't play it, received the salary I asked for, or didn't receive it. That's the way it was, and that's the way it is, in nine-tenths of the cases.

"All this lah-de-dah business about what a girl has to do to be a success on the stage or screen is so much applesauce. It's a very highly organized, competitive business, and you have to treat it as one. No girl ever got very far or lasted very long with any other kind of an approach!" Glenda snorted a few times like a Scotty puppy at a rathole, and finally subsided. (She's very handsome copy when you get her mad enough.)

The telephone rang again and Glenda took plenty of time out, this trip.

She came back all soothed and calmed and slightly in a fog. "Yoo, hoo," I waved over at her, "you remember me. We *were* doing a story an hour ago, all about men. You went away mad and I finished the Scotch. Have you any idea how we might finish the story?"

The fog cleared and there was Glenda, all merry and bright and rarin' to go.

"We just wound up how to be an actress, didn't we? Well, and so then you get to be one and achieve a certain measure of success—and then what do you want? You want some man to whisper 'give it all up and lean on me.' But he never does.

"I don't know, maybe it's Hollywood, maybe it's being in the movies, maybe it's me—but I have never met a man I could rely on. One on whom I could depend enough to retire and leave it all up to him.

"The fact is, I have never met a man who asked me to! That particular circumstance has inspired countless novels and pictures—but I am skeptical enough to think it never happens in life, except in a very few isolated cases. A man is attracted because you *are* an actress and more or less in the public eye. That's the only kind of man you meet or have any opportunity to know and naturally, he's the last one in the world to ask you to relinquish your very attraction for him.

"Oh sure, I've had lots of proposals—who hasn't?—but no man has said, 'Now little woman, you're going to sit down and take it easy. Let me do the worrying and make the money and have the public life.' No, that doesn't happen to an actress. At least, I haven't heard of it happening lately.

"Anyway, I have too many responsibilities to ask a man to share, unless he had plenty of money. And millionaires are very hard to fall in love with!

"Certainly, there are any number of attractive *and* wealthy young men. But they are all play-boys, and who wants to be married to a play-boy? Marriage is a serious thing. You don't think of a husband in terms of how well he can dance or play bridge, or where will we go to dinner tonight.

"Another reason men have never done me any good, I'm miserable when I'm in love, and miserable when I'm not!

"In love, everything suffers, duties are neglected. It interferes with my work and rest. I want to see the instigator of all my misery at night when I should be sleeping, and I stay out way too late. If I *don't* see him, I worry about where he is. You can't win, any way you take it.

EVERY now and then, between engagements you might say, life seems so calm and peaceful and well-ordered, I wonder why I can't leave well enough alone and let it remain that way. Then something happens. You know, you're not looking for love, it just sneaks up on you. And then everything goes haywire again." I thought she looked awfully bright and happy about things going haywire, and told her so.

"Oh yes. I'd stagnate in peace and calm all the time. Mercy, imagine, how terrible! When the symptoms of falling in love again begin to show, I feel deliriously happy about it. It's going to interfere with my work, I'll worry myself into a decline because the gent drinks too much or drives too fast or something—but it's a nice change from too much rest. He won't do me a bit of good, I know that before it starts, but life would be pretty dull without him—for as long as it lasts."

This passing thought occurred: only a girl who has to shake suitors out of her sitting-room every evening could afford to be this frank about them.

"How about marrying one of them, while it's still lasting?" I asked.

Glenda paddled around in a pool of indecision. She decided against it, I saw her make the resolution, plain as day.

"How about *you* getting back to the premise? This is about men, not a man, so don't try to put over any of those fast ones, my girl. To continue, all men are so spoiled these days, maybe they've always been and I just haven't heard about it. Not only Hollywood men, but all the world over. There must be a shortage or something. And the girl who waits on table somewhere, or simply lives at home, has a better chance to get the man she wants than any actress has!

"All men are wary of actresses, especially an actress who plays gold-diggers. As a real life gold-digger, I'm a terrible washout. But that's what I play, and that's what they think I must be. The real sober fact of the matter is this: the little clinging babe, with the crying blue eyes, intent on getting herself a husband, any husband at all, is the world's most successful and accomplished gold-digger. She has something to show for it all her life!

"How about marriage for *you?*" I persisted like a Jersey mosquito.

"Well," Glenda considered. "What do you think, after all I've this minute finished telling you?"

"I think you'll probably marry before I can get this in print," I answered.

"Ha!" said Glenda.

So, dear patient reader, I leave you to figure it out for yourself. Maybe if you would do a little figuring for Glenda, too, she would appreciate it.

As for me—I'm on the way downtown to buy a wedding present. Something I can always use in case the wedding doesn't come off.

Just Home Folks

(*Continued from page 45*)

family—eleven in all, including Harold's publicity man, Mildred's mother and two nurses—went to Europe two years ago.

Mildred told me a funny incident that occurred on their trip. They decided to leave the children with her mother in Cannes, while they motored through France, Belgium and Germany. They enrolled the children in a French school because they thought it would be such a wonderful opportunity for them to learn how to speak French correctly. They were gone five months. Upon their return they found that their youngsters had taught the entire school how to speak English and everybody was conversing fluently and happily but nobody was speaking a word of French.

Harold enjoys hobbies. For a time he was much interested in magic. Then he took up the study of botany. Now he has thousands of rare flowers and shrubs on his estate and he knows the botanical name of every one of them.

While he was showing the children how to use the brushes and paints of an elaborate painting and drawing outfit he bought them, he became interested in them himself. Now, painting is one of his favorite hobbies. He has a number of pictures that could be exhibited, but he doesn't like to

Force . . . or understanding?

Which is best for your child?

YES . . . you can *make* your child take a nasty-tasting laxative by sheer physical force.

But is it wise? Is it good for him?

Doctors say forcing a child to take a bad-tasting laxative can upset his entire nervous system.

The easy way is to give him a laxative with a pleasant taste—a laxative he'll take willingly—FLETCHER'S CASTORIA.

FLETCHER'S CASTORIA is made especially for babies and little children. There isn't a harsh or harmful thing in it. FLETCHER'S CASTORIA is safe—and gentle, too. Its one and only purpose is to

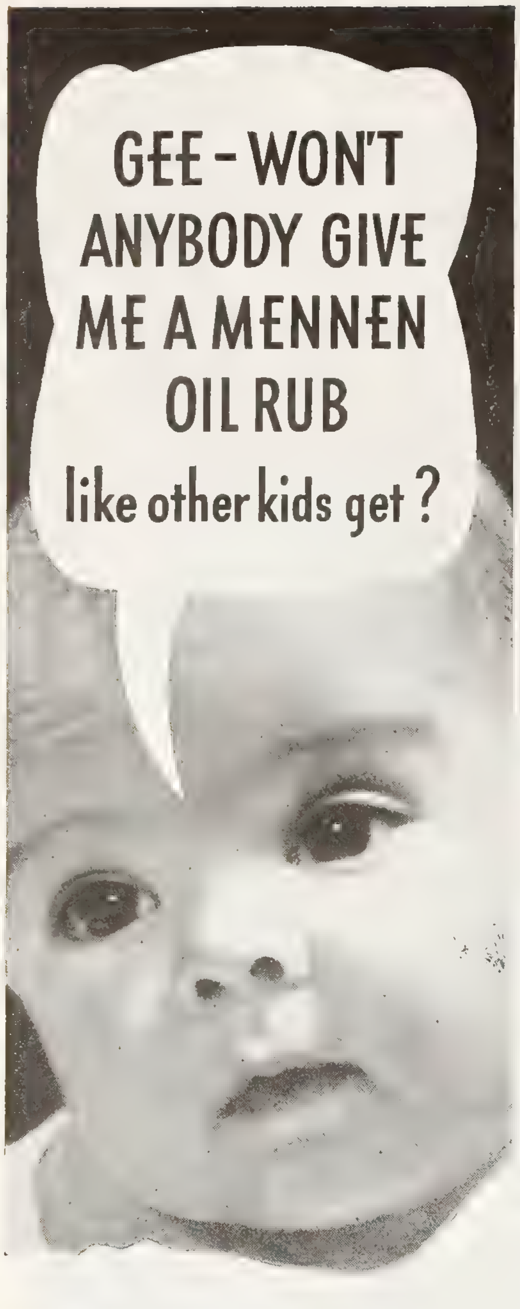
thoroughly clear the wastes from your baby's system.

Use only FLETCHER'S CASTORIA. For your baby—for your other children . . . all the way up to 11 years of age. We suggest that you get the Family-Size bottle. Not only because it lasts longer . . . but because you get more for your

money. More than 5,000,000 mothers depend upon FLETCHER'S CASTORIA. Get a bottle today at your drug store.

Chas. H. Fletcher
CASTORIA
The Children's
Laxative

from babyhood to 11 years


GEE-WON'T ANYBODY GIVE ME A MENNEN OIL RUB like other kids get?

"Most hospitals give it to their babies. I want it too!"

"Other kids seem to get the breaks. When I see 'em—nice and comfy—covered with that wonderful Mennen Antiseptic Oil—I could just holler. Why—you'd think I never got sore and wet in *my* folds and creases! And the germs! Am I supposed to stand off all the germs in the world all by myself? Why should I—when I might be getting the help of this Mennen Oil that's *antiseptic*? It does the germ-fightin' automatically and it's swell for the skin. Most *all* the hospitals* use it—so won't somebody please tell Mummy I want this antiseptic protection and comfort, too? I sure am the feller that needs a friend!"

**Nearly all the hospitals that are important in maternity work use Mennen Antiseptic Oil on their babies, daily. Your baby deserves it, too.*

W. G. Mennen

MENNEN *Antiseptic* OIL

Harold Lloyd is surrounded by two young beauties, Dorothy Wilson and Helen Mack, in a scene from "The Milky Way," a Paramount picture. This is Lloyd's first film in twelve years not made on an independent basis.

have attention directed toward this particular talent.

Mildred encourages him in all of his outside interests. They have a playroom that is equipped for all sorts of indoor games, ping-pong, backgammon, bowling—anything you can think of. Mildred says she won't play backgammon with Harold because he always wins, and that isn't much fun for the loser.

They have a wonderful pool and the children are all expert swimmers and spend most of their time in it when the weather is good. Mildred doesn't swim very expertly but she is unbeatable at tennis and spends a lot of her time on the courts with Harold and their friends.

When they have nothing else to do, she and Harold tuck the children in bed and run down to the beach and ride the roller coasters and eat hot dogs with lots of mustard, like they used to do, when they were a couple of kids out for a lark.

THE manner in which Mildred and Harold became acquainted makes one of the most romantic stories in Hollywood. Mildred spent the summer in Hollywood trying to get into pictures. She met with some success and played a couple of leads in Western pictures. Then she returned to Seattle and entered her senior year in High School. Meanwhile Bebe Daniels, who was Harold's leading lady, accepted a contract with DeMille to star in feature productions. Harold tried to find someone to fill her place. Quite by accident, he saw a picture in which Mildred appeared. He knew that she was the girl he wanted. After a diligent search he learned that she had returned to school in Washington and he wired her an offer of a year's contract to appear as his leading lady at one hundred dollars a week. Mildred says she has never had a thrill to compare with the one she experienced when she got that telegram. She returned to Hollywood immediately and the pictures which they made together were highly successful. They began "keeping company."

Mildred's mother was as strict with her in Hollywood as she had been in Washington. She made it a hard and fast rule that she had to be in by ten o'clock every night.

Mildred says she often suspected Harold of going to parties with another girl after he had taken her home, because the fun doesn't begin in Hollywood until after ten. However, they had only a brief engagement. They married and have found success and happiness in their lives together.

Like Chaplin, Harold is inclined to be pessimistic. Two or three times in the course of every production, he reaches a point where he feels that the whole thing is a failure. Then Mildred gets busy and shows him why it isn't or if anything is wrong she helps him discover how to remedy it.

Unexpected delays and disappointments mark almost every big Hollywood production. Harold's comedies are no exception although he spends at least four months in preparation—and like Chaplin, years between picture releases—before he ever allows a single foot of film to be shot. In "The Milky Way" he mixes with a heavyweight prize fighter. Their sequences are as funny as any he has ever done, for Harold pretends to know nothing about fighting. It is difficult for him to feign ignorance of fighting because he has always been proficient in the art of boxing. When he was fifteen years old he was being groomed for an amateur championship fight in Colorado. His mother found out about it and promptly put a stop to his ambitions for a ring career, but Harold has never lost interest in pugilism.

Cash Prizes Awarded Every Month
Between You and Me
(See Page 10)

On His Way

(*Continued from page 42*)

woman took my hand, looked at the palm, then looked up at me: '*My!* You *are* masculine!' she said. The womanish fellow was standing just in back of her. 'I should *sa*-ay!' he said."

There was a broad grin on the irregular featured, likable face of Ross Alexander, whom you've seen and remembered in "Flirtation Walk," "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Captain Blood," and more recently in "Brides Are Like That."

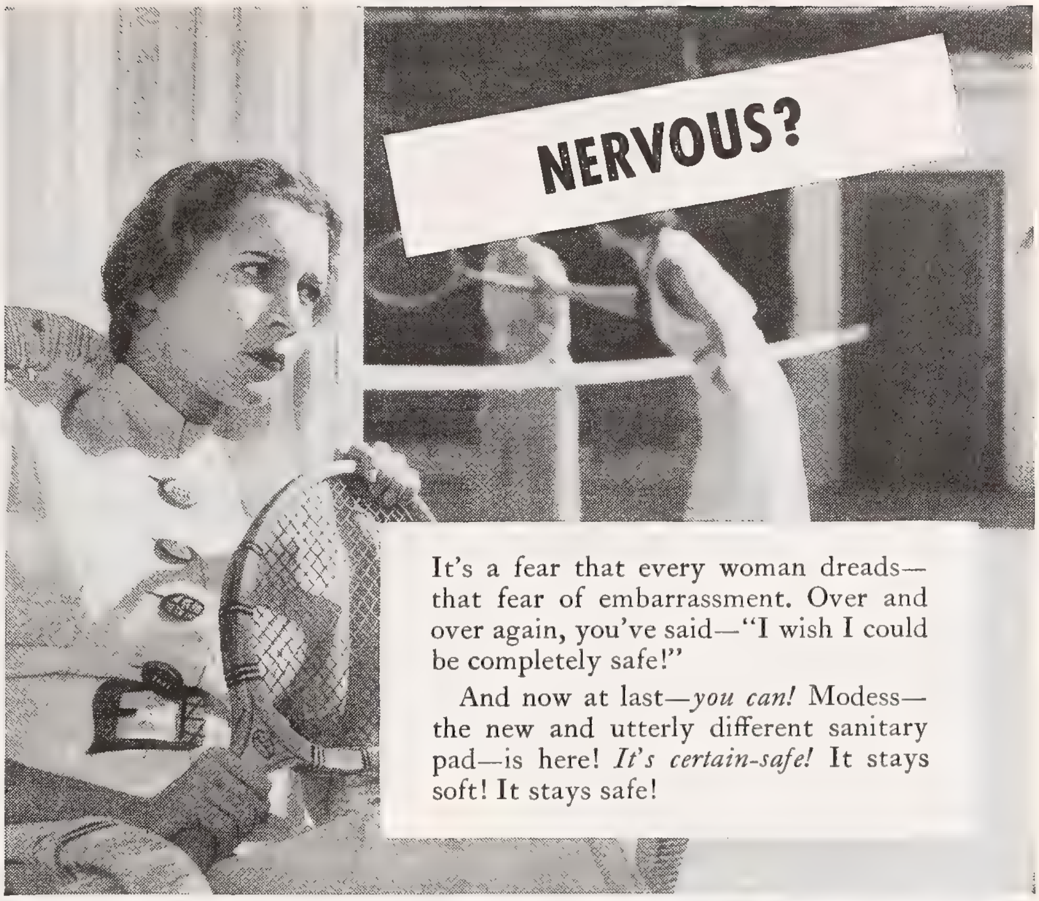
ALTHOUGH it may please his rapidly growing feminine fan contingent to see him in frequent pictures, Alexander is not sure it's so much fun to be rushed immediately from one film into another, finishing one on Monday and scramming into another on Wednesday. He hasn't time to do anything but sleep. He comes in from the studio dog-tired, eats his dinner, goes to bed at nine o'clock every night, and is up with the California mocking birds at dawn. It doesn't give him a chance to get to the Stadium for the Friday night fights or to play with his electric trains (he's a nut about them). But what can a guy do when Success seizes him?

Life, however, has always been that way for Alexander, as it was for the first great world conqueror. He's probably the luckiest actor alive, for he has never had to look for a job. When he left Erasmus Hall High School, with the imprint of the boot showing on the seat of his youthful breeches, he literally walked onto the stage. He's been walking on (and off) for twelve years—that makes him twenty-eight years old—and he's never had to worry about sitting around agents' offices. If one stellar light didn't give him a part in his new play, another one did. Blanche Yurka gave him his first chance in "Enter Madame." He's played with Philip Merivale, Francine Larrimore, Frank Craven, et cetera, in sundry plays, including "After Tomorrow," "That's Gratitude," "The Stork Is Dead," "Let Us Be Gay," and many others. In Boston he appeared in stock. He did the same thing in Louisville, Kentucky.

It is not commonly known that Hollywood is old news to Alexander. On two occasions he has come hopefully West, with a song on his lips and joy in his heart, to sit out studio contracts. The first one was for Paramount. The second for Fox. Or maybe it was the other way around. Sad though it may be, Alexander never had a chance, under either contract, to appear before a camera. His personal observation is that they were afraid to tell him that he looked like "the west end of a horse going east."

He then would have had ample time to play with his electrical trains because he didn't have to report to the studio. But when he was in Hollywood before, he had not yet become enamored of electric trains with yards of metal tracks, switches and sidings. Four years ago, Christmas, he conceived the train idea. "What do you want for Christmas?" his friends asked Alexander. When he answered, with direct simplicity, "An electric train," they laughed, like they do in the advertisements when a fellow sits down to the piano. Just a bit of Alexander foolery, they thought.

But Christmas morning they came crowding in, their little cheeks red as apples from the cold, cheering and chattering and calling out "Merry Yuletide!" and what do you suppose they saw? The floor of Ross Alexander's living-room strewn with tracks and an elegant electric engine ca-



It's a fear that every woman dreads—that fear of embarrassment. Over and over again, you've said—"I wish I could be completely safe!"

And now at last—*you can!* Modess—the new and utterly different sanitary pad—is here! *It's certain-safe!* It stays soft! It stays safe!

STEP OUT AND PLAY WITHOUT A FEAR!

Yes—say goodbye to "accident panic"—once you discover certain-safe Modess. *No striking through*—as with many ordinary reversible pads. Notice the specially treated material on sides and back. Modess can't chafe—the edges stay dry. Just wear *blue* line on moisture-proof side *away* from body—and complete protection is yours!

Modess
Modess
This is the New Modess it's "CERTAIN-SAFE"

End "accident panic"—ask for Certain-Safe

Modess!

The Improved Sanitary Pad

Try N-O-V-O—the safe, easy-to-use, douche powder in its new Blue and Silver Box. Cleanses! Deodorizes! (Not a contraceptive.) At your drug or department store

"HER LIPS WERE REALLY ALLURING"

SAID

WARREN WILLIAM

Read why this well known movie star picked the girl with the Tangee Lips

● We presented Mr. William to three lovely girls ...One wore the ordinary lipstick...one, no lipstick...and the third used Tangee. Almost at once he chose the Tangee girl. "I like lips that are not painted—lips that have natural beauty!"

WARREN WILLIAM makes the lipstick test on the set of "The Gentleman from Big Bend", a Warner Brothers Production.

Tangee can't give you that "painted look"—because Tangee isn't paint! Instead by its magic color change principle, Tangee changes from orange in the stick to the one shade of blush rose to suit your complexion. Try Tangee. It comes in two sizes, 39c and $1.10. Or for a quick trial send 10c for the Special 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

● **BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES** . . . *when you buy. Don't let some sharp sales person switch you to an imitation... there is only one Tangee. But when you ask for Tangee... be sure to ask for* TANGEE NATURAL. *There is another shade called Tangee Theatrical, but it is intended only for those who insist on vivid color and for professional use.*

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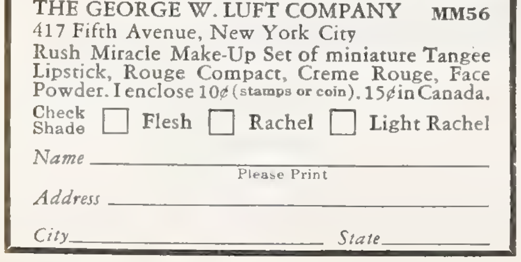
TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

New FACE POWDER now contains the magic Tangee color principle



★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY MM56
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.

Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

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reening around the curves. The bravest stepped hurriedly to the window, Ross says, and peered out to see if the "wagon"—the barred and padlocked one that is presumed to lug lunatics off to safe-keeping—was at the door. It wasn't, and his friends probably stayed to help Ross play with his toys. He still has them, the toys. He had to rent the studio across the road from his Hollywood home to accommodate them when they arrived by express from New York the other day.

JUVENILE as may be his favorite hobby, Alexander is far from being childlike. He is a self-reliant, fundamentally solid young fellow who happens to want to be an actor more than anything else. He is the only child of a New York leather merchant, and while he laments with his father that the day of synthetic fabrics has ruined the hide and pelt industry, he feels no longing to take a hand in his father's business to try and right it. Alexander's favorite occupation is that of "tearing a passion to tatters," even if he doesn't care much about the other works by the guy who wrote that phrase.

After a sojourn as Shakespeare's "Demetrius," flouncing around in a tunic ("At least I have pants on in my next picture," he says), mouthing the immortal lines of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Ross is ready to tackle any part. It has been a proven conclusion, as far as he is concerned, that Alexander and Shakespeare don't mix. "I'd go home screwy after a day with those lines," he said, irreverently, for piety is not an Alexander attribute. He has the post post-war generation's healthy cynicism, yet when accused of being a cynic he is genuinely affected. He considers himself a realist. And undoubtedly he is that, too, for he believes not at all in Santa Claus nor the Easter Bunny, but has intense admiration for the "ghost" that walks weekly on Wednesdays in the Warner Brothers' cashier's office.

He has absolute faith in one person, himself, and upon himself he relies with complete confidence. The ease with which he has taken to a theatrical career shows that. He declares he has a sense of humor (which is obvious), that all his friends think so; then says, in the next breath, that he has but few friends, proceeding to enumerate about five or six.

With fragrant, penetrating words, he enlivens any conversation; refers to actors—including himself—as "slobs"; drinks tea instead of coffee; eats sparingly because food doesn't interest him; and gave the names of two of the country's leading columnists as his "pet aversions" in filling out the studio's questionnaire. You can imagine what the studio did to that care-free confidence.

Incidentally, he established a new low in dull screen personalities when he filled out the conventional studio blank upon which the publicity department's press biographies are based. It appears he thought the whole thing pretty silly, and filled it in accordingly. Parts of it read like this: "He has no 'suppressed desires,' no economies that he practices, no favorite extravagances, no hobbies and only one or two aversions. . . . Neither politics nor religion have an interest for him, he isn't superstitious . . ." et cetera.

"I guess that biography is the nadir in dullness," he said with a grin. Then, lest we think his speech too elegant for a two-fisted guy, he added: "I learned that word from a play that I was in on Broadway."

Nadir or no, the fellow is attractive. You'll see more of him in films . . . which is all right with us girls.

Bob Taylor—Big Rave

(*Continued from page 55*)

THERE, ladies and gentlemen, is a pretty clear picture of Robert Taylor, how he feels about being called "promising," and why his sudden success hasn't changed him.

I first met Bob almost two years ago, and I swear to you that he is no different today than he was then. He's still without an "act," still modest and straightforward, looking things and people right in the eye. He lives in a little better house, has more clothes, drives a more expensive automobile. But these are superficial changes only, which have not affected Bob's attitude toward the world or toward himself.

It was almost two years ago that Bob started going around with Irene Hervey. They still go around together, despite rumors of other romances now and then. And Bob's behavior in this respect is almost without precedent. Whether you realize it or not, it has been an old Hollywood custom for a star to step up his romances along with his salary. And according to all traditions, Bob should, by now, be going around with only the biggest stars! And always to the Trocadero! But more often he is seen at the movies, or at a chop suey joint, or window shopping at night along Hollywood Boulevard, and usually with Irene Hervey. And that, in spite of the fact that all the glamor girls in town are casting eyes on him, too!

"It do beat all," as they say. "You'd think a handsome fellow like that would step out with all the stars—Lombard, Dietrich, Kay Francis, Miriam Hopkins, and so on down the list." But "they" only say that, because they don't know their Bob Taylor.

In spite of his good looks and his charming manners, Bob is no ladies' man, as a look into his past will show. He dates Irene because he knows her better and likes her better than any girl he knows—and a friendship like that is more important to him than being a social male butterfly. They are not engaged. Both of them are free as the winds.

"I've always been like that—even when I was at college," he told me. "I never had a lot of girls. I was too bashful for that. It was all I could do to get to know one well. I couldn't just walk up to a girl I didn't know, and walk off with a date—like a lot of the fellows could. I've always been slow at that kind of thing, kind of backward.

"Why, I remember the worst evening I ever spent in my life was once when I *had* to get a date with a girl I didn't know. It was just after I arrived at Pomona—at one of those get-together dances. The rule was that you went to the dance alone but you had to leave with a girl! And there were about 60 seniors standing around to see that you did—or else! Or else they'd paddle the pants off you the next day.

"Well, I arrived at the dance, and my heart fell to my boots. I took one look at the way they danced at Pomona, and I knew I was sunk. Back in Nebraska, where I came from, the dancing was dignified. But here they hopped, skipped and jumped all over the place. Not my style

A new team that's bound to click—Janet Gaynor and Bob Taylor in "Small Town Girl."

at all—none of these girls would be able to follow me. So, since I didn't even dare ask a girl to dance with me, how could I ask one to let me take her home?

"I gave up. About an hour later, I was still standing around on the sidelines, wondering what kind of paddles they'd use, when one of my classmates asked me what the trouble was. I told him. Then he said that if I could find a girl from San Francisco, she'd probably be used to dancing the way I danced because they danced funny up there, too! That was a good tip, but how was I supposed to recognize a girl from San Francisco when I saw one? 'Ask 'em!' said my friend. So I did. I asked about fifteen girls altogether, and as each one said, 'No, I'm from Pomona, why?' I'd move on as if she had the plague.

"But finally I found one. I grabbed her and off we went. Sure enough she danced just like I did. That was swell but even then I still couldn't get around to asking her to let me take her home. As a matter of fact, I never did ask her. But I danced with her all the rest of the evening, whether she liked it or not, and then, when they began playing "Home, Sweet Home," I just danced her right out the door. Oh yes, we got to be good friends after that, and I saw a lot of her all through college."

Much, I might add, to the disgust of the other co-eds. I know that's the case, because I happen to know one who was there at the time Bob was. Like the others, she too set her cap for him, but got nowhere.

His history is repeating itself in Hollywood.

Once, recently, Irene said, "I should think you'd like to go out with someone else for a change. Why don't you?"

"You wouldn't mind?"

"Not a bit," she replied.

"Well, it might be a good idea."

"Sure, go ahead."

A week passed, and they didn't see each other, or talk on the phone. Then Bob called her. "What are you doing?"

"Nothing. Why don't you come over?"

"Okay, I'd like to," he answered.

"Did you have a big time?" Irene asked him later.

"No, I didn't."

"Funny," said Irene. "Neither did I."

And, strange as it seems, they were both telling the truth!

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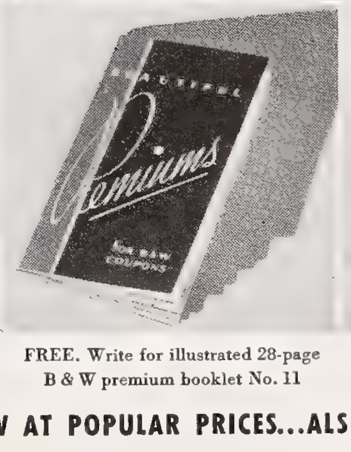

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She Knew Her When—

(Continued from page 53)

She was somewhat plump, wore very little make-up, her skin was country-clear and she had a wide smile. Her rose street dress was fashionably scalloped off at the knees, and could have come from the budget department of any Thirty-fourth Street shop or been made by loving hands at home. It was one of those dresses. Her pumps were blonde kid and stubby-toed and her rolled stockings matched them. And contrary to all my preconceived ideas about night club ladies, her grammar was flawless and devoid of slang.

She said her name was Grace Moore, and that she hadn't been in New York very long. I guess we talked together twenty minutes and when we parted I was to tell Betty hello for her and come to "The Black Cat" sometime.

HOW little I guessed that I had met a great star in embryo! That some day I would piece together a greatly publicized life story and discover that Grace Moore was singing in Greenwich Village's Black Cat for a third-rate salary, singing snappy four-four rhythms when she yearned to trill arias, spending her daytime hours endlessly trudging from one theatrical agency to another. Back in Jellico, Tennessee, they'd liked her voice in the Baptist Church choir. She was just ambitious, brave and headstrong enough to run away to New York to seek the musical training she wanted.

There was something else that was going to make me remember the night club singer in the park, too. Three years later I went to college with Grace's younger sister, Virginia Huff Moore.

By that time people were beginning to read about Grace Moore. She'd understudied Julia Sanderson in "Hitchy-Koo" and advanced to the lead in Irving Berlin's "Music Box Revue." And then she'd gone abroad to study for opera.

Huff was a lot like Grace in the family resemblance way, only she was taller and darker and her talents were more literary than musical. We lived in the same "dorm" and ran around with the same crowd and, of course, all of us followed Grace's career through her kid sister's intimate and oh-so-thrilling details.

Grace was living in the be-satinned villa of Mary Garden at Cannes. Grace was studying under some of the most expensive teachers in Europe. Grace was in love. Grace wasn't in love anymore. Grace had three fur coats, a summer in Switzerland, her hair bobbed. Grace said Huff could be her travelling companion after she finished college. Grace was going to make her debut at the Metropolitan in 1928. Grace had her *own* be-satinned villa at Cannes.

Huff got a stack of new clothes, a week's vacation from school, and went to New York for the big doings at the Met. Half of Jellico and most of Tennessee's Big Names chartered a Memphis Special to make the trip, and we all went to the station (feeling like we'd been colossally gypped on sisters) to see the vast line of cars grind to a stop to pick up a member of the Moore family.

The tales she brought back furnished delectable fodder for many a choice session, and determined half the student body, temporarily anyway, on operatic careers. Huff had a suitcase full of clippings, photographs and souvenirs. We made her tell us everything until the story grew to gargantuan proportions. *Mountains* of orchids. *Tons* of applause. *Zillions* of famous people. *Barrels* of caviar. *Roomsful* of *the* most gorgeous clothes for Grace's wardrobe.

And men! Such men! Grace had scores of them at her feet. Millionaires, great artists and statesmen and writers, members of the nobility, actors, singers.

IN 1929, Grace Moore was the most glamorous figure in the world of song. You couldn't pick up a magazine without reading of her flashing career, her gowns and jewels and gay parties, her friendships with some of the outstanding names in society, her comings and goings at her Park Avenue apartment. Pictures of her blonde beauty smiled at you from everywhere.

It was during that year that she came to visit at our school. Perhaps you know the story, how right in the middle of a triumphant concert tour through Spain, she suddenly became homesick for Tennessee, and in absolute defiance of managerial pleas and threats, cancelled her engagements and sailed for the United States. We were having exams at school, which prevented Huff's going home, so Grace stopped over in Virginia for a day and a night and stayed on campus in our dormitory.

She came alone, without any of the retinue of personal chef, maid, butler, chauffeur and secretary she maintained in New York. We liked that, but it was a disappointment to our schoolgirl curiosities that she'd travelled in a plain old Pullman instead of her private car. We wanted to see if the inside of that private car was as sumptuous as Huff had described it to us.

She hadn't changed in seven years except that she was beautifully thinner and her hair was a lustrous yellow-blonde. She remembered me and the gumdrops in Washington Square. Our natural standoffishness, on suddenly being piled into the same taxi with a world famous diva, lasted about five minutes, for Grace is the sort of person who makes you feel like it's Old Home Week the moment she grasps your hand in introduction.

Did she promenade around campus swishing silver fox and gardenias under the adoring noses of twelve hundred girls? Heck, no! An hour after her bag was unpacked she was down on the athletic field in a borrowed gym suit wielding a hockey stick with us like an old-timer. She got banged into and knocked, and broke off a cherished long fingernail and cussed about it like any girl would. She came off the field muddy and dishevelled and insisted on waiting her turn in the shower room and taped the hockey stick she'd splintered.

And because the last supper gong rang before she was fully dressed, she dashed down into the dining-room with a shiny nose and no stockings and a bump swelling on her forehead and did a brief, beautiful job when she was called upon to say grace and then dived into our regular Thursday night pink ham and potato salad as though it were *blinchiki* or *crepes suzette.*

That night, a gang of us huddled in Huff's room to get Grace into the bull-session we'd anticipated for weeks. She was swell. She let us try on all the clothes in her suitcases. She propped her feet up on the table and rubbed cold cream into her face and told us fantastic stories about the things she'd done and the people she knew. And finally, inevitably, the conversation got around to men and dates and we wanted to know how she'd made herself so popular.

"You all ask me that," she laughed, "when every one of you have a Southern 'line' that would probably make mine sound amateur! Use it, darlings. Sweet, flattering nonsense is nectar to men's ears. And," she added, "do they love it!"

One of the girls wanted to know how she'd resisted the proposals of so many fascinating men.

Grace was frank in her answer. "I just haven't found the love I'm looking for yet and I'll never marry until I do. He hasn't come along, somehow."

If we wondered what she was doing while we attended chapel the next morning, she was rummaging under our beds getting shoe sizes. She sent several of us darling white fur mules when she returned to New York, and some of her newest victrola records. Frequently, after that, she'd send packages of used costumes and clothes she was through with. There was a leopard jacket, almost new, and Parisian labels in twice-worn evening gowns, and a gold cloth Japanese outfit she'd had designed for a masquerade ball. Many a pinned and basted Grace Moore dress went to nearby proms and house parties, or moved about on the stage of our campus plays.

I've seen Grace many times during the five years since then. There was her gala entry into Hollywood in 1930, her two flop pictures, "A Lady's Morals" and "New Moon," and consequently her galling and bitter defeat in exit from pictures.

"I'm going back to Hollywood and show them what I can do, one of these days," she said to me not long after. "At first I was angry and hurt, but now I'm only determined. I've the same determined feeling I had when the Metropolitan turned me down the first time."

Grace kept that promise to herself with the terrific success of "One Night of Love." But in the meantime there came to her the greatest success, she calls it, that she can ever know. She found the love she was looking for. She married Valentin Parera after a whirlwind courtship aboard the *Ile de France*.

They're the happiest pair you ever saw, Grace and Val. You think of two adjectives when you first meet him, and you don't change them even after years. They're

Lily Pons and Gene Raymond arrive in New York. Yes, Mlle. Pons will do a picture in the early fall. As for Gene, he came East for personal appearances.

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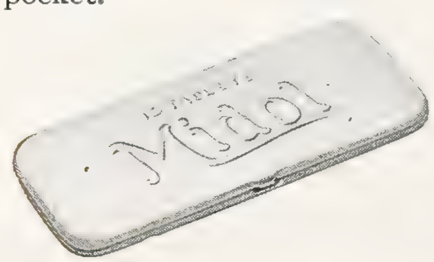

suave and sweet. He has the small feet and sensitive long fingers of the Latins and he's very Continental and witty. Grace is so unaffectedly crazy about her husband, it's refreshing, and neither Hollywood nor the Opera nor any added glory, something tells me, will ever change that.

And "Is she very much like a movie star?" people ask. Yes, but mostly no. Off-screen beauty being the debatable subject it is, I'd simply call her darn good-looking and feel like I'd said the honest thing. Her eyes and skin are particularly nice. Her lashes curly, but far from long. Like the rest of us she has certain beauty problems that must be constantly attended to or they lapse into unattractiveness—her hips, off diet, refuse to stay slender—and Grace is too lusty a fried-chicken-and-hot-rolls devotee to remain on diet all the time. Frequently her hair needs a *coiffeuse* for several days before she has time for one. She eats her lipstick off at meals and usually forgets to renew it for hours. But I've never seen her without an impeccable manicure. She always does her nails herself.

She still gesticulates, broadly and incessantly, no matter what she's telling about. It's the hardest habit she's had to overcome before the camera, keeping those energetic arms of hers at a sophisticated standstill. But you like it when she's talking to you. It's part of her.

She doesn't spend the money you'd expect her to on clothes. Consistently, that is. She'll greet you at tea time in a sweeping something M. Patou threw together, then turn right around, as I have seen her do, and attend an opening night in a thirty-nine-fifty model. She never looks all-dressed-up in her clothes. She looks comfortable.

I couldn't help contrasting a recent meeting with Grace with the one in the park that day. She was triumphantly returning to the United States after her command performance of "La Boheme" for Queen Mary at Covent Garden, and as the *Rex* steamed up the Hudson and docked she was given a welcome that recalled the Lindbergh reception.

Airplanes dragged "Welcome Home" streamers through the air as the ship moved into the harbor. Sky-writing planes wrote her name in the clouds. Crowds shouted greetings from boats and at the pier, while at City Hall Mayor LaGuardia was readying some lovely phrases for an official reception. The ship's band played "Dixie" twenty times and Grace's regal suite was jammed with celebrities, newspapermen, orchids and Valentin Parera.

"It's been so wonderful," she said to me, telling how the Britishers cried for "Gracie" in the streets the night she gave her command performance. "I never had anyone call me Gracie since the days of my old black mammy down in Jellico." Then she told me how she hid a 76-year-old Welsh woman, who had seen "One Night of Love" seventy-six times, near the royal box during the show. "That," she said characteristically, "was more fun than stealin' watermelons!" Which wasn't exactly the ultimate in sophisticated phraseology, but then, thank heaven, Grace hasn't outgrown her back-home way of talking.

She posed for as many kodaks as cameras, once with her arm on the shoulder of the 'P' section customs official—who was fifty, red-headed and snaggle-toothed, and grinning like an ape with delight. She shook hands with every proffered paw and got warm doing it and still didn't stop, despite the fact that in a few minutes she was scheduled to ride down Broadway, looking her best, to pick up an enormous key to the city. And she didn't import the ten trunkfuls of Parisian *frou-frou* that are sort of expected when movie stars disembark in a great big way. There was declared on her papers the glamorous total of one percolator, eight gramophone records, six dozen Irish linen handkerchiefs.

And a case of champagne.

No, Grace Moore hasn't changed a bit. Because the customs official broke open the crate of bottles for investigation and looked startled and remarked, "Miss Moore, this ain't champagne you got here—it's mineral water!" and held up a label for her to stare at in complete amazement.

She could have done the casual, movie-starrish thing at a time like that. She could have raised an eyebrow, uttered a bright saccharine "How too, too amusing!" and donated the vile old stuff to some nearby, suitably crotchety fan.

But Grace was too much her straightforward, natural self for that. She'd paid perfectly good money for what she understood was champagne, and furthermore she'd lugged it all the way from France for a very, very special occasion. And she was as disappointed and put out about it as you'd be, too, if you had been so apparently gypped.

So she stood right there in full view of the public and the press and stuck her thumb-nail between her teeth and commented, none too softly, "Things like that make me *so mad!*" and stamped her foot and turned to Val in utter exasperation, "Oh, it wasn't what we paid for it, darling, it's—the principle of the thing that gets me—"

And I recalled a ten-cent bag of stale gumdrops.

Sentimental Roughneck

(*Continued from page 39*)

amicable separation. He won't talk at all if you ask him about his efforts to obtain a divorce.

"I can't figure women out," he said cryptically. And it *is* a bit confusing when you consider that for several years he has been separated from his wife, during which time he has supported her and their son in a manner consistent with the money he has earned. He is denied the privileges of both bachelorhood and marriage.

"I want a home," he told me. "I want things other men have. I've worked hard all my life. Now I want happiness and contentment. I think I'm entitled to it."

For two years he and Virginia have been the center of one of Hollywood's sweetest romances, but they are denied the satisfaction of marriage, the joys of making a home together. George refuses to fight the woman who bears his name, the mother of his child, preferring to wait in the hope that some day soon she may volunteer to give him his freedom.

"I never quarrel with girls," he will tell you. And his friends will tell you that he never quarrels with anyone.

How does it happen, you may well wonder, that this boy of the tenements, a boy whose career has embraced many and varied activities, including selling newspapers, working as assistant to an electrician, ushering in a theatre, professional boxing, dancing in vaudeville and night clubs, a boy who ran away from home at the age of fourteen because he didn't want to go to school—that a boy with this background has a respect for women that amounts almost to a religion?

There is nothing strange about it to George. The strange thing, he feels, is that all men don't have the same regard for women that he has. Because his parents were poor doesn't mean that they were not respectable, hard-working, honest people. Because he was born in a poor district of New York doesn't necessarily mean that he came from the slums, for he didn't.

"My mother taught me to respect women," he said simply. "When I was a little kid, the girl next door would ask to take me out because she thought I was cute. My mother would dress me up and I can remember that her parting admonition always was to be a good boy, not to forget to tip my hat and to be polite.

"My mother is the sweetest woman that ever lived," he continued. "I don't know how she managed all of us—there were eleven of us kids, you know—without losing her temper sometimes, but she did. She was always sweet. We're all alone now. All the others are gone, God rest their souls."

About a year ago George brought his mother out to California to live. He secured an apartment for her and provided her with a car and chauffeur. But she didn't like it here any more than George does. He thought the climate would be fine for her, but she missed her friends and preferred the lights of the city to the California sunshine, just as George does, and she asked to go back home.

"She's always lived there, you know," George said. "She likes to live where she can knock on her neighbor's door and offer to share a pot of tea or borrow an egg. And where she can talk about me, her darling Georgie," he added with a grin. "She drives me nuts talking about me and fussing over me. I can't stand being fussed over. I worship my mother, but if I tell her I love her, I mean it and I can't keep on telling her over again every five minutes."

Wisely, George figures that the career of an actor is short, that the big money is to be gathered in quickly. Consequently he is trying to be a contented citizen and is experiencing the joys of a home of his own for the first time in his life. And, although no home in Hollywood could compensate for the noise and hum, the rush and clamor of Broadway, he is more than a little proud of his penthouse apartment. He chose its furnishings personally and in every detail it reflects his quiet, good taste and love of comfort. He misses New York with an intensity that has not lessened during the five years he has been in Hollywood. "I'm losing a lot of friends by staying out here," he complained. But he finds a quiet game of bridge a passable substitute for New York's night life and philosophically makes the most of it. You rarely see George at a night club.

"I got my fill of night clubs when I worked in them," he explained. And asked if it wasn't embarrassing to always be the one of the boys who orders milk or orange juice when the others are having cocktails, he replied: "It isn't as embarrassing as getting drunk would be. I never drink because I've seen what liquor does to the other guys. Anyway I don't think it is any fun to drink. Your best friend pours you into a taxi and sends you home while he takes care of your girl. That's not my idea of a big night."

He doesn't drink coffee, either, because he doesn't think it is good for him. Nothing, to his way of thinking, is as important as health. "If I have a strong, healthy body, no one can take it away from me. Money doesn't worry me. If I have health and can't earn a living, then I don't deserve to live. I've earned my way since I was fourteen. I've always been able to buy everything I actually needed. I can get along any place if I have my health."

No one was more surprised than George when he made a hit in his first picture. "I'm not an actor," he said at the time, and how he laughed when the critics said he did a powerful bit of acting in a scene when he stood on a corner and played with a couple of coins—a habit of years. The success he had attained in other ventures—boxing and dancing—had required years of hard work and application. Without any effort he was a sensation in pictures. It is no wonder he was puzzled. And when Hollywood, characteristically, built up a reputation for him to correspond with his first screen role, that of a gangster, he was even more bewildered.

"Do I have to be a gangster off the screen just because I played one in the picture?" he protested. But his protests weren't even heard. The fact that he had been born in what is charmingly referred to as "Hell's Kitchen," in New York, was played up to the last drop of publicity value. Perhaps inspired by jealousy, perhaps by habit, Hollywood put on one of the most vicious whispering campaigns ever to go over the grapevine about George's past activities. The stories that were whispered about the studios, at parties and wherever the film crowd gathered were

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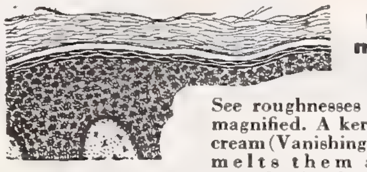

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fantastic. It would have been a physical impossibility for one person ever to have had half the experiences that were attributed to George.

Whatever these whispers did to him will never be known, even to his most intimate friends, for George is painfully inarticulate. This reserve is not born of a lack of ability to express himself, for with his friends and people he trusts, he is at ease and talks freely.

"I don't talk much," he said. "What's the use? You learn more listening."

George's friends were loud in his defense, but George never uttered a protest. He didn't need to, for regardless of what Hollywood thought of him, the public clamored for more of his pictures. He was enormously popular. He worked in picture after picture. He took what was offered in the way of roles and also in the publicity necessarily attached to his success. He posed for hats and shirts, shoes and socks, suspenders and soap. He endorsed everything from cigarettes to cereal.

"I always coöperated," he said, "but I never got as much as a handkerchief for all the posing I did. I did anything I was asked to do. I played any part they gave me. I realized I wasn't an actor, I thought other people knew more about this business than I did, so I did what I was told."

THAT is, up to a certain point. When he was assigned the role of Trigger in "The Story of Temple Drake," he refused to play it. He refused to the point of walking out of the studio and heading for points east. He jeopardized his entire career for what he considered a principle. If you remember the picture you will recall that Trigger didn't know how a gentleman should treat a lady.

"When people walk out of the theatre thinking I'm a heel because I've played so many of them, I'm through," he argued.

So someone else played Trigger and George, having tasted the exhilarating sensation of independence, began to exercise his new-found authority. It became a habit with him to refuse to do things he thought would hurt his career. If a dance routine didn't look right to him, he refused to do it. Surely his reputation as a professional dancer entitled him to this privilege.

But he really went to town on his "no" campaign, when he walked out in high dudgeon after a brief but effective physical encounter with a studio executive, during the making of "Bolero," because he was asked to speak a line of dialogue which he found particularly distasteful and which he thought would be offensive to the public. The line was: "And let's use those pictures I had taken at my mother's grave for publicity."

"I've always been taught to respect graves," was his only explanation for refusing to speak the line. He didn't think it necessary to tell the world that within a few years he had buried every one of his ten brothers and sisters, that only a few months prior to the time of this incident he had lost his father, whom he worshipped.

"I was my father's favorite," he told me. "He idolized me and always took my part. We were much closer than most fathers and sons."

To speak such a line, even acting, made him absolutely sick. After the argument was settled in George's favor, he established an all-time high for an apology with reservations. "If I'm wrong, I'm sorry," he said.

When George says "no" he means just that and neither threats nor promises can make him change his mind. Recently he was suspended from the studio for ten weeks because he refused to do something he didn't think would be a good idea, but suspensions and the loss of a salary that is not to be sniffed at, don't worry George.

"No one is going to look after me but me," he explained. "No one cares what happens to me but me and I do care. I'm nervous. This business is a million headaches a day. I was never nervous when I was a dancer, but now I've got the shakes half the time. This business does it to everyone."

He refuses to work more than twelve or fourteen hours a day.

"No," George said. "I'm up at five in the morning in order to get made up and on the set at eight. It's eight o'clock when I get home at night and I'm tired."

He was suspended again when he refused to work in a Mae West picture. "Mae and I are very good friends," George said, "but I explained to her that it wouldn't do me any good to be kicked around in her picture. If you let yourself be kicked around in a picture, people get the impression you can be kicked around off the screen, too.

"Other stars fight for stories and parts and even cameramen. I've always taken just what was given me, but I've learned that if I don't fight for myself no one else is going to."

And, as anyone who has had the bad fortune to come up against one of his handy fists will testify, George doesn't need anyone to do his fighting for him. He doesn't need a bodyguard, as Hollywood facetiously calls his friend, the mild, naïve Mack Grey.

He is neat to a fanatical point. He can't stand a spot of dirt on himself or anyone else. He can't stand a disorderly apartment, his idea of such a state being a place where the ash trays aren't clean. If there is no servant around to empty them, George'll do it rather than look at a tray full of cigarette stubs.

He can't stand to see his friends want for anything and will take off his shirt, hat or tie and pass it on to anyone he thinks needs it. He takes great pride in his personal appearance and always dresses neatly and in the very latest style.

Consistent with his pride in appearance is his preference for pretty girls. He likes to take a girl out who adds to the picture. He likes to feel that everyone is admiring his girl. And his present choice of companion, Virginia Pine, is everything any chap could ask for, both in appearance and character. Cultured, sweet and charming, she also has exquisite taste in clothes and is strictly feminine. A sun-tanned beauty or a girl who wears mannish clothes doesn't fit on George's private pedestal for women.

He was leaving for the race track when I caught him in his dressing-room at the studio, a few days ago. In a stunning, well-tailored sack suit he was a picture of what the well-dressed young man should wear to the races.

"Wait!" I screamed, with a wicked gleam in my eye. "You've forgotten your shoes!"

Glancing nonchalantly at his smart, tan bedroom slippers, he said, "Oh, no, I'll wear these. No one will notice them."

He picked up his overcoat and I understood. Of softest wool in brown and tan plaid, it was beautiful. But loud? Definitely! It could be heard from here to St. Moritz. It was a Jack Oakie dream. George was right. No one would notice his feet because they couldn't see past that coat!

George's recent roles will testify that he is able to depict other than gangsters on the screen and his friends will swear that neither screen roles nor clothes are an infallible guide to character.

Decisions at the Crossroads

(*Continued from page 43*)

but they would rather she did not go out quite so much with Mr. Ruggles. Not that he wasn't worthy of her. He was an upright man. But if she were seen too often with the same man it might prove harmful to her career.

Arline listened attentively. She neither agreed nor disagreed. Later, however, she discussed this momentous conversation with Mr. Ruggles. What did he think about it? Ruggles was open-minded. What did *she* think? Arline wasn't sure. Suppose they kept the date they had that night and then not see each other socially for a week or so. Ruggles consented. Perhaps it might be a good idea. They'd soon know how much they did or did not mean to each other by not being together so often.

It didn't take them long to know the answer, nor did it take Arline, in her short, decisive way, long to announce one day:

"I'm not going to let a studio run my life. If I can't live the way I want and have a career, too, then I'll know the reason why!"

Up to the head office she marched, chin up, war-clouds all around her. She let the executive, behind the flat-topped desk, have the war-clouds:

"I just want to tell you," she declared in so many words, "that I'm going out with Wes Ruggles when and as much as I want to. If that's harmful to my career, it's just too bad."

"That was in February, 1931. In October, 1931, Arline and Ruggles were married. She seems to have done all right in pictures since.

A decision not generally known is that which enables Edwin Arnold today to earn around one hundred thousand dollars a year instead of being just a good actor uncertain of a job. Several years ago, when Arnold was playing in a Broadway stage play called "Whistling in the Dark," he received three hundred and fifty dollars a week for his efforts. The show reached the end of its run and the management called Arnold in to inform him:

"Look here, Edwin, we're going to send a 'Whistling in the Dark' company to Hollywood. How would you like to go with it?"

NOW the Coast, with motion pictures the ultimate, had always been a pet dream of Edwin Arnold. So much so, that some years before he had accepted a vaudeville engagement with Viola Dana, erstwhile picture star, in the hope that it would lead him to a movie contract. All it led to, however, when he played in Hollywood, was a casual invitation from former friends to visit the studios. Mr. Arnold remembered this. It wasn't a particularly inspiring memory. But a job was a job, so:

"What's the salary for the Coast show?" he inquired.

"One hundred and eighty-five dollars a week," he was told.

Arnold glowered. He had been receiving three hundred and fifty dollars a week for the New York run of the play. To go to the Coast meant a cut of a hundred and seventy-five. He rejected the offer.

That night, however, he mentioned the incident to his wife.

"Take their offer," she advised.

"What! Take that much of a salary cut?"

At certain times it is far from wise,
To be unrestrained before female eyes,
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So try to pretend that you still like dogs,
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The arrival of Fred Astaire, Jr., resulted in a real family get-together. Here are Fred's mother and his sister and brother-in-law, Lord and Lady Cavendish, who came all the way from England.

"Take it," she repeated. "I've a feeling it will bring you something in pictures."

"I played Hollywood once before and it didn't happen," he reminded her.

"But this is different," she insisted. "I've a good feeling about it."

Arnold considered. A "feeling" certainly was too problematic to stake any hopes on. Still, he followed his wife's advice, made it a decision, and signed for the Coast production of "Whistling in the Dark."

The Edwin Arnolds went to Hollywood. The play opened. Hollywood turned out for the premiere. Among those who turned out were three producers who, before the evening was over, offered Arnold very attractive picture contracts.

Mr. Arnold's residence is now California and, thanks to Mrs. Arnold's hunch and his yielding to it, he is now in the six-figures-a-year earning class.

It was rather a tragic occurrence that prompted Gloria Stuart to reach a decision so far as her career and life were concerned. Gloria, while attending the University of California in Berkeley, met and fell in love with Gordon Blair Newell, also a student at the University with hopeful dreams of becoming a successful sculptor. The road to success in that art field, however, is a slow and an arduous one. But Gloria and Newell were young and, though the exchequer was slim, they believed in their dreams—and their love. They were married.

Some twenty miles from San Francisco, on the highway to Los Angeles, there is a beautiful little seaside town called Carmel-by-the-Sea. Many well known artists, and others not so well known, live in this colorful spot on the Pacific. It was here that Gloria and her husband settled down—she, to keeping house; he, to sculpturing. But Gloria was not a personality to be submerged in domesticity. She had a keen desire to go into dramatic work. As there was an amateur company in Carmel, she decided to join with them.

She learned much through her activities with this group. But married life, instead of becoming easier, became increasingly difficult. Newell's artistic endeavors did not win the recognition necessary to make existence cozier. Gloria did her best to make the short end of their monetary earnings meet the longer end of expenses. She was in love, and love does survive in humbleness—for a little time, anyway.

Carmel is quite a rendezvous for some of the motion picture players, and Gloria either met them or came to know them by sight. She also knew about the Pasadena Playhouse, that up-to-the-minute amateur group from which many a talented actor has graduated to a lucrative picture career. She knew, too, that Gilmor Brown, director of the Pasadena Playhouse, was a man willing to give any likely applicant a chance.

BUT Gloria refused to think too seriously of people or a career that would mean separation from her husband. That is, she did until after a certain sad event had occurred to precipitate the need of a decision. That event was the coming of her baby. The baby did not live. Gloria, broken-hearted, half mad with grief, knew she could not go on as she had been going. The memory of the baby, in the midst of all else, was more than she could face in utter monotony of routine. She realized, possibly, that any decision taking her away from her husband might mean estrangement—perhaps eventual divorce, for it is a far cry from the fast, pounding tempo of the theatre and pictures to the quiet, introspective tempo of Carmel.

The future, Gloria finally decided, would have to take care of itself. It was the despair of the past and the present that she had to get freedom from.

She left Carmel and her husband and went to Pasadena, there to seek and get a job with the Playhouse. The rest—her picture offer and success; her divorcing her sculptor-husband after trying unsuccessfully to live on a separation basis; her marriage to Arthur Sheekman, scenario writer—all this is known. But it only happened because of the tragedy of her baby's death and her striking out by herself to find release from suffering through the activity of work. In such darkness was rooted the reason for Gloria Stuart's decision to embark upon an acting career.

Five years ago, Ricardo Cortez also made a decision. He decided to give up motion pictures. He figured, perhaps, that in a way it wasn't exactly a decision inasmuch as motion pictures had apparently given him up. Certainly Ricky, who had formerly had more roles offered him than he had time to fill, now found he had little more than time—and nothing in a picture way to embellish it with. It was one of those dull "breaks" that sometimes happen in the careers of players and for which there seems no good reason.

It became too much for Ricky. He decided he was through and was wondering if it wouldn't be a logical thing to go into some sort of business, when a friend called him up and said:

"Say, Rick, go over to the RKO lot and see if you can land the lead in 'Symphony of Six Millions.' They're having a hard time getting just the right man for the part."

Ricky knew about this Fannie Hurst story which was to star Irene Dunne. He hadn't given any thought to the studio's difficulties in finding a leading man, however. But he did now. His decision to give up pictures could wait a day or so. He went over to RKO and, like many others, made a test and like these others he was told:

"Sorry, you're not the type."

Unlike these others, however, Ricky accepted that dismissal as answering his own uncertainties. Now, he *was* through. He'd go into a business of some sort.

AS he walked across the lot on his way to the street, Bernard Shubert, a writer associated with the production of "Symphony of Six Millions," espied him and called:

"Hi, Rick."

Cortez turned, smiled faintly, and stopped. His stopping to talk to Shubert was the turning point in his career.

"How did your test turn out?" Shubert asked.

"It didn't," Cortez said, and added, wryly, "This washes me up. I'm through."

"Oh, no you aren't," Shubert disagreed. "I think you're the man we're looking for. What say we make another test and keep it quiet until it's ready to show?"

"What's the use?" Ricky shrugged.

"Plenty," Shubert declared. "We'll make this test *my* way. Are you game?"

Ricky consented. Shubert telephoned Irene Dunne, explained the story of Cortez's test to her and asked if she would appear with him in the secret test he was going to make. She said she'd be very happy to. So the test was made, developed, shown to the studio executives who declared to a man:

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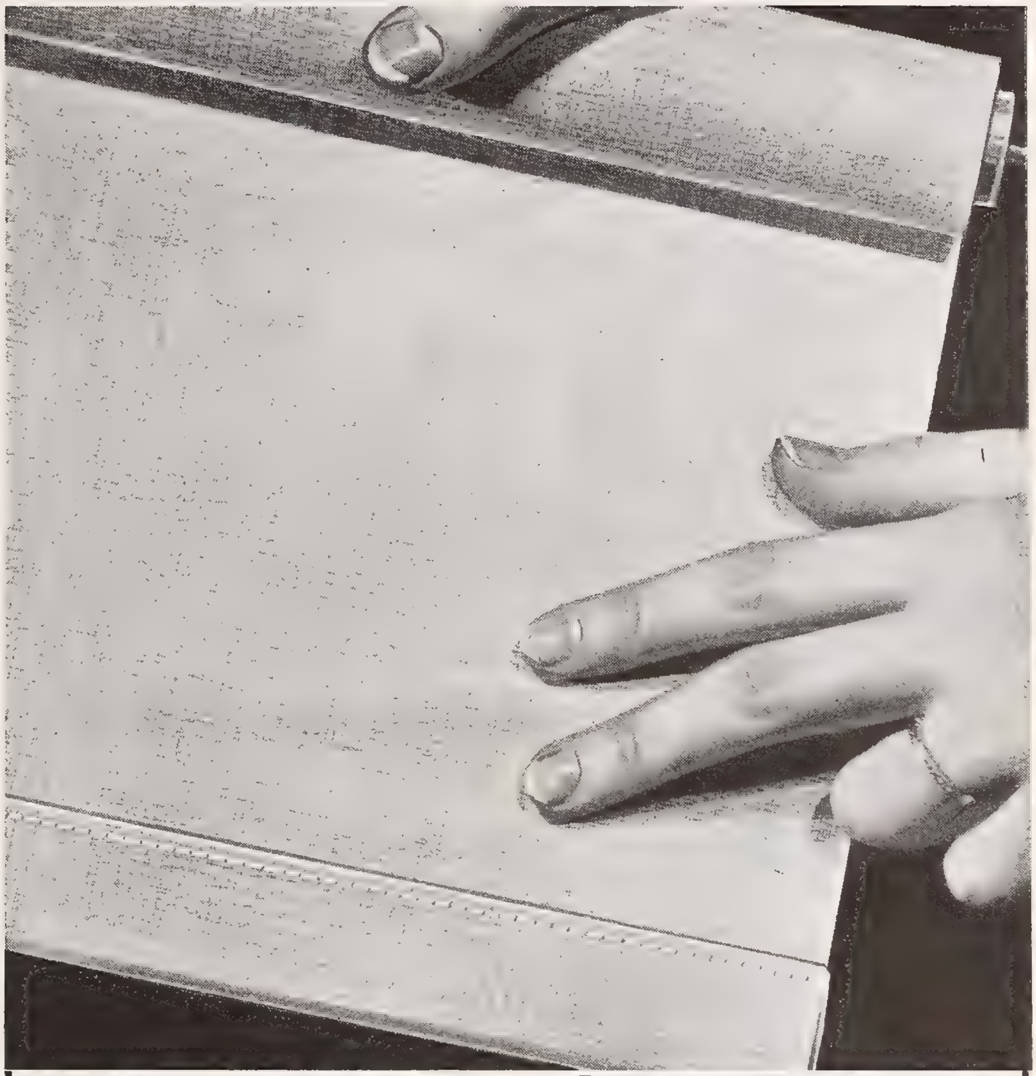

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That picture put Ricky on top again and he has stayed there ever since. Perhaps it isn't often that a discouraged player meets a man of Bernard Shubert's energetic ingenuity, but who can tell how often often is!

Wynne Gibson made a decision that nobody would sympathize with—if it had not worked out successfully. This was when Wynne was living in New York trying to get a stage job and just about as flat, financially, as the proverbial pancake. At the time of this story, Wynne had just one dollar and seventy-five cents in her purse and nothing in sight. It looked bad.

Then came a fateful telephone call from a friend inviting her to make a fourth at bridge that night. Wynne hesitated. She certainly couldn't—or rather wouldn't—let her friend know how broke she was. And if she accepted that bridge bid she stood to lose her whole dollar seventy-five capital, and more, as against the dubious possibility of winning a few cents. On the other hand, if she stayed at home and thought about things—well, that wasn't worth doing.

"I'll be there," Wynne accepted, and she was. She walked to her friend's house to save carfare. The bridge game got under way, but Wynne's luck didn't. Now anybody who will play bridge for money when all they have in the world is a dollar seventy-five, and no prospect of more, isn't a person to be sympathized with when she loses all but a few cents of that amount. Which Wynne did. She had fifteen cents between her and nothing when she got home.

As it happened, however, there was a man in that bridge game who had an interest in a musical comedy then being cast called "Little Jessie James." There was a leading part in it still to be cast.

The morning after the bridge game, Wynne's telephone jingled. The voice at the other end belonged to the man who had won part of her dollar seventy-five cents. He wanted to know:

"Will you come down to the Cort Theatre to try out for 'Little Jessie James'?"

"I'm on my way down now," Wynne announced.

She repeated that trip for more than a year, for she landed the part and the show was a hit which led her to stardom in pictures. But heaven help her if her decision to "shoot" the dollar seventy-five had ended disastrously! Those, however, are the gambles that make decisions so contrarily intriguing.

ROBERT YOUNG might have been a sedate and successful young banker today, instead of a popular leading man earning a superlatively respectable salary, had he not talked to a woman who helped him to make a decision by refusing to help him. Bob, at that time, was a bright, up-and-coming lad with a big loan and banking business in Los Angeles. The head of the business had an approving eye focussed on him and had visions of Bob becoming a high-powered executive. Bob, however, had only his head in his work, not his heart. His heart was in the amateur theatrical jobs he enacted on occasion at the Pasadena Playhouse. Banking was something he knew how to do, but acting was what he wanted to do.

Perhaps he would have continued as an employee in that loan and banking house if Gilmor Brown of the Playhouse had not innocently precipitated him into a crossroad decision by offering him the lead in a company that was going on a road tour. Bob saw that he couldn't go on the road and keep his banking job, too. It was a case of having your cake versus eating it. He couldn't decide what to do. As against a regular job and certain promotion, here was a limited job at much less money and no definite future once the road show closed.

What to do?

Now in the company he was with was the aforementioned frank, terse-spoken woman. She liked Bob, he liked her. She respected his judgment, he respected hers. He went to her to talk over his decision difficulty. She listened. When he was all through, she asked:

"What do you care what I think? You're going to do what you want to do anyway."

"That isn't the point," he answered. "The point is, what is the right thing to do?"

"What you want to do is right," she stated.

"But is it right to give up a good job with a future for something I like but that's insecure?"

"It's right," she said, "if you have the courage to think so."

Bob nodded. "That settles it. I'm chucking this job."

He took the right turn at the crossroads despite the apparent foolhardiness of his decision. And destiny awaited him, in a small town on the road, in the guise of a talent scout for one of the Hollywood studios. This scout saw Bob's performance, wired his studio that the boy was a sure bet, and paved the way to the movie contract that helped celebrate his arrival home from the tour. With Bob, it was a case of jumping from one lap of luxury to another—but he didn't know that until the jump was made.

What would have happened to these players had they made different decisions from what they did? Perhaps what has happened to others who knew what they wanted to do but, faced at the crossroads with the need of an answer, hesitated and then, either took the wrong road or lost out through indecision. The lucky actor knows when and how to make a decision. How does he know that? You ask him that!

"'Tain't So!" Cries Ginger

(*Continued from page 37*)

'There's no use your denying it,' he said. 'I couldn't be mistaken in that hair!' That's the way it goes. Some redhead that looks a little like Ginger gets off the train in Nevada or turns up in a divorce court, or is seen dancing with somebody and another rumor is off. I tell you, the cards are stacked against young couples in Hollywood. Ginger is happy. She and Lew are working to make a success of their marriage. They will make a success of it if people will only let them."

Opportunity knocks once, the postman knocks twice, but the public keeps knocking all the time. Listen to them now! Ginger Rogers took a vacation trip to New York without Lew, didn't she? She brought her mother with her instead of her husband, I suppose you noticed! Lew wasn't working on a picture, was he? And yet they've never had a regular honeymoon, have they? Well, it certainly looks funny, my dear, doesn't it? I've said all along, haven't I—and so on and so forth.

"The reason Lew didn't come," Ginger sighed, looking wistfully at the big pile of fat letters on the desk, "is that he's still under contract to an independent company, His last picture for them is finished, but —well, you know Hollywood! Let them decide that a scene needs to be retaken, and if you're not at the other end of the telephone, you've broken the contract. We talked about it, but at the last minute we decided Lew had better not risk it. Mother didn't even know she was coming with me instead of Lew till the day before we started!"

"Lew and Ginger have never been free at the same time since they were married," Mrs. Rogers added. "Just week-end vacations. They took one of those recently when Ginger finished 'Follow the Fleet.' Called me up and told me they were on their way, with the pup and a tent and their old clothes. But that Honolulu honeymoon they planned seems out of the question. I told you the cards were stacked against young couples in the movies. They fall in love with each other because they're different from other boys and girls—glamorous, exciting, famous. In other words, because they're movie stars. And then they come up against the fact that they aren't like other people's husbands and wives, can't be home in time for dinner, have to spend their evenings working, aren't able to do things together.

"I can see it happening to a young couple we know right now. The girl played a part in Ginger's latest picture. She and her husband have been an inseparable radio team. Now that she has had this chance in Hollywood, he's in the depths of gloom. As a fellow artist, he knows it's best for her future to leave him in the East and go three thousand miles away to make a name for herself on the screen. As an adoring young husband, he just can't be reconciled to it. I tried to reason with him when he wept on my shoulder, but I understand their situation only too well. Some morning he'll open his paper to see a news photograph of some movie hero dancing with his lovely wife, or read some squib in a gossip column and another real romance will be in danger."

"And yet she won't be to blame for the picture," Ginger said. "There was the photographer at the party the other day who kept following Howard Hughes and me around the dance floor with his camera pointed at us. Howard is always news, but right now after that record flight of his, he's more so, and every girl who's mentioned as being seen with him is a matter for the columnists. I said to the photographer, 'Please don't take us!' I couldn't explain why. Movie stars aren't supposed to object to publicity. So I said, 'I always look awful in these catch-as-catch-can pictures.' But he wouldn't be discouraged. Finally when we danced out into the open, there he was before us, down on his knees pointing the camera up. Howard was swell. He said, 'Here, give me that plate.' The fellow only grinned and ran out of the room. He'd have got away, but by mistake he opened the wrong door and ran into a telephone room. So Howard's bodyguard caught him. Then he pretended he didn't know which plate it was. 'All right,' said Howard, 'smash 'em all, then! He began to whine that they were all his day's work and he'd be fired and Howard said, 'Okay. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll send my man with you to your office lab. You develop all the plates and he'll bring back the one of Ginger with me.' And he did. That was one rumor that didn't start!"

Lew Ayres is sensitive, and interviewers know better than to ask him whether his marriage is successful. The chances are that he would knock a man down and turn on his heel and walk away if the questioner were of the unfair sex. And yet an actor who turned down an offer to play

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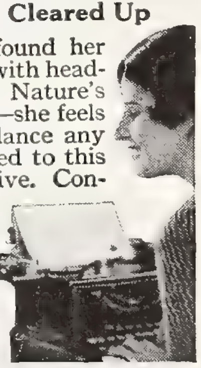

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opposite his wife, as Lew did recently, and who has even refused to sign a contract on the same lot cares, rather terribly, what people say of him.

While in New York, Ginger's room was crammed with flowers from Lew. Every day the telephone rang and Lew's voice was on the other end, three thousand miles away. On the table were piled the presents that Ginger was bringing back to him.

Frail proofs against the testimony of those great democratic institutions—freedom of speech and press. And yet . . .

I remember talking with Lew and Ginger before they were married. They had such wonderful plans. They would both work hard for a few years and live quietly and save their money until they could build their Dream Home with a special room for Lew's books and telescopes and—maybe a nursery in a quiet wing. They had something, those two. They have it still. They stand a good chance of keeping it if you will let them alone.

Maureen Exposes Miss O'Sullivan

(*Continued from page 47*)

they weren't hesitant about saying so!

"The show-down, the pay-off was when I played 'The Princess and the Plumber' with Charles Farrell. That was the test of my 'box office power' and—the last picture (but one) that I did for Fox. Which gives you the dimensions of my box office 'power'!

"Then the studio let me go.

"I did independents. And I became so tired that once I had hysterics on the set, from sheer lack of sleep.

"Then—I woke up! I was down, all right, so I began to work. I thought, 'I'll show 'em!' It was a fight for fair. I hadn't saved any money and I was broke. I was too proud to cable home for help, after my high hat attitude before. I was homesick, friendless, alone and depressed. So, the fight was on. I didn't sit down and 'take it.' I didn't mope.

"*I bought hats!* I always buy hats when I am depressed. It has some strange psychological effect upon me. I bought new dresses, too, after the hat-buying orgy. When things are going well for me I'll go around, for months, in sweaters and slacks and think nothing of it. The moment things go wrong for me I invest in a wardrobe fit to knock your eyes out. Whenever you see me looking very toppy and all brand new, you can bet your life I've had a bad slump of some sort.

"Well, thanks to some friendly intervention, I finally got a test for 'Tarzan.' The test was okay. I got the part of Jane. For the second time I was a 'success'—due entirely to the monkeys and to Tarzan, of course. But never willing to learn, it seemed, it wasn't long before I lay down on the job again. For a different reason than before. At Fox I was considered very important—at M-G-M I wasn't. I had a little part in 'Strange Interlude' with Norma Shearer and Clark Gable. I had an uninteresting part in 'Tugboat Annie' with Marie Dressler. And I soon lost all interest in my career. I heard that they were making a Western at another studio and, as I had never done a Western and wanted to see Arizona, I asked if I could do it. Which is, you know, very bad professionally—for some obscure reason. Once again I was well on the road to oblivion.

"When I fully and acutely realized that I was once more a nobody I set to work again. And this time with a reason—for John had returned after two years abroad and I started seeing him again. When I first met him I'd been riding high at Fox. I must have felt rather ashamed of my low ebb this time, I think. Anyhow, I took stock of myself, in every way.

I HAD a new haircut. I bought a lot of new clothes. Hats and hats and HATS! I stopped wearing pajamas around the studio. I realized that it is more important to look nice in front of the people who employ you than to look nice at somebody's party. I made it a point to be nice to people—not insincerely—but for the first time I tried to be interested in others and to show it. I made myself do at least a few of the things I should do . . . such as publicity pictures, having my hair done smartly, wearing make-up before being photographed and trying to think of things to talk about before being interviewed.

This sounds very trivial. It isn't. For if you bring law and order to external things, you are very apt to bring it to internal things, too. Which is just what it did for me. Into my thoughts, my way of living, came some kind of system—and until that comes you can do nothing. And so, with a kind of new strength and firmness of purpose, I asked producers for parts I felt I could do. I went to the mat and fought my own battles. Finally I got the part in 'The Barretts' and then one in 'David Copperfield,' and now in 'The Voice of Bugle Ann'—so I feel 'up' again!

"Somehow I think that, with John's return and my consequent awareness of my own deficiencies, I reached—and passed—a turning-point in my life. Of course, I am about due for another relapse but this time I'm going to—to keep on buying hats!

"You see," said Maureen, vivid and fresh looking in her scarlet jersey frock, "I have a peculiar battle to fight with myself. One part of it is that success doesn't stimulate me as it does most people. It sort of lulls me to sleep instead. And when I'm unsuccessful and about as far down as I can get, I begin to gnash my teeth and thrash about. But you can't keep on being down, you know . . . for one of these times the count will be down and *out!*

"But I think that underlying even this truth about myself is my feeling that I will never be a really big star. My feeling that I am not 'star material.' I'm not *different* enough . . ."

I interrupted at this point to say, with honesty and not flattery, that that's just what I think Maureen is—different. She is the one screen personality I can think of who is utterly unspoiled and completely natural, fresh, honest, unbedaubed with "glamor."

"But that's *it,*" said Maureen, "it's nice of you but I'm not different in the right way, you see. I haven't the mystery of Garbo. I haven't the seductiveness of Jean Harlow. I haven't the enigmatic beauty of a Dietrich, nor the extraordinariness of a Hepburn. I'm just me—and that's not star-stuff.

"I don't do anything to myself. I've never touched my hair. I don't use make-up. I don't dress in an unusual way. I don't swank about in opulent cars. I don't play the game at all—and what's worse, I don't want to. I don't go about to parties and meet the 'right people.' I don't entertain them. I don't think that I'm really an actress at all. I'm really just a little Irish girl who happened to come to Hollywood . . . and who doesn't belong here . . ."

And again the blue eyes of Maureen strayed to John Farrow and that blush, which always rises to her face when she looks at him, suffused it again.

"I'll give it all up one day," she said, "if it doesn't give me up first. I'll say good-bye to Hollywood . . . a last good-bye. We'll travel, John and I, when we can be married. We'll do interesting things together and settle in England where we can have our home and children.

"For the one thing I never 'lie down' about is being in love. There are some girls who, when the man they care about is the most devoted, the most tender, sort of get careless and take it for granted. I don't. Perhaps I've grown suspicious but I always wonder, 'Now, why all the devotion? Why this attack of attentiveness?' And so, when things are going most beautifully between John and me I'm always most on my toes. Perhaps because I care more . . .

"I'd like to make good in pictures, of course. For it's in line with what I've been saying. I'll feel down until I can prove to myself that I'm really up. And I can prove that only by doing at least one picture that really satisfies me—only by getting some parts that are really big and important.

"I may not be an actress. I'm sure I'm *not*. But I am an 'Irishman' and you can't keep a good Irishman down . . . not a *fighting* Irishman . . ."

"Furriner" from Times Square

(*Continued from page 50*)

never adopted the Valentino mannerisms. His career paralleled Rudolph Valentino's only in that they both danced for what they probably both laughingly called a living.

"I've been down to my last nickel so many times in New York that I couldn't begin to count them," says Romero. "I've lived in hall bedrooms and cooked over a gas flame.

ROMERO is a New Yorker, of Cuban descent, as American as buckwheat cakes, and hasn't visited the West Indies for twenty-one years. He'd like to make a trip there now, he says, despite the chance of running into a bullet-popping revolution.

Cesar is a distinct contradiction. On the screen, because he is slightly sinister, you expect villainy. Certainly neither "Rendezvous" nor "Show Them No Mercy" whitewashed his mortal soul. When you meet him, the illusion is immediately dispelled. You expect to find a Latin, reeking of lure, and you find a Latin, all right, but one full of American inclinations.

He is all-Yankee in his fondness for tennis, swimming, riding, sports clothes, fast cars, cute girls. And then, suddenly, when you have tabbed him as a Yankee, the Latin in him crops up and he goes reverent over Jose Marti, Cuba's nineteenth century liberator and his mother's godfather.

There is one thing about Romero, Yankee or Latin, his life is built on heroic principles. Living nicely but modestly in his Hollywood duplex, with a Filipino houseman as valet, cook and major domo, Romero is supporting his mother, father, two sisters, and one brother, in Asbury

What makes a girl "Click"?

JOAN is pretty. She is smart. And she is asked everywhere.

Barbara looks at Joan with secret envy. For Barbara, too, is pretty. And she is smart. But evening after evening, she is left at home alone.

Why? What makes one girl "click" socially and another fail, when both are equally good-looking?

The truth is, Barbara could be just as popular as Joan if it were not that she is careless—careless about something no girl can afford to overlook.

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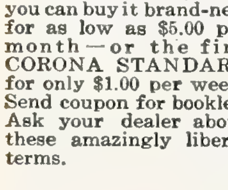

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Jean Parker and Frank Albertson, two youngsters who are slated for big things. You'll see them soon in "The Farmer in the Dell."

Park, New Jersey. Supporting them? Doing it as a labor of love, with that expansive Latin spirit that makes such things a privilege instead of a burden.

"It seems that as my father's career gradually declines," he says with typical philosophy, "that my career is in the ascent. At one time in our lives, my father had money. He was an exporter of machinery in use in the Cuban sugar fields. But the sugar industry is ruined. So is his business. He had property in America, but first one house, then another, was lost. I am glad that if his career had to fade, mine can help him."

Romero's career has been built, largely, on luck. He says so himself. He has bluffed his way into two theatrical fields. After the collapse of his dancing career, he tried the stage. Rather, the stage tried him. Tullio Carminati left the Broadway cast of "Strictly Dishonorable" to go to Europe. Without theatrical experience, Romero stepped into the leading male role and thereby became an actor. For three years he enjoyed a stage career.

Then 1934 found him in Hollywood, inexperienced in films, anxious to make good at them. After a few brief picture appearances, luck placed him as the lead opposite the luscious Marlene Dietrich, in "The Devil Is a Woman." He had never played a screen lead before. Romero acquitted himself so well that he overheard the director telling someone that "Romero is the best leading man Dietrich ever had." The news made him feel pretty good.

SOON Romero will enjoy the rare pleasure of having a woman in his house. It will not be a bride, because he does not feel that he can afford a wife, yet. The woman will be Graciela, his eldest sister, one year older than the twenty-eight-year-old Cesar. Grace has been teaching school, and needs the rest and chance to recuperate that a visit to California will give her.

Although finances will make marriage at the moment an impossibility, Cesar is not immune to Hollywood beauties. He divides his attentions between Betty Furness, who wears those giddy hats, and blonde, statuesque Virginia Bruce. Romero insists, although each is individually lovely, that he is not in love with the girls you see him with around town. Nor has he been.

At the moment, he is all enthusiasm for Carole Lombard whom he characterizes as the grandest sport in the film business. She fusses around helping the prop man when he has too much to do, holds lights for the busy electricians, lets fifty-five gallons of water at a time be dowsed over herself and Romero for a "Love Before Breakfast" scene, and refuses to have a double. Generous, impulsive, she gave Romero two Christmas gifts. One wasn't enough. The first was a leather-encased breast-pocket watch that fastens to his lapel with a thong, and the second was a pair of gold-fitted garters.

However, there is no romance here. Merely friendship. As for Romero, he has been in love, once, he says, and isn't now. Cesar's love affair took place in New York when he was devoted to the prima donna of a theatrical troupe he was with. And, we gather, the singer returned the emotion. If she didn't, she was foolish. This Romero is a nice guy.

. . . Hurry up, Modern Hostesses, and clip the coupon on page 75 which will bring you recipes for John Boles' favorite Texas dishes

If the Shoe Fits—Wear It!

(*Continued from page 66*)

leaving Hollywood for awhile, couldn't find a D'orsay anywhere else. Many stormy sessions in shops about the country must have resulted in some bright person's deciding that the D'orsay cut must be a darn good one. So, this spring the Hollywood-beloved D'orsay cut shoe makes its debut in many pedal guises! In case you aren't familiar with this particular style, this is what it looks like. It's a short vamp shoe with a sharp downward cut to its side line. The heel is high. In line with the general feeling for dressier shoes, the plain pump of this type is almost overshadowed by a number of straps, ties and step-ins that use the same cut in their design. It's a young shoe, as you can guess, for Hollywood likes its feet to look dainty, feminine and young.

And a word about heel heights, too. So many of you write in to me with shoe problems—big feet, for instance—or being tall, you wonder if you have to stick to the more conservative arch-saver styles, etc. Well, heels are as varied in height as all of you! They range all the way from flats to three inches. The built-up, rather sensible walking heel is popular for tailored daytime use and this is a little less than two inches high. This is a popular style all over the country. For formal afternoon and evening use, high heels are 'way in the lead of all others. Yet the very tall girl finds consolation in the fact that she can wear almost heelless dancing sandals and still be fashionably shod. In fact, you can choose your heel height to suit your figure, your taste or your costume, just as you would any other item in your wardrobe. And isn't it grand to know that clothes and accessories at last are developed to a point of individuality where you can be yourself and not just a carbon copy of eight other people!

Cute Margo, of the dancing feet and dramatic moods, attributes her graceful carriage to the fact that she wore flat heeled shoes during her Mexican childhood. And Jean Muir emphatically states that she would never wear a high heel, regardless of future dictates of style. She finds the almost flat heel ideal for her tallness and it gives her a sense of grace she cannot feel in higher heels. So there is the long and the short of the heel question as exemplified by two charming Hollywood stars.

NOW to our pictures. Madge Evans likes the tailored alligator pump for her daytime costumes. She wears this with two typical spring costumes. One is a three-piece suit, shown on page 64. The topcoat and suit jacket of this trio are gray tweed overplaided in deep wine red. The skirt is gray flannel and Madge wears a simple tailored blouse in silk of a shade to match the wine of the plaid. Her pumps are black as is her handbag.

Capes, as I told you last month, appear again and again to form attractive ensembles. One of Madge's, not illustrated, is particularly interesting in the way it combines two fabrics. Gray, white and blue for the plaid of the skirt and the trimming of the cape. The tunic is blue wool and buttons trimly from collar to hem. The cape is designed with a jaunty swing to its lines and combined with a tunic, makes a very different sort of fashion alliance. Again Madge, with this costume, wears her alligator pumps but this time they are in blue to match the predominating color of her costume. Her large handbag is made of the tunic material, a nice matching accessory idea.

Now, as an alternate to Madge's alligator pump, I suggest a trim oxford of contrasting color and leather. The shoes pictured are brown alligator with beige suede. But it could well be navy alligator with grey suede to tie up with Madge's blue costume. This is typical of the oxfords with moderately high heel which are suited to tailored suits and other simple daytime costumes.

Still tailored, but more feminine and dressy, is the sabot strap slipper of blue kid which is shown as an alternative to Lucille Ball's charming silk and wool ensemble. It has the new detail of the square toe and it also has an innovation in its high square heel. The first square heels shown were on the low, peasant shoe type. The large buckle and the tailored stitching add a special fillip to this design. It's a perfect example of the "dressmaker" type of tailored shoe. Also, this shoe has a special high "arch curve" feature.

Lucille designed her charming costume —and what a grand job, don't you think?

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Here is the favorite Hollywood stocking which is only Knee-High. Stars wear these under evening gowns and also for general daytime use. The closely woven band fits snugly under the knee.

The dress is navy blue sprinkled over with white snow crystals. The peasant influence is evident in the front gathered fullness of the skirt, the soft, high necked blouse and the full sleeves bloused below the elbow. Her ribbed navy blue wool coat has the same bloused sleeve as the dress. As you can see, Lucille chose the popular opera pump with stitched detail as the shoe to suit this admirably.

Ann Harding's ensemble of dress and short flared coat is in natural color with bright splashes of flamingo red in the tricky lacings and the bindings. A matching bag is trimmed with the red and Ann's gloves are red, too. This is one of the best looking outfits I've seen Ann wearing in a long while. It was designed for a picture by Bernard Newman, who seems to have had imagination enough to give Ann the bit of dash and youth she has needed in her costumes for some time. It's obvious that he wasn't thrown by her long blonde hair, nor by her general air of mature dignity. He has made her youthful looking without appearing too giddy. In fact Ann went into raptures of praise over what Newman can do with a few yards of cloth and some accessories. She thinks he's God's gift to clothes-harassed screen stars!

Back to the feet. Ann wears broad-strapped alligator with hers. And I offer a third shoe suggestion in the form of a neat Cabana step-in in such a slick combination as chamois with brown calf! Both perforations, which are a big item in summer footwear, and stitching dominate the trimming of this smart all 'round shoe. This same shoe comes in such grand color schemes, besides the one shown, as gray suede with gray calf trim, brown and white, blue calf with blue patent. And a word about gray, you'll find it creeping steadily into costumes and accessories—gray suits are very smart and shoe people are keeping step with gray shoes to harmonize or match. However, don't try to make your gray costume a monotone, it's much smarter to wear gray and a color contrast.

JULIE HAYDON, in a charming black and white print with unusual white collar and cuff trim, chooses plain pumps in kid. But I suggest as a change, a charming afternoon sandal of shiny patent leather with the bright accent of gold buckles and trim. It's new and so feminine.

Lucille Ball's black cocktail gown, printed in bright flowers, is a perfect spring dress for everyone's wardrobe. The high neckline has a low cut in back. The sleeves are long and the skirt is voluminous. It's a charming gown.

I've been so busy talking shoes that I haven't had a chance to mention hosiery. Silk stockings tend to dress up to the general air of quality and fineness of all fashions. Sheerness is an important detail—and dullness. There's a coppery overtone to most of the popular spring colors, the rich, coppery suntan that you acquire as the season progresses. There's a vast range of the beige and tan tones, and a definite feeling for gray.

I don't know whether or not you are familiar with the knee-length silk stocking that is so popular with Hollywood. It's a perfect boon for evening and when warm weather comes, it's the answer to keeping comfortable. Knee-High, shown on this page, comes in all weights from the very sheer, with sandal foot for evening, to the heavier, more serviceable weights for daytime. The band, that holds it firmly to your leg, is woven elastic so that it can't sag or stretch after repeated laundering. This is a stocking darling of the stars and a grand item for your spring stocking chest.

The attractive sandal shown with this stocking is typical of the very feminine, open-design sandals for spring and summer evening wear. The Grecian type sandal is still important, and as I mentioned before, the almost heeless one is still very popular.

I know how much you all like to hear about new fads from Hollywood, so look on page 66 where Kay Linaker is sporting a silver mesh tie with one of the new dinner suits that the stars are so keen about. Kay's dinner suit consists of a mannish white satin blouse, instep-length white skirt and a tailored jacket of white taffeta pin-checked in silver and chenille dotted. The mesh tie, in a small armor design, is knotted in the manner of a silk four-in-hand. A very amusing and different accessory trick.

Jean Muir totes about a small notebook of this same armor mesh in her evening bag. It's very handy for keeping track of those dates that are made of an evening and often forgotten unless some written reminder is made on the spot.

I have a grand new leaflet for you to send for this month. It's all about what you can do to enhance your smartness without spending a dime extra of your allowance! Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for "Making the Most of Myself." Write to me, Adelia Bird, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, New York.

She Wants to be a Missus

(*Continued from page 63*)

ALL of this wouldn't be so extraordinary if Alice weren't always the life of the party. Among Hollywood's younger set, she's the one who suggests that she and her friends go places and do things. You'd expect a wallflower to wax philosophical on the "more important side of life," but hardly the girl whose toes are always tapping and who is invariably surrounded by an adoring court of young Adonises. She has only to express the wish for anything and one of 'em runs and fetches it for her.

And that's what's wrong.

"I don't want a man to wait on me," Alice says. "I want to wait on *him.* I want to worship at the shrine a bit instead of being always the shrine worshipped at, if you know what I mean."

So far Alice hasn't the faintest idea who he will be. Many men have "rushed" her since she came to Hollywood, but *he* hasn't shown up yet. She goes here with this one, there with that one, friendly to all but faithful to none. She has only the vaguest idea what he'll look like. She just knows he'll be "nice."

"I think all that tall, dark and handsome business is a lot of stuff," she said frankly. "All I know is that there'll be something about him that will appeal to me. A real man, with the quiet courtesy and courage that goes with real manhood. Not the artificial, theatrical kind."

Offhand, Alice can rattle off quite a lot of specifications about this husband-to-be of hers. Here are some of them:

"He must know more than I do, because I've got to admire and respect him.

WHICH IS YOUR LUCKY NUMBER?
1 DARK BRUNETTE
2 RACHEL
3 BEIGE
4 BRUNETTE
5 NATURAL
Lady Esther

You May Think It is No. 1 When It Really is No. 3; Or No. 2 Rather than No. 4

The Wrong Shade of Face Powder Will Make You Look Years Older Than You Really Are!

BY Lady Esther

Are you using the right shade of face powder for *you?*

That sounds like a rather needless question, doesn't it? For there is nothing a woman selects more confidently than her color of face powder. Yet, it is an actual fact, as artists and make-up experts will tell you, that many women use altogether the wrong shade of face powder.

The shade they so fondly believe makes them look their youngest and most attractive does just the opposite and makes them look years older than they really are!

Brunettes think that because they are brunettes they should use a dark shade. Blondes think they should use a light shade. Titians think they should use something else.

Choose by Trying

The fact is, you shouldn't choose a face powder shade according to your "type" or coloring, but according to which one is the *most becoming* for you. After all, a brunette may have a very fair skin while a blonde may have a dark or olive skin or any shade between. The only way to tell, therefore, is to try all five shades which, experts agree, accommodate all colorings.

So fundamentally sound is this principle that I want you to prove it to yourself at my expense. I will therefore send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder free of charge and obligation. When you get the five shades, try all five on. Don't think that your choice must be confined to any one or two shades. As I say, try on all five. Maybe the very shade you think least suited to you is really your most becoming, your most flattering.

Stays on for 4 Hours

When you make the shade test of Lady Esther Face Powder, I want you to notice, too, how smooth this face powder is — how evenly it goes on and long it holds. By actual test, you will find this face powder adheres for four hours or more.

Write today for all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder which I offer free. With the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder I will also send you a 7-day tube of Lady Esther Face Cream. The coupon brings both the powder and cream.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (22) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2010 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a 7-day supply of your Lady Esther Four-purpose Face Cream.

Name____________________

Address____________________

City______________ State________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

HERE'S HOW DOCTOR CLEANED HER FACE

Patient thought her face was clean. Doctor used Ambrosia pore-deep cleanser. Pad shows dirt that was removed.

Get Ambrosia liquid cleanser today. Test it by using even after your regular method of cleansing. See what dirt it removes from your skin. You feel Ambrosia tingle. You know it is cleansing deeply and thoroughly.

You can get a trial size of Ambrosia pore-deep cleanser at your 10c store. Large size, 75c at drug and department stores. Prices slightly higher in Canada.

AMBRŌSIA

THE PORE-DEEP CLEANSER

BECOME AN EXPERT

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Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $3,000 to $15,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 14,000 Certified Public Accountants in the U. S. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of C.P.A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book. "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays."

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 5318H, Chicago

The School That Has Trained Over 1,350 C. P. A.'s

"IT'S FUN TO LOOK YOUNGER AGAIN!"

..and so easy to Safely Tint

GRAY HAIR

Now, without any risk, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and Brownatone does it. Prove it—by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair.

Used and approved—for over twenty-four years by thousands of women. BROWNATONE is safe. Guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as the new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Just brush or comb it in. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black" cover every need.

BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

"He must be sympathetic without being sentimental; kind, without spoiling me.

"He must be utterly helpless about the house, completely incapable of looking after his own socks and shirts so that I can look after them for him.

"He must have a good sense of humor and be able to laugh me out of it when I get too serious over inconsequential things."

THAT'S enough, and if you read between the lines you'll see that if Alice appears to be asking quite a lot in a mere man she's asking most of those things because they make her ask more of herself. You'll notice that she doesn't say he has to be rich and have a yacht so that she can go week-ending in luxury. No. She'd rather have him like potatoes so that she can peel 'em.

Above everything else, Alice is sure that her husband will not be an actor.

"Everybody I know is connected in some way with the theatre," she explained, "and although I like them, still I don't think that I'll find the man I shall really love there. You see, the theatre is the factory for simulated emotion, and so theatrical people can't seem to help getting emotional about everything they do. They get all wrapped up in themselves—just as I am now. So I'm sure the greatest thing in my life won't be found in the theatre."

"Even when people were saying that I might marry Rudy Vallee," she reminisced, "I felt that. I've always been grateful to Rudy for the chance he gave me with his orchestra, but I have never been in love with him. I've always said I would never marry anyone in the profession."

Alice has no idea of giving up her own profession at present. Nevertheless, you feel with every word she says that if it were a case of that or her happiness she'd tear up her movie contract at the drop of the hat. "Love, honor and obey" is her idea of the ultimate in contracts.

Meanwhile, until Prince Charming comes along, Alice is going right on up the ladder with those twinkling feet of hers, doing each role as it comes to her to the best of her ability.

And that's this Alice's idea of Wonderland. The big movie contract is merely the frosting on the cake she wants to bake.

Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 10*)

geous spirit, she stands today as one of the most remarkable actresses in motion pictures.

This intense personality has journeyed far along the road to screen success since "A Bill of Divorcement." Her sparkling performance in that film immediately attracted attention. From then on she was the major topic of discussion. Some fans tried to label her a "one-picture star," but she eliminated that viewpoint by skyrocketing to greater fame with her memorable Jo in "Little Women." In "Alice Adams" she presented a true portrait of a sensitive girl in the midst of small-town life and this performance was heralded as one of the best of 1935. In "Sylvia Scarlett" Katharine Hepburn proves conclusively that her ability as a versatile dramatic star has made her one of the most outstanding screen artists of all time.—Albert Manski, Boston, Mass.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Awe-Struck Crowd

I have never seen a more awe-struck theatre crowd than that at "The Magnificent Obsession." It seemed as if the clean, inspiring story enveloped itself into the hearts and minds of many weary, downhearted folks.

Our city is an industrial one, depending on the textile trade primarily, and a large percentage of the population is of the working class who have suffered during the last few years. We need more pictures like the aforementioned to bolster up our mental attitude and give us inspiration and hope for the future.

We don't know for the most part and don't care about the technical features of the picture or the acting flaws or the adaptation. It is enough to be able to leave the theatre and know that a charming interlude has passed and that a little more beauty has been added to our outlook.—Mrs. I. Balis, Reading, Pa.

A Line or Two from Lots of Letters

Hollywood seems to be producing pictures for a new audience—i.e. for persons under five years of age. Someone should gently break the news to the film moguls that a huge majority of the people who attend their products are (at least physically) much older. Then perhaps such babyish entertainment known as cartoons would be eliminated from the program.

If our cinema geniuses cannot produce anything other than this boring nonsense, let's have five or ten minutes of silence and inactivity which would indeed prove a blessing to our tormented nerves.—Raymond Nichols, Philadelphia, Pa.

Radio Stars Taboo in Movies

Give us the good old days when screen stars were screen stars, stage stars were stage stars and radio stars . . . well, they were yet to be born. Jack Benny, Fred Allen, Amos 'n' Andy, Burns and Allen and the others are perfect when heard and not seen, and the "air" is sufficient for us to receive their entertainment. They may thrill through the microphone, but, oh, what stupidity they display on the screen. So, let's vote to stop borrowing carpenters to do bricklayers' work. Give us more he-man pictures with he-man actors, not baby-faced tenors or tender-toed soft-shoers.—Judy Gray, Gloucester City, N. J.

Potpourri

Loretta Young's starry-wide-eyed expression reminds me of someone who is taking a correspondence course in "How to Act." She acts as an interference and does not add any more glamor to a film than one of the extras.—L. Glazier, Camden, N. J. Will it never go out of fashion among the fans to look upon actors as heroes or villains rather than as artists? They idolize the star, and either ignore the fine work done by some character actor, or detest him all the more for playing his part consummately well in an unsympathetic role.—L. G. T., Asheville, N. C. Rosalind Russell is sophisticated but not to the degree where sophistication becomes too obvious. Her slight accent is unaffected and utterly charming.—D. Black, Winnipeg, Canada. Every month I buy movie magazines and what do I find?

Stories about the same stars all the time. We know all about the adopted children, polo ponies, and redecorated rooms to suit one's personality and mood, so let's hear something we haven't heard about for the umpteenth time. How about giving the younger, unpublicized stars a break?—H. Seifton, Buffalo, N. Y. Brian Donlevy is a welcome change from the sugar-sweet faces and villainous bad men. —M. Rosenbloum, Cleveland, Tenn. Why do the movie moguls insist on giving us new stars who look, talk and act exactly like some well-known one whom the public already loves? I can never interest myself in a plot with Rosalind Russell emoting, for I keep thinking how much better Myrna Loy would be and that spoils it for me. It's just like shopping for some product you like and going home with something "just as good," which you find out later isn't!—E. Redman, Long Beach, Calif. Franchot Tone is so average looking that no one would be expected to rave over his facial perfection, but what he lacks there, he more than makes up for in the perfect interpretation of whatever character he is cast as. I'm so glad that they have stopped posing Joan Crawford in the silly simpering poses used so much in her publicity pictures in the years she was Mrs. Fairbanks, Jr.—N. C. Tate, Appalachia, Virginia. Very clear enunciation and careful pronunciation are as much a requisite to perfect enjoyment of our pictures as well-modulated voices, pleasing personalities and genuine acting ability on the part of our admired actors and actresses. This is a friendly tip.—A. Benson, Chicago, Ill. If the producers of mystery films would only devote such painstaking efforts to the endings of their mysteries as they do to their beginnings, they would be doing us a great favor.—H. Foster, New York, N. Y. I say down with Gable, Cagney and the rest of the leading-lady wreckers of the screen. I think it is about time we threw out some of the roughnecks and put a few gentlemen on the screen.—W. Zahauer, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Cut Shirley Publicity!

I suggest that newspapermen start a strike on publishing anything further about Shirley Temple, allowing this space for praise of Sybil Jason and her superb acting. No child actress's efforts could ever hope to surpass those of Miss J. in "The Little Big Shot."

Of course, Shirley is adorable and sweet, her acting is excellent. So are Sybil, Jane Withers and Freddie Bartholomew. Why direct all the orchids to one personality and slight others who entertain and satisfy the public as well, if not better?—O. Wood, Batavia, Ohio.

Scallions, Hepburn!

Bore me not with "Sylvia Scarlett"! Much too reminiscent of Barrymore is this film not to have a John or two springing about here and there!

Really, Katharine Hepburn, you're much lovelier, much more magnetic as a "softie," fr'instance "Alice Adams." We showered a florist shop on you for so beautifully doing that delightful yarn of Booth Tarkington's but *this*—well, I smell only scallions!

A thousand cheers for Katharine Hepburn, but nary a one for Sylvester Scarlett nor his haircut. Forgive me, Katie, but the picture had it coming.—Rubye Chapman, 802 So. Perry St., Montgomery, Ala.

A Star Surprises a Fan

Writing to the magazines is an entertaining gamble; I *might* see my ideas pub-

1
2
3
HEART
LIVER
STOMACH
INTESTINES
DOCTORS NOW KNOW THOUSANDS NEEDN'T BE SKINNY

1 Rich red blood, necessary to properly nourish and build up every part of the body, is especially promoted by this new discovery where iron is needed.

2 A healthy digestion which gets ALL the good out of your food requires an adequate supply of Vitamin B. This new discovery supplies this precious element.

3 Normal, regular elimination to remove poisonous waste and thereby promote health and growth calls for adequate Vitamin B. This is the third purpose.

Posed by professional models

THOUSANDS GAIN 10 TO 25 LBS. QUICK—WITH NEW 3-WAY TREATMENT

AMAZING gains in weight are reported all over the country with this sensational new 3-way discovery. Even if you never could gain an ounce before, remember thousands have put on solid, naturally attractive flesh this new, easy way—*in just a few weeks!*

And not only has this new triple-acting treatment brought normal, good-looking pounds, but also naturally clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, glorious new pep.

New body-building discovery

Scientists recently discovered that thousands of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough digestion-strengthening Vitamin B and blood-enriching iron in their daily food. Now the richest known source of body-building Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 *times more powerful*. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of blood-building iron in pleasant little tablets known as Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements to build you up, get these new triple-acting Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Then, day after day as you take them, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness. Constipation and indigestion from the same cause vanish, skin clears to normal beauty, new health comes—you're a new person.

Try it—guaranteed

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of sufficient Vitamin B and iron, these new 3-way Ironized Yeast tablets should build you up in just a few weeks, as they have thousands of others. If not delighted with the benefits of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Only don't be deceived by the many cheaply prepared "Yeast and Iron" tablets sold in imitation of Ironized Yeast. These cheap counterfeits usually contain only the lowest grade of ordinary yeast and iron, and cannot possibly give the same results. Be sure you get the genuine Ironized Yeast. Look for "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 35, Atlanta, Ga.

Superset stays SET!

SLEEP tossed heads quickly ruin the effects of ordinary waving lotions. But Superset sets hair as it should be set and keeps it that way. With Superset, your hair is always manageable—sleek, burnished and well groomed. Superset dries quickly and leaves absolutely no flaky deposit. Use Superset and be proud of your lasting, natural, lustrous waves. 10c at all 5 and 10 cent stores. In two formulas—regular and No. 2 (Faster Drying).

Nestle SUPERSET WAVING LOTION
The NESTLE-LeMUR COMPANY, N.Y.

WANTED

Women to make hooked rugs for our stores. No experience necessary. Steady work. We do the selling. Write at once.
HOLLYWOOD STUDIO STORES
5657 Hollywood Blvd., Dept. 27
Hollywood, California

A CORN IS LIKE A TACK IN THE TOE

DON'T JUST SAW THE HEAD OFF A CORN
—remove it root and all!

A CORN'S like a tack in your toe. Don't just pare the head off—get it *all* out! Then you know it's gone and won't grow back *worse than ever*.

You can remove it with Blue-Jay! This amazing *double-action* plaster ends pain instantly. Then quickly the corn dries, shrinks, gently lifts out—*is gone!*

Tiny, compact, easy to use—Blue-Jay ends worst corn for only 4¢. No more risky paring and cutting. Made with Wet-Pruf adhesive. Can't stick to stockings. Get a box today—25¢ at all druggists.

BLUE-JAY
Bauer & Black Scientific
CORN PLASTER

lished! Writing to the stars is an unsatisfactory flyer into space that I rarely attempt.

But recently I sent a letter, far from my best effort, being just a vote concerning Jean Harlow's lovely hair, and received an unsolicited response, a courtesy which I found a delightful surprise.

And this Christmas brought a fine white greeting card!

Such a secretarial staff must cost her a pretty penny. But what a pretty gesture! If "Beauty is, as beauty does," then more than her hair is lovely.—Beulah Barker, Chicago, Ill.

Disappointed!

I can't imagine Leslie Howard in the role of Romeo! The only thing he has is perfect diction. If I were Juliet, and all my lover could boast of was speaking well, I should be highly disappointed in the balcony scene.

Give me a dashing romantic fellow who can make love. Leslie is too staidly English ever to be a great lover, which Romeo certainly was!—Mary L. Torok, Youngstown, Ohio.

A Pat on the Back

Some movie magazines seem to get a great deal of pleasure out of printing ridiculous stories about the stars. Every slight excuse for a scandal is immediately written up in big headlines. No rumor is ignored, no matter how absurd. It gives the unsuspecting public a bad impression of Hollywood.

MODERN SCREEN'S articles are always interesting, never offensive, and the reader knows they must have truthful foundations by the intelligent way they are presented. I've acquired more movie favorites by reading MODERN SCREEN'S human articles and becoming acquainted with the stars' true personalities, learning they are as real and have the same trials and problems as our next door neighbor.—B. B. Everett, Washington, D. C.

Irene Dunne—Friend

Being an Irene Dunne fan has its advantages. As such, I have a minimum of adverse criticism to read about my star, and the many very fine tributes, paid in recognition of exceptional talent, are, to me, sources of unending satisfaction and pride.

If "seeing is believing," I can't help but wish that the host of Irene Dunne fans could meet her, just as I have, and be convinced, beyond a doubt, that Miss Dunne is equally as beautiful off screen as on, and a thoroughly delightful person. I deem it an honor and a privilege to be able to call Irene Dunne "friend."—E. Shotwell, Saranac Lake, N. Y.

And How Do You Feel About This Question?

It is about time something was said about the mediocre "quickies" that are being shown to make up the second picture of the double-feature program that most of the picture houses have been showing. I am sure that most picture patrons would rather omit such poor pictures and enjoy one good feature with a number of short subjects.

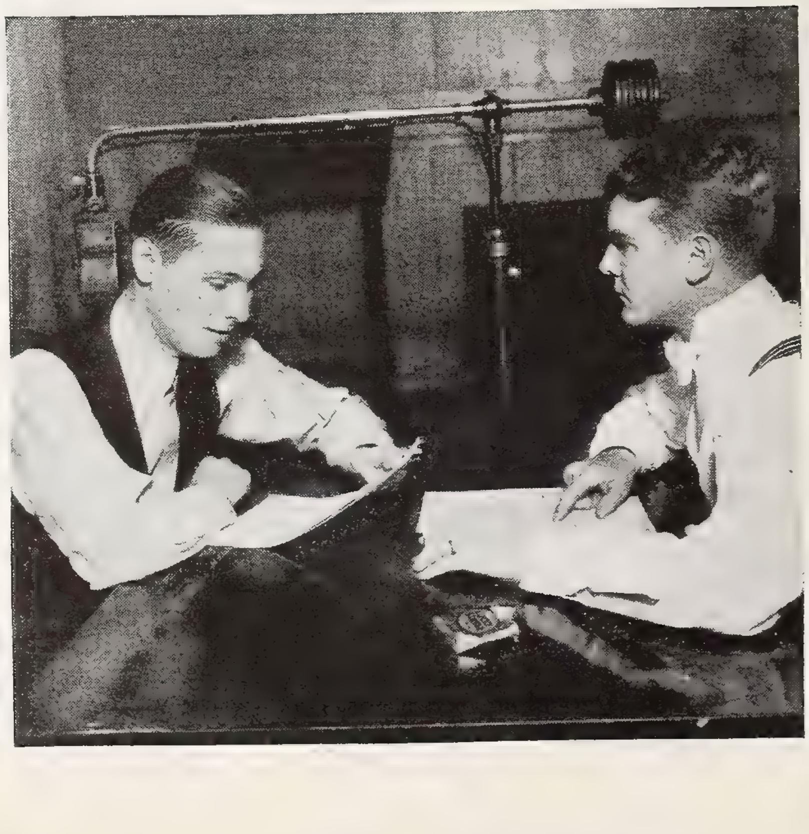
With the showing of "David Copperfield" and "Mutiny on the Bounty" the second feature made the program entirely too long, and by the end of the show everyone was restless and really could not enjoy the picture even though it was well produced and interesting.

In these second-rate pictures, which have all the earmarks of being made for the express purpose of filling the double-feature bill, the dialogue is stilted and the whole picture gives the impression of jerky and unconnected sequences. The stories are flat and even if there is a really good player he has a job to hold up a poor story.—Elsie Douglas, Chula Vista, Calif.

(Why don't those of you who feel strongly on this subject cast a ballot on it and send it in to us? Perhaps the exhibitors and producers will be persuaded to take your advice! Please fill out the following form and mail to):

BETWEEN YOU AND ME,
MODERN SCREEN,
149 MADISON AVENUE,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

I like the double-feature program......
I dislike the double-feature program.....
Reason for opinion, in 20 words or less
....
....
Name..
Address..



The same informality that Sam Taylor displays in this snapshot of an interview with John Arledge (right) characterizes his tri-weekly chats on Hollywood players and pictures. You'll find them bright, intimate, and up-to-the-minute. Sam Taylor is heard every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7:15 p.m., over Station WOR.

Playground of the East

(Continued from page 21)

of "Captain Blood." Nobody recognized the actor, for his first picture was yet to be released. He was just another handsome gent—and there are many of them in this town—insofar as other patrons were concerned. A week after the premiere, I saw him there again. Errol was being mobbed by autograph-seekers and proprietors who insisted that he have "one on the house." Some fun—fame!

UNA MERKEL was making a hit for herself at the same place that evening, and so was the stunning Rosalind Russell. Clark Gable, of course, was so nearly killed in the crush that a solicitous friend sat him facing the orchestra with his back to the patrons. Even then, Gable was recognized by some and I'm sure that both he and the management had few regrets when he finally left and the club was restored to a semblance of order.

Radio City—and the radio—quite naturally attracts movie stars. The latter offers them oodles of extra money for making a single broadcast. Margaret Sullavan, Irene Dunne and John Boles recently made more than their expenses while visiting this most expensive city, by appearing on a popular program just once. John can always warble one of his most successful tunes and walk off with the honors and the cash. Clark Gable, too, was a great success at Radio City.

The various program players who support movie stars are pleased but not impressed to do it. They never "crowd" a celebrity and Gable received more attention from the waitress in the lunch room and the hat check boy than he did from his large radio supporting cast.

Since Repeal, the cocktail hour has taken on great importance in New York. The Plaza, the Gotham and the Ritz are *the* places to go—that is, if you would see movie stars—and who of us would not? Yep, five o'clock's the time they turn out in sartorial splendor—Dolores Del Rio a vision in black, Gladys Swarthout done up in mink and gardenias, Sylvia Sidney, pert in leopard skin, all with the handsome males who escort them. Yes, it is very important to be seen in the "right" places and let it never be said that a movie star fails to lay stress on importance.

Although the Plaza offers an excellent dance floor, few picture players ever trip the light fantastic. It is considered much smarter to book oneself at a ringside table to see and be seen. Billie Burke and her daughter, Patricia Ziegfeld, recently had tea each afternoon at the Gotham and Carl Brisson seldom missed a cocktail hour at the Savoy-Plaza.

THE Rainbow Room, a swanky night spot on the sixty-fifth floor—yep, honest—of the RKO Building is, of course, a magnet for celebrities, although both Robert Young and Jean Parker confessed it floored them. Both had always wanted to visit New York and this particular place was the memory of wonderland they carried away with them. A beautiful dance floor, lilting music, smart entertainers of the highly sophisticated type are a few of the high points featured in this pleasure penthouse. Anyone who has seen it is not likely to forget it soon.

It would seem that most celebrities who come to town do little but play. That, of course, is true, for New York to them

DON'T MISS THE NEW SPECIAL FEATURE
"Colleen"
A $2 Book Length Novel COMPLETE in the May Issue

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

If you eloped with a gay handsome stranger, only to learn that he still loved his former fiancee and was resolved to remain true to her?

Love at first sight and rebellion against the humdrum of small-town life led Kay Brannan to elope with Bob Dakin after a dizzy evening of dancing and champagne. But her happiness was brief, for Bob, regretting this hasty marriage, turned to Pricilla, his former fiancee . . .

Was Kay's love for her new husband strong enough to give her courage to fight for him? Or did she concede the victory to the beautiful society girl and return to the small-town monotony from which she had tried to escape? . . .

You will enjoy reading the entertaining story of "SMALL TOWN GIRL," M-G-M's new hit, starring Janet Gaynor and Robert Taylor . . . complete in the May SCREEN ROMANCES.

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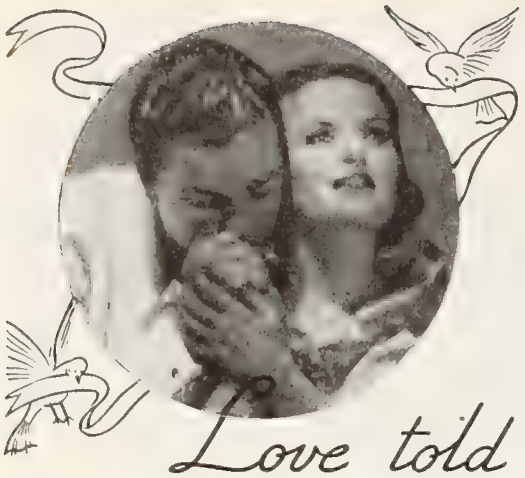

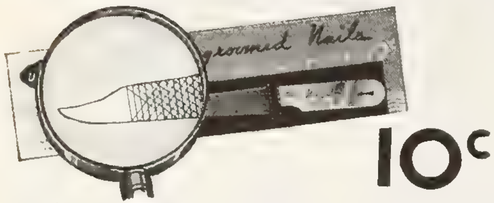

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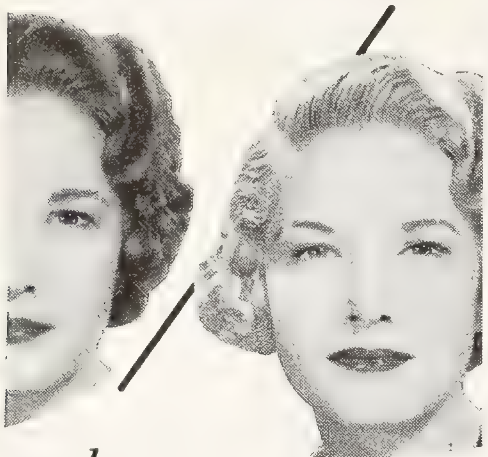

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means vacation. And such a gay, stimulating one that it usually takes a week at Palm Springs, on returning to California, to rest up in order to be ready for the next production.

When they step off the train in Los Angeles, their trunks are weighed down with clothes and souvenirs of the big city. And when friends gather 'round, the returned traveller invariably says, "I've never had such a wonderfully hectic time in my life. I'm exhausted. I couldn't do it often. But, oh, those plays, those shops, those night clubs! The brisk walk up Fifth Avenue and into Central Park in the mornings and the stroll down dazzling Broadway at night! Oh, it's wonderful. But, as I said, I wouldn't want to do it soon again. It's too exhausting. That is, I wouldn't want to until my next vacation. By the way, when is that? Not for three months? Well, maybe I could hop a plane between pictures. They couldn't miss me at the studio if I stayed in New York for only four days!" So said Kay Francis, who loves the big town like all who visit it do.

Beauty Headliners for Spring

(Continued from page 23)

wear round necks or choker beads, or have your lips too over-rouged.

If you have a short face, and want height, an adorable top cluster of curls on the crest of your head will give it to you. Take the curls away from the sides and put them on top—that's "tops" in style.

Now suppose, on the other hand, that you have a squarish sort of face with a determined chin. Well, I want you to live up to that chin when you go to the hairdressers, or to the hat shop. Browbeat the attendants into selecting styles for you that are softening. Don't, whatever you do, wear a hat with a square crown. Forget all about sturdy, practical, rugged little hats—go in for saucy, softly curved numbers, with enough brim not to make your face jut out farther than your hat. Fetching nosegays of flowers make nice millinery touches.

Your coiffure problem is a bit more difficult than some, because you can't wear your hair fluffed out around your cheeks on account of the broadening effect such an arrangement would have, and yet, you must get softness into the general contour. Usually an off-the-face hairdress is best for you, but with soft, smooth (not fluffy) waves at the sides, and then a surprise feature of feathery curls at your temples or high over your ears. Don't have end ringlets that curl up around your jaw-bone!

Wear oval or round necklines—never square ones—and softening lingerie touches. It's splendid to have a chin with a mind of its own, but don't forget that men don't want too much leading done with the chin. Wear nice soft frivolous colors, too, such as lemon yellow or spicy old rose. Be generous with your lipstick, and make your lip curves full.

If you're one of those oval-faced, smooth-browed creatures like Pat Ellis, in fact, if you're very young and your forehead is very nice—whatever may be the shape of your face—you generally can wear an off-the-face hat, the kind that makes you look like an angel with an up-turned halo.

Now for the long thin-faced individual! Don't go high-hat on us just because we have left you until the last. Your hats and your coiffures should be the exact opposite of high-hat, and instead should dip down over your brow. The crown of your hat should be round and close fitting, the brim should shoot downward, or flare out very wide (if there is a brim) and all the trimmings should go sidewards, never up. Your coiffure should follow much the same lines, with a wave, a bang or curls partly concealing your forehead, and with the fullness toward the sides.

And now if you're a bit weary of shopping and have reached the point where the saleswoman says, not too helpfully as she adjusts another hat on your tiring head, "Of course you can get the effect a little better when your make-up and hair are freshened up a bit" . . . it's time to do just that!

Let's stop at the cosmetic counter first to see what's new in the way of make-up. There's a delightful new cucumber lotion, for example, that will soothe your hat-troubled brow, cleanse the grime and make-up from your face, and act as a powder base . . . all this triple action in double-quick time. It's a refreshing pick-me-up cleanser, and is just the kind of an emollient lotion your skin needs after its long winter of being dried out by hot-house radiators.

Eyes have been called the windows of the soul, but so far as I know they haven't heretofore been called the "shopping windows." Well, if you can believe your eyes, here is a make-up kit for you, complete with powder, rouge, lipstick, mascara, and eye shadow, at a price that you generally pay for a box of powder. But more exciting than the price, is the fact that you don't have to hang over the cosmetic case with your nose pressed to the glass wondering what shade of this or that you should take. No, the eyes have it. You just say to the clerk, "I have brown (or blue or gray or green) eyes," and the clerk hands you the make-up kit that is styled for brown (or blue or gray or green) eyes.

Make-up, styled to the color of your eyes, is eminently more practical than it sounds at first. A famous cosmetic house has spent months in research work to perfect this make-up idea, and artists, style authorities, and theatrical directors have all been consulted in the process. You see it's like this. At least, every woman knows the color of her eyes. (We hope some young man has told her with the proper compliments.) But I have found through your letters to me that a lot of you don't know exactly how to describe your complexion—"It's sort of medium, I guess"—and some of you are even a bit puzzled by your hair—"It's between a dark blonde and a medium brown, I think" . . . etc. So, make-up styled to the color of the eyes, does away with that kind of guess-work. It does not pretend to be an exact science. The color conclusions naturally had to be arrived at "for the good of the majority." But in this confusing world of color and cosmetics, a great many women will find these authoritative color conclusions far superior to any that they could work out for themselves.

And now, I'm going to talk for the moment to those unhappy girls to whom a new make-up or a new hat may mean only so much more grief, perhaps, because they dread looking into a mirror that seems to say, "You might be a pretty girl, if it weren't for those ugly skin blemishes." Just recently, I am grateful to say, I have run across a new acne treatment which, for the first time in my experience, honestly seems to justify a mention in this column. Numerous acne products have been put on the market from time to time, and exaggerated claims made for them. I have had considerable difficulty in separating "the wheat from the chaff," and have always hesitated to recommend any product for so touchy a skin problem. Certainly, so long as there was any possible doubt in my mind as to the merit of the product. This new preparation is a volatized sulphur cream which has been used by leading American and French skin specialists for many years.

BECAUSE of its scientific background, I was interested in making further investigation regarding it. I was particularly impressed by the fact that no claims are made to the effect that pimples will vanish "on a moment's notice," only that they will steadily fade from the skin if the cream is applied over a reasonable period of time. The length of time necessary for treatment naturally depends on the severity of the case. This cream is definitely not a cure-all for serious cases of acne, which belong in the province of the physician and skin specialist. It has, however, brought very definite results in a large percentage of acne cases.

As a rule, this cream is used at night, but as it is important to carry the treatment on during the day also, a special prescription powder containing the same curative properties in a milder form has been developed. The powder is, of course, to be used instead of ordinary make-up powder. It comes in two popular shades and is without odor. Both the cream and the powder are sold in a small purse size, so it is possible to start the treatments for a very low cost. I shall be very happy to send you the names of these products and where they may be obtained.

After all this shopping and discussion, I suppose you're "dead tired." Shopping does that to some people. The best thing I know for curing that tired feeling is a hot bath with a good dose of Epsom Salts dumped into the tub. You'll soak out all your aches. Then give yourself a grand shower of the finest, smoothest, most fragrant talcum you can find. (I have a free sample for you!) There is as much difference between talcum powders as there is between face powders, in case you didn't know it. Talcum powder is needed to absorb the moisture which even a good towel leaves on your skin, and more important, it is needed to give you that feeling of luxury without which no bath is complete. Now prop your feet on a pillow, shut your eyes for ten deep dark minutes, and dream of the sensation you're going to make tomorrow. If you have any problems that are troubling you, or you want further information about the things we discussed in our shopping tour, write me in the morning.

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Reviews—A Tour of Today's Talkies

(Continued from page 49)

Preview Postscripts

important step toward his present hundred thousand per picture was quitting his job with the J. Warren Kerrigan films, some fifteen years ago, because his daily wage was cut from five to three dollars. Lloyd signed up with Hal Roach the same day for five dollars a week, then worked up to a hundred per week with his "Lonesome Luke" characterizations. This is Lloyd's first picture in twelve years not produced by himself. He liked the story so much that he consented to do it for Paramount Pictures . . . Adolphe Menjou had his troubles during the filming of this picture, too. He had to chew gum every time the camera turned on him. Five to fifteen packages a day were consumed by the indomitable Adolphe, before he had the stomach attack which sent him to the hospital. Verree Teasdale, also working on this film, was so worried that she collapsed and was removed to the same hospital. Production was held up three weeks awaiting the return of the Menjous' health . . . Paramount found a use for that silver which is sloughed off film at the rate of three ounces for every 1000 feet. They painted the inside of milk bottles with it to resemble milk.

★★★★ Follow the Fleet
(RKO-Radio)

This latest Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers musical measures up to the standards of "Roberta" and "Top Hat." The story is a routine business which falls into familiar patterns, but it snaps out of its lethargy whenever the two stars slip into their dancing shoes. As you probably have surmised from its title, the picture is concerned with the navy. By happy chance, two of its less illustrious members turn out to be Fred Astaire and Randolph Scott. Opposite them are Ginger Rogers and Harriet Hilliard, with Betty Grable hovering in the background as a first-class menace. At least two of the Astaire-Rogers dances are tops for comedy and class, the song numbers are effective, Harriet Hilliard is the new season's best screen possibility, and Lucille Ball does nicely in a minor role.

Preview Postscripts

Pedestrians in front of the RKO Studios were amazed to see the hull of a ship blocking their way, projecting from the wall surrounding the studio lot. The battleship constructed for use on this picture was discovered, a bit too late, to be rather large for the lot. Nothing could be done but knock down some wall and continue the construction out in the street. The picture show, after all, must go on . . . 250 sailors, but the genuine article, were used in this film. Most of them were former gobs, while some were on vacation from different boats . . . The couples in the dime-a-dance sequence are the real thing, too. Dance director Hermes Pan decided it would be easier to pick up some good bowery dancers than train his own. So he hied himself down to a beach dance hall, watched the goings-on, and finally asked some of the best performers if they'd like to be in a picture with Astaire and Rogers. It took the rest of the night to convince them it was all straight goods. Thirteen couples were sent next day to the studio for trial, with the intention of choosing six or seven. But the eager faces on the girls and men, mostly dishwashers and waiters, was too much for Pan. He hired them all . . . Harriet Hilliard is RKO's Big News. This role is the result of sheer accident, since Mark Sandrich accidentally happened to see her screen test, taken for an inferior role. The astute gentleman promptly signed her for the second lead in this. Harriet's from Des Moines and her family are all stage people. Ozzie Nelson spotted her in a chorus, trained her singing voice, featured her with his orchestra and married her three days before her contract for celluloiders took effect. They're the delight of the United Airlines now, holding rendezvous in New York this week and Hollywood that.

★★★ Wife Versus Secretary
(M-G-M)

With names like Jean Harlow, Myrna Loy and Clark Gable to lure you to the box-office, it seems of little purpose to impart the information that the plot of the picture is contained entirely in its title, and that it offers no deviations from the age-old formula which Faith Baldwin and her readers have come to know and to love so well. Since there is nothing about the story that you haven't known for years, let's leave that department and report that the performances of the three stars are ingratiating, vigorous and attractive. No one need be told that Miss Loy portrays the wife in the proceedings, nor that the role of secretary falls to Miss Harlow. It is also hardly necessary to add that, while relations between Mr. Gable and his secretary are purely professional, people are talking. People are always talking, and Miss Loy's suspicions are aroused to such an extent that she leaves Mr. Gable, until a few words of warning from Miss Harlow send her scurrying back. As a matter of fact, choosing between Loy and Harlow would be a problem even for a man of Mr. Gable's discernment, since Myrna is her most charming screen self and the brownette Jean is lovelier than any secretary has a right to be.

★★★ The Country Doctor
(20th Century-Fox)

This is, as you probably know, the first full-length film to feature those amazing young ladies from Canada, the Dionne Quintuplets. In their initial starring picture these five ravishing beauties prove themselves more charming before a camera than many of their more experienced fellow artists from Hollywood. Each of the gals is a diminutive Duse in her own right, a miniature picture stealer, a screen siren and a wow. Our personal choice for the Academy Award is Cecile, who seems to have a curl or two and a smile or two more than her sisters, but in the case of five such lovely little ladies it is perhaps more discreet to state that each of them is the French-Canadian word for terrific. In the supporting cast Jean Hersholt as Dr. Dafoe performs with a simplicity and a sincerity which places him next to the Dionnes in the acting department. No doubt everyone who sees the picture will envy him the scene in which he is the center of attention of all five of them. As for the story itself, the less said of it the better. You won't notice it, anyway; you'll be looking at the quints.

One of the season's better pictures, "These Three," with Merle Oberon and Miriam Hopkins.

★★ Next Time We Love
(Universal)

An elaborate production and two excellent performances cover up an artificial and inconsequential story sufficiently to make this an interesting photoplay. Ursula Parrott's tale of a young married couple and their careers is much too familiar to bear retelling, but Margaret Sullavan and James Stewart succeed in making the conflict of the pair seem much more important than it actually is. La Sullavan is an actress, Stewart is a newspaperman and all is serene in their married life until his paper transfers him to Rome. Margaret chooses to remain in New York to further her career on the stage. Later Stewart returns, without a job, to find her at the top of her profession. Love takes a holiday, and the young husband goes to Russia, where the picture ends on a note of promise that in some future world their romance will be given a better chance to flower. Sullavan's performance is up to her standard, and young Mr. Stewart is the first screen reporter we've seen who actually looks and acts like a newspaperman. Robert McWade is especially effective in a supporting role, as is Ray Milland in the second lead.

Preview Postscripts

"One newspaper office in a movie without a flaw" was the boast of Director Edward Griffith, himself a former news-sleuth, concerning the elaborate editorial room set on this picture. Denny Morrison, long a foreign correspondent, was technical adviser and all thirty "extras" used in the scene were newspapermen, out of work at the present . . . James Stewart had to be asked four times to play the lead opposite Margaret Sullavan in this picture. And he's only been in two other pictures in his life, "Murder Man" and "Rose Marie." Nope, not conceit—he just didn't believe the telegrams sent him from the studio to Lake Tahoe where he was vacationing. Stewart has had little stage experience, having just recently graduated from Princeton. But what he's had has been top-notch. He was stage manager for "Camille" for Jane Cowl, played in "Goodbye Again" on Broadway and had small roles in other Broadway plays. With this picture, he reached stardom, which is going some in a short time . . . Anna Demetrio is one of Hollywood's favorites. She's a leading character woman, specializing in portraying Italian women, and has appeared in too many pictures to even begin remembering. Born in Italy, she was edu-

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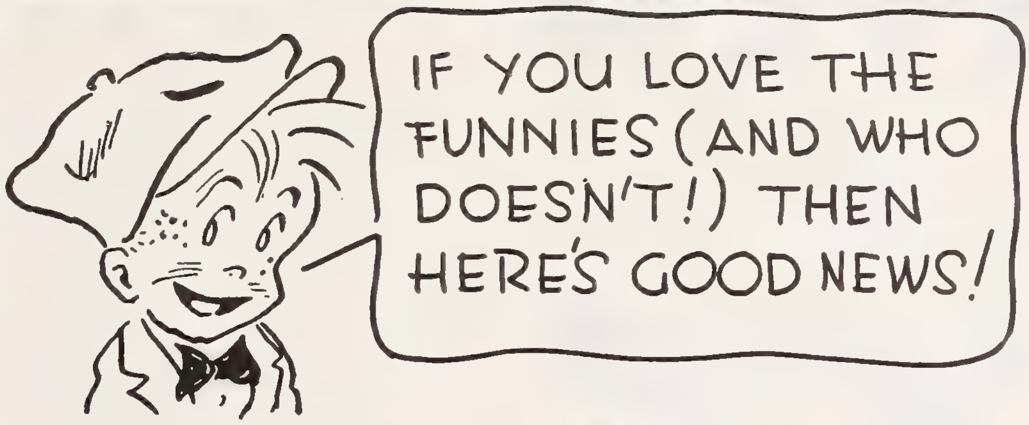
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SHOE WHITENER

Freddie Bartholomew and Dolores Costello Barrymore in that screen classic, "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

cated in a convent, but always harbored the desire to go on the stage. The opportunity came to take a trip to New York; she signed up with the Morosco Company for a paltry sum, proved her worth and has made a comfortable living ever since . . . Ray Milland isn't quite an American citizen, but he intends to be, having taken out his first papers. Born in Wales, he realized a long-felt desire to go to sea when he was eighteen. From sailor on a potato boat to dancer in a London musical show is somewhat of a change, but that's where he landed in less than a year.

★★★ The Prisoner of Shark Island (20th Century-Fox)

John Ford, who directed "The Informer," has another pictorial triumph in "The Prisoner of Shark Island." It's the story of Dr. Samuel Mudd, a country doctor who was accused of setting the broken leg of John Wilkes Booth, Lincoln's assassin, and was sentenced to life imprisonment on an American Devil's Island off the coast of Florida. After an attempted escape is thwarted, Dr. Mudd becomes a hero by ridding the prison island of a siege of yellow fever and receiving, for his bravery, a pardon from the government. Several scenes in the picture are as grippingly dramatic as anything you'll see all season, and Mr. Ford's camera never once loses its eye for beauty and composition. In the title role, Warner Baxter turns in one of his finest screen performances; Gloria Stuart is lovely and capable as his wife; Claude Gillingwater stands out as an irate old southern gentleman, and a young man named John Carradine is the year's meanest menace.

Preview Postscripts

This is one of the four-million-dollar productions which Darryl F. Zanuck is contributing to the current craze for epics. Mr. Z. picked the idea out of a paragraph in "Time" and turned the whole thing over to Nunnally Johnson to scenarize. The story is basically historical, for Mudd was actually sentenced to Shark Island, otherwise known as Fort Jefferson . . . John Ford, director, has the enviable reputation of never having made a bad picture in his twenty years' experience. He prefers to regard himself as a comedy director, and resents the prevailing feeling that he is exceedingly good at making tragedy entertaining. Ford is extremely nervous during production, but the legend about his chewing up forty handkerchiefs per week on the set is not founded on fact. It's just a measly twenty.

★★★★ These Three (Samuel Goldwyn)

When Samuel Goldwyn purchased rights to the Broadway smash hit, "The Children's Hour," there was considerable eyebrow raising and wondering how its dangerous theme could be handled by the most sanctimonious of dramatic media, the screen. It is to Mr. Goldwyn's credit that he hired Lillian Hellman, who wrote the play, to adapt it for the films. Miss Hellman has written a fine, intelligent script, and Director William Wyler brings to the screen a vigorous and powerful photoplay which should certainly rank among the year's Ten Best. Dropping the homosexual theme of the play, the author has built her story around the love of two women for a man, and a schoolgirl's malicious lie which almost wrecks three lives. In the principal adult roles, Merle Oberon, Joel McCrea and Miriam Hopkins deliver the finest performances of their careers. And Bonita Granville, as the young villainess, and Marcia Mae Jones, as her frightened schoolmate, are superb in the two most difficult characterizations in the picture. In supporting roles, Catherine Doucet and Margaret Hamilton are outstanding. "These Three," in a word or two, is truly a dramatic event and one of the finest screenplays you'll see all season.

Preview Postscripts

It's cheaper to build a city than to bother going there, according to the conservative Sam Goldwyn. So he had the whole New England town of "Lancet" built on the outskirts of Hollywood. Although the expense of sending a hundred players, technicians and crew members for a two-month's location trip to a real New England town would have cost considerably less than building a town of his own, Goldwyn's civic spirit could not be denied. Richard Day, designer of all the Goldwyn sets, commissioned a Boston photographer to obtain hundreds of pictures of typical New England homes and other structures. Then with a site chosen in Santa Monica canyon, Day launched the building of the city. For five weeks a crew of three hundred carpenters, bricklayers, masons and other technicians constructed the town. After the necessary "shots" had been completed the town was "struck"—in studio lingo that means the place was wrecked in one fell swoop, except for two of the homes which were needed for interior scenes. These were carefully taken

Thomas Beck and Jed Prouty in "Every Saturday Night," first of 20th Century-Fox's series of films on American home life.

Jane Withers and Jackie Searle enjoy "working" in "Gentle Julia."

apart, each board and brick individually marked, brought to the studio and there, on one of the giant sound stages, put together again exactly as they had been before. All "inside" scenes were then made right in the studio in the same buildings that had recently stood some fifty miles away.

★★★ Colleen (Warners)

Here is the latest in the Dick Powell-Ruby Keeler series, which makes it needless to report that "Colleen" is a musical film with songs by Mr. Powell and dances by Miss Keeler. In addition to that, due to the fortunate presence of three of the screen's better comics, "Colleen" is funny. Since the picture will probably owe its success to its lighter moments, let us come right out and say that the three responsible for those moments are Hugh Herbert, Joan Blondell and Jack Oakie. Herbert portrays an eccentric millionaire whose hobbies are dictaphones and Miss Blondell. Head of a large corporation, he knows nothing about the business, but he likes to come to the office so he can play flute solos into the dictaphone. Oakie and Blondell are close seconds in the comedy department, and their song-and-dance burlesque is one of the funniest sequences the screen has offered in months. It's a number called "Boulevardier from the Bronx," and it's high-class kidding. In the romance division, Dick Powell sings ingratiatingly and Ruby Keeler proves that she still ranks with the best of the screen's dancers. Her partner, Paul Draper, is a brilliant companion in the dances.

Preview Postscripts

The average girl can dance the average man to death, according to Bobby Connelly, who created the dance numbers for this one. So he rehearsed 120 men as prospective partners for the hundred girls, and sure enough 18 of the stronger sex folded up after a few days' exertion. After years of experience in stage and screen dancing, Bobby found that men can seldom take it . . . Those flying fish didn't come from cans. They're the real thing, caught off Catalina Islands and transported to the sound-stage "ocean" of salt-water on the studio set. Artificial waves made by electric fans and brilliant searchlights caused the fish to flit around. The music was recorded to fit the rhythm of their light fantastics.

★★ Little Lord Fauntleroy
(United Artists)

Back in the days when silence was golden, Mary Pickford put her hair in curlers, donned velvet pants and delighted her breathless public with a saccharine and highly profitable version of Frances Hodgson Burnett's familiar tome. Time marches on, and now it's Freddie Bartholomew—Little Lord Bartholomew, to be exact—who steps into the role. Although his hair is uncurled and his pants are not of velvet, young Mr. B. succeeds in making Fauntleroy the sweetest and the most annoying little boy the screen has ever known. As we recall the story, the Brooklyn lad who becomes Lord Fauntleroy is, despite his fancy garments, sort of a regular guy underneath it all. There is a certain smugness about Master Bartholomew's portrayal, which, although it may make him the darling of the dowagers in the audience, will certainly win him no friends among the younger element. He's the kind of kid you used to throw mud balls at in the days when you were young and your aim was good. All of which makes "Little Lord Fauntleroy" an unexciting portrait of a very young man who is simply too sweet to be true. On the credit side the photography is excellent and there are outstanding performances by C. Aubrey Smith and Dolores Costello Barrymore.

Preview Postscripts

Five generations of theatrical life were represented by the main players on this picture, from Constance Collier who has been on the stage for fifty years to Freddie Bartholomew, the newest comer. C. Aubrey Smith, who has just passed his seventy-fifth birthday, looked with a great deal of tolerance on Guy Kibbee, Henry Stephenson and others. Henry Stephenson never appeared on a stage until 1896, while Guy is a comparative newcomer of only forty years' experience . . . The interior set of Doningsford Castle was a day's sight-seeing job out at M-G-M. It was one of the largest unit sets ever constructed at the studio, and required a total number of "props" which far exceeded anything in recent years. 8500 books alone were rounded up to fill the library shelves. Guy Kibbee's only complaint while on the set between shots was that he had nothing to read . . . This marks the return of Dolores Costello Barrymore to films after several years of being wife and mother, exclusively. Freddie Bartholomew was so enamored of Dolores that he could hardly let her out of his sight and thought she was by far the nicest screen mama he's had.

★★ Her Master's Voice
(Paramount)

In the first place, the situation around which the play revolves is about as ridiculous as can be imagined; in the second place, there's Edward Everett Horton and

George Raft and Rosalind Russell in "It Had to Happen."

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Laura Hope Crews in the leads; and in the third place it's all so completely ridiculous in the first place. Mr. Horton, his wife, Peggy Conklin, and his mother-in-law, Elizabeth Patterson, are just a Big Happy Family, until Edward loses his job. Then Aunt Min, Laura Hope Crews, appears on the scene. She's never liked her niece's husband, anyhow, and the fact that she has never met him doesn't cause her to like him any better. So she whisks her niece away with her, and prevails upon the jobless husband, whom she believes to be a servant in the house, to leave his worthless employer and work for her. It all sounds complicated, no doubt, but you have no idea how much, much more complicated the situation becomes. Miss Crews walks off with chief honors, and that's no small job with such competition as Mr. Horton and the rest of the able cast. Elizabeth Patterson is excellent and so, in a less important role, is Grant Mitchell. And we're willing to see Peggy Conklin anytime, anywhere, anyhow.

★★ The Trail of the Lonesome Pine (Paramount)

This is the motion picture industry's second major experiment with color in talking pictures, and it can be reported that it is much superior, technically, to its predecessor, "Becky Sharp." The colors are softer and more subdued, and faces have warmth and a certain depth. But, as far as this reviewer is concerned, natural color still remains to be achieved. Color, after all, is an exaggeration, and despite the beauty of several of the outdoor scenes one feels that there is more grandeur, and certainly more truth, in a black and white shot. Getting on to the cast, there are Sylvia Sidney, Fred MacMurray, Henry Fonda, Fred Stone, Beulah Bondi, Nigel Bruce and Spanky MacFarland, all of whom put up a brave battle against a tale that's as old as them thar hills themselves.

Preview Postscripts

Walter Wanger spent over a year searching for the perfect story for color photography. Not that the color medium is for just a certain type of story, but he realized that color photography was not established in the public mind as a natural medium, therefore the story must outweigh the novelty. Sound pictures went through this stage, when the public went to the theatre to hear, rather than see, the picture, and did not expect any emotional impression. Since 80 per cent of this story is in the woods and mountains, nature could furnish her own colors. Then Wanger proceeded to concentrate on keeping color out of the picture. All the costumes for the players were done in neutral tones—dark blues, greys, browns. Except for the harmonious colorings in trees, hills and grass, other bright spots were thrown out, even to the uprooting of bright flowers on some of the sets. Thus by "throwing color away" the attention of the audience is focussed on the dramatic action of the picture . . . Make-up requirements are entirely different from the black-and-white picture. Grease-paint was never used, eye-shadow, heavy powders and lip rouges were also discarded. A light film of powder to dull the shine of lights on the players' faces was the only make-up used.

Maureen O'Sullivan and Eric Linden in "Voice of Bugle Ann."

Newcomer James Stewart and Margaret Sullavan in "Next Time We Love."

★★ Boulder Dam (Warners)

The "sets" alone on this picture are worth your time and money. For the first time, without wincing, we can describe them as colossal, magnificent and stupendous. The photography of Boulder Dam is sheer beauty in some instances and all scenes of the construction are interesting. And oh, yes! the story. Well, it's a nice little yarn that doesn't seriously interfere with the sights. Ross Alexander turns out to be the hero, though when we first meet him he has just murdered his boss. He's obsessed with the futility-of-it-all when he meets Patricia Ellis. Now Pat's papa happens to be construction boss on the Dam, so Ross finds himself with a job, much against his wishes. Of course, that's before he spots the love light in the Ellis orbs. From then on Ross is inspired to dig the whole ditch himself. Here's where Lyle Talbot steps in, since the course of true love never runs smoothly in the movies, either. Lyle cares too much about Pat and knows too much about Ross. There's considerable excitement before the fade-out. Patricia Ellis is likable, while Ross Alexander and Lyle Talbot do well in their roles.

★★ Tough Guy (M-G-M)

Here is a good old dog opera with all the same, reliable trimmings, and some new ones thrown in to give it an air of modernity. The villains this time are present-day gangsters, and the hero is Rin Tin Tin, Jr. The dog does some really remarkable stunts, and it is unfortunate that the credulity of the audience is strained at times to the giggling point by some obviously faked feats which, naturally, diminish the strength of the story and the dog's authentic work and his undeniable

Gene Raymond and Wendy Barrie in "Don't Bet on Love."

intelligence. Jackie Cooper is the boy who runs away from home because his father won't let him keep his dog, and hitchhikes his way right into the gangsters' nefarious doings. Joseph Calleia, the head gangster, accidentally wounds the dog, whereupon the diamond under the rough shines through and he finally dies protecting the boy and his canine pal. Mr. Calleia gives a thoroughly human and intriguing performance as the ruthless killer whose one weak point in his lawless armor—his love for the boy and his dog—finally costs him his life. Jackie Cooper's role fits him like a glove, and nowhere in the performance of Rin Tin Tin, Jr., could we find, shall we say, a faux paw.

Preview Postscripts

This is Rin Tin Tin, Jr.'s first important picture. He has played in several small roles, but his owner, Lee Doncan, has reserved the dog's talents for this first big chance. Doncan, of course, was the owner of Rin Tin Tin, the first. He brought the puppy with him from Europe after the war. He fell for the canine while he was passing the window of a London pet shop. It was no easy matter, either, to get his pal into this country . . . Chester Franklin also directed all the older dog's pictures and now wields the megaphone on this one. Producer Harry Rapf is another from the former dog-days, as is Jean Hersholt.

★★ Every Saturday Night

(20th Century-Fox)

Whether things are going so smoothly at home that you're bored with it all, or the family quota on trouble has hit a new high, we can recommend this picture to you. You'll be reassured about that institution, the American Family. This story strikes the happiest medium we've seen to date on home life, with Jed Prouty and Spring Byington portraying Mr. and Mrs. There's a gang of children; we're not just sure how many but among them are June Lang, Kenneth Howell, George Ernest, June Carlson and William Mahon. Then there's Gramma, played by Florence Roberts in a noteworthy manner. You will be surprised how absorbing the antics of a family on a Saturday night can be, taken from an objective standpoint. There's grief and hilarity, bickering and affection, affectations and sincerity. There's plenty of misunderstanding, too, but through it all runs the loyalty of the family. George Ernest shines the brightest as the practical member of the family, who can always be relied upon for the loan of a nickel—with interest. This is the first of a series of pictures made by this studio called "Our American Family."

Preview Postscripts

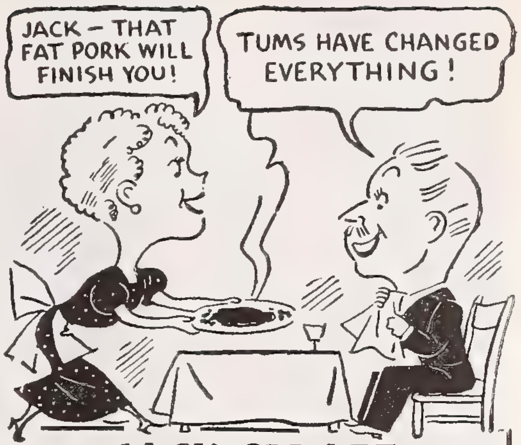
It was no fun rounding up a group of actors and actresses for this series of pictures. Casting is hard enough at best, but when it's a matter of finding a family resemblance between the players, that's when real trouble sets in. Hundreds of applicants were interviewed, most of them children, but the cast was not definitely set until two days before the picture went into production. The final seal of approval on the selection came from Cameraman Joe August. He discovered that the faces of all selected required the same type of lighting . . . Jed Prouty is beginning his second fifty years in theatrical work with this role. He made his debut in Boston in 1885, and was well known on the New York stage when he signed a movie contract in 1921. He was cast in the first "Broadway Melody" some six years ago. It was a role which required him to stutter, and so convincing was the Prouty stutter that it has taken Hollywood a half dozen years to realize that he can talk straight. In the meantime, he's been "shelved" except for minor roles.

★★ Gentle Julia

(20th Century-Fox)

Booth Tarkington's familiar and homely story proves a natural for Jane Withers. You'll like her better than ever in this picture. She doesn't have time for any of those "cute" song-and-dance numbers. Jane is too busy being just herself—an energetic, likable, not too good-tempered small girl. "Gentle Julia," exceptionally well played by Marsha Hunt, is Jane's aunt and the most persistently pursued young lady in town. Tom Brown is the bashful swain for whom you'll be rooting, though Julia is enamored of George Meeker, as slick a city slicker as ever strolled up Main Street. She is also susceptible to the charms of his Gay Nineties flivver, which is the first one to appear in the countryside. Certainly there's nothing about the plot to recommend this as an entertaining tale, but every amusing episode is capped by a still funnier one. The climax comes with a thrilling rescue of Julia just before she says "I do" to George Meeker. Jane and Tom Brown come dashing up in a fish-wagon at the crucial moment, followed by all the town folks in shays, surreys and buckboards. The screen version has destroyed none of the charm of the original story, and you won't be able to find fault with a single member of the cast.

Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper in a romantic close-up from "Desire."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"Song and Dance Man," featuring Paul Kelly and Claire Trevor, two promising players.

★★ It Had to Happen
(20th Century-Fox)

The teaming of George Raft and Rosalind Russell is not a particularly happy arrangement, despite the fact that Mr. Raft's performance is a vigorous one and Miss Russell is as charming and aristocratic as the script allows her to be. Regardless of what the scenario writers may think, and in spite of the title Raft and Russell just don't seem meant for each other. As an immigrant lad who comes to America full of ambition, George does all right for himself when, by a fortunate chain of circumstances, he becomes a political big shot and the right hand of the mayor of New York. All of this happens within the brief course of a year or so, and such a meteoric rise would appease the ambitions of most men, but George has his heart set on a higher goal. He wants Miss Russell to become Mrs. R. The charming Rosalind, as it turns out, is actually in love with George, but their romance is complicated by the fact that she already has a husband. As you can imagine, this situation exists only temporarily, and true love—the love of a haughty socialite for an immigrant boy who made good—asserts itself. As has been mentioned, both Mr. Raft and Miss Russell give creditable performances, but one has the feeling that "It Had to Happen" could never happen outside of the movies. In supporting roles, Leo Carrillo turns on his accent with nice effect, and Arline Judge capably handles a comedy role.

Preview Postscripts

Four major studios contributed towards the success of this picture. At least they loaned their players—George Raft from Paramount, Rosalind Russell from M-G-M, Leo Carrillo from Columbia and Alan Dinehart from Universal . . . George Raft really made sacrifices for the sake of art this time. He relinquished all the sartorial perfection so dear to his heart and broke down to the extent of donning ditch-diggers' ensembles. And the Raft lad isn't always in the habit of making sacrifices. Not even for Carole Lombard. He flounced off her set at Paramount recently because the cameraman gave more attention to Carole's facial angles than to his.

★★ The Voice of Bugle Ann
(M-G-M)

A tale of hound dogs and tarnation varmints down in old Missouri, this is unrelieved melodrama of the old school, the sort of thing they used to like back in the days when "The Drunkard" and "Ten Nights in a Barroom" were considered powerful stuff. It seems that good old Lionel Barrymore, who claims a man's best friend is his hound dog, has bred a particular animal whose howl is as clear as a bugle. So he names her Bugle Ann and she leads the pack in pursuing the weary fox over hill and down dale while Lionel and his son, Eric Linden, and their friends sit by a warm fire extolling the pleasures of the hunt. Into this bucolic paradise comes the tarnation varmint, a mean critter in spite of the fact that he's Maureen O'Sullivan's pappy. This varmint puts up a wire fence around his property, expressly to keep out hound dogs. When Bugle Ann is missed one night Lionel calls on the mean varmint and quietly murders him. In court he gives an impassioned and homespun plea about the nobility of dogs, and the court gives him twenty years. But Maureen, who's in love with young Mr. Linden, says a few words to the governor, and Lionel is pardoned. All of which proves that the governor is no movie critic.

Preview Postscripts

Most of this film was taken in Jackson County, Missouri. Four weeks were spent in that part of the country by the cast and crew. The entire company succumbed to the Missouri charms. Not that one of them admitted it could even touch California for natural scenery, but it was "swell for a change"—which is treason enough . . . Tom Bash, Kansas City sheriff, was the owner of the forty-four fox-hounds used, and genuine Missouri hounds they were. On the completion of the picture he made presents of the dogs to various people who had admired them. Clark Gable rated two, Wally Beery two, Jean Harlow one, Spencer Tracy and Ted Healy came off with three apiece, while Director Richard Thorpe was presented with fifteen of them. All in all, there's a new pooch fashion in Hollywood these days.

★★★ Desire (Paramount)

If you need more than one good reason to drag you to a show, there are four in Marlene Dietrich's new picture. Count 'em: an amusing, imaginative, exciting story; direction by Frank Borzage that is up to his standard of excellence, which is high praise, indeed; photography that is beautifully courteous to the physical and aesthetic eye; and enlivened, ingratiating performances by Dietrich, Gary Cooper, Alan Mowbray and John Halliday. Miss Dietrich, in a series of extraordinary gowns that appears to be never-ending, plays the part of a "crookess" who gets away with the most valuable pearl necklace in all Paris and who has every intention of continuing her career . . . until she meets an upright, charming young American engineer who sweeps her off her feet and onto the straight and narrow path. John Halliday is perfectly cast as the brains behind her light-fingered activities. Alan Mowbray is a psychiatrist who unwittingly aids her in escaping with the necklace. Dietrich and Cooper work well together, both showing unusual animation.

★★ Love Before Breakfast
(Universal)

Belonging to that ultra-modern school of screen drama in which the intensity of the love that exists between the two principals is gauged by the vigorousness of their verbal assault on each other, this is another pseudo-smart film patterned after the fashion of "The Bride Comes Home." In other words, it's pretty to look at, but there's not much to see. In it you'll discover Preston Foster as the screen's most overbearing millionaire, who exercises his vociferous charms on Carole Lombard in an effort to wrest her heart from Cesar Romero. Mr. R. is employed by an oil company. Preston buys the concern and transfers Cesar to Japan. Any right-thinking gal would walk out on the guy at that point, but Carole allows him to pester her with attentions until the moment comes when she finds herself in love with him. She conceals it, in the accepted screen manner of the moment, by shouting insults at him. He proves his devotion by blackening her eye. By that time we all know that poor Cesar hasn't the ghost of a chance, for he has never laid a hand on her except in gentle caress. There are moments of good light comedy in the picture, and in those moments Miss Lombard is at her best. Both Mr. Foster and Mr. Romero turn in highly creditable performances, and Janet Beecher and Betty Lawford are attractive and helpful in supporting roles.

★ Song and Dance Man
(20th Century-Fox)

A little number from the "show must go on" school, this is one of those pictures you run across on the other half of double feature bills. Originally a George M. Cohan stage success, the celluloid version has, unfortunately, been almost completely de-Cohanized. In it you'll find Paul Kelly and Claire Trevor playing a pair of vaudeville hoofers down on their luck until Claire is befriended by Michael Whalen, a Broadway playboy who has an eye for talent. He gets her a spot in a musical show, but there's no room for Kelly. Claire refuses to take the job without her partner, so Paul, burdened with grief and some of the season's most inept dialogue, puts on a drunk act and tells her he's through with her. It's that sort of a picture. The shapely Miss Trevor is pleasant to look upon, and Mr. Kelly is as good as his material allows him to be. In lesser roles, James Burke and Ruth Donnelly do what they can with your old friends, the dumb detective and the object of his affections. A young lady named Helen Troy has plenty to say as a gabby switchboard operator, and some of the things they have given her to say are excellent examples of bad taste.

Preview Postscripts

Michael Whalen was discovered by Darryl Zanuck when he was down to his last 27 cents. That is, Michael was, and playing in a Little Theatre Group in Hollywood on an empty stomach. Claims now that living on lentil soup and oranges was well worth it . . . The woman who does the singing over the telephone in the boarding house hallway scene is Irene Franklin, familiar to many as a musical comedy star in the days before boop-boop-a-doop . . . Margaret Dumont's career has included stage experience in New York and abroad, concert work, considerable socialiting, some acting with George M. Cohan and on both stage and screen she's been the foil of the Marx Brothers . . . Paul Kelly made two discoveries while making this picture. He can dance and he can sing. Paul's another oldtimer, though still a youngish man. He started in flickers in the Vitagraph days, for his family lived across the street from the studio in Flatbush and the "moving pitcher folks" used to come over and borrow the Kelly furniture occasionally for one-reel thrillers. That vacant stare in the Kelly orbs which the camera highlights now and then isn't caused by the strain of being a song-and-dance man. It's caused by the Kelly day dreams for a new home in the San Fernando Valley, which is going to contain everything he's always wanted in life—including a croquet lawn.

Chester Morris, Lewis Stone and Walter Brennan in the M-G-M film, "Three Godfathers."

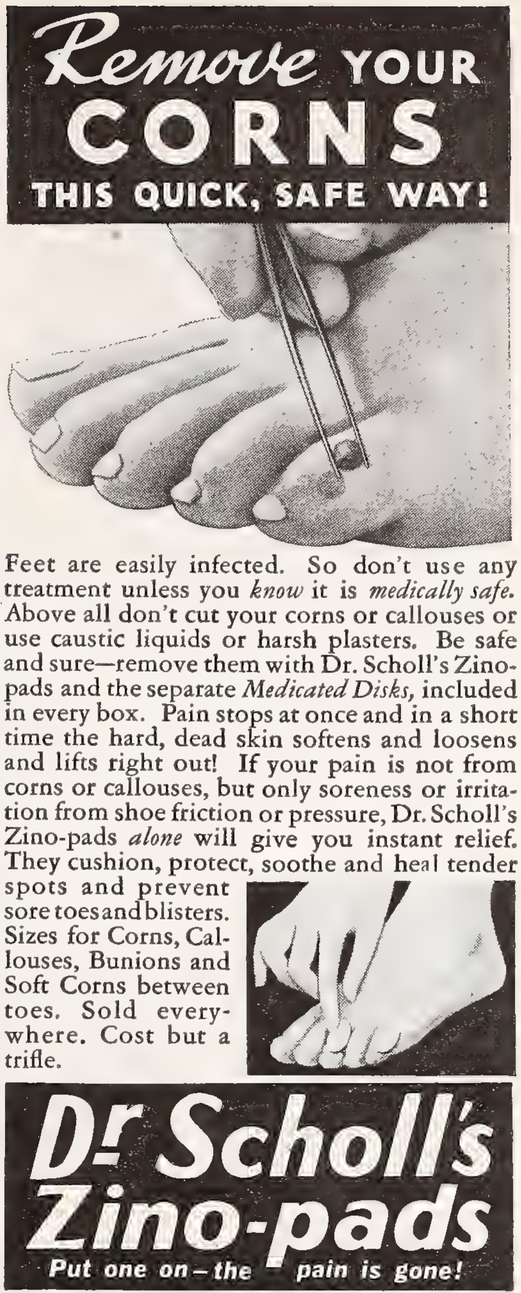
★★ Three Godfathers
(M-G-M)

There's not a buck in a broncho in this westerner. Instead we have three bad men regenerated by a babe. Sounds like a stiff dose to swallow, but surprisingly enough it's good movie fare. There are opportunities for good laughs and some tears, too, if you care for that sort of thing. Lewis Stone, Chester Morris and Walter Brennan are the three meanies who shoot up a bank and a few bankers, then set out across the desert to spend their hard-earned cash. Enroute they find a dying mother who leaves her child in their care. When their horses wander off, the men are faced with the problem of continuing across the sands loaded with money bags, a baby and one canteen, practically empty. In spite of the choice desert scenery, the outlook is pretty dreary.

Lewis Stone's portrayal of the philosophic baddie is as fine a bit of acting as you've seen from this capable actor. Brennan is excellent as the second of the trio to die in order that the child may live. That Chester Morris's characterization does not ring so true is due to the script and not Mr. M. It falls to his lot to stagger into the town, stumble to the church and stutter out the story, prior to falling dead at the altar. The picture is redeemed from pure mellerdrammer, by an intelligently selected cast who make the tale believable. And the photography is tops.

★ Here Comes Trouble
(20th Century-Fox)

The apt title on this one really should rate four stars by itself. We can't remember when the unreeling of a strip of celluloid has caused us so much trouble. Even such swell people as Paul Kelly and Arline Judge couldn't relieve our anguish. On the contrary, putting them into such a tale caused more writhings. The so-called plot has to do with jewel thieving on the high seas. It all takes place afloat a luxury liner, with much English accenting on A deck and considerable sweating and swearing below. Paul Kelly is demoted to the engine rooms just in time to stage a heroic rescue of the ship from explosion. This is no surprise to Arline Judge, the ship's manicurist, who knows Mr. Kelly is a good guy. But Mona Barrie, sassiety



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"The Music Goes 'Round" with Rochelle Hudson and Harry Richman in leading roles.

stuff, is sufficiently impressed to make a play for the hero. Her intentions, though we regret to say it, are strictly dishonorable for she would use him as an unsuspecting accomplice in a jewel robbery. But for the intervention of Arline and an astute monkey—yes, we said monkey—the worst would have happened.

★★★ Preview Murder Mystery (Paramount)

If Aunt Mamie didn't have a friend who had a friend who knew a man who could get her past a studio gateman when she visited Hollywood last summer, she can see this picture and be taken on a Cook's tour of the Paramount Studio. There is scarcely a nook or cranny of the entire studio that isn't shown on the screen in this original offering, which shows a picture made and previewed within the main picture. Rod LaRocque, who is co-starred with Gail Patrick in the picture which you see made, has received anonymous threats that he will never live to see his picture previewed. A novel effect is introduced when you see him watching his own picture on the screen and, as the last scene fades out, slumped in his seat —dead. Rod LaRocque brings his old charm to the screen and you wish he hadn't been murdered so early in the picture—but perhaps the murderer heard him sing! Reginald Denny is very likable and Frances Drake, who solves all her problems by the aid of astrology, has never been seen to better advantage. In addition, you will see many of your old favorites, including Ian Keith, Conway Tearle, Bryant Washburn, Jack Mulhall, Franklyn Farnum, Chester Conklin and Hank Mann.

★★ Love on a Bet (RKO-Radio)

There's neither rhyme nor reason to this celluloider. The result is a picture which can only be classified as a lot of fun. Gene Raymond starts the laughs by making a bet with his uncle that he can leave New York, clad only in his underwear, and make Los Angeles within a fortnight. Enroute he must collect a suit of clothes, one hundred dollars in cold cash and a sweetheart, or return to uncle's meat packing plant for the rest of his days. The plot, you can see, is not without possibilities, and complications are plentiful. Chief among the latter are Wendy Barrie and her aunt, Helen Broderick, who are also heading for the coast. Wendy Barrie adds much to the cross-country scenery, but Miss Broderick steals the show.

★ The Music Goes 'Round (Columbia)

The studio paid a handsome price for this title, so try to overlook it. The picture can almost be classed as entertainment, in spite of it, with Harry Richman proving a fair screen bet. Primarily a musical, the plot centers about a show-boat troupe which Richman, a stage star, brings to the Great White Way. Walter Connolly is the leader of the troupe, Rochelle Hudson is his daughter, and Henry Mollison is the show's leading man. Etienne Girardot, Victor Kilian and Dora Early are also among the emoters who are taken for a swell ride on Broadway, where they fondly believe their histrionic gifts will be regarded as Art. Giving Broadway its biggest laugh in years almost costs the Richman lad his gal, which somewhat thickens the thinning plot. The best thing about the picture is Walter Connolly's characterization of the old-time mellerdramatist. Rochelle Hudson is proving prettier and more capable with every role, so you'll like her. And perhaps you'll like some of the song numbers. But on the whole, you will find that this celluloider just misses being either a good musical or a good story.

★ F Man (Paramount)

This is a harmless little satire on the G-men films, lacking, however, the power to stir an audience either to the heights of hilarity or the depths of boredom. With the exception of a few really amusing scenes, it ambles vaguely along, claiming safety in a middle path between the two extremes—and therefore it is somewhat unimpressive. Jack Haley is a vacuous young man from a small town, whose substitution for brains is an overwhelming, all-absorbing desire to be a G-man. He goes to the Big City—this time Los Angeles—and spends the time when he is not jerking sodas in pestering William Frawley to give him a job as a G-man. Frawley, in final and complete desperation, tells him that he can be an F-man, and that his job is to keep his eyes and ears open, his mouth shut, and that he is never, under any circumstances, to come near the department. How he almost loses his girl and his life, and how he almost thwarts the capture of Public Enemy No. 1, comprise the balance of this tale. Adrienne Marden is the small-town sweetheart who comes to Los Angeles to help Haley capture criminals. Grace Bradley plays the part of Mrs. Public Enemy No. 1, and Onslow Stevens is the gangster

Jean Hersholt, Joseph Calleia, Jackie Cooper in "Tough Guy."

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Mrs. Oliver Harriman (on right), President of the National Conference on Legalizing Lotteries, is shown congratulating Mrs. Marie Harris, Yonkers, N. Y., winner of the $10,000 prize in the 1935 Sweepstakes Contest conducted by this organization. Second prize winner was Miss Maude King, Chicago, Ill. There were 66 other big cash prize winners. Complete list of names and addresses of winners mailed on request.

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Reduce state deficits ☐
Reduce Federal deficits ☐
Reduce municipal deficits ☐
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Pay for public works ☐
Give money to religious institutions ☐
Provide for better schools ☐
Promote art and music ☐
Finance medical research ☐
Support widows and orphans ☐
To reduce taxes ☐
Support army and navy ☐

If you desire you can add any other suggested uses and place them in their order of merit, but this is not a requirement of the contest. In such cases you may submit your entire entry on plain paper, if you prefer.

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Good News

(*Continued from page 78*)

can't shoot snowbound scenes when you're snowbound, so the crew returned to Hollywood and the good old sound stages, where, with a few tons of cornflakes, you can be just as snowbound as you like.

■ ■ ■

Just to show you how easy it is to recognize your favorite screen heroes and heroines off the screen, we'll let you in on a little something we overheard at the Trocadero the other night. An out-of-towner was pointing out the stars to his wife, or perhaps it was his lady-of-the-moment. "See that big guy over there?" he inquired, pointing to Frank Shields. "That's Errol Flynn. And that blonde girl in the ermine wrap (pointing to Alice Faye) is Jean Harlow." At that moment the gentleman nudged us, and indicating Johnny Weissmuller, asked who it was. "Johnny Weismuller," we told him. "Nuts!" said the gentleman.

■ ■ ■

When George Raft walked out of "A Princess Comes Across," the picture in which he was to have been co-starred with Carole Lombard, another touch of drama popped up when Mack Grey, George's bodyguard and constant companion, took it upon himself to walk out on a small part in "Florida Special." Mack, affectionately known as "The Killer," had his first speaking part in "Florida Special," but he considered loyalty to his boss over the furthering of his art. A short talk with George, however, convinced him that Art must come first, especially when a guy has a speaking part, so Mack walked right back into the picture. The Show Must Go On.

■ ■ ■

A single scene in a picture costs producers several thousand dollars, but one scene in "The Farmer in the Dell" at RKO-Radio was made at a personal loss to Fred Stone of $40. The scene called for Fred to toss a wallet full of stage money into a fire. Everything went perfectly, but when the shooting was over Fred discovered he had reached in the wrong pocket and tossed in his own wallet which contained $40 in decidedly genuine U. S. currency.

■ ■ ■

It may interest some of you girls to learn that Jean Harlow keeps that figure what it is by going in for two hours of exercise every day when she's not making pictures. We told that to a young lady the other day and she said: "According to Harlow's figure and your statement, the gal hasn't made a picture in years!" Outside of exercise, the only other Harlow affinity is Bill Powell, who continues to be her most constant companion, in spite of the fact that they both still insist there'll be no wedding bells.

■ ■ ■

When Clark Gable, Leo Carrillo and Director Jack Conway hied themselves to Mexico recently on a hunting trip, they ran across a tribe of disgusted Indians. The Indians were disgusted with everything, and had even agreed not to marry, preferring to let the tribe die out. Mr. G. spied a handsome young buck among the group, and tried to persuade him to come to Hollywood for a chance in pictures. But the handsome redskin shook his head. He had never heard of Hollywood, never heard of pictures, and—the blow of blows—had never heard of Gable. So the hunting party retreated, registering disgust at the Indians while the Indians registered disgust at everything.

■ ■ ■

As almost everyone at M-G-M knows, the Leslie Howard-Norma Shearer "Romeo and Juliet" set was closed to visitors almost every day during its production. But a steam shovel operator working on the lot didn't know it, and he thought to kill a leisurely noon hour by looking over a little Shakespeare. At the door of the sound stage he bumped into Leslie Howard and director George Cukor, on their way to lunch. The steam shovel man announced his intentions and Mr. Cukor gasped. "It's impossible," he said. "Miss Shearer is making closeups, and she gets nervous when people watch her." So the guy went back to his steam shovel. An hour later the returning Messrs. Howard and Cukor stopped at the edge of the excavation to watch proceedings. Suddenly the steam shovel stopped in mid-air, and a voice yelled: "I can't go on. I get nervous when anyone watches me!" It was their man, and it should be added that Howard and Cukor, gentlemen to the end, took him right over to the "Romeo and Juliet" set and gave him a good look at Norma Shearer, who wasn't nervous at all.

■ ■ ■

Celestial Note: On "The Green Pastures" set, watching a lowdown truckin' number in a cabaret sequence, stood De Lawd himself, snapping candid camera shots of the proceedings. Probably for future reference, when those sinners appear at the pearly gates to plead their cases before a dusky Saint Peter.

■ ■ ■

Katharine Hepburn once lived in a house which, according to rumors, was haunted. One room was said to be so filled with moans and sighs that the Hepburn dogs would not venture across its threshold. Eventually La Hepburn moved out, and today the house is occupied by guess whom? No fooling, it's inhabited by Boris Karloff and rumor has it that when he moved in the ghosts walked out. After the first night *they* were convinced the house was haunted!

■ ■ ■

Josef von Sternberg is a changed man. He even speaks to the hired help, and is known in some circles as Jovial Joe. As an example of how he speaks to anyone these days, look at this: During the shooting of a scene his attention was distracted by a man standing within the range of the camera. "Sir," said Joe, "you're in the way here. Who are you?" "I'm an electrician," replied the guy. "I work on this set." "You will do me a favor," returned Joe in his most democratic manner, "by being an electrician some place where I can't see you."

■ ■ ■

Next time Gary Cooper goes in for any Good Samaritan work, he's going to do it with gloves on. Seems he was strolling around his swimming pool one day when he noticed a half-drowned bee clinging to a floating stick. Full of good intentions,

(*Continued on page 124*)

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The publishers of MODERN SCREEN guarantee that you will be satisfied with your purchase of every packaged product advertised in this magazine. If for any reason you are dissatisfied, MODERN SCREEN will replace the product or, if you prefer, refund your purchase price. In either case all you have to do is to send us the unused portion, accompanied by a letter outlining your complaint. This guarantee also applies if the product, in your opinion does not justify the claims made in its advertising in MODERN SCREEN

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Although we make every effort to insure the accuracy of this index, we take no responsibility for an occasional omission or inadvertent error.

THE WORST SKIN IN TOWN!

Now It's Smooth, Lovely

This advertisement is based on an actual experience reported in an unsolicited letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

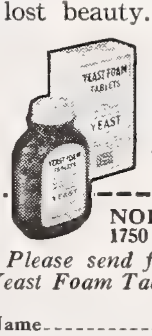
Bernice G Rittinger
NOTARY PUBLIC

"I had the worst skin in town. Everything I tried failed to help."
"I simply didn't know what to do ... then my husband brought home some Yeast Foam Tablets."
"Now my skin's so smooth and clear—I'm not afraid to dress up and go out anywhere."

TRUTH—not advertising claims—is what you want if you're one of the thousands embarrassed by ugly skin blemishes, eruptions and pimples. So take heart from the true experience shown above. For it is typical of countless grateful letters from women who have used these pleasant-tasting Yeast Foam Tablets to conquer stubborn skin trouble and regain alluring beauty.

If poisons in your system have robbed you of beauty, too—marred your skin with ugly blemishes—try Yeast Foam Tablets at once. The vital corrective elements they supply rid the body of these poisons easily, quickly, naturally—remove the real cause of lost beauty. And give you again the clear, alluring skin that men admire.

Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today—and refuse substitutes. Send for Free Sample.



NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.,
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets. M.M.5-36

Name____________________________
Address__________________________
City________________State________

MORE GOOD NEWS...

(Above, left to right) Snapped here and there in the Hollywood whirl—Ken Dolan and Frances Langford at the Screen Guild Ball. Next, Paulette Goddard and Charlie Chaplin say a few words into the "mike" at the premiere of "Modern Times." Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow go to see Myrna's new film, "Wife vs. Secretary."

Eddie Sutherland and Loretta Young, together quite a bit of late, pictured at the left. And below, Joan Crawford, Jimmy Cagney and Donald Woods put their heads together to make the Screen Guild Ball a success. Need we add that it was just that?

(*Continued from page 122*)

Gary fished the bee out and was about to set it in a sunny spot to recuperate when the little friend let him have it. Gary, stung and bitter, now has a new policy regarding bees. It's *Sink or Swim.*

* * *

Thirteen is Walter Connolly's lucky number. His thirteenth picture, "Whom the Gods Destroy," was his first starring vehicle; he served for thirteen months in the Thirteenth Division of the Marine Corps during the war. Just now he has rented a home in Beverly Hills which has an address—616—which totals thirteen. And when his studio sees this, Walter is hoping they will immediately give him thirteen times as much money as he's getting now.

* * *

If you ever have a butler and a cook you're planning to fire, don't follow Gloria Stuart's method. Gloria and hubby Arthur Sheekman, burdened with a surly butler and his more disagreeable wife, decided to let them go. Neither was brave enough to fire them, so Gloria hit upon a swell idea. She went to the couple and told them she and her husband were leaving for Hawaii, to be gone indefinitely. That was too bad, said the butler, and what boat were they going on? Gloria named a boat and a date, and the butler and his wife said, rather suspiciously, that they would be on hand to see the Sheekmans off. Gloria grew more frantic as the date approached, and she finally rushed out and booked passage on the boat. So the Sheekmans, who didn't want to go anywhere, sailed meekly for Hawaii while the butler and his wife looked on. They say it was a grand trip.

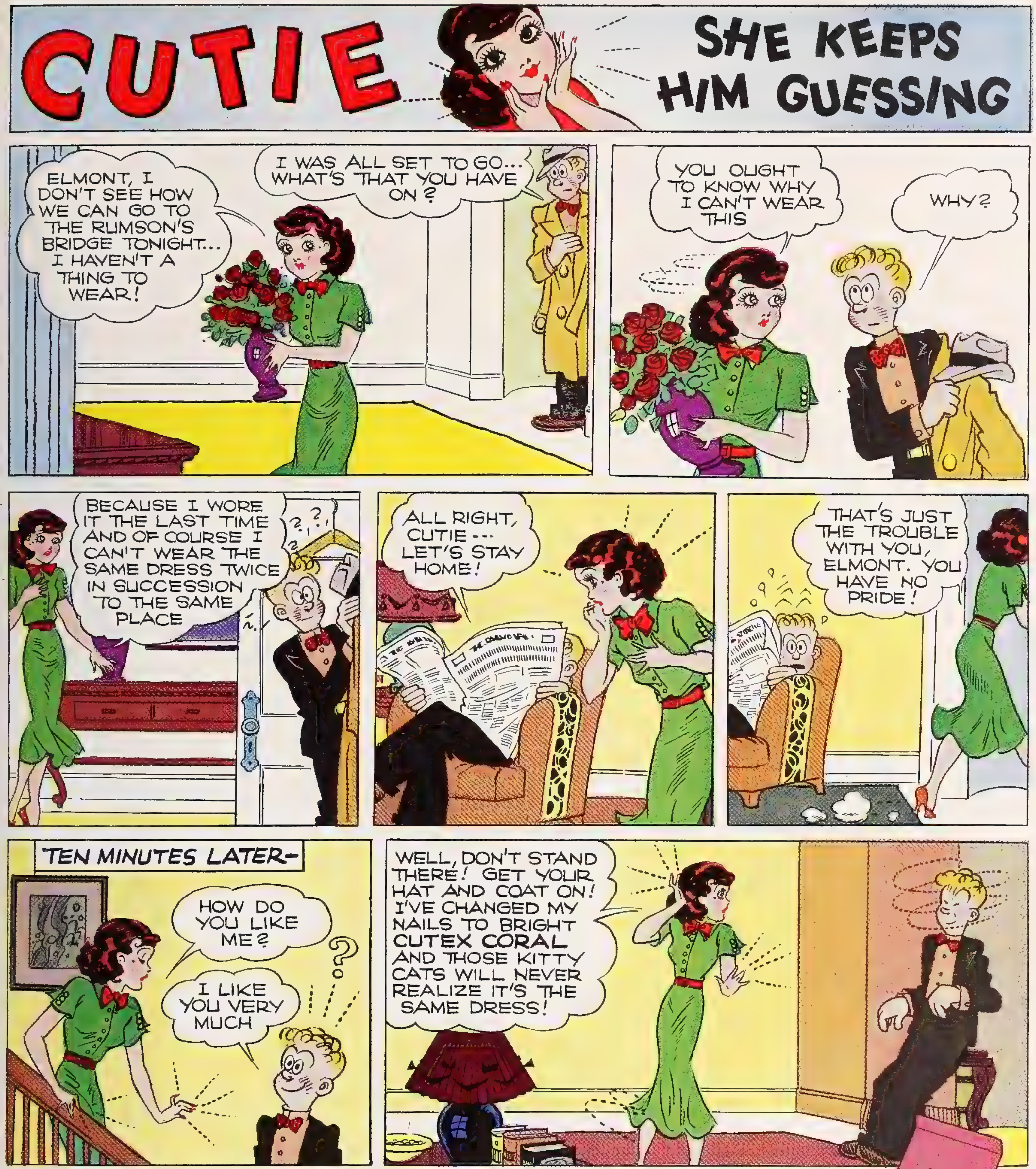
* * *

Many honors have been bestowed on Grace Moore during her varied career in the concert halls and on the stage, but she claims her greatest compliment to date is the contented moo of the cow she milked while singing Kreisler's "Love's Joy" in "The King Steps Out." How about that, Gladys Swarthout, Lily Pons and Jeanette MacDonald? Do cows moo for you, or don't you care?

* * *

What prominent comedian, at a resort for a "rest cure," can't avoid people who want to see him, no matter how hard he tries. His friends can always locate him, even when he wanders off into the desert for solitary contemplation, for he leaves an unmistakable trail of miniature bottles of scotch—mute and empty testimony that their former owner is somewhere in the vicinity.

Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.


CUTIE
SHE KEEPS HIM GUESSING
ELMONT, I DON'T SEE HOW WE CAN GO TO THE RUMSON'S BRIDGE TONIGHT... I HAVEN'T A THING TO WEAR!
I WAS ALL SET TO GO... WHAT'S THAT YOU HAVE ON?
YOU OUGHT TO KNOW WHY I CAN'T WEAR THIS
WHY?
BECAUSE I WORE IT THE LAST TIME AND OF COURSE I CAN'T WEAR THE SAME DRESS TWICE IN SUCCESSION TO THE SAME PLACE
ALL RIGHT, CUTIE--- LET'S STAY HOME!
THAT'S JUST THE TROUBLE WITH YOU, ELMONT. YOU HAVE NO PRIDE!
TEN MINUTES LATER-
HOW DO YOU LIKE ME?
I LIKE YOU VERY MUCH
WELL, DON'T STAND THERE! GET YOUR HAT AND COAT ON! I'VE CHANGED MY NAILS TO BRIGHT CUTEX CORAL AND THOSE KITTY CATS WILL NEVER REALIZE IT'S THE SAME DRESS!

CUTEX
Coral
LIQUID POLISH
CUTEX
LIQUID POLISH
Coral

It's a fact—the New Bright Cutex Nails make your oldest dress look new!

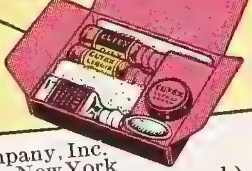
LOOK at the best dressed girls in theatres, at restaurants, at bridge parties, and see if they aren't wearing the new bright nails!

See if Cutex Ruby Nails don't pep up your oldest black "rag" and make it look new and important. Try Cutex Coral or Rust with green and Cutex Cardinal with navy blue this spring. You'll look twice as smart!

And Cutex never blotches, you know. It flows on smoothly and evenly—and *stays* on your nails without cracking, peeling or chipping.

8 smart shades to choose from. Crème or Clear—35¢ a bottle at your favorite store—stock up today!

Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London, Paris



Your 2 favorite shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, Polish Remover and sample of Lipstick for 14¢

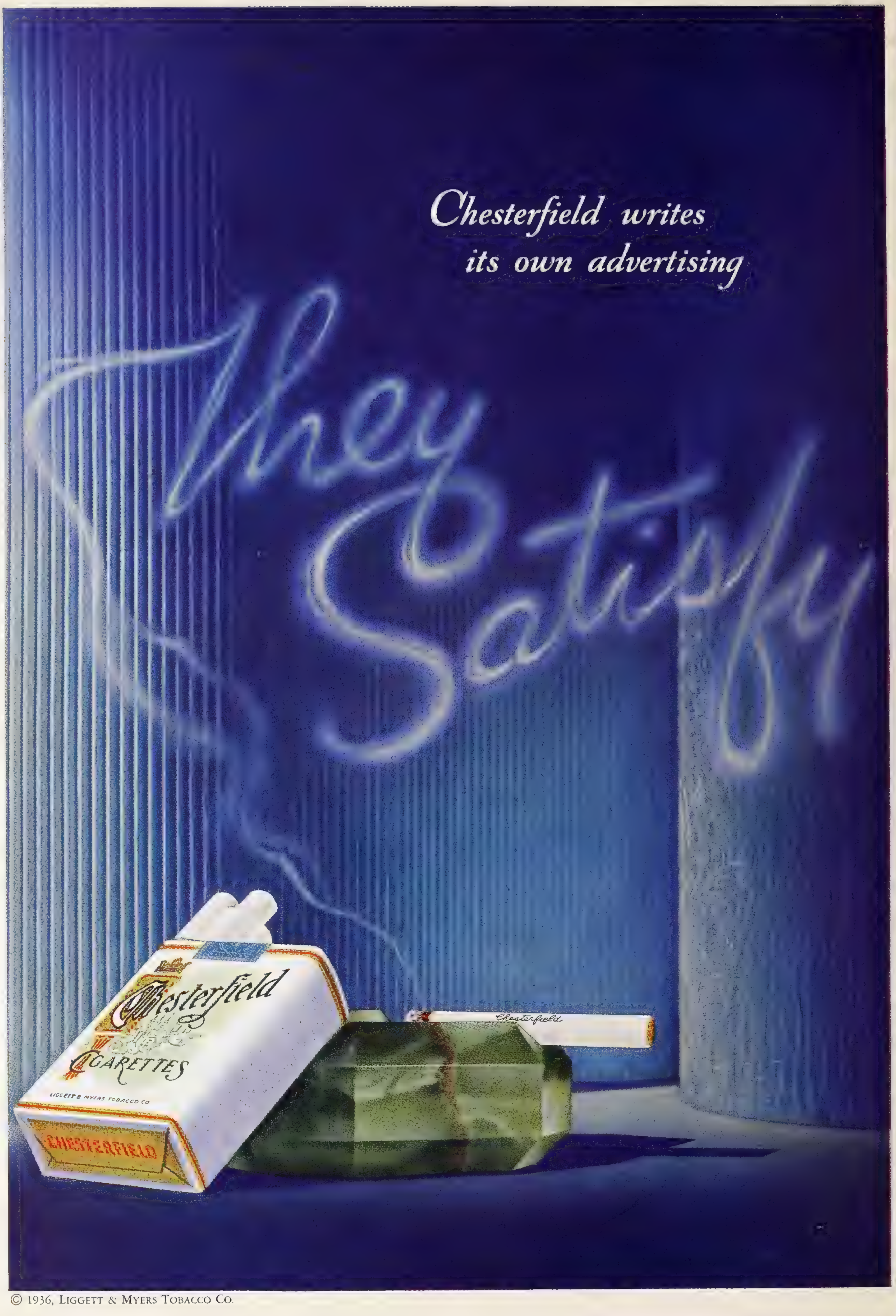
Northam Warren Sales Company, Inc.
Dept. 6-M-5 191 Hudson St., New York
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal.)

I enclose 14¢ for 2 shades of Cutex Polish, as checked, and Polish Remover. Coral ☐ Cardinal ☐ Rust ☐ Ruby ☐
(Also sample of Cutex Lipstick will be included)

Name

Address

City State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its own advertising
They Satisfy
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Cigarettes
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co
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HE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE

Modern Screen

JUNE 36

10
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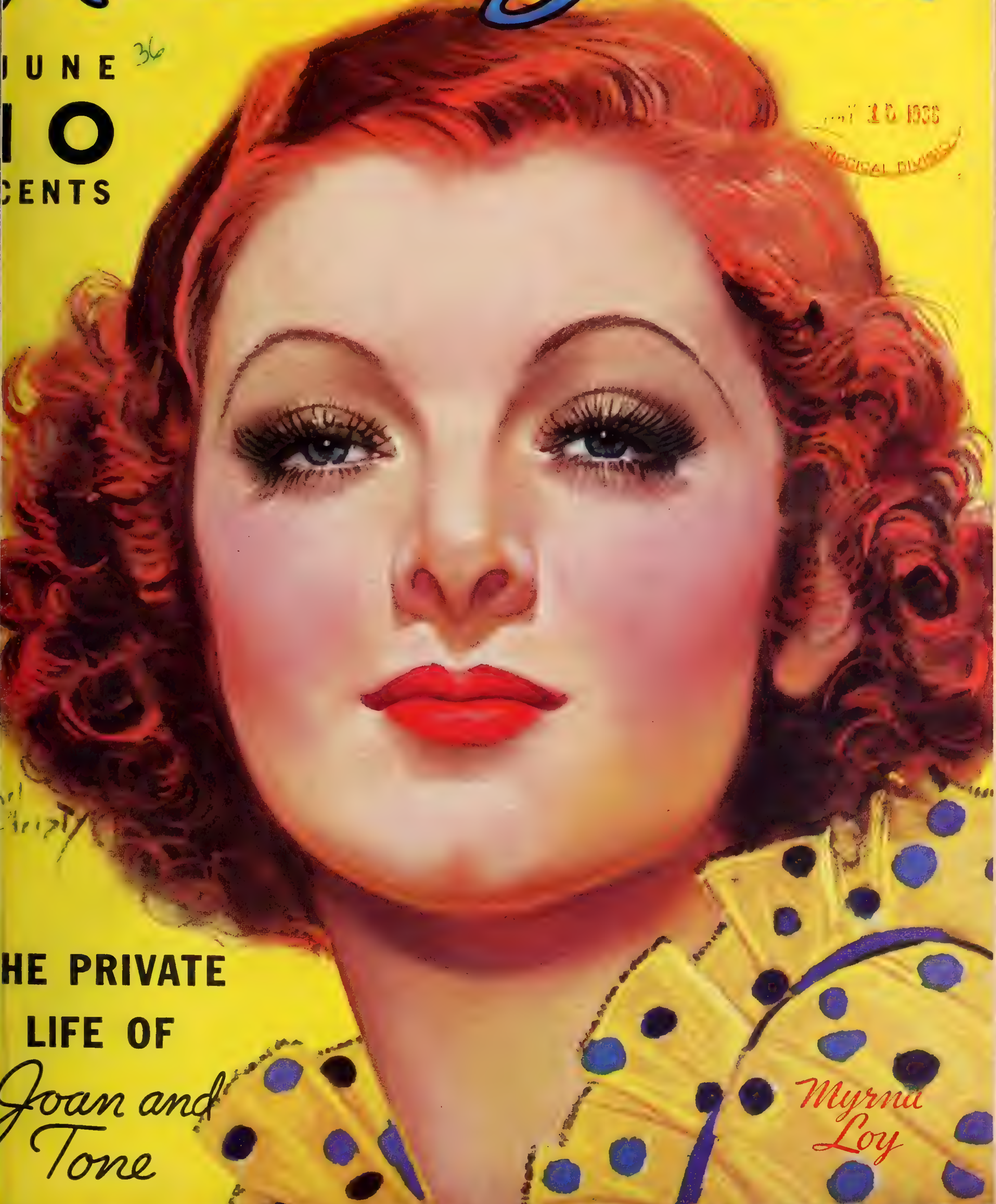
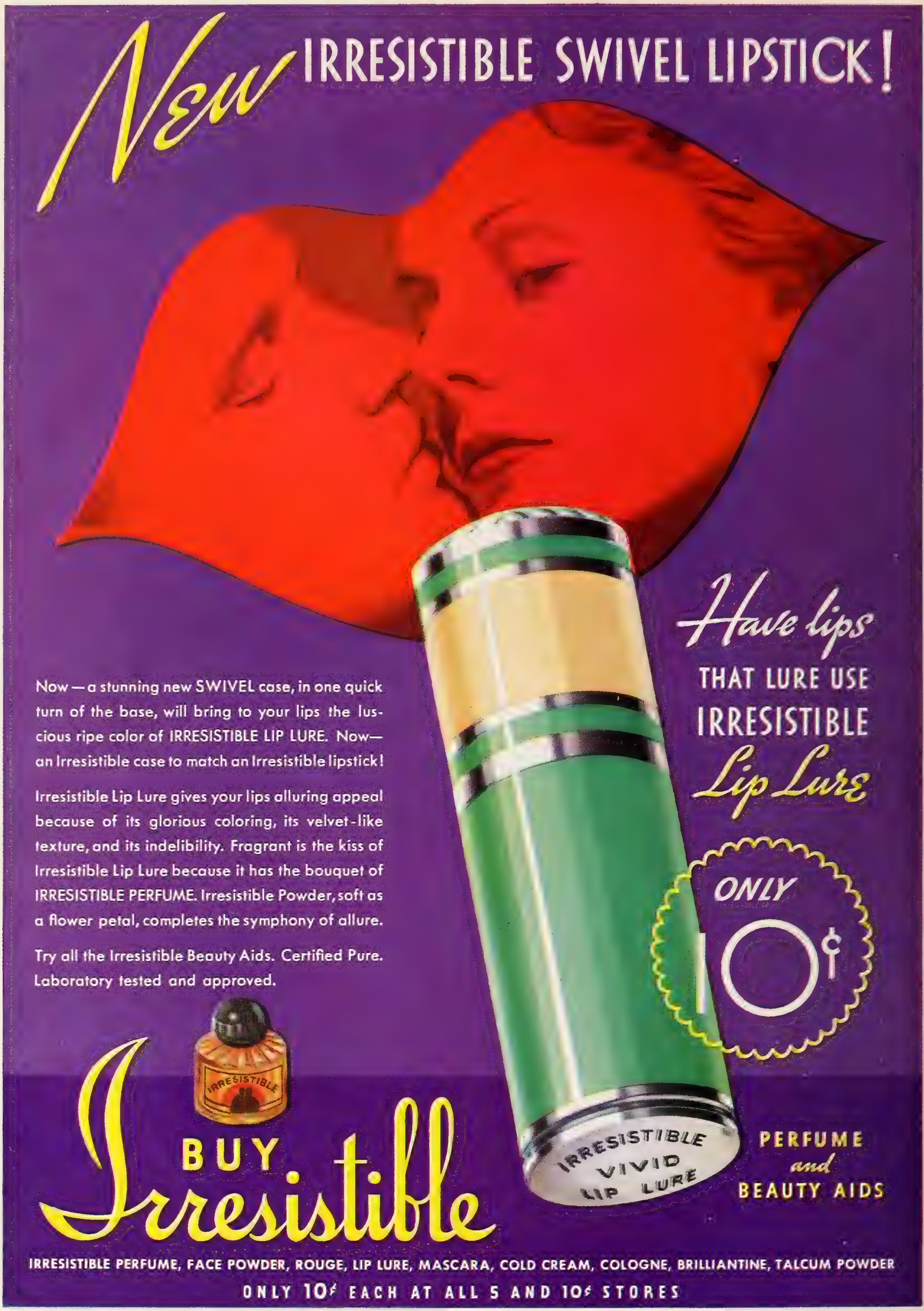
Y 16 1936
PERIODICAL DIVISION



HE PRIVATE
LIFE OF
*Joan and
Tone*



New IRRESISTIBLE SWIVEL LIPSTICK!

Now—a stunning new SWIVEL case, in one quick turn of the base, will bring to your lips the luscious ripe color of IRRESISTIBLE LIP LURE. Now—an Irresistible case to match an Irresistible lipstick!

Irresistible Lip Lure gives your lips alluring appeal because of its glorious coloring, its velvet-like texture, and its indelibility. Fragrant is the kiss of Irresistible Lip Lure because it has the bouquet of IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. Irresistible Powder, soft as a flower petal, completes the symphony of allure.

Try all the Irresistible Beauty Aids. Certified Pure. Laboratory tested and approved.

Have lips
THAT LURE USE
IRRESISTIBLE
Lip Lure

ONLY
10¢

BUY
Irresistible

PERFUME
and
BEAUTY AIDS

IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME, FACE POWDER, ROUGE, LIP LURE, MASCARA, COLD CREAM, COLOGNE, BRILLIANTINE, TALCUM POWDER

ONLY 10¢ EACH AT ALL 5 AND 10¢ STORES

"Appalling!"

SAYS DOWAGER

A DOWAGER AND A DENTIST BATTLE ABOUT A TURKEY LEG

"Sensible!"

SAYS DENTIST

(*But the civilized way to build firm gums is* IPANA *and* MASSAGE)

You know any matron would say: "That picture is disgraceful. I see no excuse for such outrageous manners." And she's right. There is no excuse—*socially*.

But your dentist will retort: "Excuse?—The picture *needs* no excuse! I hope everyone sees it. More vigorous, energetic chewing like that, and a lot of gum troubles would vanish completely."

Dental science points out this fact—our gums need work, activity, exercise... and our modern soft-food diet does *not* give it to them. It's our creamy, well-cooked foods that are primarily to blame for sensitive, ailing gums—for the more frequent appearance of that dental warning—"pink tooth brush."

"Pink Tooth Brush" is a warning

"Pink tooth brush" is simply a distress signal! When you see it—*see* your dentist. The chances are relatively small that you are in for a serious gum disorder — *but your dentist should make the decision*. Usually, however, it only means gums that have grown tender and flabby under our modern soft food diet—gums that need more exercise, more stimulation—and as your dentist will so often advise—gums that need the help of Ipana and massage.

Ipana is especially designed to benefit your gums as well as clean your teeth. Rub a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. You'll feel those lazy gums quicken. You'll feel new circulation waken the tissues and soon you'll feel a new healthy firmness in the gum walls themselves ... So improve your good looks. Heighten the charm of your smile. Make a definite start toward *complete* oral health ... Change to Ipana and massage today.

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
NEW YORK
IPANA plus massage is the dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums.

MAY -1 1936

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YESTERDAY
TIRED...
NERVOUS...
BILIOUS...

TODAY—
FRESH, RESTED,
FEELING FINE

HERE'S HOW I DID IT

"A friend told me how to clear up that logy, bilious, 'all-run-down' condition caused by constipation. Before I went to bed last night, I chewed delicious FEEN-A-MINT for 3 minutes.* It's this *chewing*, they tell me, that makes FEEN-A-MINT so much more effective. Well, it worked wonders for me. Today I'm fresh and rested—feel like a new person. This easy 3-minute way is so much nicer than taking harsh, griping, 'gulped' cathartics."

FEEN-A-MINT is fine for children too. No urging necessary to make them take FEEN-A-MINT, because they love its cool, fresh, minty chewing-gum flavor. And it's not habit-forming. Go to your druggist today and get a generous family-sized supply of delicious FEEN-A-MINT. Only 15c or 25c. Slightly higher in Canada.

*Longer if you wish.

THE 3 MINUTE WAY

THREE MINUTES OF CHEWING MAKE THE *difference!*

FOR ADULTS AND CHILDREN
Feen-a-mint
THE CHEWING GUM
LAXATIVE
NO TASTE BUT THE MINT

MODERN SCREEN

REGINA CANNON, EDITOR
ADELIA BIRD, Associate Editor
ABRIL LAMARQUE, Art Editor
LEO TOWNSEND, Hollywood Editor

NOW SHOWING

THEY LOVE TO SAVE .... Whitney Williams 14
Amazing economies of the stars

ABSENT-MINDED LIZ .... Dora Albert 18
Elizabeth Allan just "forgets"

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Meet Mr. and Mrs. Tone at home

SECOND CHANCE .... Ruth Rankin 36
Eric Linden's new climb to fame

LOMBARD, LTD. .... Muriel Babcock 38
Carole's pal, Fieldsie

HOLLYWOOD'S BAD BOY .... J. Eugene Chrisman 40
And it's Wally Beery!

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Helen Vinson admits she is

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The Shirley gal is lucky that way

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WHY BART MARSHALL "GETS" YOU! .... Faith Service 54
You'll be intrigued, too

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DO YOU BELIEVE IN MIRACLES? .... Madame Sylvia 60
You will after this

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You'll want them all

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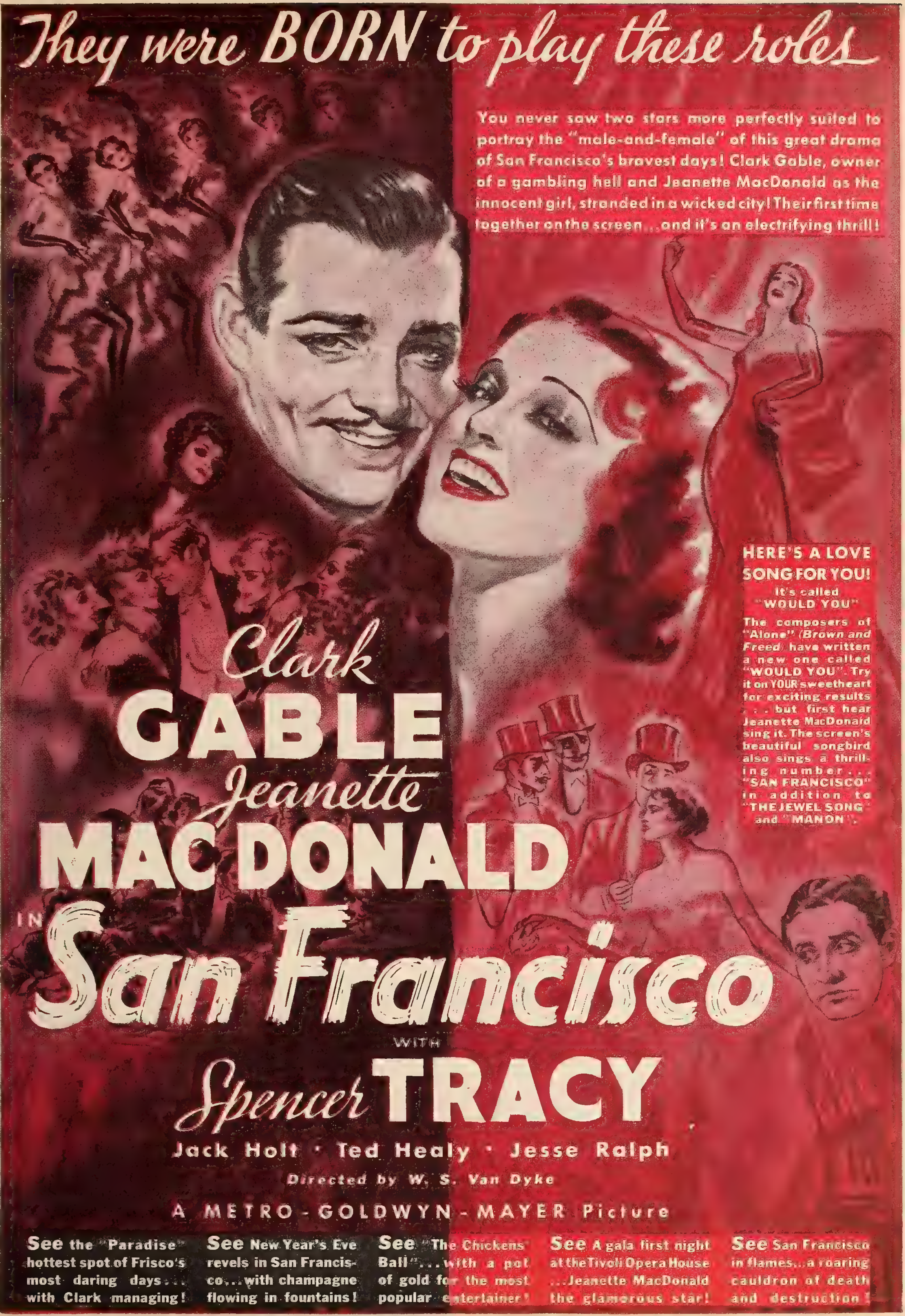


They were BORN to play these roles

You never saw two stars more perfectly suited to portray the "male-and-female" of this great drama of San Francisco's bravest days! Clark Gable, owner of a gambling hell and Jeanette MacDonald as the innocent girl, stranded in a wicked city! Their first time together on the screen . . . and it's an electrifying thrill!

HERE'S A LOVE SONG FOR YOU!

It's called "WOULD YOU"

The composers of "Alone" *(Brown and Freed)* have written a new one called "WOULD YOU". Try it on YOUR sweetheart for exciting results . . . but first hear Jeanette MacDonald sing it. The screen's beautiful songbird also sings a thrilling number . . . "SAN FRANCISCO" in addition to "THE JEWEL SONG" and "MANON".

Clark
GABLE
Jeanette
MAC DONALD
IN
San Francisco
WITH
Spencer **TRACY**

Jack Holt · Ted Healy · Jesse Ralph

Directed by W. S. Van Dyke

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture

See the "Paradise" hottest spot of Frisco's most daring days . . . with Clark managing!

See New Year's Eve revels in San Francisco . . . with champagne flowing in fountains!

See "The Chickens' Ball" . . . with a pot of gold for the most popular entertainer!

See A gala first night at the Tivoli Opera House . . . Jeanette MacDonald the glamorous star!

See San Francisco in flames . . . a roaring cauldron of death and destruction!

MODERN SCREEN MOVIE SCOREBOARD

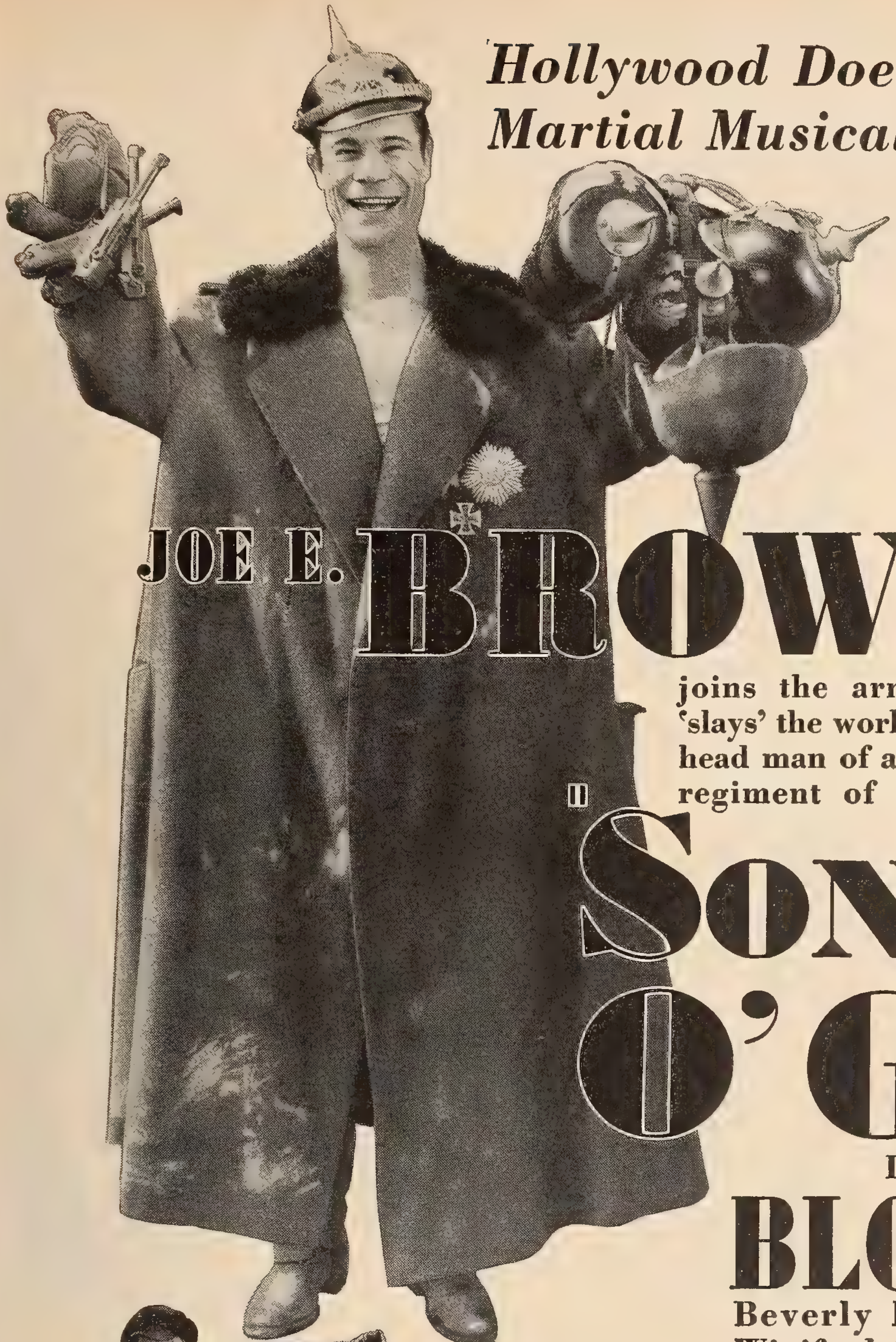
Picture and Producer	General Rating
Accent on Youth (Paramount)	3★
Ah, Wilderness (M-G-M)	4★
Alias Bulldog Drummond (GB)	2★
Alias Mary Dow (Universal)	2★
Alice Adams (RKO)	4★
Anna Karenina (M-G-M)	4★
Annapolis Farewell (Paramount)	2½★
Annie Oakley (RKO)	4★
Anything Goes (Paramount)	3★
The Arizonian (RKO)	3★
Bad Boy (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Barbary Coast (United Artists)	3★
Becky Sharp (RKO)	3★
The Bishop Misbehaves (M-G-M)	3★
The Bohemian Girl (M-G-M)	2½★
Boulder Dam (Warners)	1★
Break of Hearts (RKO)	3★
The Bride Comes Home (Paramount)	3★
Brides Are Like That (First National)	2½★
Bright Lights (First National)	3★
Broadway Hostess (First National)	1★
Broadway Melody of 1936 (M-G-M)	4★
Call of the Wild (20th Century)	3★
The Calling of Dan Matthews (Columbia)	1★
Captain Blood (Warners)	4★
Case of the Curious Bride (First National)	3★
The Case of the Lucky Legs (First National)	2★
Ceiling Zero (Warners)	4★
Charlie Chan at the Circus (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Charlie Chan in Shanghai (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Charlie Chan's Secret (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Chatterbox (RKO)	2★
China Seas (M-G-M)	4★
Clive of India (20th Century)	4★
Colleen (Warners)	3★
Collegiate (Paramount)	2½★
Coronado (Paramount)	1★
The Country Doctor (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Crime and Punishment (Columbia)	3★
The Crime of Dr. Crespi (John H. Auer)	2★
The Crusades (Paramount)	4★
Curly Top (Fox)	3★
Dancing Feet (Republic)	2★
Dangerous (Warners)	3½★
Dangerous Waters (Universal)	2★
Dante's Inferno (Fox)	2★
The Dark Angel (Sam Goldwyn)	4★
The Daring Young Man (Fox)	2★
David Copperfield (M-G-M)	5★
Diamond Jim (Universal)	3★
Don't Bet on Blondes (Warners)	2★
Don't Gamble with Love (Columbia)	1½★
Don't Get Personal (Universal)	1★
Drift Fence (Paramount)	2★
Dr. Socrates (Warners)	2★
East of Java (Universal)	2★
Escapade (M-G-M)	3★
Escape Me Never (United Artists)	3★
Everybody's Old Man (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Every Night at Eight (Paramount)	2★
Every Saturday Night (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Exclusive Story (M-G-M)	2½★
Fang and Claw (RKO)	2★
The Farmer in the Dell (RKO)	1½★
The Farmer Takes a Wife (Fox)	3★
A Feather in Her Hat (Columbia)	2★
First a Girl (GB)	2½★
The Flame Within (M-G-M)	2★
Follow the Fleet (RKO)	4★
Freshman Love (Warners)	2★
Frisco Kid (Warners)	3★
Front Page Woman (Warners)	3★
The Garden Murder Case (M-G-M)	2½★
The Gay Deception (20th Century-Fox)	3★
The Ghost Goes West (United Artists)	4★
Ginger (Fox)	3★
The Girl Friend (Columbia)	1★
Goose and the Gander (First National)	2★
Grand Exit (Columbia)	1★
The Great Impersonation (Universal)	2★

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Hands Across the Table (Paramount)	3★
Harmony Lane (Mascot)	2★
Hell Ship Morgan (Columbia)	2★
Here Comes Cookie (Paramount)	3★
Here Comes the Band (M-G-M)	1★
Here's to Romance (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Hold 'Em Yale (Paramount)	3★
Hooray for Love (RKO)	2★
I Dream Too Much (RKO)	3★
I Found Stella Parish (Warners)	2★
If You Could Only Cook (Columbia)	4★
I Live for Love (Warners)	2★
I Live My Life (M-G-M)	2★
The Informer (RKO)	4★
In Person (RKO)	2★
The Invisible Ray (Universal)	1½★
The Irish in Us (First National)	3★
It Had to Happen (20th Century-Fox)	2★
It Happened in New York (Universal)	3★
It's in the Air (M-G-M)	2★
Jalna (RKO)	3★
Java Head (First Division)	2★
King of Burlesque (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
King of the Damned (GB)	1½★
King Solomon of Broadway (Universal)	1★
Klondike Annie (Paramount)	1★
The Lady Consents (RKO)	2★
Lady of Secrets (Columbia)	1★
Lady Tubbs (Universal)	2★
The Last Days of Pompeii (RKO)	4★
Last of the Pagans (M-G-M)	2★
The Last Outpost (Paramount)	2★
The Leathernecks Have Landed (Republic)	3★
The Leavenworth Case (Republic)	2★
Let 'Em Have It (United Artists)	3★
Let's Live Tonight (Columbia)	2★
Little Big Shot (Warners)	2★
The Littlest Rebel (20th Century-Fox)	3★
The Lone Wolf Returns (Columbia)	2★
Love Before Breakfast (Universal)	2½★
Love on a Bet (RKO)	1½★
Loves of a Dictator (GB)	3★
Mad Love (M-G-M)	2★
Magnificent Obsession (Universal)	2½★
Manhattan Moon (Universal)	1★
Man Hunt (Warners)	2★
Man of Iron (Warners)	1★
The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Mary Burns, Fugitive (Paramount)	3★
The Melody Lingers On (United Artists)	2★
Men of Tomorrow (London Films)	1★
Metropolitan (20th Century-Fox)	4★
A Midsummer Night's Dream (Warners)	5★
The Milky Way (Paramount)	4★
Millions in the Air (Paramount)	1★
Mississippi (Paramount)	3★
Miss Pacific Fleet (Warners)	1½★
Mr. Cohen Takes a Walk (Warners)	2½★
Mister Hobo (GB)	2★
Modern Times (United Artists)	4★
Moonlight Murder (M-G-M)	2½★
The Morals of Marcus (GB)	1★
Murder Man (M-G-M)	2★
The Murder of Dr. Harrigan (First National)	2★
The Music Goes 'Round (Columbia)	2★
Music is Magic (20th Century-Fox)	1½★
Muss 'Em Up (RKO)	2★
Mutiny on the Bounty (M-G-M)	4★
Naughty Marietta (M-G-M)	4★
Navy Wife (20th Century-Fox)	2★
New Adventures of Tarzan (Republic)	1★
Next Time We Love (Universal)	3★
A Night at the Opera (M-G-M)	4★
No More Ladies (M-G-M)	3★
Old Curiosity Shop (BIP)	2½★
$1000 a Minute (Republic)	2★
One Way Ticket (Columbia)	2½★
Orchids to You (Fox)	2★

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Paddy O'Day (20th Century-Fox)	1½★
Page Miss Glory (Warners)	3★
Paris in Spring (Paramount)	3★
The Perfect Gentleman (M-G-M)	2★
Personal Maid's Secret (Warners)	2★
Peter Ibbetson (Paramount)	3★
The Petrified Forest (Warners)	4★
Petticoat Fever (M-G-M)	3★
Powdersmoke Range (RKO)	2★
The Preview Murder Mystery (Paramount)	3★
Prisoner of Shark Island (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Professional Soldier (20th Century-Fox)	3★
The Public Menace (Columbia)	1★
The Rainmakers (RKO)	1★
The Raven (Universal)	2★
Red Salute (Reliance-United Artists)	2★
Remember Last Night? (Universal)	2★
Rendezvous (M-G-M)	3★
The Return of Peter Grimm (RKO)	3★
Rhodes, the Diamond Master (GB)	3★
Riffraff (M-G-M)	2½★
Road Gang (Warners)	2½★
Robin Hood of El Dorado (M-G-M)	2½★
Rose Marie (M-G-M)	4★
Rose of the Rancho (Paramount)	2★
Scrooge (Hagen-Twickenham)	2½★
Seven Keys to Baldpate (RKO)	2★
Shanghai (Paramount)	2★
She (RKO)	2★
She Couldn't Take It (Columbia)	2½★
She Married Her Boss (Columbia)	4★
Shipmates Forever (First National)	3★
A Shot in the Dark (Chesterfield)	2★
Show Them No Mercy (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Silk Hat Kid (Fox)	1★
Smart Girl (Paramount)	2★
Snowed Under (First National)	2★
Soak the Rich (Paramount)	2½★
Song and Dance Man (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Song of the Saddle (Warners)	2★
So Red the Rose (Paramount)	3★
Special Agent (Warners)	2★
Splendor (Samuel Goldwyn)	2★
Stars Over Broadway (Warners)	3★
Steamboat Round the Bend (Fox)	3★
The Story of Louis Pasteur (Warners)	4★
Strike Me Pink (Samuel Goldwyn)	3★
Sutter's Gold (Universal)	2½★
Sylvia Scarlett (RKO)	2½★
A Tale of Two Cities (M-G-M)	5★
Thanks a Million (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
These Three (Samuel Goldwyn)	4★
The 39 Steps (GB)	4★
This is the Life (20th Century-Fox)	2★
The Three Godfathers (M-G-M)	2★
Three Kids and a Queen (Universal)	2★
Three Live Ghosts (M-G-M)	2★
The Three Musketeers (RKO)	3★
Thunder in the Night (Fox)	2★
To Beat the Band (RKO)	2★
Too Tough to Kill (Columbia)	1★
Top Hat (RKO)	4★
Tough Guy (M-G-M)	2½★
The Trail of the Lonesome Pine (Paramount)	2½★
Transatlantic Tunnel (GB)	3★
The Triumph of Sherlock Holmes (GB)	2★
Two in the Dark (RKO)	2½★
Two for Tonight (Paramount)	1★
The Voice of Bugle Ann (M-G-M)	2½★
The Walking Dead (Warners)	2★
Way Down East (20th Century-Fox)	2★
We're in the Money (Warners)	2★
We're Only Human (RKO)	2★
Whipsaw (M-G-M)	2½★
The Widow from Monte Carlo (Warners)	2★
Wife vs. Secretary (M-G-M)	3★
Woman Trap (Paramount)	1½★
Your Uncle Dudley (20th Century-Fox)	2★

You'll find this chart simple to follow and a valuable guide in choosing film entertainment. Instead of giving you the individual ratings of Modern Screen and authoritative newspaper movie critics all over the country, we have struck an average of their ratings. You'll find this average under General Rating. beside each picture. 5★, extraordinary; 4★, very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor.

Hollywood Does A Mirthful Martial Musical Up 'Brown'



JOE E. BROWN

joins the army and 'slays' the world as the head man of a riotous regiment of singing

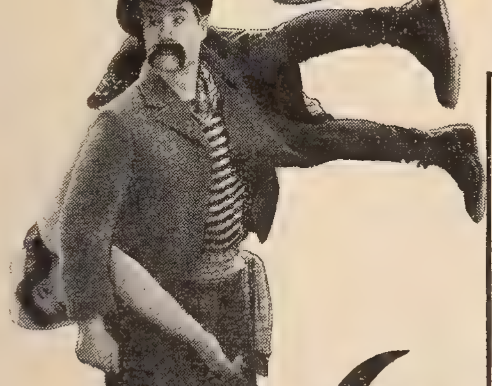
"SONS O' GUNS"

Including Joan

BLONDELL

Beverly Roberts, Eric Blore, Winifred Shaw, Craig Reynolds, Joseph King, Robert Barrat

Those thousands of "Bright Lights" audiences who demanded another song-and-dance show for Joe have had their way! Warner Bros. went right out and bought that famous stage musical 'Sons O' Guns,' equipped it with an uproarious cast and all modern conveniences including new Warren and Dubin songs, and a passionate apache dance number by Joe that stops the show. The riotous results emerge as the month's top entertainment.

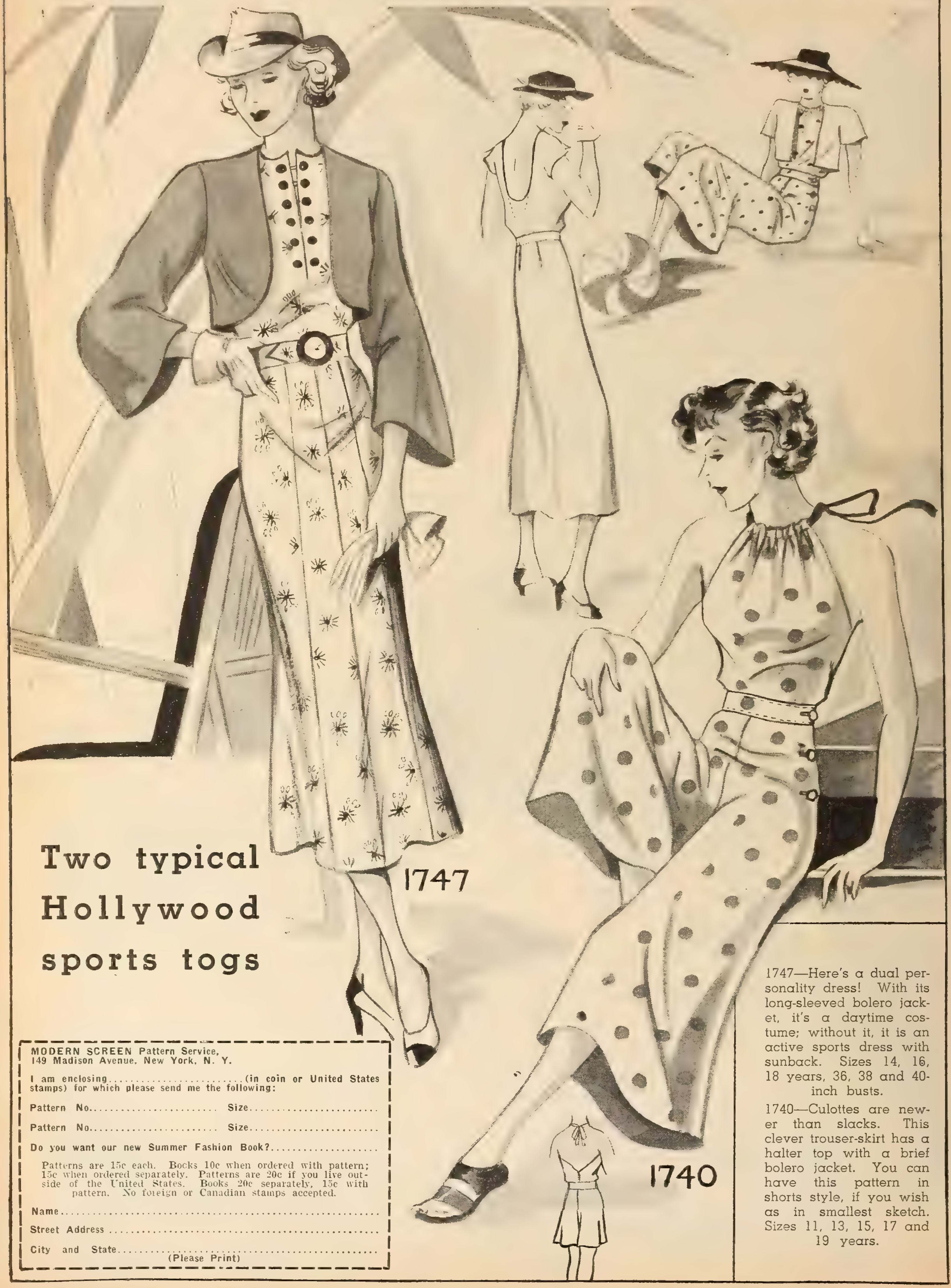


TAKE A BOW, LLOYD BACON, FOR YOUR DIRECTION

And the Same To You, Warren & Dubin, for These Great Songs
"A Buck And A Quarter A Day", "Put On A Uniform", "In The Arms Of An Army Man"

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

MODERN SCREEN PATTERNS



Two typical Hollywood sports togs

1747—Here's a dual personality dress! With its long-sleeved bolero jacket, it's a daytime costume; without it, it is an active sports dress with sunback. Sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40-inch busts.

1740—Culottes are newer than slacks. This clever trouser-skirt has a halter top with a brief bolero jacket. You can have this pattern in shorts style, if you wish as in smallest sketch. Sizes 11, 13, 15, 17 and 19 years.

MODERN SCREEN Pattern Service,
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

I am enclosing........................(in coin or United States stamps) for which please send me the following:

Pattern No...................... Size.......................

Pattern No...................... Size.......................

Do you want our new Summer Fashion Book?...................

Patterns are 15c each. Books 10c when ordered with pattern; 15c when ordered separately. Patterns are 20c if you live outside of the United States. Books 20c separately, 15c with pattern. No foreign or Canadian stamps accepted.

Name...

Street Address ....

City and State...
(Please Print)

Gloriously The Screen Surrenders to COLOR!

. . . in the first dancing romance filmed in all the breathless beauty of the new

TECHNICOLOR!

THRILL to a throbbing love story of Old California . . . gay with the laughter of sweet Senoritas . . . alive with the dash of bold caballeros . . . atingle with the music and song and dancing of daring hearts aflame in a land of carefree adventure.

PIONEER PICTURES
presents

DANCING PIRATE

You've never seen anything like the spectacular "Moonlight Dance" . . . and a score of other gasping scenes! ★

A CAST OF HUNDREDS
featuring
CHARLES COLLINS
Dancing idol of Broadway
FRANK MORGAN
Laugh star of 50 hits
STEFFI DUNA
The girl of "La Cucaracha"
Luis Alberni • Victor Varconi
Jack La Rue • **Directed by LLOYD CORRIGAN. Designed in color by ROBERT EDMOND JONES.**
Distributed by ★
RKO RADIO PICTURES

"PIONEER PICTURES COLOR THE WORLD"

Hear the sentimental songs by the hit composers, Rodgers & Hart: "When You Are Dancing the Waltz" and "Are You My Love?"

REVIEWS

A Tour of Today's Talkies

By Leo Townsend

A love scene from "Petticoat Fever," co-starring Robert Montgomery and Myrna Loy, two of the screen's most popular stars.

"The Singing Kid," with Claire Dodd, Jolson and Allen Jenkins. Top, Grace Bradley, Fred MacMurray and Joan Bennett in "13 Hours by Air."

★★★ Captain January (20th Century-Fox)

There's no use saying anything derogatory about a Shirley Temple picture. Whenever you start wishing they'd furnish Shirley with a less antiquated story to back up her talents, you come around to the conclusion that the little lady is so good she doesn't need a story. Certainly, she proves it in "Captain January," for it's the old tale about the nice elderly gent, acting as guardian to the nice little girl and how the nasty truant officer wants to take her away and put her in an institution. With that as her vehicle, Shirley manages to sing, dance and turn on the personality so that when the picture is over you think you've seen something good. What you've actually seen is a child lift ordinary screenfare into the realm of good entertainment by the magic of her presence. As the ward of Guy Kibbee, an aging lighthouse keeper, her best friends are Slim Summerville and Buddy Ebsen. With Summerville and Kibbee, she does a swell burlesque on the Sextet from Lucia, and with Buddy Ebsen she swings into a couple of dance numbers that practically remind you of Eleanor Powell. The antics of Kibbee and Summerville as rivals for the young lady's attentions are often amusing, and the dancing and the comic pan of Buddy Ebsen help things considerably. But it's Shirley who makes the picture what it is.

Preview Postscript

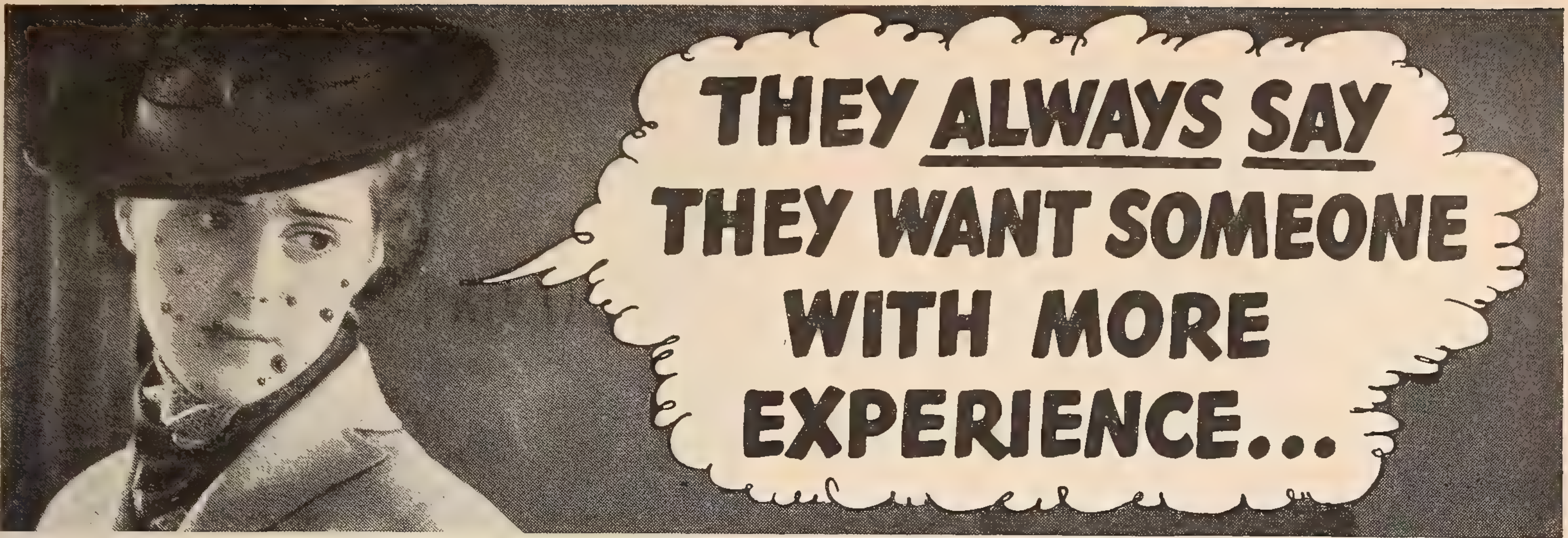
The new Will Rogers Memorial Stage was used for the first time in filming this story. The problem of devising a waterfront which could be used throughout the picture was finally solved by the art and construction department. A tank, 80 feet square, four feet deep, containing 143,616 gallons of water was finally designed within the huge sound-stage. Its weight of 1,197,216 pounds required special underpinning beneath the floor. Two full-rigged fishing boats and a coast-guard cutter floated upon the artificial sea during the filming. Agitators on three sides, manned by crews of husky workmen, created realistic waves, while vaporized mineral oil, cooled over dry ice, provided fog which clung close to the water. The only accident which occurred was when Shirley Temple became seasick . . . This is Shirley's eighth film and she has yet to see her eighth birthday. Recently a group of learned gents from all over the world came up to the studio to study this little girl's amazing mental make-up. They discovered that Shirley is a bright child, but not a child prodigy—comforting to those who have seen a few of the latter.

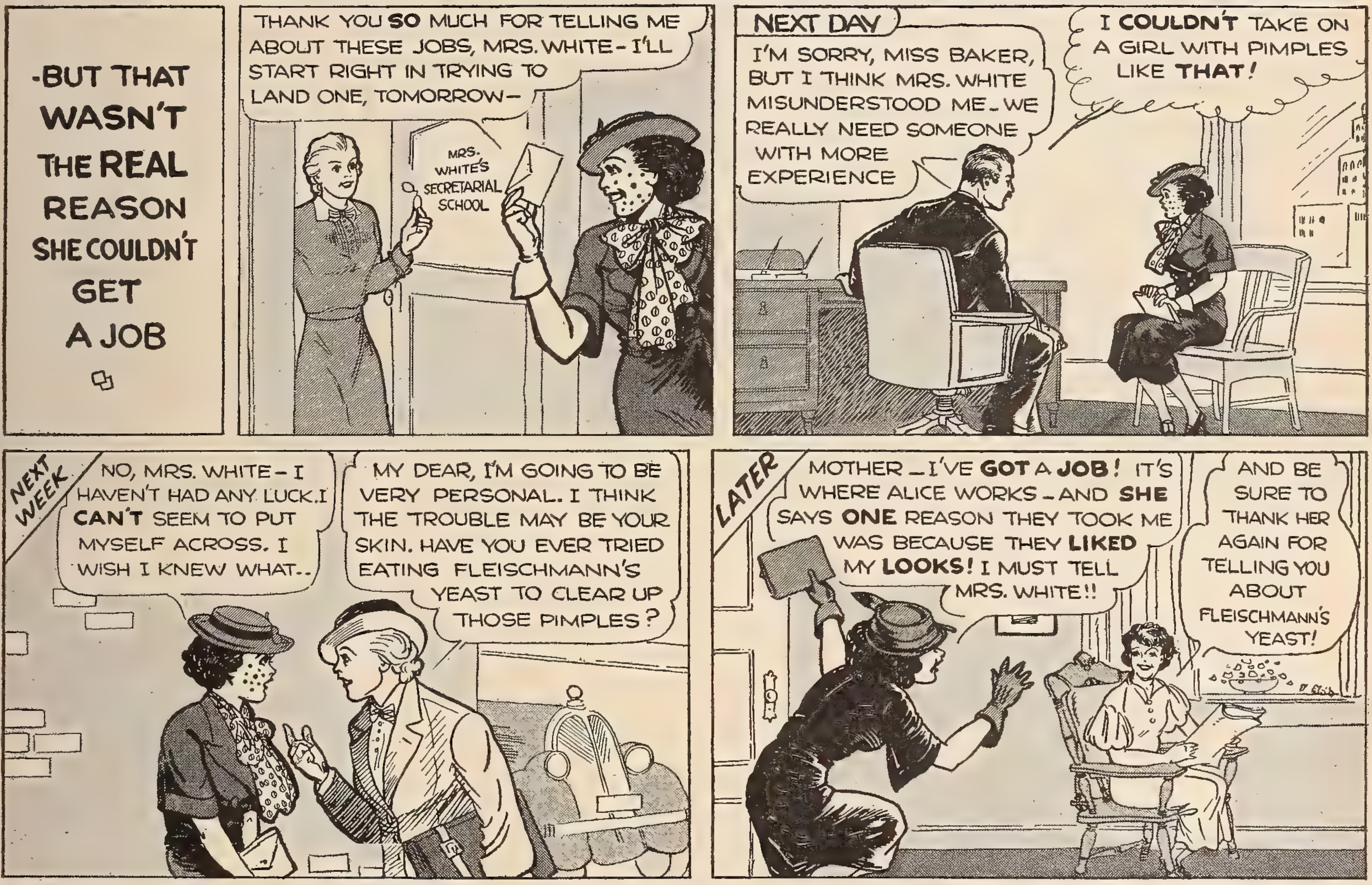
★★★ 13 Hours by Air (Paramount)

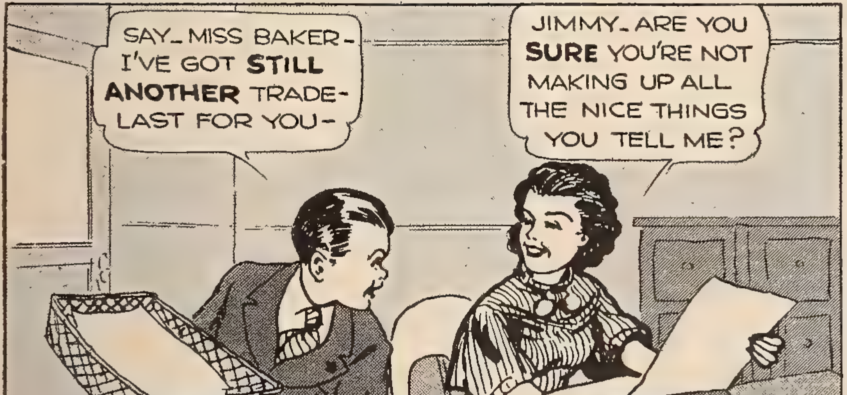
A competent cast, and the outstanding performance of young Benny Bartlett provide seventy minutes of good entertainment. There's a bold and bad killer, one of Uncle Sam's sleuths, a fortune hunter, a jewel thief, a prospective kidnapper and just about everything else you can imagine aboard the de luxe air-liner, including young love. You get interesting slants on commercial flying, too, for most of the action takes place while flitting across country by air. Fred MacMurray is the handsome pilot and Joan Bennett is one of the passengers. With only thirteen hours in which to get acquainted, Fred and Joan seem to waste a lot of time, but that little matter is taken care of, for the ship is forced down by a blizzard in a remote and rugged section of the country. Others in the cast are Brian Donlevy, as the detective, Ruth Donnelly as the air-hostess and ZaSu Pitts as the harassed guardian of young Benny Bartlett. Alan Baxter, Adrienne Marden, Jack Mulhall and Fred Keating are also aboard.

Preview Postscript

Ten million dollars worth of equipment, and 1500 employees, were donated to Paramount Studios for the purpose of making this picture outstanding. W. A. Patterson, president of the United Airlines was the donater, who put the entire line at the studio's disposal . . . Benny Bartlett is nine years old and the sole support of his father, mother, and three small sisters. His father's in a veterans' hospital and until last August when Benny marched into the studio and announced he'd come for a job—and a good one—the Bartletts didn't quite know what to do to keep the family going. Benny's been in four pictures since, and it looks as if he'll be kept busy. (*Continued on page 12*)


THEY ALWAYS SAY THEY WANT SOMEONE WITH MORE EXPERIENCE...


-BUT THAT WASN'T THE REAL REASON SHE COULDN'T GET A JOB
THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR TELLING ME ABOUT THESE JOBS, MRS. WHITE - I'LL START RIGHT IN TRYING TO LAND ONE, TOMORROW-
MRS. WHITE'S SECRETARIAL SCHOOL
NEXT DAY
I'M SORRY, MISS BAKER, BUT I THINK MRS. WHITE MISUNDERSTOOD ME - WE REALLY NEED SOMEONE WITH MORE EXPERIENCE
I COULDN'T TAKE ON A GIRL WITH PIMPLES LIKE THAT!
NEXT WEEK
NO, MRS. WHITE - I HAVEN'T HAD ANY LUCK. I CAN'T SEEM TO PUT MYSELF ACROSS. I WISH I KNEW WHAT-
MY DEAR, I'M GOING TO BE VERY PERSONAL. I THINK THE TROUBLE MAY BE YOUR SKIN. HAVE YOU EVER TRIED EATING FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST TO CLEAR UP THOSE PIMPLES?
LATER
MOTHER - I'VE GOT A JOB! IT'S WHERE ALICE WORKS - AND SHE SAYS ONE REASON THEY TOOK ME WAS BECAUSE THEY LIKED MY LOOKS! I MUST TELL MRS. WHITE!!
AND BE SURE TO THANK HER AGAIN FOR TELLING YOU ABOUT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST!


SAY - MISS BAKER - I'VE GOT STILL ANOTHER TRADE-LAST FOR YOU-
JIMMY - ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE NOT MAKING UP ALL THE NICE THINGS YOU TELL ME?

Don't let Adolescent Pimples be a handicap to YOU

AFTER the beginning of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or even longer—many young people are troubled by pimples.

During these years, important glands develop and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin gets oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin and pimples break out.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast is often prescribed to help get rid of adolescent pimples. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then—pimples go!

Eat 3 cakes daily—one about ½ hour before each meal. Eat it *regularly*—plain, or in a little water—until your skin clears. Start today!

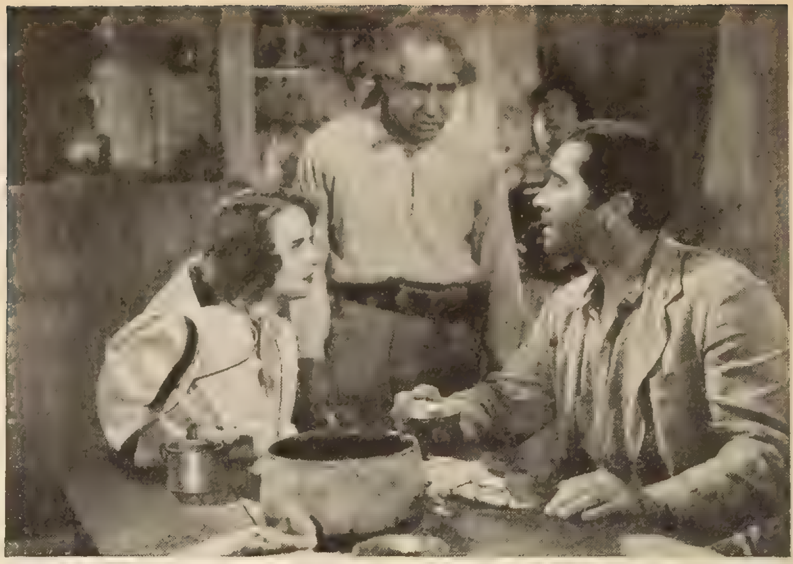
FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated

More REVIEWS



Shirley Temple prompts Jerry Tucker in a classroom scene from "Captain January." Guy Kibbee and Slim Summerville are featured, too.

Warner Baxter and Margo in "Robin Hood of Eldorado." Top, Barbara Stanwyck and John Boles in "A Message to Garcia." Wally Beery is the villain in this.

★★ A Message to Garcia (20th Century-Fox)

Carrying that missive from Washington, D. C., to inland Cuba is a task which includes fighting one's way through miles of swampland and hundreds of treacherous Spaniards, but John Boles, as the handsome U. S. Army Lieutenant, manages to go through all that and meet Wallace Beery and Barbara Stanwyck, besides. According to history that message, when it was handed to General Garcia, led to victory in the Spanish-American fracas in 1898. On the screen its actual delivery is prefaced by such unexciting episodes that one almost wishes it could have been phoned to the good general. Mr. Boles' long trek through the swamps with Miss Stanwyck and Mr. Beery as his companions becomes a trifle monotonous, but the situation brightens when he falls into the hands of the opposition, for you get the idea that something is about to happen. What happens is that the U. S. Army swoops down on the enemy and rescues Mr. Boles, who hands over the message to the General. You'd probably call it Wallace Beery's picture, for he has more audience appeal with his stock "lovable villain" character than have Boles and Stanwyck with nothing to do but carry on a rather phlegmatic romance.

Preview Postscript

This picture was based on Elbert Hubbard's essay, which was inspired by the message sent to General Garcia by President McKinley, and dwelt on the moral of initiative and devotion to duty. Gene Fowler and W. P. Lipscomb did a real job of script-writing in making a scenario from such meager material . . . Most of the picture was filmed in a studio-built jungle and swamp. Part of this, together with a Cuban village, was built as an exterior set on the back lot, occupying 10 acres of the 110-acre studio. Much of it was also built on sound stages where a swamp was filled with a dozen live alligators through which Wally Beery and John Boles had to wade. The alligators were in a hibernating stage when brought to the studio and were made active by being placed in warm water. Two tons of ice were kept close at hand to cool the water should they become dangerously active . . . The role that John Boles plays in this picture parallels his war-time career in the U. S. Secret Service in France. On his return from the war, having no money with which to continue his studies, he took up singing to make a living. The hardest part of his career, though, came during the filming of this picture. He had to go into solitary confinement for three months during the shooting on account of the stubble blooming on his chin . . . To insure realism in the picture, Francois De Valdes, Cuban technical director, had the shirts, machetes, dried tobacco leaf and even the bread which is eaten imported from Cuba.

★★ The Singing Kid (Warners)

Done in the typical Al Jolson manner, it presents the country's Number One mammy shouter in a manner which should meet with the approval of every one of his followers. This time he's a famous musical comedy and radio star, in love with Claire Dodd, who does him in by running off with Lyle Talbot, Al's crooked attorney. Things like that go straight to the heart of a mammy singer, so Al suffers a complete breakdown and is forced to sojourn in the woods for a rest. Here, of course, he meets a simple country girl (Beverly Roberts) and her niece, Miss Sybil Jason. The country life seems to be the life for Al, for it is no time before he has recovered his voice and is back on his knees again in a Broadway musical. With, of course, the girl of his bucolic interlude. The comedy in "The Singing Kid" is the type you hear on the average radio program—in other words, it's not very good. The song numbers are much bettter, and the real stars of the picture are The Yacht Club Boys. The picture's high point, in fact, is a number called "I Love to Singa," in which the Yacht Clubbers and Jolson hand the mammy and Dixie numbers a terrific kidding. Another Yacht Club gem is "My, How This Country Has Changed." Beverly Roberts is a welcome addition to the ranks of the new screen players, and Sybil Jason is effective in a song number.

Preview Postscript

Al Jolson's secret of success, for lo these many years, will make you blush. He's found that an audience mustn't be outsmarted in the matter of wisecracks. If that is done the spectators in the paid seats will squirm and mutter, "This guy's not so hot after all." But if you play the part of a normally blundering human being, says Al, they'll think, "Poor dope, let's give him a hand." In short, just give your audience a superiority complex and they'll give you a fortune . . . The day when the star surrounded himself with mediocre and negative talent is a thing of the past.

This picture's a good example of changing times, as witness radio and stage rivals which Jolson is mixed up with. There are The Yacht Club Boys—tops on radio in this country and in England; Cab Calloway, best known cullud band leader in the world; Mitchell and Durant, and a host of others . . . Frank Mitchell and Jack Durant were both amateur champion boxers when they formed an acting partnership twelve years ago. Finding themselves pitted against each other on a fight program one night in New York City, the pair mutually agreed to clown instead of swap punches. The "act" was such a success with cash customers that Mitchell and Durant decided then and there to book it on the vaudeville circuit. Recently the pair dissolved partnership and entered the movies—only to be teamed again in their first celluloid appearance.

★★★★ Mr. Deeds Goes to Town (Columbia)

There should be more pictures like this. Everything you're looking for in good entertainment is packed into "Mr. Deeds Goes To Town." There's rich humor, stark tragedy, sentiment, satire and all the elements that make a picture a "natural," including one of the most unusual love angles you've seen. Gary Cooper, as Longfellow Deeds, the pride of Mandrake Falls, has his best role to date and handles it with a deftness that should send his cinema stock soaring. Although he'd never been outside of Mandrake Falls in his life, there's no happier man in the world than Mr. Deeds. That is, until he falls heir to twenty millions and goes to town. From then on he is the victim of a series of heart-breaking events, since everyone with whom he comes in contact tries to take him for a ride. The girl of his dreams, Jean Arthur, New York's ablest sob-sister, is using him for copy as the "Cinderella Man." Jean Arthur's performance is entirely convincing, with her courtroom plea one of the high spots of the picture. But then, there are so many high spots in this flicker that practically every actor can take credit for a few. John Wray's plea for the half-starved men in the country is an outstanding bit, while Lionel Stander, H. B. Warner, Raymond Walburn, George Bancroft and Ruth Donnelly all give excellent accounts of themselves.

Preview Postscript

This is the fourth picture made by Hollywood's Brain Boys—Frank Capra and Robert Riskin, the outstanding example of a successful writer-director combine. "Lady for a Day," "It Happened One Night" and "Broadway Bill" are the other three, in case you don't believe us. And the next is "Lost Horizon." . . . George Bancroft has had his ups and downs in celluloid. But he will never be broke. Some years ago George and George M. Cohan tore hundred-dollar bills in two, with both keeping one-half of each as souvenirs. Thus if there's ever a question of financial embarrassment among the two Georges, it's just a matter of getting together to put the pieces together . . . Raymond Walburn came to Hollywood from the New York stage, not because he felt the screen offered a better medium for expressing his pent-up emotions, nor for the better checking account.

(Continued on page 113)

"Kiss me again or I'll yell for help!"

THERE was a young actor
...oui, oui!
No respect for convention
had he.
He got slapped on the cheek
And jailed for a week
Just for kissing a girl in
Paree!

* * *

THE reason is not hard
to see...
The answer is simply that
he
Never met the young miss
Till he stole that sweet
kiss
But things happen fast in
Paree!

PICKFORD-LASKY PRODUCTIONS
presents
Francis LEDERER
in ONE RAINY AFTERNOON
with
IDA LUPINO
HUGH HERBERT
ROLAND YOUNG
Erik Rhodes · Joseph Cawthorn
Directed by
ROWLAND V. LEE
Released thru United Artists

Walter Connolly regards the manuscript of the first three-act play ever presented in America as his lucky talisman.

THEY LOVE TO SAVE !

Stars may not hoard string or tin foil, but they have their souvenirs

The blond wig Myrna Loy wore in her first picture, "What Price Beauty?" is seldom removed from her safety deposit box.

By Whitney Williams

THE WORLD'S a small place, after all. No habit finds such universal response among people as saving . . . and in a mutual regard for this trait Hollywood and the rest of the globe lie closely akin.

From star down through the ranks to extra, there's scarcely a player who doesn't keep something cherished, something very dear to his heart, in his safety deposit box.

Every manner of chattel may be found in these strong-boxes of the stars . . . some of great monetary value, but the majority are kept only for sentimental reasons. The blond wig she wore in her first picture, Mrs. Rudolph Valentino's "What Price Beauty?" lies in Myrna Loy's, more cherished than the deed to her home. Nothing could ever persuade Myrna to part with this personal "prop" that figured so importantly in her cinema debut.

Seldom removed from the vault because of the high value attached to it, Kay Francis' most treasured possession is a ring, more than two thousand years old, which her great-grandmother found in the Catacombs in Rome.

When she had reached the ripe old age of five years, Evelyn Venable was taken backstage to meet Walter Hampden, the Shakespearean actor and her father's closest friend. He presented her with a pomegranate.

"Who knows," said Hampden, "but what someday you may be an actress with me?"

Some twelve years later, Evelyn did appear with Hampden as his leading lady in Shakespearean repertoire. And in memory of that early childhood day, the day she first decided to go on the stage, Evelyn has kept the pomegranate. It reposes now, its dried and shriveled shell packed carefully in cotton, in a bank vault.

Safeguarded in the hidden recesses of her safety deposit box are the funny little Mary Jane pumps that Janet Gaynor wore in "Seventh

John Boles treasures the passport which entitled him to go anywhere he wanted to in France and Belgium during the World War.

Heaven," the film that sky-rocketed her to lasting fame. They're only a plain pair of battered shoes, but rather than permanently be separated from them Janet would sacrifice anything she possesses. Once in every picture the popular actress dons them for a scene. Then back to the box they go.

NORMA SHEARER owns one of the most gorgeous diamond bracelets in Hollywood, an engagement present from her husband, Irving Thalberg. Very infrequently does she take it from its resting place at the bank. And therein lies a tale.

A number of years ago while visiting New York, the publicity office of M-G-M requested her to make a photographic sitting. A young man by the name of Hubert Voight accompanied her to the photographer's.

While she changed her costume, she asked Voight to hold the bracelet for her. He slipped it into his pocket and instantly dismissed the incident from his mind. Apparently, Miss Shearer did likewise, for not until that evening while dressing for dinner did she think of the bracelet.

A frenzied search was made to locate Mr. Voight. Metro officials, newspaper reporters, even the police were called in by the frantic Miss Shearer. Not that she considered for an instant the possibility that the publicity man had absconded with the bracelet . . . it was to satisfy her peace of

(*Continued on page 122*)

NO PICTURE!

Impossible to print a picture that would make its point and still stay within the bounds of good taste

WE'D LIKE to take some person who had just taken a harsh, over-acting cathartic . . . and turn on the X-ray camera.

We'd like to print micro-photographs, too, of the tissues of the alimentary tract. We'd like to *show* you just what happens within you when you take so drastic a purge.

If you could see those pictures, you wouldn't be likely to take such medicine again. You would be super-careful to take only a laxative that is *correctly timed.* A laxative like Ex-Lax.

WHY HARSH CATHARTICS ARE BAD FOR YOU

When you take a cathartic that over-acts, it throws your entire system out of rhythm. It hurries unassimilated food through your body, causing violent muscular action in your alimentary tract. You have pains and griping. You feel weak afterwards . . . all worn out!

Authorities agree that strong purgatives and cathartics should *never* be taken except upon the advice of a physician.

WHY CORRECT TIMING IS VITAL

Now, what happens when you take a correctly timed laxative like Ex-Lax?

Well, except for the relief you get, you hardly know that you've even taken a laxative. And that's as it should be . . . You take a little Ex-Lax tablet, preferably at night. It tastes just like delicious chocolate. It works gently, taking 6 to 8 hours to be effective! You will have no stomach pains. You won't be nauseated. You'll experience no unpleasant after-taste.

In the morning your constipation will be completely relieved. You'll feel fine!

30 YEARS' PROOF

New laxatives constantly appear with miraculous promises. But, remember this . . . for over 30 years, Ex-Lax has been the approved family laxative. *More people use it than any other laxative in the world.* You can count on it for mildness, gentleness, thoroughness, correct timing. A box costs only 10c at any drug store. Or 25c for the economical, family size.

When Nature forgets — remember

EX-LAX

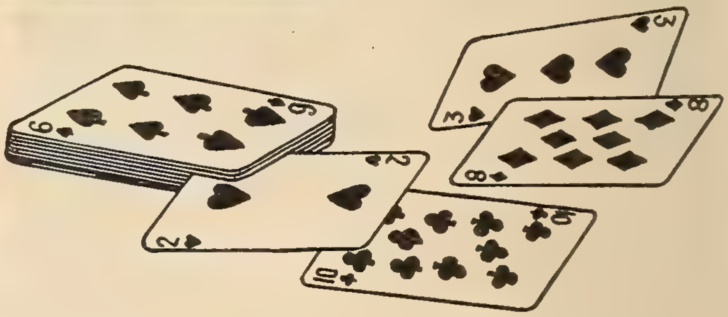
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!
(Paste this on a penny postcard)
Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170 MM-66
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.
Name...
Address...
City...Age.............
(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., Montreal)

Tune in on "Strange as it Seems," Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time

Arline Judge's Jam Cake was greeted with deserved enthusiasm when Paula Stone, Marsha Hunt and Wynne Gibson got together for bridge at Arline's house recently. But whether you are a bridge addict or merely like tempting refreshments, you'll enjoy making the sweets these gals serve. Right, home-made raspberry ice cream sundae

Foods



THAT SCORE A GRAND SLAM

By Marjorie Deen

ALMOST EVERYBODY in Hollywood is playing that fascinating new game "Monopoly"—buying and selling imaginary "property," mortgaging and foreclosing and cornering parcels of land to "build on." But the members of one afternoon bridge club I know of are not going to let this new real estate game muscle in on their weekly (film work permitting, naturally) bridge bouts which provide such fun.

The attractive foursome of which I speak consists of Arline Judge, Marsha Hunt, Paula Stone and Wynne Gibson. And many's the pack of cards they've cut between them, many's the score they've totalled and many's the cup of tea and piece of cake they've consumed.

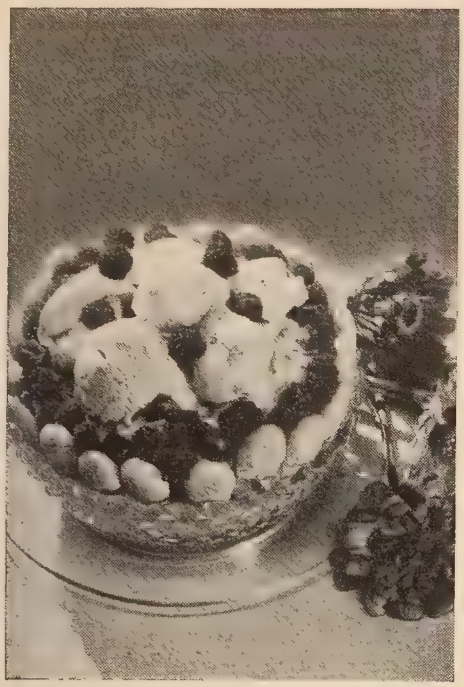
This particular afternoon was Arline Judge's turn to have "the gang" at her place, so I found them in her garden, the table set up beside the swimming pool where they could acquire an early coat of summer tan as they played. They were deeply engrossed, when I arrived, in "positively the very last rubber game before refreshments!" It all looked so jolly and sounded so amusing that although I had only stopped in for a short chat I stayed for what developed into a long and delightful tea party.

It was not an elaborate tea party, by any means, for bridge was the first consideration and when it was time to eat, the cards were simply pushed aside and the "eats" brought on, with the hope that there would be time to resume the game after eating.

BUT THE girls, you see, didn't figure on me or on Scotty, our omnipresent photographer. For between the two of us we took up hours of their time, wrecked their game, drank gallons of Judge tea, ate pounds of Judge cake and altogether made ourselves at home and them miserable! But all in a good cause, of course! And since the end is said to justify the means, I walked off without one little twinge of conscience—proudly aware of the fact that there were pictures in Scotty's camera and a raft of notes in my bag.

It has been ages since I've written one little word about afternoon entertaining and I was beginning to think it was high time that I said something about the way it is done in Hollywood. Then this golden opportunity presented itself, enabling me to get some first hand information on the subject from four different sources instead of the usual one. And such charming sources—if I may be permitted to use that unromantic term to describe such attractive screen hostesses.

"What do you serve when the charming members



Courtesy Borden's

The tea-time refreshments these stars serve will delight you, too

of this bridge club meet at your house?" I asked Wynne Gibson when Arline had excused herself to go in and see about the tea.

"I'm the sandwich maker-upper of this crowd," mumbled Wynne, biting her pencil thoughtfully as she tried to make the scores balance. "I like variety, and you can get plenty of it with sandwiches," she continued. "We've made a rule, you know, that only one particular food shall be served with the tea—a salad, sandwiches, cake or cookies—any one dish, but not several different ones."

"We had to make that rule," interrupted Paula. "Why it was getting to be funny—and fattening," she declared, eyes twinkling. "It became a sort of friendly rivalry to see which of us could serve the most elaborate concoctions, the largest number of delicacies! The result was that we upset the entire kitchen department! And for what? So that we (*Continued on page 88*)

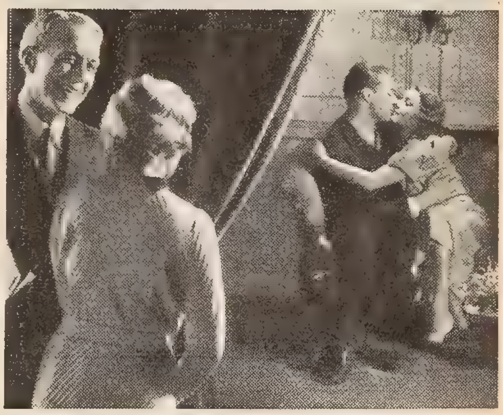
SEE THAT MAN, MOLLIE—I BET HE'S KNOWN AS THE LITTLE GRAY MOUSE.
TOMMY BAKER, YOU'RE AWFUL. THAT'S MY FATHER—AND DON'T EVER TALK TO ME AGAIN.

"Aw, Honey, I've never met your father—how'd I know? Besides, it's not his fault if his shirts look gray—who washes them so badly?"
"My mother does—and goodbye!"

"Heavens above, who bit you, Son?"
"My girl did! I made a crack about her father's dingy shirts—then I said her mother didn't wash 'em right—and now I've got the gate!"

"Pshaw, we'll patch that up. My own washes used to have tattle-tale gray—and it wasn't my fault. The trouble was left-over dirt. Tell your girl her mother ought to change to Fels-Naptha as I did. That *golden soap* is so *full of naptha* that every bit of dirt goes."

FEW WEEKS LATER—



"Say, Looks like we're going to have a wedding soon."
"Sh-h-h! He may be calling you 'Dad'—but he'll never call you 'gray mouse' again. Since he tipped us off to Fels-Naptha Soap, my washes would make a snow-man jealous!"

© FELS & CO., 1936

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

ABSENT-MINDED LIZ

Yet Miss Allan's not light-headed when it comes to work

By Dora Albert

I'VE LOST the receipts to my trunks," said the young woman with the green eyes, "and my boat is sailing in a few hours. There was one brown trunk and one black trunk, and they were sent out either under the name of Elizabeth Allan (that's my stage name) or under the name of Mrs. William O'Bryan, my married name."

The official at the dock, whose business it is to take care of such matters, glared up at Elizabeth Allan. Was this young woman trying to josh him when he was so busy? But Elizabeth's eyes were very solemn under their long lashes. She looked demure, appealing and completely helpless.

"Sometimes I use one name and sometimes the other," she explained, "and I never can remember which I've used."

"For heaven's sake," the clerk said, "don't you know receipts are given you for a reason? Why didn't you take care of yours?"

At that Elizabeth looked so downcast and unhappy that the grim lines on the official's face softened. "All right," he said, "I'll see if I can find your trunks." But he couldn't. Elizabeth had to sail without them. Several weeks later, to be sure, they arrived in England, but that was just a happy accident.

To complicate things still further, Elizabeth lost her passport.

Telling me about this recently, she said, waving her hands helplessly, "I'm a completely irresponsible person. I always was that way. My mother, who's very sane and practical, did everything she could to cure me. She's still trying. But it has never helped.

"I was irresponsible even when I was a youngster going to school in England. When we were supposed to be having our silent study period, I'd sneak out and play tennis. I did this innumerable times but I never got away with it. Always I was found out. I cut many classes in the same way. And when I did go to class, I nearly always came late, not because I wanted to, but because I haven't the remotest idea of time. I dawdle, even now. I don't mean to come late for all my appointments, but I inevitably do.

"At school I had great difficulty in passing

Elizabeth Allan is now in England making "East Meets West" with George Arliss for Gaumont-British.

exams—and no wonder! I was so completely befuddled. When I was supposed to sweat up for a geography exam (you call it cramming) I'd sweat up for a history exam instead.

"My parents hoped that I'd be a school mistress, but the only thing I wanted to do was to go on the stage. I used to sneak out of the house and watch Pierrot shows, or drape myself in spangles and a scarf of mother's, lock my bedroom door and emote for the sole edification of Elizabeth Allan. I played Juliet, on the edge of my bed, without a Romeo in sight for miles.

"At first my parents were horrified at the idea of my going on the stage. Finally my father weakened and said that, since I was too young to take my final degree as a school teacher, I could play Shakespearian roles at the old Vic Theatre."

"So you'll get this stage idea out of your system," he told Elizabeth, shaking a warning finger at her. "But mind you confine yourself to Shakespearian roles."

And she did just that for several years. But she didn't get the stage bug out of her system. Instead it flourished and grew worse until finally she decided to go out on her own, and got herself a job in her first London play, "Michael and Mary," with Edna Best and Herbert Marshall. The play was a hit, and Elizabeth was a hit along with it.

IT WAS then that she demonstrated once again that streak of impracticality that amounts almost to genius in her. An American manager came to her, offering her a glittering contract. He had his own repertory theatre, he said, and he would like to star her in a series of plays in the United States. While he couldn't pay her a large salary, she would have the advantage of an assured income over a period of at least a year. Delighted at the idea of getting a chance in America, Elizabeth signed the contract.

Several London managers were offering her contracts, but she turned them all down airily, saying, "I'm going to America."

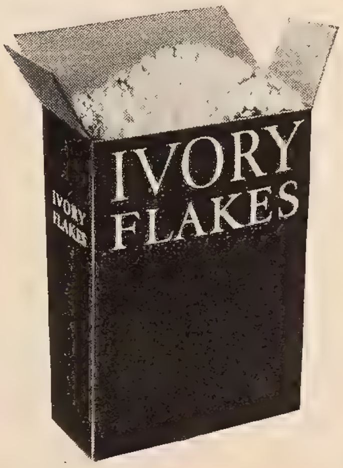
Then, without investigating any further, she took her savings, got in touch with her family, and rushed off with her mother to spend some delightful weeks in the country. (*Continued on page 94*)

DOWN goes your clothes upkeep!...

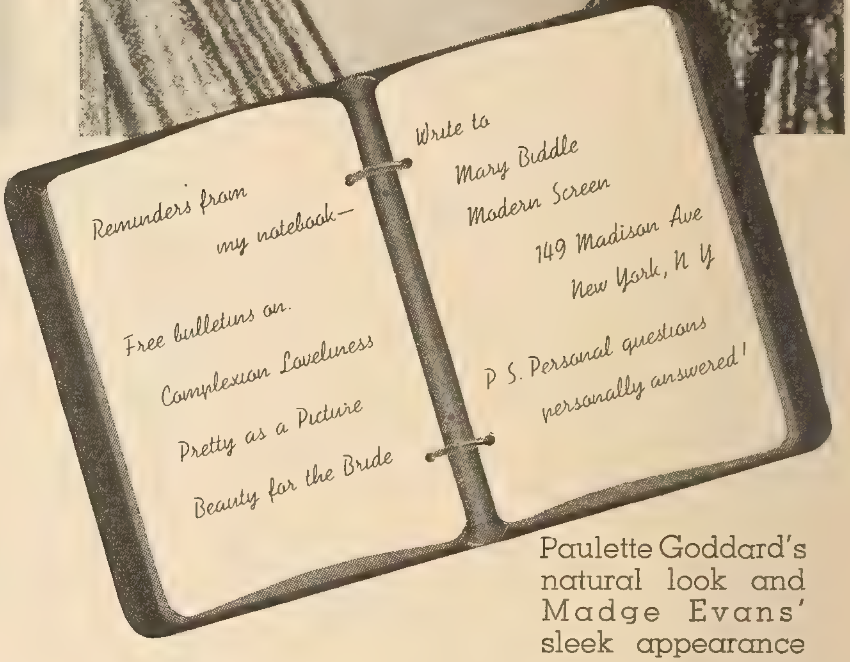
when you buy "Ivory-washables"

Imagine! You can keep your whole wardrobe colorful . . . fresh . . . appealingly dainty all season long for less than a quarter! Yes, that's all it costs you when you buy "Ivory-washables."

And this year it's so *easy* to find sports clothes, afternoon dresses—even evening clothes—that will come out of Ivory Flakes suds looking like new. Because many fine stores and dress manufacturers have arranged to have fabrics *tested by 6 Ivory washings.* So keep your "Ivory-washables" lovely with chiffon-thin flakes of the soap that's pure enough for a baby's skin. Your clothes will stay bright . . . crisp. And you'll always be ready to go places and have fun!



99 44/100 % pure



Reminders from
my notebook—

Free bulletins on.
Complexion Loveliness
Pretty as a Picture
Beauty for the Bride

Write to
Mary Biddle
Modern Screen
149 Madison Ave
New York, N Y

P S. Personal questions
personally answered!

THAT BEAUTY CALLED Smooth

Paulette Goddard's natural look and Madge Evans' sleek appearance are perfection points to shoot at!

THERE'S a one-word description, popular with all you young things, which puts a finger right on our whole beauty set-up for this spring. It's a current bit of slang and an apt one—"She's smooth!"

Now a "smooth" look isn't just a matter of clothes or make-up or hair. It takes in a gal from her head to her toes and puts a general stamp of fresh good looks upon her. And when you are described as "smooth" looking by the young-blades-about-town, you can give yourself a good congratulatory pat, because it means that you've achieved real attractiveness without letting on about any of the artful dodges of modern beauty routines. And this spring beauty of yours will look natural, just as it should. Nothing is less to be desired than a studied look of either prettiness or beauty.

You can't look "smooth" unless you are up on all the latest news from the beauty purveyors, those hard-working people who go into painstaking research to bring forth the latest improvements in both cosmetics and hairdressing.

Here are some of the discoveries I've just made and I want to pass them on to you in time to put a finishing touch to your springtime good looks.

The Vitamins are popping up in beauty talk these days. It seems that you need Vitamin D to give you a really knockout complexion. D is the sunshine vitamin, in case you get them mixed up, too, and you can have it all done up in one cake of soap! Use with water, and there you are, cleansed with speed and your skin all pepped up with filtered sunshine. Really, this new soap is grand and there is no spoofing about its actually containing this healthy, invigorating vitamin.

In place of, or to aid and abet the healthy glow of this tonic soap, don't forget the cooling, soothing touch of Eau de Cologne. I came across one that has a delightful spring bouquet scent and a large bottle of it makes a very small dent in your pocket money. I like

It's a sleek and natural look that gets you beauty compliments this springtime!

By

Mary

Biddle

Eau de Cologne to splash on prodigally right after my bath. And in hot weather it is so refreshing, you can't get along without it.

THERE'S NOTHING better than a pick-up beauty treatment before you set forth for evening gaieties. However, heretofore, it's been hard to find a simple one that could be done in a jiffy and still have all the beautifying effect of a more protracted one. Now you can have a "mock facial" while you dress. This "five o'clock" beauty cocktail is a delightful new cream that you smooth on your face after cleansing. Leave it on for fifteen or twenty minutes—meanwhile you will see it bring a rosy tingle to your face. After you remove the cream, there's a skin tonic or lotion which is made to go with it and which you pat on your face. There isn't much more to the whole beautifying routine than there would be to powdering your nose carefully.

Want to know a new trick about applying lipstick smoothly? It's clever as the deuce and just as simple. Powder your lips first. Aren't you amazed? This dusting of powder leaves your lips dry and ready (*Continued on page 105*)

"For a smooth, soft skin—

Give me Camay"

GLOUCESTER, MASS.

Like most women, I've tried many beauty aids. But for a smooth, soft skin—give me Camay.

Sincerely,

(*Signed*) Viano Tobey

(*Mrs. George E. Tobey*)

December 7, 1935

NEW ENGLAND can well be proud of Viano Tobey—she has that wonderful pale gold hair . . . smiling hazel eyes—and her skin . . . well, she's proud of it herself and gives Camay most of the credit.

Mrs. Tobey keeps her skin soft, smooth and attractive with Camay. Camay can do this for *you*, too, you know. It cleanses thoroughly, but ever so gently . . . that's because it is made *milder, far milder!*

Just try Camay. Then see for yourself whether your skin isn't softer, smoother—lovelier to look at! And Camay's price is so very low you should get at least half a dozen cakes today.

Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.

CAMAY
THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
CAMAY
CAMAY

CAMAY

The Soap of Beautiful Women

ME AND MY SHADOW . . .

Here are some interesting people you never see on the screen. They're the stand-ins who pose tirelessly before the cameras to save their famous stars tedious work when scenes are being rehearsed. Below, Shirley Temple with her stand-in, Marilyn Granas. And Claudette Colbert with hers, Pluma Noison. Right, top to bottom, Jane Withers with her shadow self, Gloria Fisher. Virginia Weidler with hers, Barbara Campbell. And the most striking likeness of all is Ann Harding and her stand-in, Phyllis Yates. Height, weight and coloring must be similar to the star's for this job.

STARS' STUDIO ADDRESSES

Columbia Studios, 1438 N. Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.

Gaumont-British, Lime Grove, Shepherd's Bush, London, W.12, England.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Washington Blvd., Culver City, Calif.

Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Republic Studios, 4024 Redford Ave., North Hollywood, Calif.

RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.

Samuel Goldwyn Studios, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

20th Century-Fox Studios, Box 900, Beverly Hills, Calif.

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

Walter Wanger Productions, 1040 North Las Palmas, Hollywood, Calif.

Warner Bros.-First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

ABEL, WALTER: RKO-Radio.
ACUFF, EDDIE: Warner Bros.
AHERNE, BRIAN: M-G-M.
ALBERNI, LUIS: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
ALBERTSON, FRANK: Free lance. Write him at M-G-M.
ALBRIGHT, HARDIE: Free lance. Write him at United Artists.
ALEXANDER, KATHERINE: Free lance. Write her at M-G-M.
ALEXANDER, ROSS: Warner Bros.
ALLAN, ELIZABETH: M-G-M.
ALLEN, GRACIE: Paramount.
ALLEN, JUDITH: Paramount.
ALLEN, ROBERT: Columbia.
ALLWYN, ASTRID: 20th Century-Fox.
AMES, ADRIENNE: Free lance. Write her at Paramount.
AMES, ROSEMARY: 20th Century-Fox.
ANGEL, HEATHER: RKO-Radio.
ARLEDGE, JOHN: RKO-Radio.
ARLEN, RICHARD: Free lance. Write him at Columbia.
ARLISS, GEORGE: Gaumont-British.
ARMETTA, HENRY: Universal.
ARMSTRONG, ROBERT: RKO-Radio.
ARNOLD, EDWARD: Universal.
ARTHUR, JEAN: Columbia.
ASTAIRE, FRED: RKO-Radio.
ASTOR, MARY: Columbia.
ATWILL, LIONEL: M-G-M.
AUTRY, GENE: Republic.
AYRES, LEW: Columbia.
BAKER, BENNY: Paramount.
BALL, LUCILLE: RKO-Radio.
BANCROFT, GEORGE: Columbia.
BARBIER, GEORGE: Paramount.
BARKER, PHILLIP: Walter Wanger.
BARNES, BINNIE: Universal.
BARNETT, VINCE: Universal.
BARRAT, ROBERT: Warner Bros.
BARRIE, MONA: 20th Century-Fox.
BARRIE, WENDY: Paramount.
BARRYMORE, JOHN: M-G-M.
BARRYMORE, LIONEL: M-G-M.
BARTHELMESS, RICHARD: Warner Bros.
BARTHOLOMEW, FREDDIE: M-G-M.
BARTLETT, MICHAEL: Columbia.
BAXTER, ALAN: Walter Wanger.
BAXTER, WARNER: 20th Century-Fox.
BEAL, JOHN: RKO-Radio.
BECK, THOMAS: 20th Century-Fox.
BEECHER, JANET: Paramount.
BEERY, NOAH, JR.: Universal.
BEERY, WALLACE: M-G-M.
BELLAMY, RALPH: Columbia.
BENCHLEY, ROBERT: M-G-M.
BENEDICT, WILLIAM: 20th Century-Fox.
BENNETT, CONSTANCE: Gaumont-British.
BENNETT, JOAN: Walter Wanger.
BENNY, JACK: M-G-M.
BERGNER, ELISABETH: 20th Century-Fox.
BERNIE, BEN: Paramount.
BICKFORD, CHARLES: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
BIRELL, TALA: Columbia.
BLACKMER, SIDNEY: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
BLAKELEY, JAMES: Columbia.
BLANE, SALLY: Columbia.
BLONDELL, JOAN: Warner Bros.
BLORE, ERIC: RKO-Radio.
BLUE, MONTE: Free lance. Write him at M-G-M.
BOLAND, MARY: Paramount.
BOLES, GLEN: Warner Bros.
BOLES, JOHN: 20th Century-Fox.
BOND, WARD: Columbia.
BOYER, CHARLES: Walter Wanger.
BRADLEY, GRACE: Paramount.
BRADY, ALICE: Free lance. Write her at Republic.
BREAKSTONE, GEORGE: Free lance. Write him at Universal.

(Continued on page 72)

His Waning Love
KINDLED AGAIN!

THERE'S BETTY CRYING. I'D LIKE TO KICK THAT FIANCÉ OF HERS FOR RUSHING PEG ALL EVENING...
IT ISN'T ALL HIS FAULT. YOU RUN ALONG. I WANT TO TALK TO BETTY.
BETTY, DEAR, I WANT TO TELL YOU A PERSONAL SECRET PEG AND I LEARNED IN PARIS LAST SUMMER...
IT WAS NICE OF HELEN TO TELL ME. THIS MAVIS HAS SUCH A LOVELY FRAGRANCE. IT'S SO FEMININE! AND WHAT A PLEASANT WAY TO KEEP DAINTY.
BETTY, YOU'RE ADORABLE. ALWAYS SO FRESH AND SWEET. I LOVE YOU MORE EACH DAY!

Start the day—and the evening—with MAVIS . . . it gives you that alluring all-over fragrance

Mavis is more than a talcum . . . its tantalizing fragrance is so feminine—so Parisian! Always before you dress, clothe yourself in Mavis' gay allure. Don't consider your bath complete until you have dusted yourself all over with Mavis Talcum. Mavis is pure, soft as velvet, silken-fine. It protects your skin from drying, soothes it, keeps it young. And its clinging fragrance gives you a mysterious scented charm that men adore!

Mavis Talcum in 25¢, 50¢ and $1 sizes at drug and department stores—convenient 10¢ size at 5-and-10¢ stores. We invite you to try Mavis—use coupon below.

MAVIS
Genuine Mavis Talcum
IN THE RED CONTAINER

V. VIVAUDOU, INC.,
580 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
I enclose 10¢. Please send by return mail the convenient size of Mavis Talcum—so I can try its fragrant loveliness.
*Name*__________
*Address*__________
*City*__________
*State*__________
MM-6

The Dancing Divinity

JESSIE MATTHEWS

in

"IT'S LOVE AGAIN"

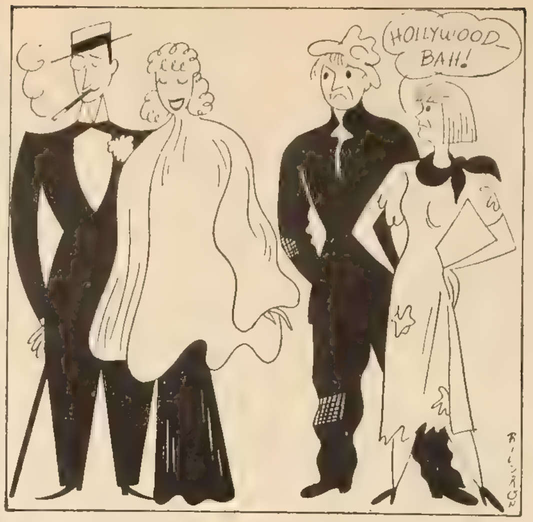
with

ROBERT YOUNG

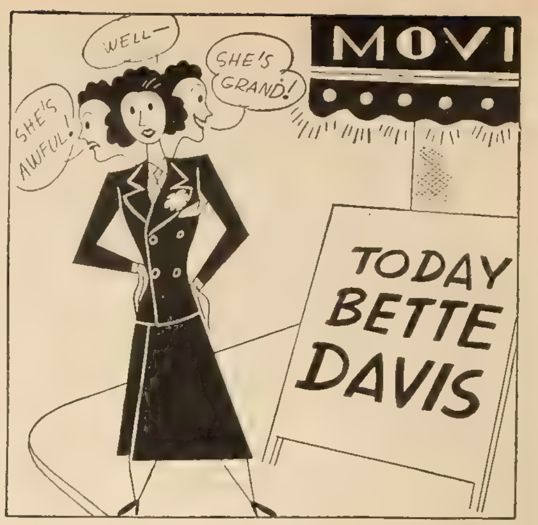
. . . . . Romance, Comedy, Adventure in Rhumba Rhythm . . .

COMING TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE

A GB *Production*


HOLLYWOOD—BAH!

Hollywood doesn't know a thing about portraying poverty on the screen, says a gal from Newark.


WELL—
SHE'S GRAND!
SHE'S AWFUL!
MOVI
TODAY BETTE DAVIS

One fan used to see certain pictures in spite of Bette Davis' presence; now she goes because of it.

BETWEEN YOU

Readers, have your say and win a cash prize to boot!

$5 PRIZE LETTER
It Happens in Hollywood

It is amusing to watch Hollywood trying to portray a poverty-stricken family on the screen. The people themselves are so accustomed to elaborate settings, what can they know of need in a town of plenty? Granted that many extras are practically starving, still one always sees them well-clothed and putting on the well known dog even though their belt has been taken in a few notches.

In "Riffraff" Jean Harlow plays the daughter of a drunken pauper living in a squalid section of town. Her uniform for the job in the fishery, alone, is well tailored. When she rises from bed, a beautiful satin nightie drapes her lovely form. On her wedding day she wears a satin gown that is entirely too elaborate. Which reminds me of "The White Parade," with Loretta Young, a few years back. Loretta is a nurse—a student, at that. Everyone knows that nurses receive scarcely any pay at all. Yet, when she steps out with the boy-friend, she wears a lovely frock—too lovely to buy on a nurse's salary—topped by a glorious velvet, full-length cape—also too expensive. Another funny-bone tickler is when the hero tells the heroine that they could get along on $50 or $60 per week and act as if it were pin money.

Well, they don't know poverty like I do. No, Hollywood still has to go some to make pictures real and true to life.—Marion Rae, Newark, N. J.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
Once a Bette Davis Avoider

There was a blonde motion picture actress who seemed insipid and unattractive to me. I avoided any pictures in which she appeared. It did not occur to me that her roles were insipid and unattractive, too.

To my surprise she won the leading role in the cinema version of one of my favorite novels, opposite one of my favorite actors. I went to see the picture in spite of her presence, and left the theatre cheering the film because of it! You've guessed it—the blonde was Bette Davis; the picture, "Of Human Bondage."

However, I remained cynical until her portrayal in "Dangerous" proved that her "Mildred" had been no artistic accident.

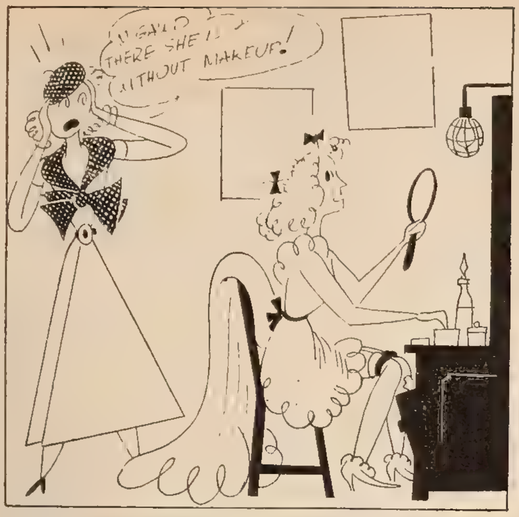
So it was that I went to see "The Petrified Forest" because of Bette Davis. Her portrayal of "Gabby" is unforgettable.

I was wrong in my attitude toward Bette Davis and I'm glad to admit it, and glad to admit as well that she is now my favorite actress.—Anna K. Hawkes, Bristol, Pa.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
What About Public Taste?

It is not surprising that all the trashy pictures spilled out of Hollywood are so well attended, for it is only too obvious that public taste is low. Real feminine beauty is not a matter of geography, age, dress or social status; it is universally appreciated and admired.

Why, then, do producers strain so intensely to foist their leading ladies on the public as beauties when they are not? Why do they take half-baked girls with a violent ego and a desperate, unscrupulous will to wealth and fame, and glorify them? I wonder! Take these "stars," remove their expensive jewels, their mink wraps, their $250 gowns, their war-paint and their lavish settings, put them in the ordinary walks of life, and nobody would



A Brooklyn reader says that most of us would be amazed to see the stars minus their glamor.

'N' ME

ever notice them.

In spite of their trumped up glamor, they are unnatural, out of place, pathetic. I crave real, natural beauty on the screen—a lovely, rounded form, a classic face, natural hair, and an expression that radiates kindness, intelligence, capability.—Bertha Koenig, Brooklyn, N. Y.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
A Movie Fan's Unusual Letter to His Wife

Dear "Colleen,"

Surely, Dearest, you have not forgotten how "It Happened One Night" that I whispered to you "Be Mine Tonight" and how you replied, Darling, "As You Desire Me," I will. That was indeed "One Night of Love" and what a "Grand Hotel" we chose for our honeymoon and how kind "The Little Minister" was!

But now it seems you are quite an

(*Continued on page 78*)

We lend a willing ear to anything and everything you have to say concerning motion pictures—new players, old players, censorship, current trends in pictures, double features, shorts, books you'd like to see filmed, and so forth. Ten dollars in prizes will be awarded each month for the six most interesting letters submitted—1st prize, $5; five 2nd prizes of $1 each. Be sure to send your full name and address. Modern Screen reserves the right to publish letters in whole or in part. Address: Between You and Me, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Pond's_First to Give You "GLARE-PROOF" Powder
NEW SUNLIGHT SHADES
Flatter You in Glaring Light
POND'S FACE POWDER

The full glare of the summer sun throws a hard light on your skin

New "Sunlight" shades catch only the sun's softest rays—flatter you!

Now Pond's softens the harsh glare of the sun on your skin . . . flatters you—with new "Sunlight" powder shades. "Sunlight" shades are scientifically blended to catch only the softest rays of the sun . . . give you in glaring summer, the becoming color of soft spring sunshine itself! Flattering with lightest tan, deep tan, or no tan at all! Completely away from the old dark "sun-tan" powders.

MONEY-BACK TRIAL—Try Pond's Sunlight shade (Light or Dark). If you do not find it more flattering than ordinary sun-tan shades, send us back the box and we will refund purchase price plus postage. Pond's, Clinton, Conn.

2 Sunlight Shades—Light, Dark. Glass jars, 35¢, 70¢. New big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company

Love

as burning as Sahara's Sands

From Ouida's romantic novel of the French Foreign Legion, flashes this glorious spectacle-drama of men's heroism and women's devotion, enacted by one of the greatest casts the screen has ever seen.

UNDER TWO FLAGS

starring *Ronald*
COLMAN
(Beau Geste)

featuring *Claudette*
COLBERT
(It Happened One Night)

VICTOR McLAGLEN
(The Informer)

ROSALIND RUSSELL
(Rendezvous)

with GREGORY RATOFF • NIGEL BRUCE • C. HENRY GORDON • HERBERT MUNDIN

AND A CAST OF 10,000

a DARRYL F. ZANUCK 20th CENTURY PRODUCTION
(Les Miserables . . House of Rothschild)

Presented by Joseph M. Schenck
Directed by Frank Lloyd *(Cavalcade . . Mutiny on the Bounty)*
Associate Producer Raymond Griffith • Based on the novel by Ouida

20th CENTURY FOX

KATHARINE HEPBURN
AS
Mary of Scotland

HOWARD AND SHEARER
IN
Romeo and Juliet

MARCH AND COLBERT
IN
Under two Flags

ERROL FLYNN
AND
JOAN BLONDELL

Answering all the questions you've asked about Joan and Franchot at home

Both Mr. and Mrs. Tone are taking singing lessons. Left, you see them in the music room of their newly decorated home. Above, with their dachshund, "Pupchen."

THE PRIVATE LIFE

AND SO they were married. In story books this would have marked the happy ending. But this happened in real life, and it's just the beautiful beginning. I mean the married life of Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone.

I did not know of Joan's and Franchot's marriage plans until Franchot's air mail, special delivery, written right after the ceremony, arrived.

"You are the very first person we've told," wrote the bridegroom. "Our happy moment came this morning at ten-fifteen in Fort Lee, New Jersey. Nick Schenck made all the arrangements and the secrecy was complete. The ceremony was performed on the lawn of the residence of Ex-Mayor White, overlooking the Hudson River from the Palisades—and Mayor Jenkins of Fort Lee conducted the ceremony. We exchanged rings, Joan's a narrow diamond and platinum, mine a plain platinum circle. Mr. Schenck and his associate, Mr. Friedman, were the witnesses. After the ceremony they toasted us in champagne and we rushed right back to New York to get Joan to a rehearsal of a radio broadcast. We each wore a red carnation. We had visited the place the preceding Wednesday night to sign the application for a license. The moon was shining over the Hudson and outlined the slender sweep of the George Washington Bridge in the background. It really was a heavenly spot."

THAT WAS the last I heard from the newlyweds until Joan wired me to meet them in Pasadena and share their first Hollywood meal, as Mr. and Mrs. Franchot Tone. What a privilege, I thought, to be the first to greet them and witness their new-found happiness. But two hundred others were of the same opinion. While Joan and Franchot saw reporters, signed autographs and tried to dodge camera fiends, I managed to wave a feeble hello from the ragged edge of the crowd. Finally, with a

Above, Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone in their very attractive bar. Isn't the drum-shaped wall bracket which lights it tricky?

By Jerry Asher

OF JOAN AND TONE

dexterity that placed Fred Keating's bird-cage trick in the amateur class, we made the car and headed for home and Hollywood.

"I want to see our house," cried Joan gaily. "I want to see our new dining-room, the new music room and the garden." Kicking off her shoes and shoving her hat to the back of her head, Joan pressed her face against the window. Every time we passed a tree or a house, she would wave her hand and cry: "Hello, tree—hello, house, I'm home again." Is it necessary for me to add that Mrs. Franchot Tone was hilariously happy?

During Joan's and Franchot's absence, William Haines had gone ahead with the decorating plans that Joan had okayed before leaving. When we arrived at the house, the transformation was little less than a miracle. The entire exterior had been cleverly changed. Bill Haines, himself, was waiting to greet the bride and groom and proudly conduct them on an inspection tour.

The entrance hall was filled with baskets of flowers, packages and stacks of wires and letters. In the very center stood a huge vase of white blossoms. It was addressed to Mr. and Mrs. Franchot Tone and conveyed the sentiments of the cook, butler, chauffeur and night watchman. Joan ran out to thank them immediately and placed the flowers in her sitting-room. Just then the butler entered.

"Where does Mrs. Tone want the trunks?" he inquired, addressing himself to Franchot.

FOR A minute Franchot looked startled. "Oh-h-h—oh, the trunks," he repeated hesitatingly, as the full significance of just who Mrs. Tone was swept over him. Then swallowing hard and looking a trifle embarrassed, Franchot replied, "Put my wife's trunks in her room, please." Turning to me, he winked, as he continued, "I haven't had the courage to call

(Continued on page 90)

SECOND Chance

By Ruth Rankin

Eric Linden's two-year absence from Hollywood has done much for him.

Frances Dee, now happily married to Joel McCrea, is said to have been one of the reasons for Eric's temporary retirement.

ERIC LINDEN is the lad who walked out on a Hollywood career which was going great guns, because he had girl-trouble.

That may sound facetious, but there was nothing facetious about Eric at the time. He was torn wide apart—raw, sensitive, quivering in every nerve. At twenty-one, you get that way. When the girl is Frances Dee, I suppose you get it a little bit worse, for Frances is in a class by herself.

That wasn't all, either, although no one ever credited anything else, in spite of Eric's protests. They thought it was an uncomplicated case of lovelornness (now *there's* a word) which is quite a romantic thing to think, and Eric certainly looked the part. He couldn't have made up for it any more convincingly. The trembling hand, the downcast eye, the lonely hill-tramping, the complete and total loss of appetite—all unmistakable evidence.

Girl trouble caused Eric Linden to drop a promising career, but he's back now, a wiser young man

Linden followed "Ah, Wilderness" with "Voice of Bugle Ann" with Mlle. O'Sullivan.

You've been through it! Is there anything more harrowing on this earth? Who can laugh at it is a sadist, unless there is sympathy and memory and understanding in the smile. . . .

And there was more to it, too—as if that weren't enough!

"I wasn't doing what I wanted to do—I hated the parts I had to play. Wild youth and suffering mama's boys—suffering *cats!*" said Eric. "I was getting labeled, you know how people get the idea you are what you play. I avoided everyone. I was called eccentric. Imagine, at my age! You can be erratic at twenty, but eccentric is out. Well, I just got funny, I guess, and thought it best to have a change of scene."

We'll refer to that later, as the tax-collector says. It was discovered while he was away that a darn good actor was lacking for many a part that no one else could quite fill. Maybe his absence made them realize it all the more.

At any rate, when he returned he didn't have to pick up where he left off. He was way ahead of it. He made a fresh start with one of the grandest juvenile roles ever written, the boy in "Ah, Wilderness." And some say he beat a Barrymore to the draw. The whole cast was pretty fast company for a kid who was out of practise but, I reckon before things went very far, Eric was pacing 'em. If he had read every script in town and had his choice of parts to play, he couldn't have found one that could approach the anguished dawn-of-love lad in "Ah, Wilderness." There was something so helpless and lovable and pathetic—and familiar—about the boy in his first relentless grip of love. He has just done another stand-out performance in "The Voice of Bugle Ann." They have some wonderful things planned for him, way into the future. When a studio does that an actor has arrived.

He's twenty-four now and doesn't look it. But still, he doesn't seem exactly a child, either. There is calm confidence in his bearing; he has lost the old too-eager-to-please that had him tied in knots. He says he used to go for days without seeing anyone, then when he did, he talked a blue streak about nothing. He really didn't want to talk, but was afraid silence would be rude.

Not knowing the first thing about acting—he says so himself—he played one intensely dramatic part for the Theatre Guild. So Hollywood called him and began talking over contracts and prospective roles with him. "You're emotional, aren't you?" they said, in substance. "Okay, emote."

Poor kid, he presided at every death-bed scene and wept gallons and had hysterics and paced corridors and wore his nerve-ends down to the quick. He didn't know how to act, and he was afraid to tell anyone, so all he could do was be what he was playing. If it happened to be a frantic, jittery, end-of-the-rope kid, why Eric drank gallons of coffee and didn't go to bed, and thought about terrible disasters, and got himself in fine shape to scream if anybody looked at him. He relived all the family tragedies that had ever happened to him—things he might better have forgotten. Well, no human can keep that up forever—and be in love, in addition.

So he put two and two together and decided that he'd soon be measured for a strait-jacket if he didn't break loose. He was so young—good gracious, being young is hard enough, just trying to see through the fog of baffling bewilderment, without being it twice—both being it and playing it.

Eric didn't even pause to say goodbye. He boarded a plane for New York, and sailed next day on the *Bremen*. He found a villa near Nice. Got himself a cook, a police dog, a French gardener, some chickens and a lot of books. He had yearned to write a book for some time, so he wrote one. It isn't for anybody to see. He wrote steadily for four months. ". . . and I was purged of all my complexes," says Eric. "I wrote them down and got rid of them."

He adds, "You have to be in love to write." Well, I guess that's as good an excuse (*Continued on page 93*)

LOMBARD, LTD.

By Muriel Babcock

Meet Carole and "Fieldsie," one of the most successful partnerships in all Hollywood

NOW, HONESTLY, you would never expect to find Carole Lombard, one of the glamor queens of Hollywood, sitting back of an adding machine, laboriously tapping out figures, would you? Or find her diligently, and not too accurately, typing a business letter?

She has a secretary for that, you'd say. She must have! Isn't she a star with all the paraphernalia of a star, a beautiful house decorated in exotic blues and yellows, clothes such as few women can ever hope to possess and a career? Sure, she has a secretary.

Madelayne Fields goes everywhere that Carole goes.

It's the famous (in Hollywood) Fieldsie—Miss Madelayne Field, to you. The tall, hefty lass with the wisecracking tongue and the fund of funny stories, who goes practically everywhere that Carole goes and who is sort of a combination bodyguard, friend, companion, secretary and business manager. The latter is her official title, and her official job.

But visualize this picture! It is ten o'clock of a Friday morning. Carole has finished her most recent film, "A Princess Comes Across." Daily, she's been working under hot lights, she's been fitted and refitted and she's worked pretty hard, and since then she's been relaxing. Every day for a week she and Fieldsie have gone and done things. And so on this particular Friday Carole says:

"C'mon, Fieldsie, let's go shopping today, have luncheon at the Brown Derby and then this afternoon, we'll go bumming. C'mon, get your hat and your glad rags and let's take the Ford. We'll step out."

Now, if you were a secretary and your boss was a glamorous star and she said that to you, you'd probably break all records dumping the morning mail into the wastebasket and hotfoot it for your bonnet. But not Fieldsie, by gosh. She's apt to say, leveling a stern glance at her employer:

"Don't you remember me? I'm the gal who works for you. I can't go out today. I have a job to do. Look at those letters! Look at all the bills that have to be totaled. I won't be through for days!"

And no amount of argument will sway her. Sometimes Carole

(*Continued on page 91*)

Can you picture Carole Lombard at an adding machine? No, we couldn't either until . . .

AROL ANN
BEERY

MOST PEOPLE, who know him only on the screen, take Wally Beery for just a big, dumb guy who got a good break. But they are mistaken. Wallace Beery is one of the few stars who has never hired a business manager. He can attend to his own entirely. His present contract is one of the few in Hollywood studio files which calls for a salary several times more than the President of the United States receives. Contracts are usually drawn by lawyers, but Wally wrote his own and M-G-M's attorneys could find no fault with it.

Wally's investments and adventures in the stock market have not been as profitable as they could have been, but it has been more due to bad breaks than unwise judgment. He has made and lost several fortunes and is now collecting his fourth, if I am not mistaken.

Wallace Beery is a hard guy to figure. He plays the piano beautifully and writes music which would sell, if he would put it on the market—yet no photographer ever got a shot of Wally at the piano. On even the hottest of California summer days, he never goes in his swimming pool, at his Beverly Hills home, without putting on a leather jacket, tightly buttoned up around his bull-like neck. He does it to keep warm, he tells people.

He is a homely mug and always was, yet he was once the husband of Gloria Swanson, one of the screen's most glamorous women. He was making his first picture success then, playing the comic role of a Swedish hired girl at the old Essanay in Chicago. Wally wasn't handsome to anyone but Gloria, then but a baby starlet and not yet even a Mack Sennett bathing beauty. He owned a yellow Mercer roadster, which he drove fifty miles an hour over dirt roads, almost breaking the heart of his producer, who feared they would bring Wally home on a shovel, in the midst of a picture. It affected Gloria's heart, too, but in a different manner. She married him.

His father was a Kansas City cop and his mother

HOLLYWOOD'S BAD BOY

Wally Beery, screen roughneck, may heckle movietown, but he's actually putty in the small hands of a certain gal!

By J. Eugene Chrisman

weighed 220 pounds. For a Sunday-go-to-meeting suit, Wally had to wear his old man's cut-down blue uniforms. To this day he hates a blue suit and will not wear one or associate with anyone who does. He hated piano lessons even more but stuck with them to please his doting Ma. He ran away from school—

"Not because I was the class dummy, but because I knew a fellow could learn more about geography and things in general by grabbing a freight train and seeing life than he could ever get out of books and such."

HE GOT a job in a circus and watered the elephants until he became a trainer. He ran into old Topsy, an elephant he had once handled as a trainer, on one of his sets in "O'Shaughnessy's Boy" and the old girl recognized him and trumpeted loudly until he came to see her.

Unlike other big stars, Wally eats lunch in the studio café. He always takes off his coat, drapes it over the back of his chair and takes down his suspenders. He has the appetite of a bull whale and doesn't like conversation when he eats, unless he meets a pal or two at the Vendome or the Hollywood Brown Derby, then he puts on the feed bag to the accompaniment of chin music.

He is a devoted husband and a real father to his adopted daughter, Carol Ann. He and the blonde Mrs. Beery are probably the best mated and happiest couple in all filmdom. When he was on location making "Treasure Island" at Catalina, he chartered a sea plane and, between scenes, flew it to the mainland where a fast car waited twenty-four hours a day, to rush him to the bedside of his very sick wife. He swears he will make an actress out of Carol Ann and she has already appeared with him in several films. He says that if ever he slips in pictures, he can sing for a living.

He is a speed demon and has a positive mania for anything which will go fast. He gets more kick out of a roller-coaster than Carol Ann does and he flies his big plane like a demon, but has never had a serious crack-up, although he has made many passengers' hair raise in fright-wigs style. Recently he flew Carol Ann to New York and back in two days just because he thought she'd enjoy seeing "Jumbo"! He spends weeks alone, or with Mrs. Beery, at his mountain lodge at Silver Lake, always flying his plane up and back. He is a licensed commercial pilot and probably the most experienced among all the air-minded stars.

In making "O'Shaughnessy's Boy" with Jackie Cooper, he had to wrestle a tiger. Proudly he invited the press to see him display his talent as a handler of the jungle demon. Instead of being a baddie, the tiger wanted to play and Wallace had to scratch him. But the man has no fear in him.

His favorite film is still "Robin Hood" and the things he would like most to forget are most of the comic pictures he and Raymond Hatton made as a comedy team.

HE IS fifty-six years old and admits it. He is six years older than his brother Noah and got the yen to become an actor when he heard that Noah was becoming a big shot by singing on the stage. He likes to play practical jokes on others but can take them, too. He will admit that he's lazy and he detests to be interviewed by writers or newspaper men—but he always has something worth printing to say.

When reading of the latest kidnapping or the latest gang crime or bank hold-up, (*Continued on page 82*)

Helen Vinson with her tennis-star husband, Fred Perry. Her latest GB film is "King of the Damned."

A LADY IN LOVE

By Mildred Mastin

Pouf went practical plans when Helen Vinson married

"YOU can make careful plans for yourself, figure out wisely what you must achieve, and what you must avoid, then you fall in love—and *pouf*—your plans are gone like feathers in the wind."

It was Helen Vinson, bride of Tennis Champion Fred Perry, speaking. She sat, her hands full of snapshots, her eyes dwelling lovingly on the face that figured in each picture. "I act like a high school girl, don't I, dragging his photographs out all the time?" She gathered the pictures up with a little laugh and slipped them back into the dressing table drawer.

Well, perhaps she was acting like a high school girl. That isn't surprising, for she's in love. What was surprising was Helen's marriage to Perry in the first place. And the swift romance, culminating in the midnight wedding, amazed everybody who knew the young actress.

Helen Vinson had sworn, repeatedly, that she would never remarry. The breaking up of her first marriage had been a disillusioning and sorrowful experience for her. She was wed to her first husband when she was little more than a child, in her teens. She was too tall for her age, shy and awkward. Too self-conscious to enjoy much social life and not popular with boys of her own age, she had buried herself in books. Then there came into her life a man fifteen years her senior. He shared and appreciated her intellectual interests. He understood her! She thought it was love. She married the man. And, "For a while," she says, "I was ecstatically happy."

But as Helen matured, became poised and sure of herself and ambitious for an acting career, their paths grew farther and farther apart. They were divorced and Helen went to Hollywood.

"Shortly after I got there," she says, "someone told me that California law did not permit a divorcee to remarry until a year after the final (*Continued on page 109*)

THINGS JUST *happen* TO ANNE

By Lois Svensrud

Anne's only seventeen, but she's a star with five pictures planned for her. "Winterset" is one of the biggest.

I JUST couldn't be anything *but* a movie star. You see, I could never have gone to college, because I'm not smart enough to get the credits. I can't draw a line or write one, either. I can't run a typewriter or a sewing-machine. Why, I wouldn't be worth my soap as a laundress because I'd probably never master a washing-machine! So, I guess I'd just be a flop in anything but the movies."

The speaker is Anne Shirley. Yes, the same Anne Shirley who occupies such a bright spot in the cinema solar system.

Surprised? Well, weren't we! Here we'd come to get the gal's secrets-of-success-at-seventeen and relay them to a waiting world. We'd expected to get the usual veneer of sophistication plastered over a goodly supply of conceit.

And here was Hollywood's youngest grown-up star, attired in blue slacks and red bobby socks with the friendliest smile in the world. Focused on us was a pair of brown eyes as amazingly direct as the announcement that was just made.

"If there's any secret to my success," Anne was saying, "it's being just plain lucky enough to fall into work that I *can* do, instead of having to earn my living at something I'd never be any good at no matter how hard I tried. Because, you see, I practically *did* fall into it. I was only a year old when a photographer saw me on the street, in New York, with my mother and he asked her to let me model baby-clothes for an ad. A year or so later a talent scout from Fox's New York studio asked her to bring me out there. A role in William Farnum's "Miracle Child" was the result. And I was launched in moom pitchers as easily as that! It's funny, you know, but that's the way things seem to happen to me. I don't do much about it, but nice things just drift around, somehow."

THAT WAS fourteen years ago when Anne first emoted for the camera. What's more, it was real emoting. For the minute her eyes lit on the magnificent whiskers, which Bill Farnum had sprouted for the picture, Anne set up a howl that shook Manhattan. (*Continued on page 80*)

Without a struggle, Miss Shirley's made the movie grade

THAT CAGNEY Cyclone

By Martha Kerr

Jimmy claimed that playing two roughnecks a year was plenty and so he took his case to court. What's more he won it and was released from his Warner contract.

+ + + No Kansas tornado has the speed and force of Jimmy Cagney when he gets going

Ardent tennis enthusiasts, Mr. and Mrs. James Cagney enjoy the matches together.

Jim made "Ceiling Zero," with June Travis, before his recent studio walkout.

THE IRISH are an extraordinary race. God bless them for delivering us from the awful monotony of continual calm.

It will be violating no confidence to reveal that Jimmy Cagney is Irish. The fact has been bruited about pretty generally. But he is not "professional" Irish. He himself has never traded upon it. Simply, it is one of those obvious and dominating actualities which simplify the work of the press. One writes, "Jimmy Cagney, fighting Irishman," and the story is practically complete with a little elaboration, which we shall tie right into with undisguised enthusiasm. No use trying to hold us back about Jim. We won't hold.

Any Irisher worth his salt, as you well know, is never really happy when things are going smoothly. He has to snarl them up somehow, and anything at hand is welcome which offers a certain way to embroil his affairs into a lovely turbulent riotous mess.

MANY A MAN would sit down in the midst of a serene, unwavering, dull success, and count his fortunes. The only thing with which he could reproach himself, possibly, would be the spare tire assembling about his middle. Well, this man bears no resemblance to Jim Cagney. Jim wouldn't give a spare tire a break, and if he ever indulges in self-reproach nobody knows anything about it.

Naturally, Jim goes around with a permanent Cause—the Irish have to have a Cause. Which means they are in the midst of a permanent fight. The Cause always has something to do with freedom—whether for a nation, a group, or an individual. And of course they are militant about personal freedom. As soon as they have it, most of them go right out and get tied up four other ways. They are so marvelous, the world would be utterly unendurable without them.

All you have to say is, "He's Irish," for any number of perfect strangers to break into warm expansive smiles and to extend a welcoming hand. It is a universal introduction, comparable with none other. You could say, "He has millions my deah, he swam the Hellespont, he just wrote a best-seller, he's an all-American half-back, women swoon for him, he can drink any man alive under the table and hold it like a gentleman"—and get no better results. Shucks, I'm not getting away with all this lofty generalization. You know whom I mean.

NOTHING SO captures our imagination or so endears an actor to his following as to have him run true to form—to follow through with the type of character he plays on the screen, in his actual life. It is extravagantly satisfying to discover that your favorite roughneck doesn't raise canaries or sit down and take it on the chin when he happens to be outside of camera range. The particular actor may be a headache to producers—but if they would figure it out calmly, it's money in the bank. A natural like that happens only once in a lifetime.

If all the world loves a lover, it loves a fighter just a little bit more. The fighter is not only going to get the girl—he's going to keep her. To paraphrase something I read somewhere, "Every girl has two sweethearts—her own and Jimmy Cagney."

When Jim enters a room, it has all the soporific effect of an electric shock. After years of knowing him, the effect never wears off. He is tangible. He is definite. He is what he is, with no distracting side issues to diminish it. Every gesture he makes has a beginning and a climax—swift, abrupt, and positive. His words are the same. He doesn't pick around cautiously over sure ground, feeling his way. He launches smack into the matter, whatever it is—discussion, argument, interview—and gives you something you can get a firm grip on, whether or not you can print it. He isn't sugar-coating (*Continued on page* 98)

GOOD NEWS-

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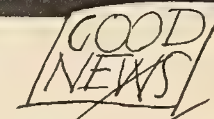


Dick Powell grabs hold of Ginger Rogers and Scotty gets a shot at them. All this at Joan Crawford Tone's party for Leopold Stokowski.

Photos by
J. B. Scott

GOOD NEWS
GOOD NEWS
GOOD NEWS

Decorations by
Hamilton Greene

The really big news of the month is that Joan Crawford's shoulders are four inches larger than Garbo's. Heretofore the melancholy Greta's measurements were considered tops in that department. But Joan has a tape measure to prove she has more shoulder than Garbo. Just think of the extra disdain that those four inches can give to a fine shrug.

■ ■ ■

Inveterate snoopers have finally located Myrna Loy's hideout. It's Lake Arrowhead. For months Myrna has been slipping out of Hollywood for quiet week-ends, but no one knew her destination until it was discovered she owns a lodge at Arrowhead. Evidence that wedding bells are in the offing for Myrna and producer Arthur Hornblow is that the lodge has just been enlarged.

■ ■ ■

When Bob Montgomery did his sulking last year it was because he was on a one-man strike against the superficial, wisecracking gents he'd been playing in almost every picture. No more of those, said Bob. So he took a long vacation, returned to the studio and the first picture he made was "Petticoat Fever" with Myrna Loy. It's a story of the far north, and we were surprised to find Bob playing the same wisecracking gent he had walked out on some months before. Hollywood or Labrador, it looks like there's no escape for Robert.

■ ■ ■

Another surprise was Joan Crawford Tone's large reception for Leopold Stokowski, which turned out to be one of the social events of the past season. Joan's parties, heretofore, had always been gatherings of intimate friends, but some four hundred invited guests showed up to greet the famous conductor of the Philadelphia Symphony, who seemed to be enjoying himself immensely. Perhaps because no one asked him to bring his baton.

■ ■ ■

This month's title-changing championship goes to Frank Capra's "Mr. Deeds Goes To Town." Originally it was called "Opera Hat," but the opera sequences were removed and the hat didn't fit. "A Gentleman Goes To Town" was the next title, but just when everybody was sitting back it was discovered that M-G-M owned a story called "A Lady Goes To Town." Rather than have the gentleman bump into the lady in every theatre in the land, Mr. Capra changed his title to "Cinderella Man." Someone said M-G-M owned the rights to that title. M-G-M was contacted. Go ahead and use it, M-G-M said. Then it turned out that M-G-M didn't own the rights at all. Another studio owned the title, and they wouldn't give it up. Soooooo—"Mr. Deeds (after some hesitation) Goes To Town."

■ ■ ■

Hugh Herbert's brand new ranch attracts a number of visitors these days, but some of them don't come back a second time. It seems Hugh keeps four goats on the place, and he's so proud of them that no one can leave the place without sampling

Three smart-looking gals turn out for the Crawford-Tone affair. Left to right, Madge Evans, Joan Blondell and Irene Dunne swing along together.

elors—left, Jimmy Stewart and right, his pal, Henry Fonda.

Movietown's latest goings-on as seen first hand by our man-about-town

By Leo Townsend

a beaker of goat's milk. You either like goat's milk or you don't, and those who don't—and they are legion—are deserting Hughie in droves.

■ ■ ■

Treason Note: The immaculate whiteness of the picket fence surrounding the Toluca Lake Park home of Walt (Mickey Mouse) Disney's brother is sullied by an unknown's pencil sketches. Mr. Disney doesn't mind that so much, but the drawings are of Mickey's arch rival, Popeye, the Sailor!

■ ■ ■

Spent our first day at Palm Springs recently and now we know why everyone who visits the place wants to go native. It is, just as the ads put it, terrific. Saw a number of picture people lounging around the El Mirador pool baking out their income tax worries and watching Anita Louise do some posing for a photographer from her studio. Anita posed sitting, standing and lying beside the pool, and posed gracefully, but somewhat timorously, on the end of the diving board. Then she startled everyone by actually going in for a swim. And just when we had decided that Hollywood bathing suits never get wet!

■ ■ ■

Dave Butler, who has directed most of Shirley Temple's pictures, is one of Miss T.'s favorite men. During the shooting of "Captain January," H. G. Wells dropped in on the set and production stopped while everyone met the great English author. Shirley, who hasn't yet read much Wells, asked her mother who he was. "Why," said Mrs. Temple, "he's one of the greatest men in the world." "Oh, no," said Shirley. "There's God, and then there's Mr. Butler."

■ ■ ■

Two years ago she was June Vlasek, playing extra roles and glad to get them. Now she's June Lang, and 20th Century-Fox is planning big things for her. She's the gal who plays the schoolmarm in "Captain January," and Fox executives are so impressed by her possibilities that, according to rumors, she is about to be presented with a $6,000 dressing-room. All of which comes under the head of nice going.

■ ■ ■

When Ann Sothern departed these hills for New York by plane recently, Cesar Romero presented her with a box of jumbled mosaics to while away her time in the air. Mosaics, in case you don't know, are tiny blocks of wood, something like a jig-saw puzzle. Ann worked on the thing all the way to New York, spilling the entire box whenever the plane struck an air pocket. About fifty miles past Pittsburgh she finally got the thing together. It turned out to be a picture of herself.

■ ■ ■

Gene Raymond's still boasting about the 80-pound marlin he hooked off Palm Beach a couple of months ago. On his return to Hollywood, from the Florida resort, he wired the good news ahead, and found himself met at the train by his pal Jeanette MacDonald, who handed him a fancy box which contained, when Gene finally got it unwrapped, a single sardine.

■ ■ ■

When he was signed for the lead in "Dancing Pirate" Charles Collins, Fred Stone's stepping son-in-law, was elated. For several seasons he and Dorothy Stone had danced in New York's better supper clubs, but this was his first movie, and he wanted it to be right. His part called for

Left above, Mr. and Mrs. Temple hold firmly to Shirley at the "Captain January" preview. Erin O'Brien-Moore, above, steps out with James Creelman to see "The Old Maid."

long sideburns, so Mr. C. devoted a month to growing a fine pair of them. Came the first day of shooting, and he reported proudly to director Lloyd Corrigan. Corrigan took one look at the Collins' handiwork and snorted, "Good Lord! Go back to the make-up department and have those things put on right!"

■ ■ ■

Social Note for Dog Lovers: Charlie Ruggles opened his new See Are Kennels out Ventura way with a cocktail party to which the press and other dog lovers were invited. The party was for the dogs, but we snooped around for a couple of hours and wish to report that not one of them took so much as a single martini.

■ ■ ■

Fay Wray is the jumpingest gal in town. Jumping from London to New York to Hollywood, she remained here only a few weeks when she hopped back to New York and then to Nassau to spend a short vacation with hubby John Monk Saunders, who commuted from London and back to see her. After Nassau, Fay leaped back to New York and on to Hollywood, where a picture assignment awaited her. We think it's nice that its title is "Roaming Lady."

■ ■ ■

Lunched with Jean Harlow a few weeks ago and watched her hairdresser do up those new brownette locks. Brownette, in case you gals are wondering, is almost the natural shade of Jean's hair, and she looks even better in it—in person

Left, Irene Hervey listens intently while Allan Jones talks with Leopold Stokowski.

Fred MacMurray took his best girl, Lillian Lamont, to Basil Rathbone's party. And here they are chatting very animatedly with their beaming host. Fred and Lil are engaged, y'know.

Two more guests at the Academy Awards dinner. Ross Alexander and Rosalind Marquis, new to Hollywood, talk things over in an uncrowded corner. She's cute, huh?

and on the screen—than she did in all her platinum glory.

■ ■ ■

A goodly percentage of moviedom's famous were on view at the annual Awards banquet of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts to see Bette Davis, Victor McLaglen, et al, receive the gold statuette which is known familiarly in Hollywood as Oscar. Naturally, Oscar is the most popular guy in town on that night of nights, and everyone awaits with bated breath the announcement which awards him to the top stars, director and picture of the year. As a matter of fact, the winners, who are supposed to be as surprised as anybody, know the results long before the announcement is made. They know because they're asked downstairs where there is a facsimile of the speakers' table and a battery of cameras which photographs their acceptance several hours before they actually do any accepting.

■ ■ ■

The real star of the evening was D. W. Griffith, who was awarded a special Oscar for his contribution to the development of motion pictures. The great director of "The Birth of a Nation" was so touched by Hollywood's acclaim that he unconsciously joined in the applause for himself. His brief and dramatic speech was easily the high point of the evening.

■ ■ ■

Romance Dept.: Bob Taylor has been devoting most of his time to Barbara Stanwyck these evenings, while Irene Hervey is being seen about with Allan Jones . . . Jean Harlow's closest pal is still Bill Powell, and vice versa . . . Jeanette MacDonald giving most of her spare hours to Gene Raymond . . . rumors are persistent that John Barrymore is furnishing a home, and when it's completely furnished it will contain Elaine (Ariel) Barrie . . . and the newest big romance is Cary Grant and Mary Brian.

■ ■ ■

Incidentally, when the Brian lass returned from England she found her Toluca Lake home completely redecorated. Whether Mary was as glad, as she was surprised, is difficult to record, for the decorations were strictly not in the Billy Haines manner. The artists who went to work on it were her Toluca neighbors, which include the Stu Erwins, Glenda Farrell, Jack Oakie and W. C. Fields. Some of the Fields touches are still on exhibit for those of Mary's friends who can take it.

■ ■ ■

Lunched with Joe E. Brown a few weeks ago, we were surprised to find him a quiet, serious-minded guy. He had just come from having an impression of his mouth immortalized in concrete in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese. You can't put your mouth in concrete, he discovered, because your nose gets in the way. So someone took a trowel, and with two generous sweeps made an impression of what the Brown mouth ought to look like. We asked Joe E. about his being among the first ten box-office attractions of 1935, and it's his belief that the kids put him there. He watches his fan mail carefully, and whenever a youngster complains about a scene in one of his pictures he starts to worry. For example, when his own daughter saw him eating with his knife in one of his epics she said, "That's not my daddy." Joe didn't sleep for a week.

■ ■ ■

The Dionne Quintuplets, whose only rival for female pulchritude is Shirley Temple, have now formally made their screen debut and can safely rest on their laurels. It might interest them to know that little Miss Temple was taken to see their picture. Someone asked her how she liked it and Shirley replied, "I think children are cute in the movies."

■ ■ ■

Dr. Joel Pressman put Mrs. Pressman (Claudette Colbert) plus flowers, candy, etc., on the train bound for New York the other night. Imagine his surprise when an hour later Claudette arrived home plus flowers, candy, etc.! It seems that, enroute to the depot, the doctor had slammed his fingers in the car door and, just as the train pulled out, Claudette began worrying so much about her husband's wounded condition that she jumped off, flagged a taxi and tore home. And here they've been married for over two months. However, satisfied that the injury was minor, Claudette finally made the trip.

■ ■ ■

Where do you think the movie actresses go to relax their nerves? You're right—to the movies! Bette (*Continued on page 76*)

By Mary E. Parks

Preston and his wife, who's paid him only two compliments during his entire career.

Preston Foster's afraid of praise, because it's killed so many stars

NO FLATTERY, PLEASE!

HOLLYWOOD'S Public Enemy No. 1 is in our midst," said Preston Foster grimly. "He's lurking in ambush. He's a sneak, a decoy, a destroyer. He's subtle and sinuous and soft. He steals on us unawares. The G-men can't get him because he's bodiless. He can't be put behind bars because he's invisible. He attacks his victims individually. And each one has to do his own fighting. If we rout the enemy we're as safe as actors ever are. If he defeats us we're as done as cold baked potatoes.

"And Hollywood's mortal enemy is not any one of the things it has been said to be—neither too much wealth nor the 'other woman.'

"No, Hollywood's mortal enemy is *'I'!* I...I...I...the Great Mogul, *Me* . . . the puffy-headed, swelled-chested, know-it-all *I!*

"And when that enemy downs a man that man is dead. I've seen good actors turn into stuffed shirts. I've seen hard-working, humble kids transformed into strutting popinjays. I've seen swell girls metamorphosed into silly manikins with their noses in the air and their brains removed from their golden heads.

"I know a chap, who was a big box-office star a couple of years ago. He was so badly smitten by the enemy that he wouldn't even act in most of his long shot scenes. He had his stand-in do his acting for him while he stood with his eye screwed to the camera lens, directing how things should be done. He was so good in his own esteem that his job wasn't big enough for him—he had to direct and supervise the script and camera work besides. He had an ego complex in maniacal form. Well, he isn't sitting very pretty now. It's a known fact that when we begin to think we're pretty good others think we're pretty bad."

Preston Foster, big, hearty and unactorish, lounged in his chair opposite me. He struck me as a combination of Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy. He has some of Clark's complete casualness and debunking quality, with the ruggedness and stark simplicity of Spencer Tracy. In other words, he is a man's man.

I said, "But aren't there some ways and means of defeating the enemy?"

"Sure there are," said Preston, "hold on while Doc Foster writes a prescription. (*Continued on page 112*)

"Law in Her Hands" is Margaret Lindsay's next picture.

WON BY AN Accent

Mag Lindsay hoaxed us all and got away with it

By Katharine Hartley

MRS. KIES dropped her bundles unceremoniously at the foot of the stairs and bounded up them, two at a time crying, "Margaret! Margaret! I'm coming, dear!" The sound of Margaret screaming and the smell of something burning put panic in her heart.

Margaret, you know her today as Margaret Lindsay, looked up calmly and grinned at her mother. "Hello," she said. She was standing in front of the long dressing table mirror, swathed in some sort of fancy lace drapery—and she was holding a lighted candlestick in her hand! But no enveloping flames!

Mrs. Kies sank down weakly on the bed, "Oh, Margaret," she said, "I thought something awful was happening to you!"

"Oh, no!" that one said pleasantly. "Nothing's happening to me except I'm learning to (*Continued on page 107*)

DO WOMEN SPOIL MEN?

DO YOU think that women spoil men?" I asked the beautiful Virginia Bruce. And she replied, "I don't know whether they do or not, but—they *should*."

" 'Should'? "

"Yes, definitely should." And then Virginia said one of the most selfless things I've ever heard a woman say about the man she loved and will always love.

She said, with such sincerity, that she is glad John Gilbert had Marlene Dietrich to spoil him in those last months of his life. It was so good for him, Virginia said. Marlene bolstered up his ego, which so badly needed bolstering. He could, she explained, still feel that he hadn't lost the compelling fire of the "great lover" when he could attract one of the most glamorous women in the world. She knew how kind Marlene had been to Jack. She watched over him and she saw to it that he was happy and entertained.

"I wasn't with him," said Virginia. "I couldn't be. So I am glad that Marlene was, for that is exactly what I mean when I say that women should spoil men.

"I may marry again one of these days," Virginia said. "I am not the sort of person to want to go through life a woman alone. I'm not independent enough. And I'm wise enough to know it. But it will be difficult for me to find, ever again, anyone so vital, so electric as Jack Gilbert was.

"Perhaps we were both fated, Jack and I. For here is a curious thing that happened to me before I came to Hollywood. A long time before, when I was just a schoolgirl back home in North Dakota, I went to a clairvoyant one day and she told me that I was destined for tragedy.

"I didn't think," said Virginia, "that it would come so finally—or so soon.

"Perhaps part of my tragedy will be that I do spoil men. I seem to be the type to attract men who are much stronger and more forceful than I am.

"I think," said Virginia, "that it is not irrelevant to what we are talking about for me to speak of Jack. Because, after all, my belief that women should spoil men and most of my theories about the relationships between men and women spring, naturally, from my marriage to Jack.

"Certainly, if the husband is the dominant factor, the wife quite naturally defers to him, waits on him, obeys him. I was like that and I think I always shall be. I always feel young and inexperienced when I am with a man who interests me. I feel like a child who is being taken out by an older person, and who really should be seen and not heard!

"I always do what I am told to do—even as I did in my marriage. I never dreamed, when I was married, of interfering with anything my husband wanted to do. I never thought of opposing my will to his. If there was any waiting-on to be done, *I* did it. I wouldn't have dreamed of asking Jack to run downstairs to get me a book or to run any errand for me. If he wanted to be with his friends, for instance, it never occurred to me to join them unless I was asked.

"Men should have a masculine world into which neither wife nor sweetheart should intrude.

"Men *need* spoiling more than women do, contrary to some opinion. Biologically, if in no other way, men are the ones who are supposed to go out into the world and fight for success. In order to win that success, men should be sent forth armored with self-importance and the conviction that they are pretty darn good, no one any better. And if that ego is deflated by a demanding, argumentative sort of a woman, he is licked before he starts. I think," said Virginia, "that a man who is made to feel abused is the most pathetic object in the whole world.

"Women may need the kisses, but men need the pats on the shoulder.

"Just consider the movie marriages which have been the most successful, the most long-lived . . . the Jean Hersholts, the Warner Baxters, the John Boles,

Virginia and Jack Gilbert on the day they wed. Their love was ill-starred, but it gave her an unusual slant on men.

Susan Ann Gilbert, Jack's and Virginia's lovely child. She fared royally in her late father's will.

And Virginia herself in the gay fripperies of her role in "The Great Ziegfeld."

Virginia Bruce's answer to this question may not be yours, but the men will agree with her unanimously!

the Bob Montgomerys, the Preston Fosters, the Paul Munis, the Leslie Howards—they illustrate what I mean. For, in every one of those marriages, the man is the bread-winner, the conquering hero, the star. The wives are what all women should be—just wives. If they had careers, they sacrificed them to those of their husbands. They gave their men the limelight.

AND THEN, on the other hand, consider the marriages where the wives have been the big stars—they didn't do any spoiling, *they* were the spoiled ones—and so were their marriages.

"Women should be," said this young Virginia with the very mature mind, "two things to their men—mothers and children. Mothers, when it comes to home things, children when it comes to big things. And I think that's just what successful wives are. I know that Mrs. Howard mothers Leslie at home—sees to it that his ties and socks match, that he eats the right things, gets the proper amount of sleep. I know that Mrs. Muni goes on the sets with Paul to make sure that he eats regular meals, is not overtired and doesn't have to think of small details. But in the large affairs of life these wives take orders!

"I think that a great many modern women *are* spoiling men—but not in the right way. I mean the women who are professional, who earn money, who take away from men the right to be the head of the house.

"I don't mean that women should sacrifice their careers, if they have careers which are really vital to them and to the world. But I do think they should be clever about their professional lives. They should spoil their men in the loving way, not the destructive way. They should *pretend* that they work because it amuses them, not because it is necessary.

"They should use the money (*Continued on page 102*)

By Gladys Hall

WHY BART MARSHALL *gets* YOU !

Quiet Englishman he may be, but now you'll see why he is popular with men and fascinating to women

I ONCE heard a beautiful woman say, "I would be afraid to fall in love with Herbert Marshall. I know I'd never get over it." And she was lovely, very young, very self-confident. Yet she admitted that she would be afraid to fall in love with the dark, tall man his friends call "Bart."

Norma Shearer once explained him this way. She said, "Women are attracted to him because he has a beautiful courtesy and because he *suffers* so!"

And Gloria Swanson, still one of Hollywood's most fascinating women, has eschewed all other escorts for him.

A friend of mine said, recently, "Bart is so really kind. For instance, if a bunch of us get together and someone is on the pan and the conversation gets a bit caustic, Bart will always check it before it goes too far, saying, 'Oh, but we all make the same mistakes, you know,' or 'We might do the same thing ourselves under similar circumstances.' And he always uses the 'we,' including himself. He's a sweet guy, no foolin'." And it was a man speaking—a man named Robert Montgomery.

The boys on the set at the studio—the sound men, props, electricians—said to me, "Mr. Marshall remembers all of our names and faces the day after we start to work—and the names of our wives and kids, too. He remembers that my Sammy has the measles and that Bill's Jim fell off his bike. He seems to care, too. He's reg'lar, he is!"

Bill Seiter, directing "If You Could Only Cook," a recent picture of Bart's, said to me, "Bart is a magnificent fellow—and what an actor! He'll work until he drops dead. Nothing is too much trouble for him. He never complains, is never 'difficult'—I'm nuts about him!"

Everywhere men say, "He's a grand guy." And everywhere women say, something wistful in their voices,

By Faith

Service

Bart, at home. You'll be enjoying him next in "Till We Meet Again" with Gertrude Michael.

Witty Gloria Swanson is one of Bart's most constant companions. He says he's not a domestic man and likes best to "talk shop" with stage and screen people.

"There's something about Herbert Marshall . . . ."

Now, in Hollywood, as in all small towns, there are gossips who dip their tongues, now and again, in the broth called vitriol. No matter how deserving a person may be, no matter how popular, there is usually some one to pop up, like the devil, and do a mite of lambasting. But never once has the devil popped up, in my hearing, where Bart is concerned. And it's not because I haven't been around, either. I've even prodded the gossips to see whether I could draw sparks. Not one. And I was intrigued. It seemed logical to me, a Marshall fan myself, ever since "Trouble in Paradise" set us all Marshall-mad, to believe that women feel about him as they actually do.

I felt sure that he is, as Bob Montgomery said, tolerant and kindly. I could observe the "beautiful courtesy" for myself and I sensed in him a certain haunting and faintly sorrowful "remembrance of things past." But I wondered *why* he is as he is. By what road has he travelled? Has the hand of Destiny been, for him, a mailed fist or a soft kid glove? I thought it would be interesting to try to take the Marshall apart, to find out how he ticks and why, to analyze the makings of the man he is today.

BART AND I had tea together. And I mean tea. In the living-room of his Beverly Hills Hotel bungalow. The walls were book-lined, firelight painted both the walls and the gravely attentive face of the man talking to me. A terrifically modest man he is, I'll tell you that. Not articulate when it comes to talking about himself. He has, indeed, the apologetic manner of one who would say, "But you don't *really* care to hear all this about me. . . ." It took considerable persistence on my part, and a great deal of that "beautiful courtesy" on his, for me to get what I did.

And this is the way I got it:

On the wall hung framed photographs. One was of a young couple, Ethel Turner and Percy Marshall, Bart's mother and father—rather a pathetic young couple, timid and frightened looking. One was of three little ladies, frilled and deliciously

(*Continued on page 99*)

SYLVIA SIDNEY PLAYS Truth

By Katherine Albert

WITH HER divorce from Bennett Cerf hardly cold in its grave, I asked Sylvia Sidney to play the game of "Truth." However, there were to be some new rules. Sylvia was not only to be "It," but all the other players as well. I wanted her to look herself squarely in the face—obviously an impossible feat—and tell what she thought was wrong. I wanted a complete confession of all her faults because in that way, we could get at the root of a lot things which have been worrying people about Sylvia.

When this fantastic idea was suggested, she and I were lunching at the Vendome. Sylvia was all done up in the smoothest riding habit in town. The only difference between Sylvia and a lot of other movie stars was that Sylvia actually had been riding.

"You've come to the wrong person," she told me, when I suggested she play "Truth" with herself. "Why don't you just wander from table to table at this restaurant and ask, 'What's wrong with Sidney?' The only trouble is that you'd be here for days."

I explained everything again. I wanted the brutal, frank words from Sylvia herself. I wanted to find out why she and a nice guy like Cerf couldn't get along.

"Oh, it isn't that I'm stalling," Sylvia said. "I know myself as well—better, than anybody in the world. I know my faults and I'm not afraid to tell about them. Heaven knows, nobody else has ever hesitated to tell me. But then, I like that. I want the truth—straight out. And I give it. So that brings us to one of my major faults.

"I am completely without tact. I'm impelled to say what I think and I can't help showing people how I feel about them. If I like a person, he knows it. If I don't—well, he knows that, too. You see, I can't turn charm on and off. I admire people who can, they get lots farther. But I can't do it—that's all. And when I make the effort to do it, which I almost never do, it is completely phoney.

"People must understand that about me and accept my complete tactlessness.

"THE BEST friend I have in the world is a girl who bawled me out the first time we ever met. It was at the Theatre Guild School. She was several years older than I. We had just been introduced when she said, 'What's wrong with you? You're just a kid yet you pile on so much lipstick that nobody can see your mouth. Don't do it!'

"That's how the friendship began. (I've very few friends, which is another fault.) Not long ago, this same girl visited me here in Hollywood. When we said good-bye, at the station, she gave me a good bawling out about the way I was managing my life. I like that. I say what I think to people. I want that from them.

"I used to have an ungovernable temper. I've controlled it—but not because I'm going sweetness and light all over the place. I stopped having rages simply because it seemed silly to play big emotional scenes that I didn't get paid for. I save the fireworks for the camera now. I'm afraid to *give* my emotions.

"When I was in one of those tempers the words poured out like hot lava. I was completely articulate. I wasn't one of those who say later, 'Oh, I wish I'd thought to say that at the time.' I thought to say it at the time, and regretted it the next day.

"My tempers always ended by my throwing something across the room. Vases simply weren't safe around me. And once I threw a potted plant. But those words and gestures can't be recalled. Always, after one of my tempers, I'd actually be ill for days. I couldn't eat, I couldn't sleep.

"I can't say I've mastered my temper, even now. I still feel the same inside, the only difference is that now I simply shut my mouth on the words and walk out of the room. Inside I'm seething but, at least, I have no regrets the next day."

She paused for breath and straightened the coat of her riding habit. "Oh, yes, I'm sloppy. I know it but can't seem to do anything about it. Howard Greer, who is not (*Continued on page 103*)

Top to bottom, Sylvia with Bennett Cerf before their brief marital life came to an end, and with Henry Fonda in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." Also a recent portrait of this frank star.

Meet a star as she sees herself, who cheats Hollywood's prize gossips by finding faults even they can't locate

ACADEMY AWARD NIGHT

Clark Gable and Merle Oberon at the Academy Award banquet.

Bette Davis, the actress honored for her splendid work in "Dangerous."

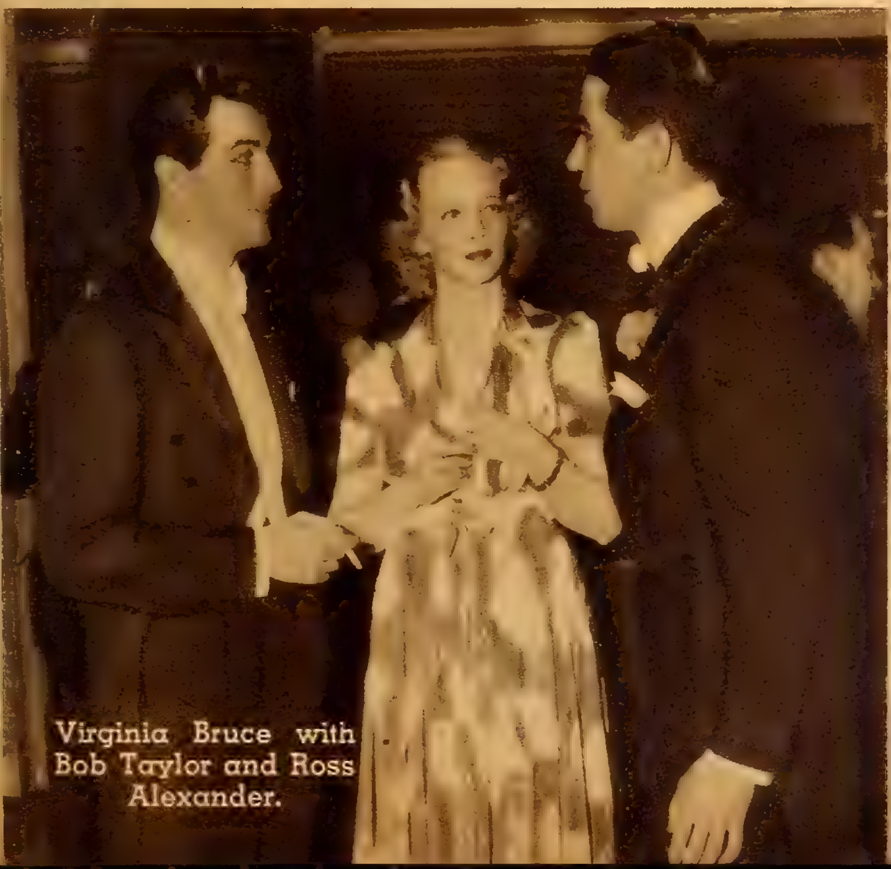
Loretta Young [illegible] with escort, [illegible] Sutherland.

And Ida Lupino attends with young Tom Brown.

Victor MacLaglen, the actor who won on his fine portrayal of "The Informer."

The Errol Flynns (Lili Damita) in the audience at the Biltmore.

Each year this gold statuette is given for the two outstanding performances on the screen



Virginia Bruce with Bob Taylor and Ross Alexander.

Norma (Juliet) Shearer with husband, Irving Thalberg.

DO YOU BELIEVE IN MIRACLES?

If, as is Bette Davis', your bust is inclined to be large, it can be safely reduced.

WELL, DO YOU? Because I do! I've seen too many of them, out Hollywood way, not to believe in them.

I know that you can work miracles on your body. And when I say "work," I mean work. You can't do it by wishing, or quack methods or hocus-pocus. But faith in yourself *plus* the necessary work has turned many a miracle before this.

There are certain parts of the body which, if they are not naturally beautiful and symmetrical, most women are inclined to give up for lost. The legs, for instance. The breasts. The contour of one's face and particularly the shape of one's nose.

Now children (that's what you all are to me, whether you are six or sixty), you know by this time that I never mislead you in my articles with a lot of fine-sounding clap-trap that doesn't mean anything. I'm not reneging on my statement that you can work miracles, because that is true. On the other hand, it would be wrong to tell you that you can take a pair of legs which are thick and heavy because of their bone construction and turn them into a pair of Dietrich-like appendages. But believe me you can do wonders with that same pair of heavy legs by getting rid of any excess fat or bulging muscles, and shape them as you never had hoped possible. However there is a limit.

BUT LISTEN, darlings, wouldn't it be quite worth while to reduce the calf, say, one and a half inches—which is quite possible? And slim the ankles down perhaps an inch? That, too, is quite possible. If your bust is large and lacking in lovely lines, as Bette Davis' is inclined to be, there is plenty you can do to acquire, as near as possible, the exquisite proportions of a Harlow or a Rochelle Hudson. You can reduce the bust by proper diet to a remarkable extent and firm up the muscles by exercise.

Now I've been honest about this thing. Are you going to be sensible about it? You'd better! Are you going to be sensible enough to say, "I may not be the most beautiful creature in the world, because of this or that, but I can—and I will—be as lovely as is within my power"? People who have some unhappy physical handicap are inclined to put on a great show of indifference and make believe that they care little for the acclaim which all the world pays to beauty. But they can't fool mama. You've

True, Alice Faye's nose is not her most attractive feature, but it can be corrected.

Sylvia, Beauty Critic for Modern Screen, whose advice has helped readers and stars alike.

Ankle, leg, chest and nose problems can now be solved

By Madame Sylvia

Rochelle Hudson's figure is beautiful.

heard them . . . the sad little birds, at dances, who spend most of the evening out in the powder room, playing like they're waiting for someone. A pathetic game it is, too. The girls who say, with a sweet-sour smile, "I really don't care much for boys." The women whom life passes by. Such people make me want to do two things: first I want to sit down and have a good cry with them. Then I want to give them a good, hearty smack between the shoulder blades and say, "What the devil's the matter with you anyway? Snap out of it! It's your own fault that you are as you are. Get busy and stop sulking!"

Sorry, children, I didn't mean to fly off the handle like that. I'm just trying to tell you a few things you must do if (*Continued on page 83*)

HER BOARDING HOUSE DAYS

Ann Harding's fellow boarders didn't think she'd get far. "No warmth," they claimed!

By Frank Easton

Ann with Herbert Marshall in a musical moment from their RKO picture, "A Lady Consents."

Decorations by Bill Holman

FOURTEEN YEARS ago Ann Harding lived in a boarding house at 322 West 88th Street, New York City. Young, unsophisticated, eager for success, she wandered in and out with either a history book or a volume of Shakespeare under her arm. She dressed conservatively, almost drably, with a peculiar flair for unmatched pieces! The world was her oyster and she was looking for the pearls only.

That was in 1921.

During the long years since, Ann Harding has become a stage star and a screen celebrity with a salary reputed to be over five thousand dollars a week. She has been married, is the mother of a child, still wears cotton stockings and has subsequently been divorced. Her career has once been on the verge of a complete collapse.

But in 1935 . . . .

She made "Peter Ibbetson" and presto! Ann had made her comeback, salvaged her career.

But to get back to the story I have to tell you. Monroe Owsley and I, back in 1921, were in New York. We were attending Columbia University and had taken rooms at 322 West 88th Street.

Our first night at dinner we were put at a table with the Gatlee family—a mother and two daughters. Edith, a dark-haired siren, was secretary down Wall Street way. But Dorothy, a blonde, had given up her secretarial job, changed her name to Ann Harding and was studying for the stage.

It wasn't long before Owsley and I got to know the Gatlees quite well, especially Ann.

Strange girl, Ann, but fascinating. Quiet, studious and aloof, she seemed to live in a world of her own, a world of ideals and ambitions which she kept carefully concealed from even those who thought they knew her well. She moved in a self-produced atmosphere of peculiar detachment, not resentful of people exactly, but fearful rather.

The folks at the boarding house never really knew Ann. She wasn't much of a mixer, so they thought her cold and

Ann, with her daughter, Jane Bannister, plan a trip to England where Ann will do a picture. And right, as you'll see her soon in "The Witness Chair."

SPLASH
SPLASH
BATH

austere—too much so to ever make a success on the stage. They constantly prattled about her lack of warmth and understanding.

Not that she wasn't popular. She was. Everybody liked her. But everybody stood just a little bit in awe of her. She was charming, but she never invited confidences from people, and never for a moment allowed any one to break down the gates to her little world of isolated decorum. She was the nearest thing I ever saw to an upper class English woman, living in well-bred seclusion and viewing the passing show of life daintily, speculatively, almost timidly.

But underneath all this frigid exterior Ann was, and still is, thoroughly human and understanding. She's still consumed with a burning ambition and is one of the most sympathetic persons I've ever known. That's why she has been a success, and why, after having suffered a career-collapse, she will shoot right to the top again.

Back in those days in 1921 times were difficult and money scarce. Ann's father and mother were separated. The salary of an army officer isn't large and their income was, I suppose, sufficient to furnish the necessities, but the scheming done to make ends meet took the brains of a financial wizard. That was Mrs. Gatlee's job—her daughters were a great help. Edith worked and bought her own clothes. As for Ann, she didn't care whether she had any or not. She was totally disinterested in clothes, being as happy and contented in a cheap print dress as in a Hattie Carnegie ensemble—it was all the same to Ann.

Few people outside the theatre realize the struggles and hardships of show business. The world sees the few who arrive, after they have arrived, and sees only the glamor connected with the stage and screen, not the thwarted hopes and aspirations, the disappointments that they have endured.

Night after night Ann would come home dog tired from tramping the streets around (*Continued on page 96*)

Clothes

LOOKING AT MY calendar this month, I discovered that this issue presents a little problem, whether you know it or not. Why? Well, there are all of you who are about to step off into matrimony between now and the end of June—you want news about trousseaux and such. But there are all you others who, although you are interested in weddings, too, are much more worried about the first week-end holiday that happens along about Decoration Day—you want to know how to pack enough clothes into a suitcase to knock the eye out of any prospective bridegroom, of a year from this June, that might happen to loom up!

Una Merkel tells you what to

Left to right below, you see two more evening gowns that hang in the Merkel closet ready for traveling orders! A net and lace affair with jacket—and a dinner gown of silk crepe with soft lace trimming. For sports activities, active or passive, there's a white silk shirtmaker dress with blue accents. And for general daytime use, a navy blue two-piece dress printed in white stars.

Black lace for evening is not only smart but a good traveler. Una loves all the flare of this one.

that go places!

to pack for those first week-end holiday trips ahead

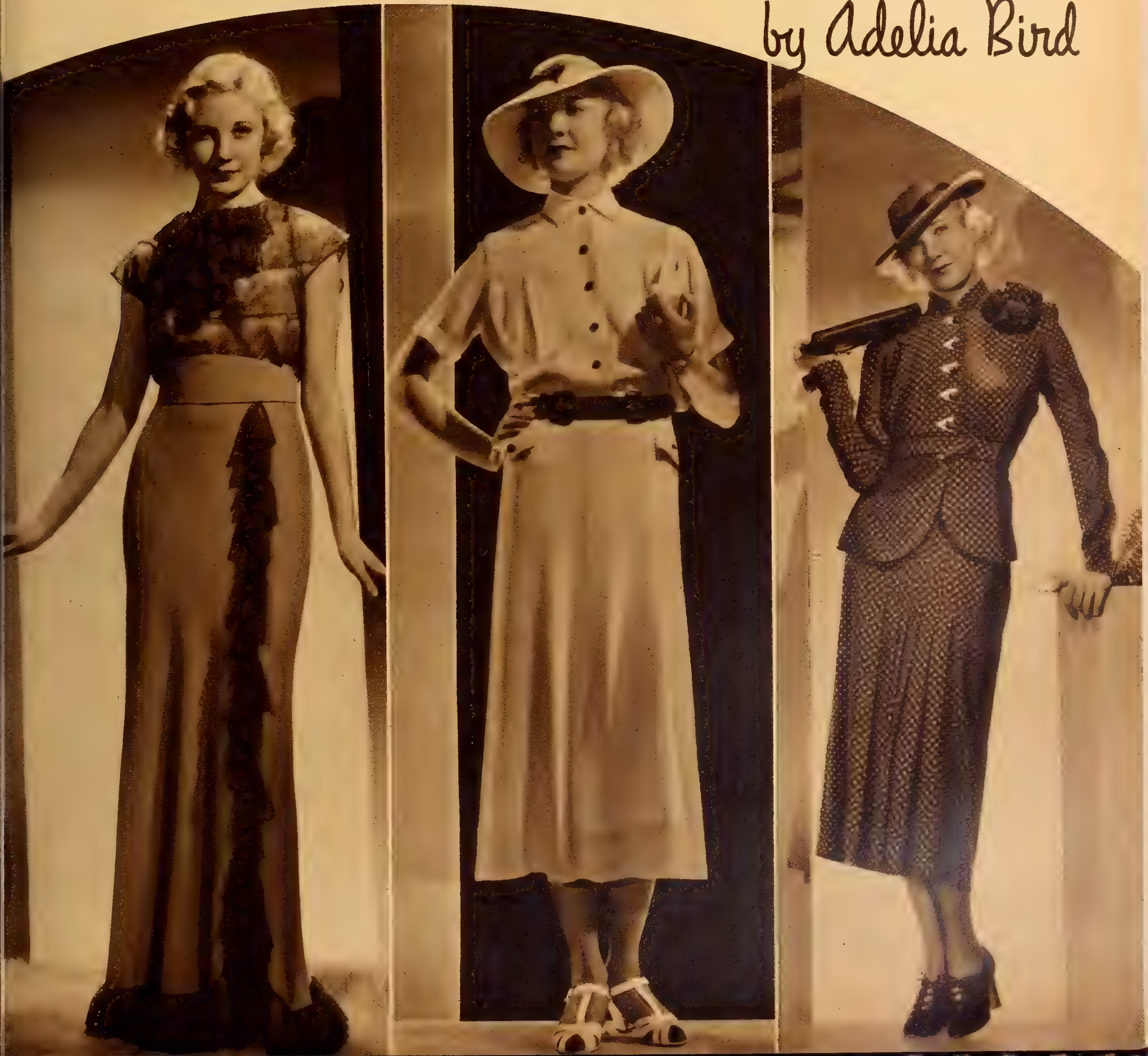
by Adelia Bird

So-o, tossing a coin—and cheating a bit because Una Merkel came into the picture right then, the brides lost until next month when their turn will come. Meanwhile, they can get some excellent trousseau tips from the grand clothes which Una has contributed to this story.

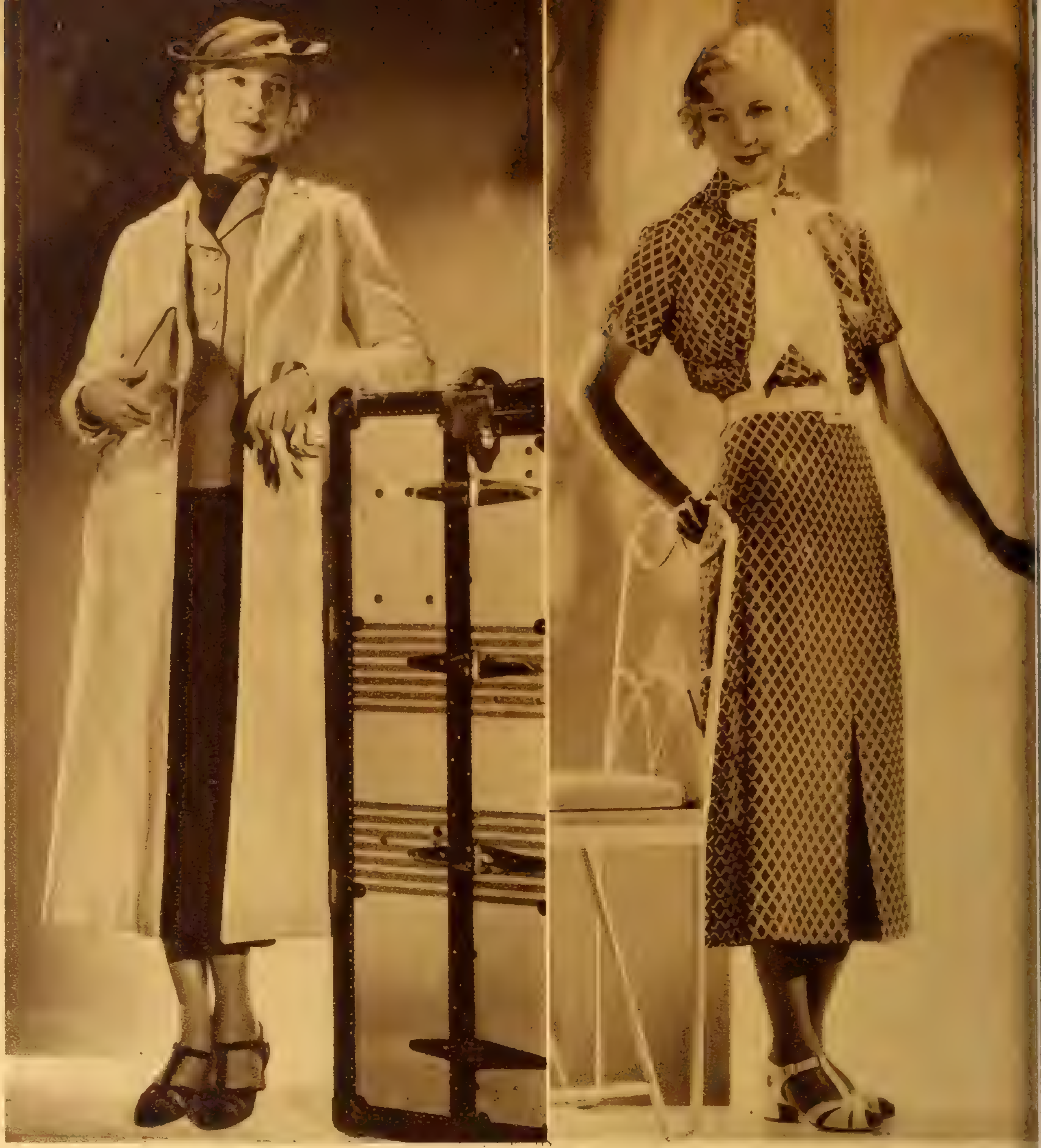
Hollywood, as you know, has the most week-end holidaying crowd in the country. A brief dash out of town is about the only way many stars get a vacation at all between pictures. And although they live in sports clothes during the day, they have to take clothes with them that will meet unexpected party demands. Palm Springs, that beautiful desert resort, is a great week-end favorite because it's within easy driving distance of Hollywood, yet far enough away to insure a rest from the studios' demands.

What is worn by the smart stars at Palm Springs is a pretty good guide to what you will want to wear this summer at nearby lake and seaside resorts. Palm Springs is like Florida in this respect; it forecasts trends for all of us who can't get away until the hot summertime is practically upon us.

Here are just a few of the fashions that have been spotted on recent week-ends at such favorite Palm Springs gathering places as the El Mirador, the Desert



At right, you see two more of Una's week-end fashions story. First there's the three-piece suit she wears for travel—red, white and blue basket weave woolen, a patriotic trio for Decoration Day week-end. Blue skirt, red jacket and white coat. A green and white silk print is an extra sports dress that's easy to pack.



Inn and the Racquet Club. White in costumes leads as far as colors are concerned—and the white costume is nearly always accented by a color. Next, after white, come those costume shades that look so new and exciting this year—probably because they are more vibrant than the pastel shades which we have become used to for summer. Many yellow shades, ranging from chamois to daffodil. Pinks in the watermelon and coral tones. Aqua and turquoise blues and loads of the new purple blues.

Ann Sothern, who gets away to the desert as quickly as a picture is finished, has a knitted silk swim suit in aqua blue—this is very form fitting. She has another one of more formal design in the popular Tahitian flower print. This is in a brown and white color combination and is particularly attractive with Ann's blonde hair and fair skin.

Although shorts are still on the up for popularity in active sports, more and more divided skirts, known as culottes, are seen. Stars are taking to this style more slowly than you would think, it being such a happy compromise between slacks and shorts. I think the reason for this is that they have been devoted to slacks for so long, that they don't welcome any innovations in the skirt line. Speaking of the culotte, however, Ann also numbers a culotte costume in her desert week-end wardrobe. Hers looks like a green silk shirtwaist dress but has the divided skirt instead of the usual pleated one.

When slacks are worn, and that is most of the day, whether in Hollywood or down in the desert, color contrast is cleverly used. One young starlet, with an eye to the unusual, wore wine red slacks pin striped in white with a yellow tweed, mannish jacket. Another gal, with a more feminine turn of mind, wore pink pique pajamas with a blue sweater. Mannish jackets in bright colors are preferred for slack costumes—shirts and blouses also of a tailored type to go with these.

Back to Ann again, she wears an ice-blue linen-like cotton coat dress that has the unique feature of a halter neck top. This is one of her pet week-end dresses, along with a one-piece linen in yellow.

A new idea in informal dinner dancing costumes has been seen recently at Palm Springs and it may develop into a fashion for all of you. It is an afternoon-length dress given formal trimmings and accessories. For example, one pioneering gal appeared in a very sheer wool dress, made simply with a rather high collared neckline and short sleeves, the belt, collar clip and bracelet being of brilliant jewels! Still another wore an evening jacket of brocaded satin over a finely pleated chiffon skirt of average afternoon dress length. It's something to experiment with, if you like to be the first to start something!

Enough of what goes on at Palm Springs—and what of Una Merkel, are you saying? Well, Una up and offered her own personal week-end or vacation travel suggestions for all of you to copy. Una and her young husband, Ronald Burla, have to be ready to snatch a quick vacation trip whenever Una has a moment to spare between pictures. And, as Una says, she can't stop to shop elaborately for clothes when she and Ronnie have to be ready to leave almost as soon as the idea occurs to them. So, as a result, Una keeps clothes on hand that she can depend upon to be adequate for any crazy trip they may suddenly decide to take.

There's nothing formal or "big star" about Una—she's just a charming, unspoiled Southern girl who has made a success but hasn't let it change her. That's why I think she's such a swell person to talk about vacation clothes—she has to snatch quick holidays the way we all do and she doesn't dress (*Continued on page 86*)

Miss Rose Winslow,
of New York, Tuxedo Park, and Newport,

dining at the Savoy-Plaza, New York. Miss Winslow is a descendant of Governor Winslow of the Mayflower Pilgrims. She made her *début* in Newport in 1932. Miss Winslow says: "Camels couldn't be milder. They never have any unpleasant effect on my nerves or my throat. I smoke them constantly—all through the day, and find them particularly welcome at mealtimes."

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Traffic—irregular meals—the responsibilities of running a home—no wonder digestion feels the strain of our speeded-up existence. That's why people everywhere welcome the fact that Camel cigarettes aid digestion—normally and naturally. Scientists explain that smoking Camel cigarettes increases the flow of digestive fluids, fostering a sense of well-being and encouraging good digestion. Enjoy Camel's mildness—with meals—between meals—whenever and as often as you choose. Their finer, costlier tobaccos never get on your nerves—never tire your taste—and definitely aid digestion.

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Mrs. Henry Field, *Chicago*
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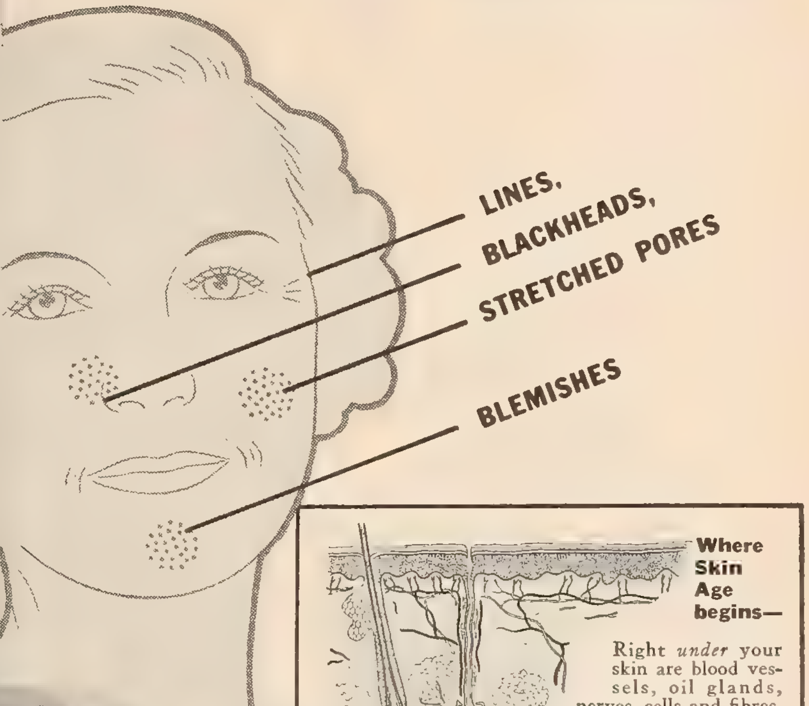
ABOARD UNIVERSAL'S 'SHOWBOAT'

It's been reunion time out on the "Showboat" set where Irene Dunne is reviving her famous stage role of Magnolia. Many of the original cast have come back to play with her, among them Helen Morgan and Charles Winninger, the first "Cap'n Henry." This part and its romantic songs are dear to Irene.

SECRET BEGINNINGS OF *Age Signs Laid Bare*

SKIN AUTHORITIES LAY BLAME FOR LINES, WRINKLES, DRY SKIN *ON A "LAZY UNDERSKIN"*



Right *under* your skin are blood vessels, oil glands, nerves, cells and fibres. When these fail—age signs come.

Miss Barbara Hebbard, New York: "I have seen my pores become finer—even blackheads disappear!—after regular treatments with Pond's Cold Cream."

Rouse hidden glands, nerves, fibres to win back Smooth Line-free skin ... End Blackheads, Blemishes, too!

"I HATE TO GROW OLD!" The same cry from every woman's heart . . . If you're 20, you fear the 30's. 30? You dread the 40's. Yet the years themselves are not bewailed. It's the unlovely lines, the gradual coarsening of the skin that make some women feel . . . "They hardly had any youth at all!"

But these tragic age signs can be warded off—Their hidden starting place is known! Skin authorities say it lies five layers below the skin you see. Down in what's called your *underskin.*

The diagram above shows you what the underskin looks like. There you see the oil glands that should keep skin supple . . . the blood vessels that should invigorate the skin, clear it . . . the under tissues that should keep skin firm.

Deep-skin treatment needed

"Then why does skin age?" . . . Because these tiny glands, tissues, blood vessels lose their vigor! They slow up . . . give skin faults their chance to start. But you can rouse your underskin, keep it active—by faithful use of Pond's deep-skin treatment!

Lady Daphne Straight

granddaughter of the late ANTHONY J. DREXEL and of the late WILLIAM WHITNEY, says: "Pond's Cold Cream keeps my skin clear, positively glowing. It even wipes away little fatigue lines."

Smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. Made with fine, specially processed oils, it goes into each tiny pore quickly, deeply. Next minute, it's out again—laden with long-lodged dirt and make-up.

Wipe it all off and pat in more Pond's Cold Cream *briskly* . . . That's all there is to the treatment! Yet followed faithfully, see what happens. As the glands act normally—their oils no longer clog. Blackheads, blemishes can't come! . . . As tissues fill out, little lines gradually fade. As your whole underskin wakes up—your *outer skin* takes on that soft feel, that smooth look which make you feel young at any age! Begin now to give your skin Pond's care. Remember, this is the treatment that brings true skin beauty . . .

Fight Skin Age this way

Every night, for thorough cleansing, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream to loosen, float out dirt, make-up, skin secretions. Wipe it all off . . . Now rouse your underskin! Pat in more Pond's Cold Cream briskly. Watch how each treatment makes your skin really fresher and younger looking.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this Pond's deep-skin treatment. You'll notice that even powder looks better—it goes on more evenly because your skin is so fine, so soft!

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE

and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. F50 Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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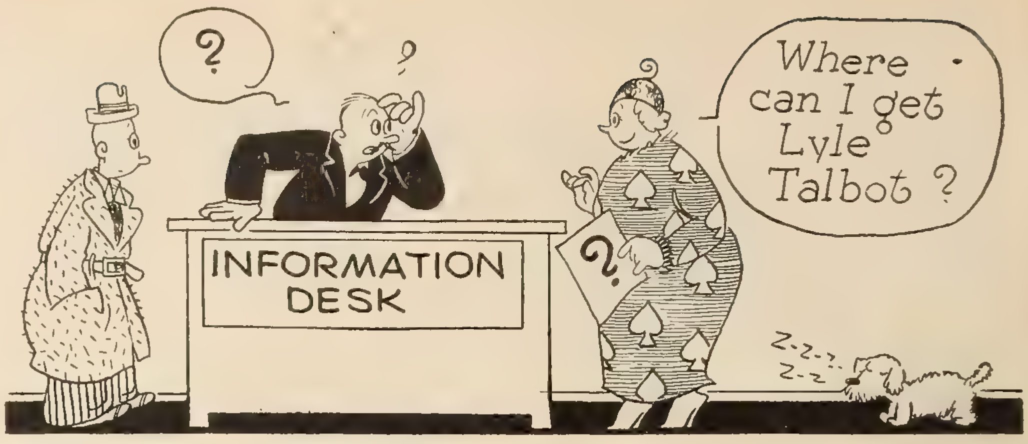
You've never seen a polish so rich in lustre ... so long and perfect in wear. Chipping and peeling are gone—and—forgotten woes. Glazo's exclusive, fashion-approved shades retain their full beauty for several *extra* days.

Streaking becomes a lost word, for new Glazo floats onto every finger with perfect evenness of color. Evaporation has been so amazingly reduced that the polish is usable down to the last drop.

For even a day, don't deny your fingertips the luxury of this new Glazo. Just 20 cents.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Where can I get Lyle Talbot ?
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Keep up-to-date on film facts

NOTE: The following biographies are printed by popular demand. They are the ones most frequently requested during the last month by readers who have sent in the coupon at the end of the article. Each coupon has been tabulated, so if you have requested any of these, kindly consider yours automatically responsible.

DICK POWELL—Mountain View, Ark., was the birthplace of this popular crooner on a certain November 14, 1904. Richard E. Powell is his real name, and he has two brothers—Howard and Luther. Until he was 12 Dick was just a country boy, but his family moved to Little Rock, Ark., where he attended grade school and college. During this youthful period Dick was very busily engaged in learning to play the saxophone, clarinet and cornet and singing at weddings, funerals and in the church choir. His next move was to organize an orchestra. In St. Louis a vaudeville act flopped, so he hastened home and shortly after married Mildred Maund. Things were pretty dull until a visiting orchestra signed him to a contract and took him on tour. After that, Dick held various positions, ending up as master of ceremonies in a Pittsburgh theatre for three years. A miracle in the guise of a talent scout eventually turned up, and in 1932 Dick Powell made his screen debut in "Blessed Event." His hobbies, outside of the movies, include music, flying, golf, swimming, horseback riding, bridge and football games, to say nothing of making amateur movies. Dick is 6 feet tall, weighs 172 pounds, has blue eyes and auburn hair. His marriage to Mildred Maund was dissolved some years ago, and now Joan Blondell seems to be his current amour. "Colleen," with Ruby Keeler, is Dick's most recent picture and "Hearts Divided" will present him again with Marion Davies. After that will come "Stage Struck" in which he and Joan Blondell are co-starred. Write Dick at the Warner Brothers Studios, Burbank, Cal.

MIRIAM STRUTT, no address—I'm glad you asked who played the seamstress in "A Tale of Two Cities" and Lou in "Ceiling Zero." Both parts were taken by Isabel Jewell, who is finally getting some credit for being a proficient actress. Jean Harlow was 25 on March 3rd.

ROBERT TAYLOR—Little Bobby has been doing all right by himself. In fact, Mr. Gable had better watch out for his "popularity prize." To get back to business, Bob was born in Filley, Nebr., on August 5, the son of Dr. S. A. Brough. Moving to Beatrice, he attended school there and then went on to Doane to college, finishing at Pomona. In the latter instituition Bob Brough was outstanding in dramatics and a star tennis player. A campus production of "Journey's End" won him a screen test from a talent scout, who immediately sent him back to his books at the first glimpse of it. This was only temporary, it seems, for after graduation Bob was tested again, this time signed to a contract, and put into training by M-G-M. His first picture was "Handy Andy" in 1934. Tennis and horseback riding are his favorite sports, he plays the cello and piano, collects different kinds of sweaters and is very superstitious about black cats and ladders. Six feet tall, he weighs 165 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. Bob is very popular with the feminine stars these days, and there's really no telling in whom he is most interested at the moment. His next picture will be opposite Loretta Young in "Private Number." Write him at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Washington Blvd., Culver City, Cal.

GRACE REYNOLDS, Danbury, Conn.—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire are to be teamed again in "Never Gonna Dance." Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler will undoubtedly continue their team-play after Dick finishes his current assignments (see biography above), but nothing is set for them at the moment.

JOAN CRAWFORD—Lucille LeSueur Cassin has travelled a long road since she was born in San Antonio, Tex., on March 23, 1908. When she was still quite young, her family moved to Kansas City, Mo., where they resided for 16 years. There Joan received her earlier education in a private school, and was initiated into the dramatic arts in the wings of her father's theatre. Against her parents' wishes, she left home and made her stage debut in a Chicago revue. Upon the completion of a successful engagement in the midwest, Joan came to New York where she appeared in several plays. She was seen by a Hollywood executive and placed under contract, appearing in "Pretty Ladies" in 1925 as an extra. She was still Lucille LeSueur then, but because her name was so difficult to pronounce, her fans gave her the name of Joan Crawford in a magazine contest. From that time on her progress was steady, and she now ranks in fifth place among the most popular stars. Joan is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 115 pounds, has reddish-brown hair and brilliant blue eyes. Her favorite color combination is blue and white, she adores sport clothes and loves to wear lounging pajamas. She is considered an excellent dancer and has a better-than-average soprano voice. On October 11, 1935, Joan Crawford, the former Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., became Mrs. Franchot Tone. And this is a surprise—Joan and Robert Taylor are going to be teamed in "The Gorgeous Hussy." You may write her at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Washington Blvd., Culver City, Cal.

GERTRUDE GASSETT, Hoppinten, Mass.—Both Spencer Tracy and Preston Foster are married. Spencer is married to Louise Treadwell, a non-professional, and they have a son who is not far from his 'teens. Preston Foster's wife is Gertrude Warren.

NELSON EDDY—This is the fourth time Mr. Eddy's life story has graced these pages—which must prove something or other as to his popularity, since he's only made two big pictures. To get down to vital statistics, he was born in Providence, R. I., June 29, 1901, the son of Isobel Kendrick and William Darius Eddy, both excellent singers. Educated in grammar school and Rhode Island Normal, the remainder of his education was obtained in night school and from correspondence courses. Nelson's first job was that of a telephone operator, although his heart was set on being a doctor or a trap drummer. Then came jobs in the shipping department of an iron works, in the art department of a Philadelphia newspaper and on other newspapers in that city as reporter, copy reader and finally writer of advertising copy. In Providence, Nelson had sung as a boy soprano in several churches, but it wasn't until this time that he began to amuse himself by singing with phonograph records and wondering if, perhaps, he might not use his pleasant baritone voice as a means of livelihood. He proceeded to take singing lessons from first one prominent instructor then another in the United States, Paris and Dresden. In 1921 he made an anonymous stage debut in "The Marriage Tax" and three years later was singing for the Philadelphia Civic Opera Company. In 1931 he was ready for New York, and made a sensational hit. In Los Angeles in 1933 he gave a concert and received 18 encores! Screen tests and a contract resulted, with Mr. Eddy appearing in very minor roles in "Broadway to Hollywood," "Dancing Lady," "Student Tour" and finally starring in "Naughty Marietta" and "Rose Marie" which were really worthy of his talents. Six feet tall, handsome and athletic, Nelson finds relaxation in swimming, motoring, tennis, dancing and sailing. He weighs 173 pounds and has blue eyes and blonde hair. He can sing 32 operatic roles and in French, English, Italian, Spanish, Russian and Yiddish. He has never been married and is not even engaged. The "Firefly" is tentatively scheduled for him and Miss MacDonald as their next co-starring record-breaker. Should you care to write him, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Washington Blvd., Culver City, Cal., is the address.

BRUCE REED, Kansas City, Mo.—The man who played Duke Mantee so excellently in "Petrified Forest" was Humphrey Bogart, who also played the role originally on the New York stage when that show was so successful last year. Joe Sawyer was Jackie, and Gramp Sawyer's role was taken by Charles Grapewin.

GARY COOPER—Frank J. Cooper is his real name and he was born in Helena, Montana, May 7, 1901, the son of Alice and Charles H. Cooper, non-professionals. Dunstable School, England, Helena, Mont., Iowa College and Grinnell College gave him his education. Gary's stage experince was gaethered while playing in amateur productions at high school and college, but he was most interested in becoming a cartoonist, having held a job as such on a Helena Newspaper. However, in 1924 he betook himself to Los Angeles and become a house-to-house canvasser, which work was anything but lucrative. So he finally landed a job as an extra in a Western, and continued to play extra roles for a year. His first important picture was "The Winning of Barbara Worth" in 1926. Since that time Gary has appeared in an amazing number of pictures, and despite the fact that he is so busy he has found time to travel and to indulge in his favorite pastimes—fishing, hunting, riding and swim-

(*Continued on page* 111)

If you would like to see a brief synopsis of your favorite's life in this department, fill in and send us the coupon on page 111. General questions, of course, will also be answered here. Those asked most frequently and the most interesting ones receive first preference. And not too many at a time, please. Address: The Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

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low, wondering if
our great day—
THE DAY—will ever
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how much new courage
it brought me. Darling!
Bob

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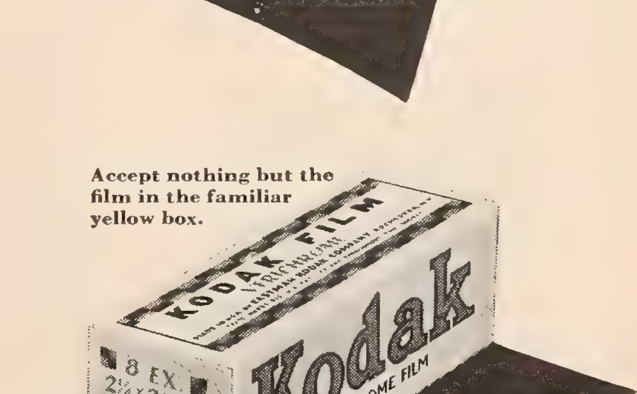
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3. *Nonspi protection lasts from two to five days*... and you can depend on it.
4. *Nonspi's siphon-top bottle prevents contamination.* And there's no dripping or waste with this patented Nonspi applicator.

Remember these four points when you buy. Protect your delicate gowns by stopping underarm moisture effectively and safely. Insist on genuine Nonspi at all drug and department stores in the U.S.A. and Canada. 35c and 60c a bottle.

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Stars' Studio Addresses

(Continued from page 23)

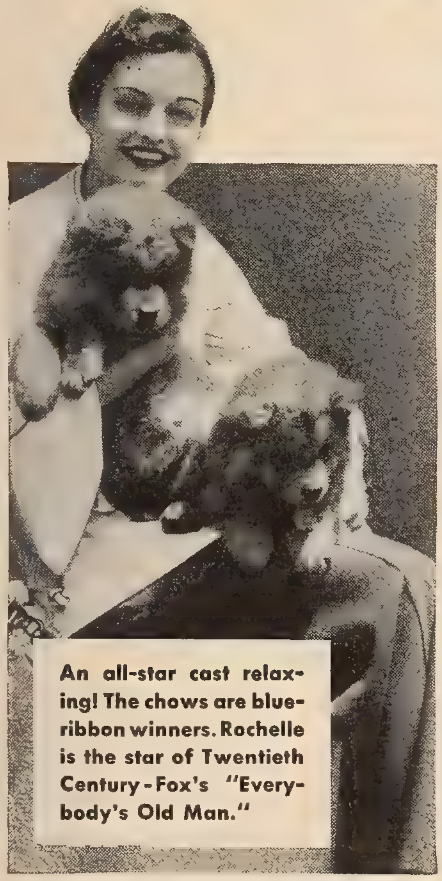
BRENDEL, EL: Warner Bros.
BRENT, EVELYN: Free lance. Write her at Paramount.
BRENT, GEORGE: Warner Bros.
BREWSTER, JUNE: RKO-Radio.
BRIAN, MARY: Free lance. Write her at 20th Century-Fox.
BRISSON, CARL: Paramount.
BRODERICK, HELEN: RKO-Radio.
BROOK, CLIVE: Gaumont-British.
BROWN, JOE E: Warner Bros.
BROWN, JOHN MACK: Columbia.
BROWN, TOM: Paramount.
BRUCE, NIGEL: 20th Century-Fox.
BRUCE, VIRGINIA: M-G-M.
BUCK, FRANK: RKO-Radio.
BUCKLER, JOHN: M-G-M.
BURGESS, DOROTHY: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
BURKE, BILLIE: Free lance. Write her at Columbia.
BURKE. KATHLEEN: Paramount.
BURNS, GEORGE: Paramount.
BUTLER, JIMMY: Paramount.
BUTTERWORTH, CHARLES: M-G-M.
BYINGTON, SPRING: 20th Century-Fox.
CABOT, BRUCE: M-G-M.
CAGNEY, BILL: Republic.
CAGNEY, JAMES: Warner Bros.
CALLAHAN, MARGARET: RKO-Radio.
CALLEIA, JOSEPH: M-G-M.
CANSINO, RITA: 20th Century-Fox.
CANTOR, EDDIE: Samuel Goldwyn.
CARLISLE, KITTY: Free lance. Write her at M-G-M.
CARLISLE, MARY: M-G-M.
CARMINATI, TULLIO: RKO-Radio.
CARRILLO, LEO: Columbia.
CARROLL, MADELEINE: Walter Wanger.
CARROLL, NANCY: Columbia.
CAVANAGH, PAUL: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
CHANDLER, CHICK: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
CHAPLIN, CHARLES: United Artists.
CHASE, CHARLES: M-G-M.
CHATTERTON, RUTH: Columbia.
CHEVALIER, MAURICE: M-G-M.
CHURCHILL, MARGUERITE: Warner Bros.
CLARKE, MAE: Republic.
CLIVE, COLIN: Universal.
COBB, IRVIN S.: 20th Century-Fox.
COLBERT, CLAUDETTE: Paramount.
COLBY, ANITA: RKO-Radio.
COLLIER, CONSTANCE: M-G-M.
COLLINS, CORA SUE: M-G-M.
COLMAN, RONALD: 20th Century-Fox.
CONKLIN, PEGGY: Walter Wanger.
CONNOLLY, WALTER: Columbia.
COOK, DONALD: Republic.
COOPER, GARY: Paramount.
COOPER, JACKIE: M-G-M.
CORTEZ, RICARDO: Warner Bros.
COURTNEY, INEZ: Columbia.
CRABBE, LARRY: Paramount.
CRAWFORD, JOAN: M-G-M.
CROMWELL, RICHARD: Paramount.
CROSBY, BING: Paramount.
CUMMINGS, CONSTANCE: Gaumont-British.
CUMMINGS, ROBERT: Paramount.
DARE, DOROTHY: Warner Bros.
DARRO, FRANKIE: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
DARWELL, JANE: 20th Century-Fox.
DAVIES, MARION: Warner Bros.
DAVIS, BETTE: Warner Bros.
DEE, FRANCES: 20th Century-Fox.
DE HAVILLAND, OLIVIA: Warner Bros.
DEL RIO, DOLORES: Warner Bros.
DE MILLE, KATHERINE: Paramount.
DEVINE, ANDY: Universal.
DIETRICH, MARLENE: Paramount.
DINEHART, ALAN: 20th Century-Fox.
DIX, RICHARD: Columbia.
DIXON, JEAN: Columbia.
DODD, CLAIRE: Warner Bros.
DONAT, ROBERT: United Artists.
DONLEVY, BRIAN: 20th Century-Fox.
DONNELLY, RUTH: Paramount.
DOUGLAS, MELVYN: Columbia.
DOWNS, JOHNNY: Paramount.
DOYLE, MAXINE: Warner Bros.
DRAKE, FRANCES: Paramount.
DRAPER, PAUL: Warner Bros.
DUMBRILLE, DOUGLAS: Columbia.
DUNA, STEFFI: RKO-Radio.
DUNBAR, DIXIE: 20th Century-Fox.
DUNN, JAMES: Universal.
DUNNE, IRENE: RKO-Radio.
DURANT, JACK: 20th Century-Fox.
DURANTE, JIMMY: M-G-M.
DVORAK, ANN: Warner Bros.
EBSEN, BUDDY: M-G-M.
EDDY, NELSON: M-G-M.
EGGERTH, MARTA: Universal.
EILERS, SALLY: Universal.
ELDREDGE, JOHN: Warner Bros.
ELLIS, MARY: Paramount.
ELLIS, PATRICIA: Warner Bros.
ELLISON, JAMES: Paramount.
ERROL, LEON: Free lance. Write him at Columbia.
ERWIN, STUART: M-G-M.
EVANS, MADGE: M-G-M.
EVANS, MURIEL: Republic.
FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, JR.: United Artists.
FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, SR.: United Artists.
FARRELL, CHARLES: Republic.
FARRELL, GLENDA: Warner Bros.
FAYE, ALICE: 20th Century-Fox.
FAZENDA, LOUISE: Warner Bros.
FELLOWS, EDITH: Columbia.
FETCHIT, STEPIN: 20th Century-Fox.
FIELDS, W. C.: Paramount.
FLYNN, ERROL: Warner Bros.
FONDA, HENRY: Walter Wanger.
FORAN, DICK: Warner Bros.
FORBES, RALPH: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
FORD, WALLACE: Free lance. Write him at Columbia.
FOSTER, NORMAN: Paramount.
FOSTER, PRESTON: RKO-Radio.
FRANCIS, KAY: Warner Bros.
FRAWLEY, WILLIAM: Paramount.
FROMAN, JANE: Warner Bros.
FURNESS, BETTY: M-G-M.
GABLE, CLARK: M-G-M.
GAHAGAN, HELEN: RKO-Radio.
GALLAGHER, SKEETS: RKO-Radio.
GARBO, GRETA: M-G-M.
GARGAN, WILLIAM: Warner Bros.
GAYNOR, JANET: 20th Century-Fox.
GIBSON, WYNNE: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
GLEASON, JAMES: RKO-Radio.
GODDARD, PAULETTE: United Artists.
GOMBELL, MINNA: Free lance. Write her at 20th Century-Fox.
GORDON, C. HENRY: M-G-M.
GORDON, GAVIN: Republic.
GORIN, IGOR: M-G-M.
GRABLE, BETTY: RKO-Radio.
GRAHAME, MARGOT: RKO-Radio.
GRANT, CARY: Paramount.
GWENN, EDMUND: M-G-M.
HADEN, SARA: 20th Century-Fox.
HAINES, WILLIAM: Republic.
HALE, ALAN: RKO-Radio.
HALEY, JACK: 20th Century-Fox.
HALLIDAY, JOHN: Paramount.
HAMILTON, NEIL: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
HARDIE, RUSSELL: Republic.
HARDING, ANN: RKO-Radio.
HARDWICKE, SIR CEDRIC: Gaumont-British.
HARDY, OLIVER: M-G-M.
HARLOW, JEAN: M-G-M.
HAYDON, JULIE: Paramount.
HAYES, HELEN: M-G-M.
HAYWARD, LOUIS: M-G-M.
HEALY, TED: M-G-M.
HENRY, CHARLOTTE: Republic.
HENRY, WILLIAM: M-G-M.
HEPBURN, KATHARINE: RKO-Radio.
HERBERT, HUGH: Warner Bros.
HERSHOLT, JEAN: M-G-M.
HERVEY, IRENE: M-G-M.
HILLIARD, HARRIET: RKO-Radio.
HOBSON, VALERIE: 20th Century-Fox.
HOLDEN, GLORIA: Universal.
HOLLOWAY, STERLING: 20th Century-Fox.
HOLMES, PHILLIPS: Free lance. Write him at Republic.
HOLT, DAVID: Paramount.
HOLT, BETTY: Paramount.
HOLT, JACK: Universal.
HOPKINS, MIRIAM: Samuel Goldwyn.
HORTON, EDWARD EVERETT: Universal.
HOWARD, JOHN: Paramount.
HOWARD, LESLIE: Warner Bros.
HUDSON, ROCHELLE: 20th Century-Fox.
HUGHES, KAY: M-G-M.
HULL, WARREN: Warner Bros.
HUME, BENITA: M-G-M.
HUNT, MARSHA: Paramount.
HUNTER, IAN: Warner Bros.
HUNTLEY, G. P. JR.: Universal.
HUSTON, WALTER: Free lance. Write him at United Artists.
HUTCHINSON, JOSEPHINE: Warner Bros.
HYAMS, LEILA: RKO-Radio.
JASON, SYBIL: Warner Bros.
JENKINS, ALLEN: Warner Bros.
JENNINGS, MAXINE: RKO-Radio.
JEPSON, HELEN: Paramount.
JEWELL, ISABEL: M-G-M.
JOHNSON, KAY: RKO-Radio.
JOLSON, AL: Warner Bros.
JONES, ALLAN: M-G-M.
JONES, BUCK: Universal.
JONES, GORDON: United Artists.
JORY, VICTOR: Columbia.
JUDGE, ARLINE: 20th Century-Fox.
KARLOFF, BORIS: Universal.
KARNS, ROSCOE: Paramount.
KEATING, FRED: Columbia.
KEELER, RUBY: Warner Bros.
KEENE, TOM: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
KEITH, IAN: RKO-Radio.
KEITH, ROSALIND: Paramount.
KELLY, PATSY: M-G-M.
KELLY, PAUL: 20th Century-Fox.
KELLY, WALTER C.: Republic.
KELTON, PERT: M-G-M.
KIBBEE, GUY: Warner Bros.
KIEPURA, JAN: Paramount.
KING, WALTER: 20th Century-Fox.
KNAPP, EVALYN: Republic.
KNIGHT, JUNE: M-G-M.
KRUGER, OTTO: Universal.
LAMONT, MOLLY: RKO-Radio.
LANDI, ELISSA: United Artists.
LANE, LOLA: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
LANG, JUNE: 20th Century-Fox.
LANGDON, HARRY: Columbia.
LANGFORD, FRANCES: Walter Wanger.
LA RUE, JACK: Free lance. Write him at United Artists.
LAUGHTON, CHARLES: M-G-M.
LAUREL, STAN: M-G-M.
LAWRENCE, ROSINA: M-G-M.
LAWTON, FRANK: Universal.
LAYE, EVELYN: M-G-M.
LEDERER, FRANCIS: United Artists.
LEE, BILLY: Paramount.
LEE, DIXIE: 20th Century-Fox.
LEE, DOROTHY: RKO-Radio.
LEROY, BABY: Paramount.
LEROY, HAL: Warner Bros.
LEYTON, DRUE: 20th Century-Fox.
LIGHT, ROBERT: Warner Bros.
LINAKER, KAY: Warner Bros.
LINDEN, ERIC: M-G-M.
LINDSAY, MARGARET: Warner Bros.
LLOYD, HAROLD: Paramount.
LODGE, JOHN: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
LOMBARD, CAROLE: Paramount.
LORD, PAULINE: Columbia.
LORING, ANN: M-G-M.
LORRE, PETER: Columbia.
LOUISE, ANITA: Warner Bros.
LOWE, EDMUND: Universal.
LOY, MYRNA: M-G-M.
LUGOSI, BELA: Universal.
LUKAS, PAUL: Paramount.
LUKE, KEYE: 20th Century-Fox.
LUPINO, IDA: Paramount.

Born under a Lucky Star

Yet *ROCHELLE HUDSON*

won't trust to luck when it comes to lovely washables—she insists on LUX

Between scenes, Rochelle rests in her dressing room on the set. Its furnishings have the same crisp freshness she insists upon for her personal things.



An all-star cast relaxing! The chows are blue-ribbon winners. Rochelle is the star of Twentieth Century-Fox's "Everybody's Old Man."

"WHILE I'm usually lucky, I don't count on 'luck' to save me from stocking runs or faded colors," declares Rochelle Hudson. "Lux is my secret of keeping things like new for ages!"

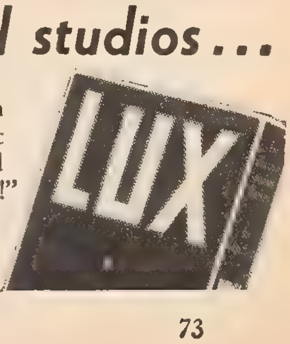
Why risk spoiling *your* smart washables this summer? It's so easy—and economical—to keep lovely prints and pastels, sheer cottons and fine linens, always superlatively fresh with Lux.

Rubbing with cake soap, or using ordinary soaps which may contain harmful alkali, is apt to fade colors, weaken threads. Lux has no harmful alkali. Safe in water, safe in Lux!

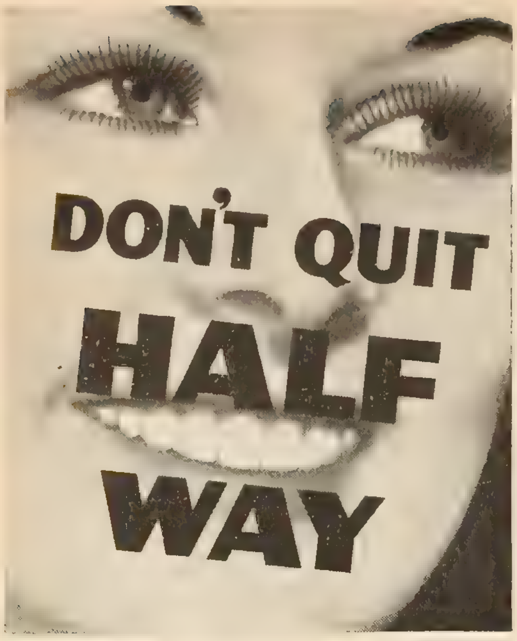
"I love the clothes in my new picture," Rochelle says. "So many of them are Luxable. They're terribly smart looking."

Specified in all the big Hollywood studios . . .

"Washing failures, by holding up production, would cost us thousands of times what they would an individual," says Arthur Levy, wardrobe supervisor. "That's why at Twentieth Century-Fox studios it's a rule that only Lux be used for stockings and washable costumes—we know it's safe!"



HOLLYWOOD HAS A NEW WORD FOR "WASH"—IT'S



Forhan's goes deeper

DOES BOTH JOBS

CLEANS TEETH

Half way measures are powerless against the real enemies of lovely teeth—soft, sick, failing gums! Forhan's does both jobs—cleans and polishes teeth while aiding gums to stay healthy, firm, youthful! It gives your teeth two-way protection yet costs no more than most ordinary tooth pastes.

SAVES GUMS

Why take chances with your teeth? Begin today to use Forhan's. Notice how much better it makes your entire mouth feel. Soon you'll SEE the difference, too—whiter teeth, firmer gums. Forhan's was created by one of the leading dental surgeons in the country. There is no substitute for its protection. Ask for Forhan's today.

Forhan's

The ORIGINAL TOOTH PASTE for the GUMS and TEETH by Doctor R. J. Forhan SPECIALIST IN DENTAL SURGERY NEW YORK

Skin torment of eczema, rashes, chafing, dryness - quickly checked and healing promoted with Resinol

Sample free. Resinol, Dept 10B, Balto. Md.

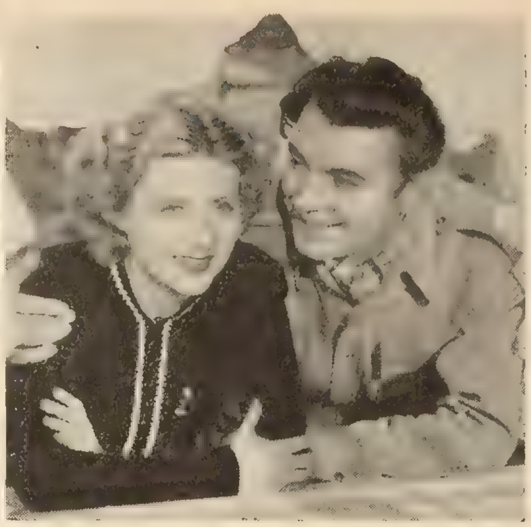
KEEPS WHITE SHOES new!

SNO-KIST for all white shoes

A lasting white that penetrates without rubbing – softens leather. Makes a high polish or dull finish. Does NOT rub off.

Large 3 oz. bottle or tube.........10c
At leading 5 and 10 cent stores
SNO-KIST . . . PROVIDENCE, R. I.

SNO-KIST
SHOE WHITENER



Genevieve Tobin and George Brent in "Snowed Under."

LYON, BEN: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.

MacDONALD, JEANETTE: M-G-M.
MACK, HELEN: RKO-Radio.
MacLANE, BARTON: Warner Bros.
MacMAHON, ALINE: M-G-M.
MacMURRAY, FRED: Paramount.
MALA: M-G-M.
MANNERS, DAVID: Free lance. Write him at Republic.
MANNORS, SHEILA: Columbia.
MARCH, FREDRIC: 20th Century-Fox.
MARGO: Free lance. Write her at M-G-M.
MARSH, JOAN: RKO-Radio.
MARSH, MARIAN: Columbia.
MARSHALL, HERBERT: RKO-Radio.
MARTINI, NINO: United Artists.
MARX BROTHERS: M-G-M.
MATTHEWS, JESSIE: Gaumont-British.
MAYNARD, KEN: Columbia.
McCOY, COL. TIM: Columbia.
McCREA, JOEL: Samuel Goldwyn.
McFARLAND, SPANKY: M-G-M.
McGUIRE, JOHN: 20th Century-Fox.
McHUGH, FRANK: Warner Bros.
McKINNEY, FLORINE: Republic.
McLAGLEN, VICTOR: 20th Century-Fox.
MEIGHAN, THOMAS: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
MELTON, FRANK: 20th Century-Fox.
MELTON, JAMES: Warner Bros.
MENJOU, ADOLPHE: Paramount.
MERCER, BERYL: Free lance. Write her at Republic.
MEREDITH, BURGESS: RKO-Radio.
MERKEL, UNA: M-G-M.
MERMAN, ETHEL: Samuel Goldwyn.
MICHAEL, GERTRUDE: Paramount.
MILJAN, JOHN: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
MILLAND, RAY: Paramount.
MITCHELL, FRANK: 20th Century-Fox.
MITCHELL, GENEVA: Columbia.
MONTENEGRO, CONCHITA: 20th Century-Fox.
MONTGOMERY, DOUGLASS: Universal.
MONTGOMERY, ROBERT: M-G-M.
MOORE, COLLEEN: RKO-Radio.
MOORE, DICKIE: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
MOORE, GRACE: Columbia.
MOORE, VICTOR: RKO-Radio.
MORAN, POLLY: M-G-M.
MORENO, ANTONIO: 20th Century-Fox.
MORGAN, FRANK: M-G-M.
MORGAN, RALPH: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
MORGAN, HELEN: Universal.
MORLEY, KAREN: Warner Bros.
MORRIS, CHESTER: M-G-M.
MORRISON, JOE: Paramount.
MOWBRAY, ALAN: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
MUIR, JEAN: Warner Bros.
MULHALL, JACK: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
MUNDIN, HERBERT: 20th Century-Fox.
MUNI, PAUL: Warner Bros.
MURPHY, GEORGE: Paramount.
MURPHY, MAURICE: 20th Century-Fox.

NAGEL, CONRAD: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
NIXON, MARIAN: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
NOLAN, LLOYD: Columbia.
NOVARRO, RAMON: M-G-M.
NUGENT, EDWARD: Free lance. Write him at Republic.

OAKIE, JACK: 20th Century-Fox.
OBERON, MERLE: Samuel Goldwyn.
O'BRIEN, GEORGE: 20th Century-Fox.
O'BRIEN-MOORE, ERIN: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
O'BRIEN, PAT: Warner Bros.
OLAND, WARNER: 20th Century-Fox.
OLIVER, EDNA MAY: M-G-M.
OLSEN, MORONI: RKO-Radio.
O'NEILL, HENRY: Warner Bros.
O'SULLIVAN, MAUREEN: M-G-M.
OVERMAN, LYNNE: Paramount.
OWEN, REGINALD: M-G-M.

PALEY, NATALIE: RKO-Radio.
PALLETTE, EUGENE: Free lance. Write him at Warner Bros.
PARKER, CECILIA: M-G-M.
PARKER, JEAN: M-G-M.
PARRISH, GIGI: Republic.
PATTERSON, PAT: Walter Wanger.
PATRICK, GAIL: Paramount.
PENDLETON, NAT: M-G-M.
PENNER, JOE: RKO-Radio.
PERRY, JOAN: Columbia.
PICKFORD, MARY: United Artists.
PITTS, ZASU: Paramount.
PONS, LILY: RKO-Radio.
POWELL, DICK: Warner Bros.
POWELL, ELEANOR: M-G-M.
POWELL, WILLIAM: M-G-M.
PRYOR, ROGER: Republic.

QUALEN, JOHN: 20th Century-Fox.
QUIGLEY, JUANITA: Universal.
QUILLAN, EDDIE: Free lance. Write him at M-G-M.

RAFT, GEORGE: Paramount.
RAINER, LUISE: M-G-M.
RAINS, CLAUDE: Warner Bros.
RALPH, JESSIE: RKO-Radio.
RALSTON, ESTHER: Republic.
RATHBONE, BASIL: M-G-M.
RATOFF, GREGORY: RKO-Radio.
RAY, CHARLES: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
RAYMOND, GENE: RKO-Radio.
REED, PHILIP: Warner Bros.
REGAN, PHIL: Republic.
RHODES, ERIK: RKO-Radio.
RICE, FLORENCE: Columbia.
RICHMAN, HARRY: Columbia.
ROBERTI, LYDA: Paramount.
ROBERTSON, GUY: Republic.
ROBINSON, BILL: 20th Century-Fox.
ROBINSON, EDWARD G.: Warner Bros.
ROBSON, MAY: M-G-M.
ROGERS, CHARLES: RKO-Radio.
ROGERS, GINGER: RKO-Radio.
ROGERS, JEAN: Universal.
ROLAND, GILBERT: 20th Century-Fox.
ROMERO, CESAR: Universal.
ROONEY, MICKEY: M-G-M.
ROSS, SHIRLEY: M-G-M.
RUGGLES, CHARLES: Paramount.
RUSSELL, ROSALIND: M-G-M.
RUTHERFORD, ANN: Republic.

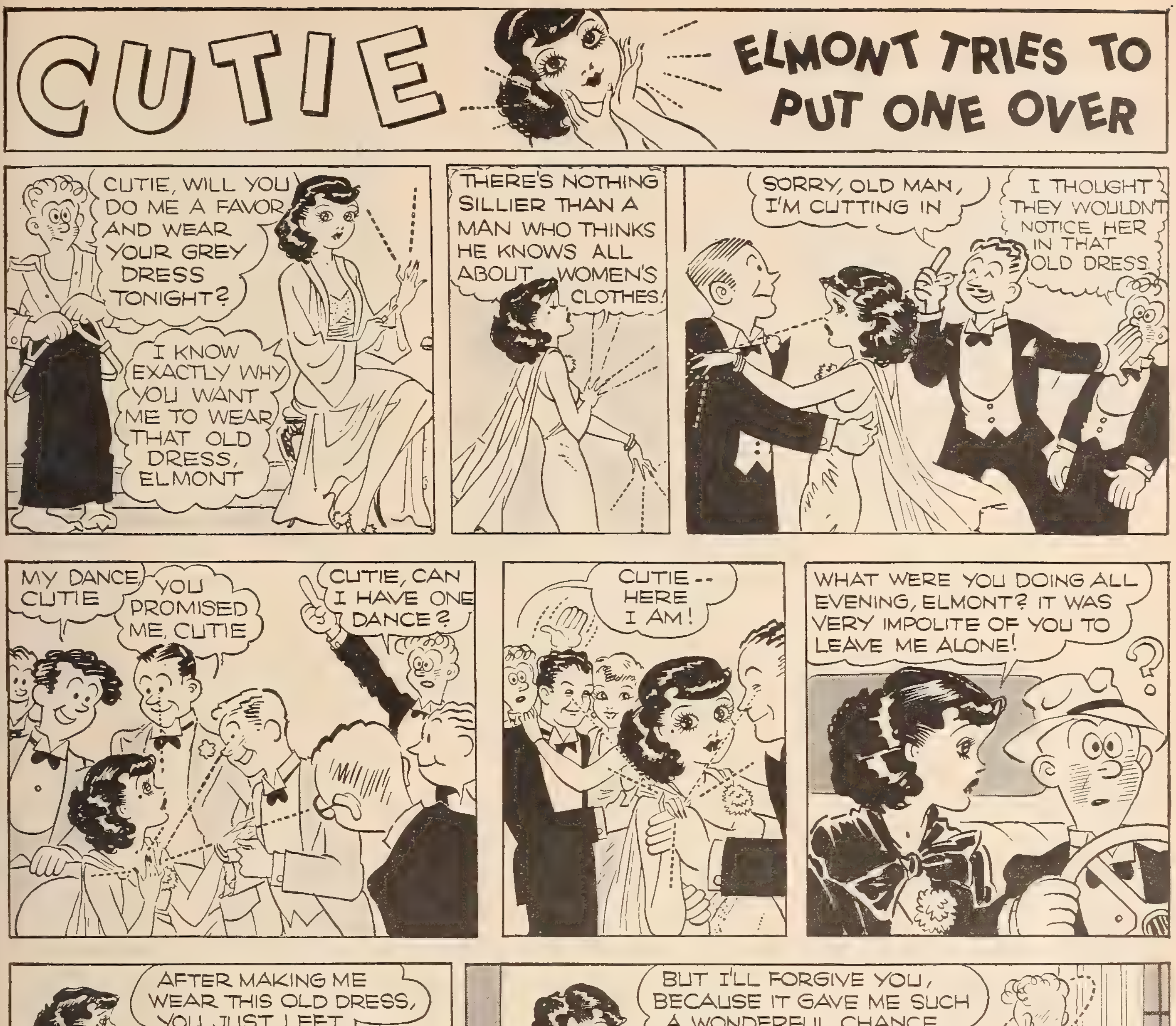
SCHILDKRAUT, JOSEPH: Columbia.
SCHUBERT, MARINA: Paramount.
SCOTT, RANDOLPH: Paramount.
SEARLE, JACKIE: 20th Century-Fox.
SELLON, CHARLES: 20th Century-Fox.
SELWYN, RUTH: M-G-M.
SEWARD, BILLIE: Columbia.
SHANNON, PEGGY: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
SHAW, WINIFRED: Warner Bros.
SHEA, GLORIA: Columbia.
SHEARER, NORMA: M-G-M.
SHIELDS, FRANCIS X.: Sam Goldwyn.
SHIRLEY, ANNE: RKO-Radio.
SIDNEY, SYLVIA: Walter Wanger.
SKIPWORTH, ALISON: Paramount.
SLEEPER, MARTHA: M-G-M.
SMITH, C. AUBREY: United Artists.
SMITH, QUEENIE: Universal.
SOTHERN, ANN: RKO-Radio.
SPARKS, NED: Warner Bros.
STANDING, SIR GUY: Paramount.
STANWYCK, BARBARA: RKO-Radio.
STARRETT, CHARLES: Columbia.
STELLING, WILLIAM: 20th Century-Fox.
STEN, ANNA: United Artists.
STEPHENS, HARVEY: M-G-M.
STEPHENSON, HENRY: M-G-M.
STEVENS, ONSLOW: Universal.
STEWART, JAMES: M-G-M.
STONE, FRED: Paramount.
STONE, GEORGE E.: Warner Bros.
STONE, LEWIS: M-G-M.
STONE, PAULA: Warner Bros.
STUART, GLORIA: 20th Century-Fox.
SULLAVAN, MARGARET: Universal.
SUMMERVILLE, SLIM: 20th Century-Fox.
SWANSON, GLORIA: M-G-M.
SWARTHOUT, GLADYS: Paramount.

TALBOT, LYLE: Warner Bros.
TAMIROFF, AKIM: Paramount.
TAYLOR, KENT: Paramount.
TAYLOR, ROBERT: M-G-M.
TEASDALE, VERREE: Paramount.
TEMPLE, SHIRLEY: 20th Century-Fox.
THOMAS, FRANKIE: RKO-Radio.
THOMAS, JAMESON: Republic.
TIBBETT, LAWRENCE: 20th Century-Fox.
TIBBETTS, MARTHA: Columbia.
TOBIN, GENEVIEVE: Warner Bros.
TOMLIN, PINKY: Universal.
TONE, FRANCHOT: M-G-M.
TRACY, LEE: Universal.
TRACY, SPENCER: M-G-M.
TRAVIS, JUNE: Warner Bros.
TREACHER, ARTHUR: 20th Century-Fox.
TREE, DOROTHY: Warner Bros.
TREVOR, CLAIRE: 20th Century-Fox.
TWELVETREES, HELEN: 20th Century-Fox.

VALLEE, RUDY: Warner Bros.
VELEZ, LUPE: M-G-M.
VENABLE, EVELYN: Republic.
VINSON, HELEN: Gaumont-British.

WADSWORTH, HENRY: M-G-M.
WALBURN, RAYMOND: Columbia.
WALKER, JUNE: 20th Century-Fox.
WALKER, RAY: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
WALTHALL, H. B.: 20th Century-Fox.
WALTON, DOUGLAS: Samuel Goldwyn.
WARE, IRENE: 20th Century-Fox.
WATERS, ETHEL: Free lance. Write her at Universal
WAYNE, JOHN: Universal.
WEIDLER, VIRGINIA: Paramount.
WEISSMULLER, JOHNNY: M-G-M.
WELLS, JACQUELINE: Free lance. Write her at Republic.
WEST, MAE: Paramount.
WESTLEY, HELEN: RKO-Radio.
WHALEN, MICHAEL: 20th Century-Fox.
WHEELER, BERT: RKO-Radio.
WHITE, ALICE: Gaumont-British.
WHITNEY, ELEANORE: Paramount.
WILCOXON, HENRY: Paramount.
WILLIAM, WARREN: Warner Bros.
WILLIAMS, CLARK: Universal.
WILLIAMS, HUGH: 20th Century-Fox.
WILSON, DOROTHY: Paramount.
WILSON, LOIS: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
WILSON, MARIE: Warner Bros.
WING, PAT: Paramount.
WING, TOBY: Paramount.
WINNINGER, CHARLES: 20th Century-Fox.
WITHERS, GRANT: Universal.
WITHERS, JANE: 20th Century-Fox.
WOODS, DONALD: Warner Bros.
WOOLSEY, BOB: RKO-Radio.
WRAY, FAYE: Columbia.
WYATT, JANE: Universal.

YOUNG, ELIZABETH: Universal.
YOUNG, LORETTA: 20th Century-Fox.
YOUNG, POLLY ANN: Free lance. Write her at 20th Century-Fox.
YOUNG, ROBERT: M-G-M.
YOUNG, ROLAND: United Artists.


CUTIE
ELMONT TRIES TO PUT ONE OVER
CUTIE, WILL YOU DO ME A FAVOR AND WEAR YOUR GREY DRESS TONIGHT?
I KNOW EXACTLY WHY YOU WANT ME TO WEAR THAT OLD DRESS, ELMONT
THERE'S NOTHING SILLIER THAN A MAN WHO THINKS HE KNOWS ALL ABOUT WOMEN'S CLOTHES!
SORRY, OLD MAN, I'M CUTTING IN
I THOUGHT THEY WOULDN'T NOTICE HER IN THAT OLD DRESS
MY DANCE CUTIE
YOU PROMISED ME, CUTIE
CUTIE, CAN I HAVE ONE DANCE?
CUTIE-- HERE I AM!
WHAT WERE YOU DOING ALL EVENING, ELMONT? IT WAS VERY IMPOLITE OF YOU TO LEAVE ME ALONE!
?
AFTER MAKING ME WEAR THIS OLD DRESS, YOU JUST LEFT ME TO HAVE A GOOD TIME BY MYSELF
CLICK
BUT I'LL FORGIVE YOU, BECAUSE IT GAVE ME SUCH A WONDERFUL CHANCE TO PROVE THAT NOBODY CAN RESIST MY NEW BRIGHT CUTEX NAILS!

Men rush the girls who wear the New Bright Cutex Nails

Your 2 favorite shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, Polish Remover and sample of Lipstick for 14¢

You won't be a wallflower if you wear the new bright Cutex Nails. Try them and see if the grandest men don't notice you and flock around.

Cutex Ruby will make your oldest black frock look as if it were going places. Cutex Rust will make your grays and beiges twice as exciting. Cutex Rose will feminize all your sports things.

And remember—every Cutex shade goes on smoothly, never cracks and keeps its lovely sparkle for days. Only 35¢ a bottle at your favorite store in 8 authentic shades. Let Cutex give you modern glamour today!

Northam Warren, New York,
Montreal, London, Paris

Northam Warren Sales Company, Inc.
Dept.6-M-6, 191 Hudson St., New York
(In Canada, P. O. Box 2320, Montreal.)

I enclose 14¢ for 2 shades of Polish, as checked, and Polish Remover. Rose ☐ Cardinal ☐ Rust ☐ Ruby ☐
(Also sample of Cutex Lipstick will be included)

Name______________________________

Address____________________________

City State

More Good News

(*Continued from page 49*)

Meet Mr. and Mrs. George Mc-Donald! Little Jean Parker surprised everyone by marrying this good-looking young newspaperman quietly at Las Vegas.

Davis was so wrought up over the prospect of receiving the Academy Award that, the day of the presentation, she spent the entire afternoon in a picture show, sitting through two features, news reels, a comedy, a travelogue and the latest Mickey Mouse cartoon.

■ ■ ■

Katharine Hepburn can't be bothered with extra curricular activities. Classed among those are hostessing. So she's fitted up an elaborate playroom in her new home, complete with every kind of slot machine available. Her guests are ushered from the door directly to the playroom and left to their own devices. The Hepburn is fast becoming Hollywood's most popular hostess.

■ ■ ■

The owner of the Gable dimples can get a mad on once in awhile, too. We hear it's blown over now, but not so long ago Clark was seen to storm out of the studio. Seems the news had just been delivered to him that he wouldn't be permitted the trip to the Orient via the China Clipper. Then to top the difficulties, while working on the "San Francisco" set, a building to be used in the earthquake sequence toppled over in Mr. Gable's direction. The result was a completely ruined dress suit, coiffure and disposition.

■ ■ ■

It was a gala day not long ago at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer when D. W. Griffith visited the set of "San Francisco." And the biggest thrill came to Woody Van Dyke, Metro's director par excellence, and head of this picture. Years ago, when Griffith directed "Intolerance," Woody was his errand boy on the set. As a token of his high regard for the great Griffith, Director Van Dyke asked Mr. Griffith to direct Jeanette MacDonald in the last few sequences of the picture.

■ ■ ■

Understand that the extras on "Big Brown Eyes," the Joan Bennett-Cary Grant picture, are all on a diet these days. A barber shop sequence took five days to shoot, and every day the extras had to be lathered with whipped cream since shaving soap dries too quickly.

■ ■ ■

We had a nice chat with Freddie Bartholomew lately. He had just met Paul Muni for the first time and announced that he was frightfully impressed. "I have always regarded Mr. Muni as one of the better actors," said Freddie thoughtfully, "and now I realize more than ever how exceptional he must be to have been selected for the title role in "The Good Earth."

■ ■ ■

Several customers nearly passed out under the dryers when a man led a huge wolf dog into Westmore's beauty shop the other day. A special booth had been reserved for the purp, and here he was treated to a bleach, followed by a white henna pack. "Lightning" is the son of Strongheart, that famed old dog of silents, and is to appear in the forthcoming sequel to "Call of the Wild." The director thought the new hair-do would improve his features. Hollywood is going more to the dogs every day. At a recent Assistance League luncheon, Buck, the St. Bernard of "Call of the Wild," was honored guest. He gave paw prints to eager fans.

■ ■ ■

Don't bet on what Katharine Hepburn will do next. The other day she showed up at the RKO lot in a truck, loaded with sweaters, scarves and knitted dresses which she proceeded to auction off on the lot. Seems that Katie had been shopping at Carmel, found a store making very arty knitted goods, and promptly purchased a supply to the tune of $1,500. Hiring a truck she piled her purchases in and headed for the home lot, having promised the shop owners that she would sell the supply within a week at a good profit.

■ ■ ■

Wonder what Josef Von Sternberg's name actually is. Recently the director got in such a dither over rumors that he was originally called Joe Stern that he offered $100,000 to anyone who could prove that such was his name. Now if the $100,000 had been offered to prove that the name was not Josef Von Sternberg we could all get to work on the Von Goldbergs, etc.

■ ■ ■

Junior Stars' note: Freddie Bartholomew has settled down to the serious business of teaching his Aunt Cissy to ride horseback. Auntie is serving her apprenticeship on San Toy, the horse which was given to Freddie by Victor McLaglen. And Jackie Cooper, who rented a horse for the past season at Palm Springs, personally took care of the grooming and handling of his animal. When the season ended, the two of them were such pals that Jackie's mother had to buy the horse.

■ ■ ■

Everyone wondered where Rosalind Russell's been spending her evenings of late, because no one saw her around at the so-called gay spots. A spy discovered she's been sitting home nights with a stenographer, dictating a scenario. It's sort of a story of her own life, says Rosalind. She also adds that, in her opinion, it's terrible, but that she's going to try to sell it under an assumed name. We'll keep you posted.

Kitty Carlisle's beautiful voice floated out over the air on Mary Pickford's program recently. And here are the two pictured at the mike.

■ ■ ■

One of Madge Evans' favorite men is a sad young gent named Toughie. Toughie is a dog, and recently he was lost or stolen from Madge's home. After a frantic search Madge was about to advertise for her lost friend when a boy appeared at her door wanting to know if she'd like to buy a Scottie. Madge took a good look at the merchandise. It was Toughie. "How much?" she asked. "A nickel," said the young salesman. It was a deal.

■ ■ ■

After Wally Beery announced he was going to Detroit to buy a station wagon, his friends were slightly surprised to see him pull up in a shiny new Cadillac. But, when Maureen O'Sullivan confided she was about to buy a car with sleeping accommodations, she really meant it. It's a sedan with seats which slide back to make a bed, just in case the O'Sullivans are ever caught napping. Incidentally, it's the first car Maureen has ever driven.

■ ■ ■

Glamor Department: One of the sights of the month is to watch Marlene Dietrich slink into the Beverly Brown Derby and sit down to a plate of raw mushrooms. After watching the performance we tried the dish ourselves and all we can report is that, in spite of it all, we still think Dietrich is nice.

■ ■ ■

At the engagement party for Jack Oakie and Venita Varden the great Oakie fell madly in love with Mrs. Pat O'Brien's evening gown. Next morning Jack was presented with the gown, and a couple of days later Miss V. became Mrs. O. attired in the O'Brien raiment. Looks like Mrs. Pat, who owns a dress shop, is her firm's best advertisement.

Beverly Roberts and Sybil Jason pose willingly at "The Singing Kid" preview. Both aid and abet Al Jolson in this musical.

Streamlining may be a fine thing for automobiles but it's not so good for dogs, Dick Powell has decided. Recently, before entering his cocker spaniel in a dog show, Dick put his pet on a strict diet to give him that streamlined effect. Came the dog show, and the Powell spaniel, with his ultra-modern chassis, took second prize. "He'd have had first prize," said the judge, "had he been a little fatter."

■ ■ ■

Here's a little romantic item you might like: While playing Romeo, in Metro's "Romeo and Juliet," Leslie Howard was forced to take a week's rest. Do you know what troubles fiction's most romantic lover, the pride of the Montagues and the glamor boy of old Verona? Boils!

■ ■ ■

Becoming engaged to Jackie Coogan brought Betty Grable more than that much publicized sparkler. The Messrs. Wheeler and Woolsey handed her a contract for an engagement gift. She'll appear in the next Wheeler-Woolsey epic as leading lady, replacing Dorothy Lee, who has been in all but one of their previous eighteen picture-plights.

■ ■ ■

Here's a story to pass on to those innocents who believe it's such a simple matter for a friend of a friend of a cousin of theirs in Hollywood to get them a pass into a studio. A small fire broke out in Paramount studios the other morning. When the engine came dashing up to the gates, sirens wide open, the firemen were met by the grim gateman. He wanted to see their official pass before opening the sacred gates so much as an inch.

■ ■ ■

Charles Chaplin is breaking all precedent about that "one picture to a leading lady" rule of his. There are big plans under way at present for Paulette Goddard's first starring picture. Charlie will be author,

(*Continued on page 124*)

Have you been fair to yourself . . . AND TO HIM?

Much has happened since those glamorous days of courtship. Naturally, you are both a little older—a little more mellow. But have those years dealt kindly with your looks? Or have you aged more than you should for the birthdays you secretly count?

So many women lose their good looks after thirty. They fail to realize the importance of what they eat day after day. Over the years, faulty menus can definitely affect their appearance. In some cases, constipation contributes to their troubles. Continued neglect of this condition causes discomfort, may lead to headaches, poor appetite, listlessness.

Common constipation is usually the result of insufficient "bulk" in the meals you eat. Fortunately, a delicious cereal supplies this "bulk." The "bulk" in Kellogg's All-Bran absorbs moisture within the body, forms a soft mass, gently cleanses the system. Scientific tests show that All-Bran is a normal food for normal people. Two tablespoonfuls daily, served with milk or cream, are usually sufficient. Stubborn cases may require All-Bran more often. If not relieved this way, consult your doctor.

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Between You 'n' Me

(*Continued from page 25*)

"Uncertain Lady." You say that you resent my writing to "Little Miss Marker." Please, Sweetheart, don't be "Looking for Trouble," a man must sometimes correspond with "His Private Secretary." Why "Only Yesterday" I was thinking to myself that of all the "Little Women" I know you are the most "Adorable" and how happy I am that "You Belong to Me."

"Let's Talk it Over" and in "The Old Fashioned Way" we will "Kiss and Make Up." "Let's Try Again" when next week I arrive at our little home with the "Morning Glory" on the porch. We will have "Dinner at 8," then I must have "One Hour with You," for I want to tell you that were I "The Last Gentleman" on earth and could I choose from "20 Million Sweethearts," you would still be my choice and so, believe me, "Now and Forever," Yours, "Laddie."—R. Sienell, Montreal Canada.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
Not Sensational But—

I would like to pay tribute to a little actress who, in my opinion, is one of Hollywood's best and loveliest. True, she has not done anything sensational in pictures, but that is because she has not been given the proper vehicle, not because she lacks the talent or ability. Yet, she has been successful and applause is certainly merited her for her praiseworthy characterizations. I feel sure she has a bright future before her, for one with such a refreshing and hauntingly sweet personality, one of such refinement, cleverness and such utterly disarming naturalness is bound to reach the top.

In her home life she is an exception in the film colony, devoting most of her time away from the studio to her home, her husband and her baby daughter, and seldom joining in the gaieties of Hollywood social functions. To me she is an ideal, home-loving, hard-working, talented girl—one I should like for an intimate chum. Who? Evelyn Venable!—Mildred Smith, Denver, Colorado.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
If Double Bills Bore You—

For the first time in my life, I feel impelled to reply to a letter written to a magazine—that of Mr. Vogt in your April issue.

I do agree with Mr. Vogt that the second half of some double features is boring, but if anyone is interested only in good screen material, he is privileged to leave the theatre if the second feature is unsuitable, or better still, find out from the film marquee just what is playing before entering the theatre. If, by some chance, there is one picture on the bill which he has seen or does not desire to see at all, while the other is one that he has been waiting for, all he has to do is ask the girl in the ticket office for the time schedule and in this way he need not sit through anything unworthy of his intellect.

To prove that all double-features are not of a poor calibre, I have listed some that I have seen recently. You will agree that it would be very hard to determine which should be billed as the second rater, both being of such high quality and the actors being far from "hams."

"Story of Louis Pasteur" and "Petrified Forest." "Annie Oakley" and "Sylvia Scarlett." "Whipsaw" and "King of Burlesque." "Dangerous" and "The Bride Comes Home."

That's quite an imposing list, isn't it? And, I assure you, I know good acting when I see it. I would also like to mention that by following the procedure stated in the beginning of this letter, I've never lost a picture yet. That is to say, I see all the best and am rarely bored.—N. Brown, Brooklyn, N. Y.

HONORABLE MENTION
Fascinating Gangsters!!

Oh, these fascinating gangsters that we've been seeing lately—Cesar Romero, Jack LaRue and George Raft.

In the old days the villain was hissed and hated by excited audiences, but now if they don't watch out, girls will be falling for the villain instead of the hero. But don't think we resent it. Isn't it much more thrilling to see these handsome gangsters who are capable of putting people on the spot and hitting the spot too?

Here's hoping to see more of those three ideal movie gangsters do their worst, while we breathlessly watch, secretly hoping the hero won't be too hard on them.—Margie Hartman, West Allis, Wisconsin.

Exploiting Home Talent

I note with pleasure that more and more casts are composed entirely of young American actors and actresses. This is a good sign, showing that the talent in our own youngsters is being brought out, and is holding its own with foreign talent in Hollywood. Although the steady waning of the musical comedy will lose many people their jobs, the increase of historical, classical and operatic films is developing more character parts. It takes talent to play such roles, and so acting is reaching a higher plane.—Elizabeth Hitchcock, Windsor, Mass.

Star Tips

Did anyone ever tell you that . . . Joan Crawford ought to eat more potatoes? Crosby and Powell croon too much? Bette Davis is the best actress on the screen? Bill Robinson is just as good an actor as tap dancer? Joan Blondell has the most beautiful orbs in Hollywood? Jean Parker is the sweetest doll on the screen? Miriam Hopkins has the best speaking voice? Ginger Rogers ought to stick to dancing; her singing is bad? Hepburn should try to speak like a natural human being? Raft ought to go easy on the vaseline and stop wearing high heels? Ruby Keeler ought to learn how to act? Harlow ought to try eating? Shirley Temple is the most glamorous gal in Hollywood? Connie Bennett should be spanked?—E. Slevin, Bronx, New York.

Insulted!

I wonder if other Philadelphia moviegoers are as fed up as I am with hearing our great city continually knocked by third-rate hack writers in their desperate efforts to be funny. The rawest instance of this kind was seen in "42nd Street," which, except for its dialogue, was a perfect picture. "Metropolitan" and other current films also contain slighting references to Philadelphia's "sleepiness," a gag so ancient and disproven that modern writers should be ashamed to use it.

I cannot imagine why producers permit their pictures to be cluttered with these disgusting slams against America's third largest city. Anyone who has ever been here knows that its "slowness" exists only in the torpid minds of scenario writers who haven't the mental capacity to think up something more original.—K. L. Greene, Philadelphia, Pa.

Silly Stuff

I think that the cowboy serials and pictures are getting sillier and sillier. They are all alike. The heroine is taking some important papers somewhere; bandits appear on the scene and shoot the driver. Just then Tom Mix or Buck Jones, or whoever the hero is, comes galloping on a fine white horse named "Silver" and takes the driver's seat, shoots the bandits and saves the day. All so thrilling! Nuts! If the bandit falls off a cliff, he usually breaks an arm or a leg, but if the hero falls off a cliff, he gets up, brushes himself off and gets on "Silver" and rides away. I think this stuff is much too old, don't you?—Patricia MacWilliams, Washington, D. C.

A Line or Two From Lots of Letters

If Jean Harlow would study the selection of the plays given her instead of the effect of "startling" new hair tints, she might find a "startling" increase in her fan mail.—S. Henderson, Tucson, Arizona. If your budget permits but one show a week, see "The Petrified Forest." If it permits two, see "The Petrified Forest" twice. It is the strangest love story ever unfolded on the screen.—C. Toles, Colorado Springs, Colorado. Won't someone tell me what type of audience "Tarzan" pictures are made for? The incredibility of these pictures is amazing, I have even heard children remark on it. To me it is all a lot of noise, unreality and waste of time on the part of the audience, not to mention the effect on the nervous system.—Dora Starr, Bronx, New York. Music to instill the proper mood in the days of silent pictures, where the orchestra always played an appropriate accompaniment, may have been not only all right but pleasant. But to use music in an all-talking production at points where absolute silence is supposed to reign supreme is going a bit too far.—Mary Sharp, Indianapolis, Indiana. I wonder why they've never teamed Bette Davis with George Raft? It takes something more than mere acting to do justice to such difficult, hard-boiled parts as Bette and George portray—it takes naturalness and technique. Give us a Davis-Raft team and you'll give us a new kind of thrill.—Loreen Pallas, Cleveland, Ohio. If Hepburn and Hopkins ate more spinach they would be calmer and healthier, but perhaps not such interesting personalities. The recent, overzealous beautifying of the stars has led to some pretty disastrous results. It is responsible for Garbo's waning popularity. She would be as popular today as she was five years ago, if they hadn't devitalized her beautiful face. That heavy line drawn on the upper eyelid, the droop of the mouth, and the heavily shadowed cheeks may be all right on a Benda mask but an actress' face should express animation. That goes for Dietrich, too.—Mary Peterson, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gail Patrick and beautiful green orchids seem like a perfect alliance. And what an original way she wears them, pinned to the back of her evening gown!

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"Fresh air and exercise rate the top of my list for keeping fit. But I'm not swinging along blindly. My daily diet is mighty important, too. For breakfast, every one I know is changing to Shredded Wheat. And I'm right with them."

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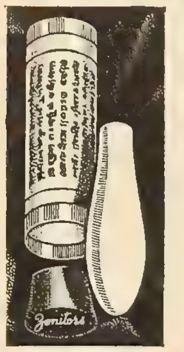

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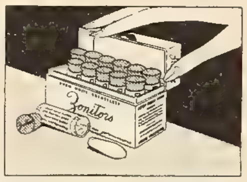

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FREE: Beautiful five-color 1936 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples of **NR** and **Tums.** Send stamp for packing and postage to A. H. Lewis Co., Desk 68H-9, St. Louis, Mo.

Things Just Happen to Anne

(*Continued from page 43*)

Ice cream cones, toys and lollipops were rushed to the scene in an effort to calm the new actress' temperamental outburst, but to no avail. The day was finally saved by Mr. Farnum and a quick shave.

Of course, she wasn't Anne Shirley in those days. Dawn O'Day was the name then and for the next twelve years in Hollywood. For after "Miracle Child," Mrs. O'Day decided to bring her small daughter to the film capital. She was convinced that her child had talent. So convinced that she gave up the job in a New York department store, where she had worked since her husband's death, to gamble her all on a ticket-and-a-half to the coast.

"It was a good gamble, too," Mrs. O'Day will tell you now with a twinkle in her eye. But there were a dozen years between then and now—years when directors just gave occasional roles to the shy, brown-eyed child with the coppery curls. For Mrs. O'Day was not a good movie mama. She had never taught her little daughter to smirk beguilingly at important directors, to hang adoringly on the skirts of important stars, or to clamber up on casting directors' knees. She knew Dawn had talent, the studio would know it inevitably—so what was the rush?

In the meantime, there wouldn't be much money, but neither would there be the danger of sudden success turning that head of bright curls. Mrs. O'Day didn't have valuable contacts, wealth or social position to give her daughter, but she had something that beat them all—plain, ordinary common sense. The result, of course, you saw for yourself in "Anne of Green Gables." The Anne Shirley whose sincerity and lovableness shone even in cold celluloid and sky-rocketed her to stardom.

I'VE been out in the 'cold, cruel woild of the woikin' girl' since I was a year old," Anne told us, "but I never realized it. I was having such a good time! I've always felt so lucky just to be in the movies at all. And I knew that I was more fortunate than most girls in being able to earn and learn at the same time. Of course, there were plenty of times I didn't earn much, but the smaller the role the more chance I had to watch the stars on the set. And I got a thrill out of every minute of it. As for worrying about whether I'd get big roles or big money, I just didn't. Mother taught me that I could only do my best in what they gave me, and if I were really good, my chance would come. I've always agreed, anyhow, with that old darky who said, 'I've worried about a lot of things in my life, but most of them never happened,'—and don't you?"

Who doesn't? But how many in this vale of tears have the sense to remember it? Yet a seventeen year old girl has learned to take life in her stride and "get a thrill out of every minute of it." The twelve years when she was a "bit" player held as much fun for Anne Shirley as the last two years since she's achieved fame.

"Of course, I'm terribly happy that the studio thinks I'm good enough for important roles, now," Anne said, her sensitive face very serious as she tried to explain, "but what I mean is that I've *always* been so happy in my work that it's practically impossible to feel any differently now. Except for more time at the studio, I do about the same things I always did. I go to school (she'll graduate from high school this spring) which I dislike just as much as I ever did, incidentally. I have game-parties, read magazines and plays, go to the movies and sit around and munch candy and talk and—munch candy. Having money enough to buy this house and a car—my first!—and a dog, now that *is* different!" Anne's eyes shone as she explained about the dog. "We've never been able to afford a house before, and they won't let you have dogs in apartments ever, so I feel *really* ritzy about my dog, even if I did get him from the pound!"

THE new house from the outside looks just like any other pretty stucco California bungalow. But inside there is that indefinable something that makes a house a home. It simply exudes the friendly charm of its owner. In actual money, Mrs. O'Day and Anne haven't splurged on the furnishings, but in time and thought they have spent a young fortune. Gayly painted furniture, crisp bright curtains and potted plants are in every room. The sun-porch, made from what was formerly a screened-in porch, is where the family practically lives. The "family" consists not only of the collie, Anne and her mother, but Phyllis Fraser, the nineteen year old cousin of Ginger Rogers.

"Phyllis has been living with us for over a year now," Anne explained. "We met at a party, and she asked me to have lunch with her some day. You know how people are always saying 'let's have lunch some day' and never mean it? Well, I knew Phyllis meant lunch! We've been practically inseparable ever since. It's funny, too, because we're exact opposites. Phyllis is the amusingest person you ever saw, while I never know what to say. I'm still looking forward to saying something witty and she has yet to say something dull. She's—well, she's swell," finished Anne simply.

Another difference that being a star has made to Anne Shirley is that she can go to more movies! In the years when the pennies counted, movies were her idea of the grandest treat in the world. And they still are—the difference being that now she can afford to go. And go she does, holding the all-time Hollywood record for attendance.

"I just eat them up! Any and all kinds. There's something to enjoy about every one of them—even the weepy kind with mascara trickling down your nose. The ones I like the most, though, are like 'These Three'—you know, the kind that you want to go right home and think about."

We wanted to know if Anne liked the roles which she has been playing, and were assured that she had liked every one of them. "Besides," she said earnestly, "I'm so lucky to be able to play the particular type of young girl I do, because I'm the only one who is doing that type of thing now. I think that the studio knows what's best for me to play anyhow. Whatever they say is all right with me."

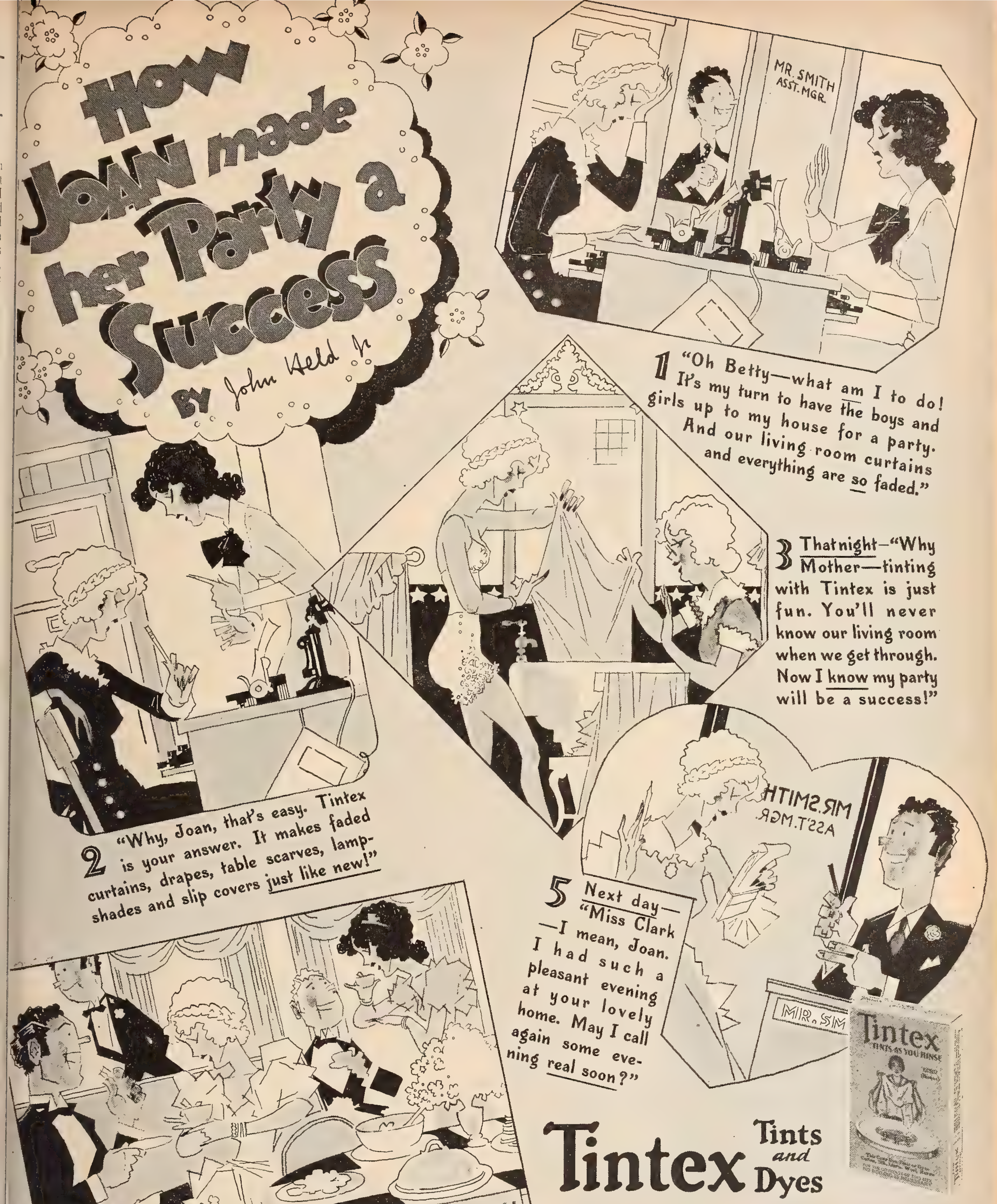
That remark should be framed and hung on Hollywood Boulevard. Here is an actress who doesn't think she could outlanguish any Camille to date. Such genuine modesty is rare if not extinct in this town.

You can probably understand now why Anne could play in pictures for over

(*Continued on page 82*)

HOW JOAN made her Party a Success

BY John Held Jr



1 "Oh Betty—what am I to do! It's my turn to have the boys and girls up to my house for a party. And our living room curtains and everything are so faded."

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5 Next day—"Miss Clark—I mean, Joan. I had such a pleasant evening at your lovely home. May I call again some evening real soon?"

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Chic Manicure Aids at all Five and Ten Cent Stores 10¢

(*Continued from page 80*)

twelve years before she really got a "break." Oh, yes, she was in over a hundred productions in that time, and did her small roles with unmistakable ability. But the minute the director was through with her would be the last he'd see of the big-eyed small girl. Anne would have retired into the shadows off the set and settled down quietly to looking and listening. When there was a picture plum to be handed out, the directors would give it to some child who was either underfoot herself or had a mama and a press-agent there.

She only forgot her bashfulness with people who didn't look or act too important. George Nicholls, Jr., a cutter on "Rich Man's Folly," a picture in which Anne appeared when she was twelve, was one to whom she felt friendly. Four years later, when Mr. Nicholls was co-director on "Finishing School," he suggested that the little O'Day girl be given an important role. And the next year, when he was given the directorship of "Anne of Green Gables," Mr. Nicholls insisted that the little O'Day girl be given a test for the lead. Every youngster, and not-so youngster, in Hollywood wanted that role—but the rest is history. It was then, too, that Anne had her name legally changed to her present one.

Since then she's been starred in "Only Yesterday" and "Chatterbox." She co-starred with Will Rogers in "Steamboat Round the Bend."

"Will Rogers was *so* grand," Anne told us, her face lighting up at the mention of his name. "Whenever he saw a cameraman coming near for a close-up, Will would turn around and say, 'Come on, Annie, be a sport and let 'em get one of *you.*'"

You will be seeing Anne in "M'Liss" and also in one of the prize packages of the year—Maxwell Anderson's "Winterset." But we wish you could have seen her as we did—curled up in the window-seat of the sun-porch and looking for all the world like a youngster without a responsibility in her life. And yet this girl has known bad fortune and good. And she can take them both.

And romance? Of course, we asked Anne about THAT, being female as well as news-sleuth.

"I guess romance will drift around, too, in time," she said, and added with sparkling brown eyes, "At least I certainly *hope* it will!"

And that's Anne Shirley. She wastes as much time kidding you as herself. Which totals no time wasted. As honest as she is pretty, as sincere as she is talented, and as level-headed as she is redheaded, this girl couldn't side-step success or "flop" in anything.

Hollywood's Bad Boy

(*Continued from page 41*)

Wally always remarks that his old man was right.

"He believed that a stiff rap over the head with a nightstick was the best preventative of crime."

He attended the funeral of Carol Ann's mother and, when one of her little brothers asked why they threw that dirt on his mama, Wally cried. He's a sentimental and tender-hearted goof. He liked to work with the late Marie Dressler and still thinks "Min and Bill" a good bit of business. He isn't ill-tempered but he stands up for his rights against the world. An executive once said to him, after a set-to on the lot:

"Wally, why don't you be a good guy? Why are you always scrapping with someone? That won't get you anywhere!"

"Yeah?" said Wally. "And I suppose you got from running a five-cent theatre to where you are by letting people walk on your face?"

The executive walked away, very fast, without saying a word. Wallace laughed.

Wally once walked from Times Square to New Rochelle to get a job as a cop in the movies, but it rained and he had to walk back in it without getting the promised five bucks for the day. He was once a chorus man, but so were James Cagney, Jack Oakie and several other he-men stars. Once, when a girl told Wally that his face was drooping like a frost-bitten pumpkin, he saved a hundred bucks to have it lifted, but the specialist wanted five hundred, so Wally let the face ride as was.

THE role he disliked most was the one he played in "Grand Hotel." He's a baby and, when he gets a pain or a tummy ache, he walks right out of the picture and goes home to mummy and hot packs. He cannot stand physical pain as well as most men. His trousers, even when he is dressed up, seem always about to let everything go and fall off. He once directed a picture in Japan. He insists that the two best rules for a happy marriage are, speaking of picture stars:

"Keep your wife away from the studio. She hasn't any business there. Let her run the house, you haven't any business trying to butt in."

"Never marry a woman who wants to have a career!"

He tied with Fredric March in 1932 for the Academy Award for the best male performance of the year. He insists on quitting, even if there is more work to do, at 5 P.M. every night. He and Garbo!

He has no complaint about life and thinks he's done darn well.

"Edison started out as a newsboy and a train 'butcher,'" says Wally, "and he ended up being the world's greatest inventor. Ford thought up a way to make cheap automobiles and now is one of the world's richest men. I started out as a chambermaid to a herd of elephants and I live now in a swell dump in Beverly Hills. It's a funny world, ain't it?"

He calls all men "Keed!" and all women "Dear"—nothing can break him of the practice. On location with "Old Ironsides," he made a pet of a seal which insisted on swimming close to the ship. When Jimmie Cruz prepared to dynamite some of the old ships for a battle scene, Wally held up several hundred people, on production, for two hours until he was sure his seal was safe.

He once owned a yacht, but when his wife made him buy and wear a formal yachting costume, he sold it. Claimed the damn thing made him uncomfortable. He walks right through mud puddles and never seems to know they are there while others go around them.

He has a robust sense of humor and isn't afraid to laugh long and loud.

Do You Believe in Miracles?

(*Continued from page 61*)

seemingly insurmountable difficulties stare you in the face. And I'm going to do it right now.

LET'S start on legs. If your legs are fat, the problem isn't so difficult. If they are muscular, it's more difficult, but still possible! Here's what you can do, first, for the calves:

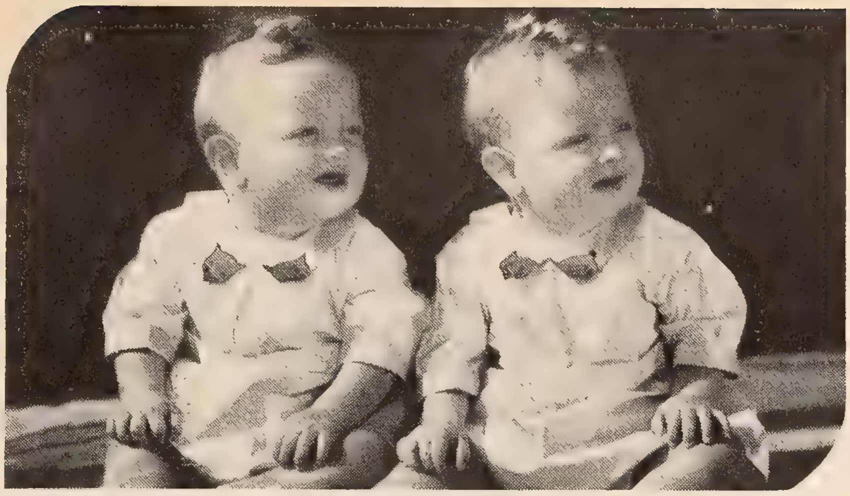
Sit down on the floor, one leg bent up at the knee—the leg you're going to work on. Now take hold of the fleshy part of your calf with your two hands. Squeeze, and put plenty of energy behind it. Keep your thumbs against the shin bones and with the fingers, thumbs and palms, dig in under the leg muscles and squeeze the fat off. Don't pinch yourself, that's wrong, and it won't do any good. Squeeze with the heel of the hand and the fingers. The legs must be absolutely relaxed. Your hands do all the work. Give ten minutes to each leg, every day. You won't see any world-shaking improvement by just doing it once. You've got to keep this up and keep it up. And, babies, it will work! I used this same treatment on Constance Cummings. You know Connie was a dancer in musical comedy in New York before she went to Hollywood. And she had developed muscles in her legs like Pop Eye the Sailor. Now, they are slim and lovely—mama did it! And I'm telling you how you can do the same thing.

Now, the ankles. Let me repeat, if it's bone construction that makes your ankles big, you can expect to do only so much. But for goodness sakes do what you can. Above all, don't sit back and say, "It's no use." It is some use, because the following exercise will slenderize your ankles remarkably and besides that, keep them supple. Then, with a clever choice of hose and shoes, and graceful management of your feet and legs, you can even make the ankles appear much slimmer than they actually are by measurement.

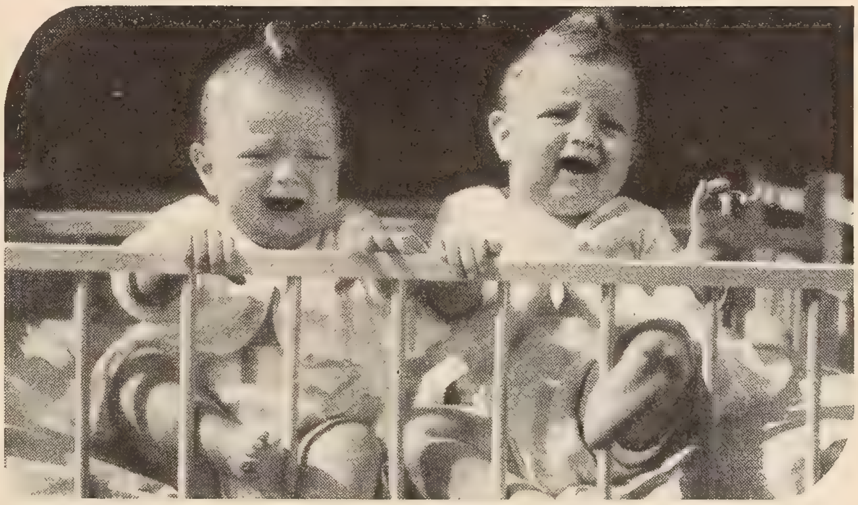
Here is the exercise for slimming the ankles: Lie flat on the floor, feet together, toes pointed. Arms straight out above your head. Now, from this straight-line position, bend up and try to touch the tips of your toes with your fingers. Be sure to keep the knees stiff. You probably can't do it at first, but never mind, keep at it until you do it correctly. Another thing, don't turn your toes up—keep them pointed away from you. You'll feel a tingling, pulling sensation in your ankles. That's swell. That means you are doing it correctly. That sensation means that the fat is coming off and the muscles are being stretched within an inch of their lives. Incidentally, this same exercise will limber up your whole body and strengthen the abdominal muscles.

HERE'S another ankle exercise, just for variety's sake. I'm certainly generous this month, am I not? But, babies, I expect you to be just as generous with your will-power and gumption to do as I tell you. That's fair enough, isn't it?

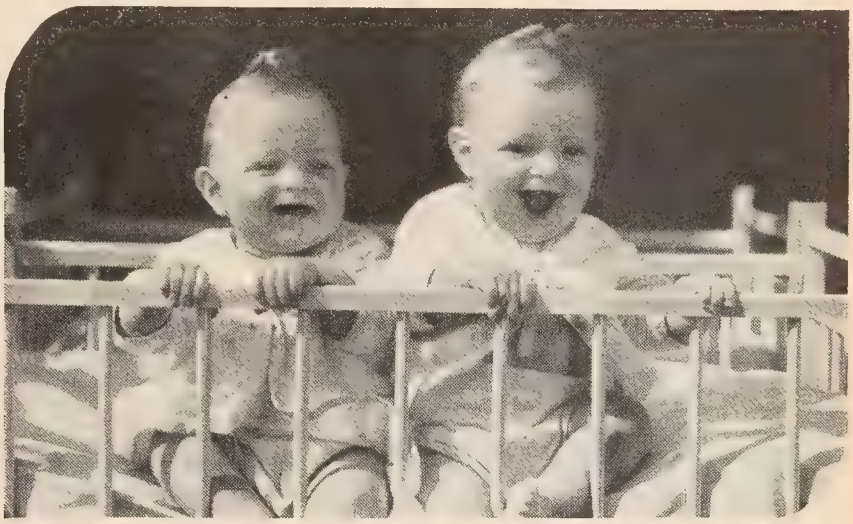
Now here we go: sit on the floor, legs stretched straight out. Hands placed behind you to brace your body. Now lift your hips off the floor, so that a straight line is formed from your shoulders to your toes. You are now supporting your body with only the palms of your hands and your heels. Everything else off the floor. Now bend your toes forward and down, trying to touch the floor with them.



"What! Go to bed? . . . Well, that's a dirty trick! We let you get us dressed up, and we did stunts for your old company . . . and now your dinner's ready, you pack us off to bed!"

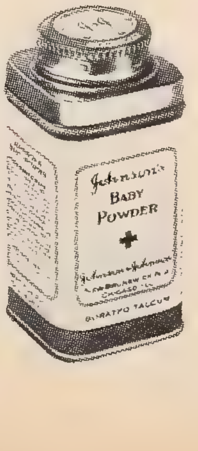


"We won't lie down and go to sleep! Not one eye will we close all night long . . . you'll see how much noise twins can make! Our feelings are hurt—and we're prickly and cross!"



"Ah-h . . . ! She's getting the Johnson's Baby Powder! (Good teamwork, eh?) When we get rubbed with that silky-slick powder, we'll purr like kittens. Mother—we forgive you!"

• • •



"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder—the comfort and joy of millions of babies, because I soothe away prickly heat and all the little chafes and irritations that make them cross. The talc I'm made of is the finest, rarest Italian kind—no gritty particles and no orris-root. And I have three helpers in taking care of babies' skins—Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream and Baby Oil. Try them, too!"

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

IF Perspiration were a TIGER

—you'd jump to protect yourself from its ravages! Yet the insidious corroding acid of perspiration can destroy the under-arm fabric of your dresses as surely, as completely, as the scarifying claws of a tiger's paw!

Answers to thousands of questionnaires revealed the astounding fact that during the past year perspiration spoiled garments for 1 woman in 3! What appalling wasteful extravagance, when a pair of Kleinert's Dress Shields would have saved any one of them at trifling cost.

And this *surest* form of perspiration protection is now the *easiest* also! Kleinert's Bra-form is a dainty uplift bra equipped with shields—always ready, *without any sewing*, to wear with any dress at any moment. A supply of two or three solves the perspiration problem for the busiest woman and they're as easily swished through the nightly soapsuds as your stockings and lingerie!

Just ask for "Kleinert's" at your favorite notion counter—shields, 25¢ and up; Bra-forms, $1.00 and up.

Kleinert's
T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
DRESS SHIELDS
Guaranteed by GOOD HOUSEKEEPING AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Go on, stretch and touch those toes to the floor. Now come back to the first position and repeat.

Do either one or both of these ankle exercises a few times every day and work up to at least twenty times.

And here's another little trick. After the calf-squeezing and ankle-slimming routine is over each time, spread a heavy turkish towel over your legs and ankles and beat hard through it, with the palm of your hand. Don't be a "softie," slap good and hard; that smashes down the fatty tissues and helps the good work along. Keep the muscles entirely relaxed, always. Don't tighten up at all.

Now get busy and show mama how good you are, and I give you my word that you can work miracles with fat or heavy legs and ankles with the above treatments. It's hard, uphill work, I'll admit, in the exaggerated cases. It's no snap even in the milder cases. I'm not kidding you on that score, and you must not kid yourself. But who cares? Isn't it worth it? Just think, in the next few months, you will have so slenderized your legs and ankles, you need no longer feel self-conscious about them! It costs not a dime, it just takes time! Well, for heaven's sake, did you hear that? Sylvia's getting poetic! Me and Shakespeare. Gosh, I'd better cut that out and get back to business.

When ankles are bloated and puffy from too much standing, as can happen to people who must stand at their work and to the housewife who must traipse around all day, here is a treatment which will make those puffy ankles look better and feel better:

FILL the bathtub partially full of very hot water. Place a basin of cold water on the floor beside the tub. Sit on the edge of the tub and put your feet into the hot water. It should be just as hot as you can possibly stand it. Keep your feet there as long as you can. Then out with them, and pop them into the cold water for just a second. Now back into the hot water. Alternate between the hot and cold plunges for ten minutes. Dry them carefully and thoroughly and then march into your bedroom, taking with you a bottle of rubbing alcohol. I said *rubbing!* Lie on the bed and take up one foot at a time and give it an alcohol rub. Massage the toes. Take the toes in the palm of your hand and rotate them. Knead the instep. Your feet will feel so good that you'll want to do an Astaire around the room when you get through. It's a good idea to sleep with your feet on a pillow, too, to get rid of puffiness. You'll be surprised how it rests them.

Bow-legs are another problem which I want to take up. There's a trick to this: you take the fat off the outside of the leg and leave it on the inside, thereby making your legs look straighter than they actually are. You can use the same squeezing-slapping treatment I just mentioned for the calves.

Here's another good exercise: you need someone to help you do this. Lie flat on the bed, on your back. Your assistant puts one of your feet on her shoulder. Then she takes the heel in one hand and pulls it hard, meanwhile pressing against the toes and sole of your foot just as firmly as she possibly can, with the palm of her other hand. Encourage her to put plenty of energy behind this—a slow, not a jerky, pull. It will help straighten out the outside of your legs Give five minutes to each leg and don't waste a minute of the time.

For heavy thighs and upper legs, there is an exercise I gave last month, in connection with that little matter of reducing the abdomen. I mentioned at the time that it would turn a trick for the thighs, too. If you missed it, you can have it by writing to me for it.

Thin legs are another problem which most sufferers are inclined to regard as hopeless. "Oh, I know my legs are pipe stems. All my family have thin legs. There's nothing I can do about it." That's the usual excuse and what a thin, skinny excuse it is! The earlier one starts to develop skinny legs the better, of course, and I do hope mothers of spindle-shanked children will take the hint.

If you're thin all over, you want to develop all over, naturally. For that, a building-up diet, which I've given in these pages before and which I'll send you for the asking if you've missed it and need it. However, since legs are my immediate problem, I must tell you that flesh won't settle on the legs with the ease that it sneaks up on the hips and such. Corrective exercises are necessary. Swimming is excellent, riding a bicycle is good, too. And tap dancing is a good leg developer. If you haven't a bicycle, here's the bicycle exercise:

Lie on your back. Bring your legs up into the air, and keep them there. Now just make believe you are riding a bicycle. That's all—but put plenty of knee action into it, and push as if you were pedalling up a hill.

NOW, my darlings, I want to give you a diet and exercise for the bust. The reduction of this part of the body takes patience, common sense and work. You can't rush headlong into it. You must never use strenuous methods on this part of the body. Never massage the breasts for reducing. You must depend mostly on diet to decrease their size. First, you should go on my general reducing diet for ten days. I've given it here before, but if you haven't it, send for it at once.

After the ten-day reducing diet, you do the following: When you get up—and get up early, if you don't mind!—drink a glass of hot or cold water with a little lemon juice in it. Two hours later, take six ounces of buttermilk. If you think you don't like buttermilk, learn to like it—it's good for you. If you can't learn to like it, drink it anyway. You've got to do a lot of things in life that you don't want to do, and one more little thing isn't going to hurt you. Continue to drink six ounces of buttermilk every two hours, from the time you get up until you go to bed. And don't forget the glass of water every morning. If you find that too strenuous, you can take a cup of beef broth, consomme, tomato juice or fresh fruit juices occasionally . . . in between. But remember, three days on liquid. Then the other four days of the week, back to my general reducing diet, with the single exception that you eat very little meat. Go heavily on the fresh fruits and vegetables. Stay away from starches and take no soup or water with your meals. Stick to this alternating routine until your breasts are the size you wish them to be. And always be sure that you eliminate properly.

Now comes the exercise. This is to firm the muscles and flesh of the bust while reducing, or if they are flabby or sagging. You've got work to do, so let's begin.

First, get yourself a good uplift brassiere, one that gives you proper support. But be sure it doesn't bind you. Then: get a broom or a yardstick. Stand straight. Hold the broom or yardstick in both hands, horizontally across the body. Arms at the sides. Now raise the arms straight out in front of you, and continue on up until your arms are straight above your head, with the stick still in a horizontal position. Stretch up as high as you can. Now, as you bend the arms at the elbows, bring the stick down behind your head until it passes the neck and is across the back of your shoulders. This will force you to keep the shoulders back. Now follow the same course back to the first position. What does this do? I'll tell you: there are muscles on each side of your chest, which run from the top of the breast to the shoulder. This exercise will tighten those muscles and strengthen them so that they can support the weight of the bust. Think about these muscles all the time you're doing this exercise. Concentrate on them. Work in front of a mirror, so that you'll know you're doing it properly. Ten times a day at the start and work up to twenty times. Do it every day, and no back-sliding, do you hear?

HERE'S one last thing: I'm planning an article on beautifying your face by other means than slapping on a little make-up, although make-up is important, too. But right here I want to mention that difficult feature that can make or mar a lovely face, the well known nose. Noses that are too broad, too flat, or too pudgy, you can change. You can't change the bone formation, of course. But the rest you can do. Here's how:

Go to work on that part of your nose which you don't like. Say your nose is too broad. With the second and third fingers of each hand, press firmly on either side of the nose. Use a slight rotary movement and press firmly. Ease up on the pressure a little as you work outward away from the nose, and then move upward and off toward the cheek bones—always a circular movement and never pull or stretch the skin. If you have fat on the tip of your nose, follow this treatment there. (That's what I did for Ruth Chatterton.) A few minutes a day and you'll be surprised how quickly you will notice a marked improvement. A finely chiseled nose is elegant—and for the movie stars it photographs much better. That's a tip for little Alice Faye.

Now, run along and get busy. And write to mama when you want help or get stuck. I'm sitting here with a nice pile of fresh stationery and a brand new ribbon in my typewriter. Don't forget, you supply the envelope, with your name and address and a stamp on it for your reply. That goes for my special consultation and measurement chart, too. Those of you who have had one, will need another one for the next four weeks—and the rest of you had better send for it right away—it's free. So, babies, get out your scissors and clip!

Madame Sylvia,
MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Madame Sylvia:

Please send me your Special Consultation and Measurement chart for weight control.

Name............................

Street............................

City................State..........
(Please enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope)

FROM HOLLYWOOD . . . POWDER, ROUGE, LIPSTICK

Created to *Accent the Beauty* OF BLONDES, BRUNETTES

Discover how you, too, like screen stars, can dramatize your beauty with Max Factor's new make-up . . . powder, rouge and lipstick created in color harmony shades for every type.

The Powder Shade That Can Make You Lovely

Max Factor's Powder in the color harmony shade for your type will enliven your skin with youthful radiance and give you a satin-smooth finish that lasts for hours. When you see the magic effect of this powder on your skin, you will know why Hollywood stars call Max Factor the genius of make-up . . . Max Factor's Powder in color harmony shades, $1.

Lipstick Shades That Can Make Your Lips Alluring

Max Factor has created lipstick in color harmony shades that dramatize every type, and harmonize with the powder and rouge . . . Max Factor's lipstick is *Super*-Indelible . . . the alluring color lasts indefinitely. Keeps lips smooth and young. Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick in color harmony shades, $1.

The Perfect Color of Rouge For Your Type

Rouge in your color harmony shade will give your cheeks an exquisite color that looks perfectly natural in any light because Max Factor has created it for your individual coloring . . . The creamy-smooth texture blends easily and clings persistently for hours. Max Factor's Rouge in color harmony shades, 50c.

MERLE OBERON
in Samuel Goldwyn's
"THESE THREE"
illustrates her color harmony in Max Factor's Make-Up.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

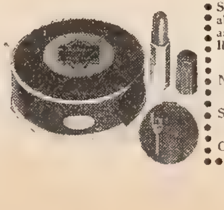
MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"* . . . FREE.
24-6-2

NAME________________

STREET________________

CITY__________ STATE __________

COMPLEXIONS	*EYES*	*HAIR*
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	*LASHES* (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	*AGE*	



YOU CAN'T FOOL ME... THAT POWDER ISN'T ANTISEPTIC!

I want MENNEN POWDER 'cause it protects me 'gainst Infection

"See here Mummy! Aren't my *outsides* as important as my *insides!* You give me pasteurized milk 'stead of plain milk, 'cause you want to keep my insides safe from nasty germs. Well, I want my outsides protected, too! That's why I want the baby powder that's *Antiseptic.* I mean Mennen. A feller's entitled to more than just a *dusting* powder for his skin, nowadays. This Mennen Powder makes the skin a mighty UN-healthy place for germs to try to do their breeding. Besides . . . I like the way it prevents chafing and rawness. So be a sweetheart, mummy—give me the greater SAFETY of Mennen Antiseptic Powder—please. . . ."

America's first baby powder is now Antiseptic. *But it doesn't cost a penny more. How foolish to use any other!*

W. G. Mennen

MENNEN *Antiseptic* POWDER

Clothes That Go Places!

(*Continued from page 66*)

with such a lavish hand that her ideas and suggestions will be impractical for us.

Una told me that her idea of really enjoying a trip is to have enough clothes packed in her suitcase so that she doesn't have to stop and ponder on what she can wear every time she makes a change—yet not be so burdened down with bags that her husband wants to drop her off the train before she gets half way to her destination. There's a hint for you brides-to-be who think you have to take along a year's supply of clothes on your honeymoon.

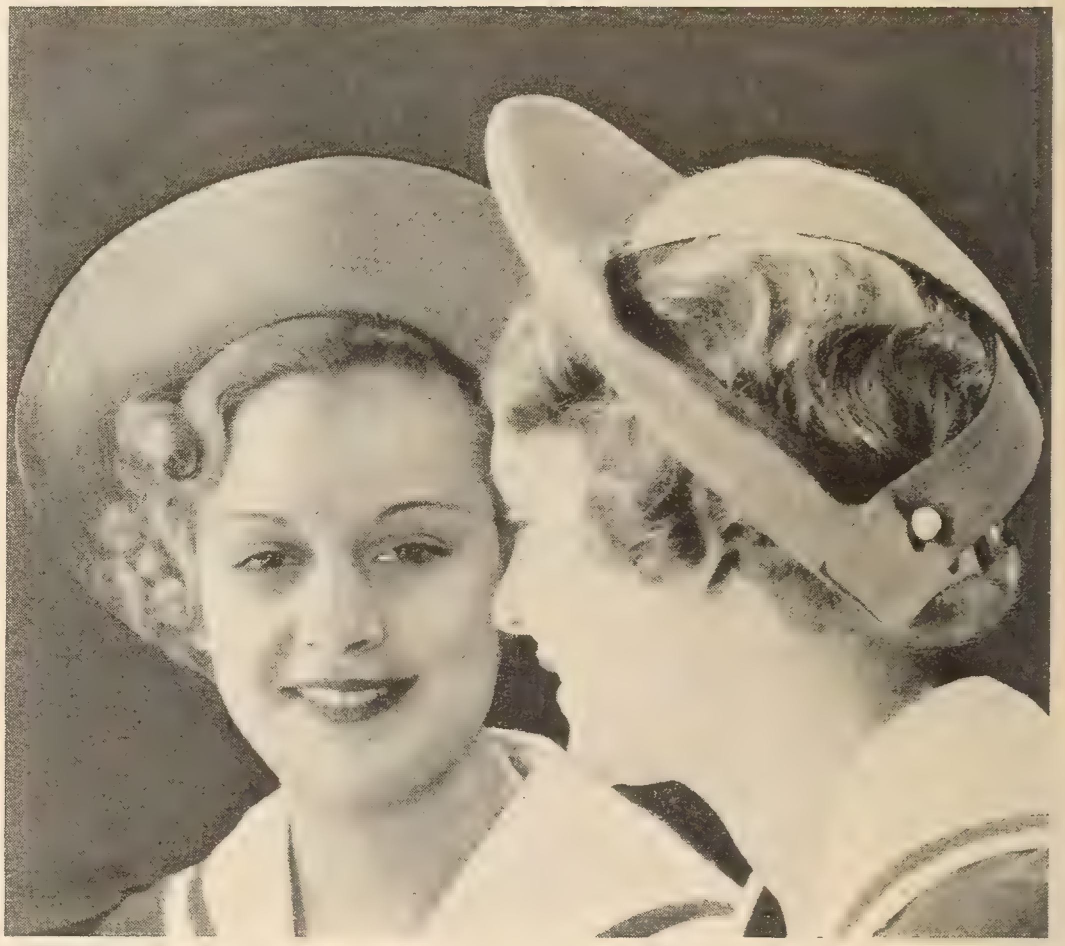
HER first consideration is a good, comfortable and smart traveling outfit. You can see it on page 66. It's a very patriotic color scheme for Decoration Day being red, white and blue basket weave woolen. Her skirt is blue and the smart, trimly buttoned jacket is flame red. Topping this is a white coat made on the new straighter lines with front button closing. A blue and flame red chiffon scarf tucks into the neckline and her brimmed felt hat is red with blue feather trim. Her handbag matches her coat fabric and navy blue sandals with flat heels complete this very wearable and good looking costume.

Of this ensemble, Una said to me, "I really think that I favor this ensemble over any other in my entire wardrobe. This is the season of the year when colors impress me and I amaze myself at the brilliance of the colors I choose."

Still very patriotic is a two-piece silk print that Una recommends as an alternate traveling costume and for general daytime wear, wherever you might go. The print is a white star design on a blue background. The blouse is made like a jacket with buttons of the print brought through pennant-like appliques of white to form a unique trimming detail. Be sure to take a good look at Una's sea-blue felt hat—it's one of the new mannish types that looks so giddy in contrast with a feminine dress. The banding is navy blue ribbon.

Two sports dresses go into Una's suitcase. One is the classic shirtmaker dress that tops all sports lists every year. This is shown on page 65 and it is an example of the white dress with color contrast which I was mentioning earlier. Of silk crepe, the bodice has a deep yoke with inverted pleats used to give a soft fullness below the yoke. Blue buttons fasten the blouse up to the high turnover collar at her throat and also hold down the flap pockets on the skirt. A navy kid belt and navy grosgrain ribbon band on the wide-brimmed hat further carry out the color accent. Again, you will notice that Una wears the sandal type of shoe, this time with the new high-low heel, a heel slightly higher than the flats.

In her second sports dress, Una reverses the color accent by using white touches to contrast with green in her green and white silk print. This dress, too, is simple in



Here is one of Hollywood's pet play hats. Just a brim of linen with straps which Jean King designed to unbutton for laundering purposes. A perfect hat to pack for week-end jaunts—so cool, too! They come in all the gay pastel shades. The stars are wearing them with their sport togs.

design—it features the same short sleeves but the pockets are on the bodice this time instead of the skirt. The full white tie is one of those nice feminine gestures, just what you'll see time and again on the simpler tailored daytime clothes.

Right at this point I want you to notice particularly how well Una has planned her accessories so that she needs only a few changes while away. Her color scheme of blue and white is repeated all through her travel and sports clothes, with the exception of the green and white print in this group. But, there again, she has used her head because she can interchange her white accessories with both the blue and the green costumes. Thus into her suitcase goes one pair of white sandals and one pair of blue; the latter she wears for traveling. A white tie, white gloves and blue ones, a blue belt and a white one, a white hat and a light blue one and two handbags—there you have all she needs to make just a few outfits look like a dozen. In fact, the white hat could be the only extra beside the red one she uses for traveling. And even though Una wears navy blue oxfords with her printed tailored dress, she could have worn her blue sandals just as well and eliminated that extra pair of shoes. Subtraction is an art in packing skillfully.

The three charming dresses on pages 64 and 65 are in the Merkel closet, ready for packing in a hurry. Una can make a selection from either one of the three, confident that they will fit into any evening party while she's vacationing. And each one being either of lace or lace and another fabric, it will look fresh and unrumpled upon arrival.

Una says of her evening clothes, "In buying an evening gown I do just the opposite from what I do in selecting my daytime clothes. I pass up the tailored and go thoroughly feminine. I want to feel fluffy, even a bit frivolous—not as though I were dressed in a man's tuxedo. Formal gowns should be woman's one outlet for all of her 'lavender and old lace' yearnings. Her one great care, however, should concern what she wears with such a gown. Adrian, my screen designer, once gave me an interesting tip. It helped me and I am sure it will help a great many others.

"He said, 'When you are dressed for an occasion, whether it is for luncheon at noon or a formal dinner at night, and somehow you don't feel quite right in what you are wearing—take something off. Don't put anything more on.'

"That was a true statement; try it some time. Take off that extra clip or bracelet, or perhaps remove the earrings or a hair ornament. Then see how much better dressed it will make you appear."

The first of Una's evening gowns, pictured, is black lace, and it certainly lives up to her credo on evening clothes. The pert, flaring peplum, the unusual flaring line of the neckline and the outflung swish of the skirt all have that frivolous look she cherishes.

The second dress isn't quite as practical a traveler as the first, Una explained to me, because the full net skirt has to be pressed out upon emerging from suitcase quarters. The jacket of pale yellow lace, to match the skirt, is short and tightly fitted with the wide collar piped in the skirt material. A huge bunch of flowers is pinned on the bodice—these are artificial, but Una interchanges them with real ones when they are available.

And the last dress is one of those soft dinner dresses that can be worn for a dozen and one different occasions. The skirt is fawn-color silk crepe with a cascade ruffle of brown lace down the front and more of the lace edging the hem. The blouse, also of the dark lace, has a jabot at the

THEN SHE FREEZES UP—AND MOVES ACROSS THE AISLE!
HERE I WAS THINKING I'D FOUND THE ONE AND ONLY...WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THE SUDDEN COLD SHOULDER?
WELL, LET'S GET ON AGAIN,-SAY, IF YOU REALLY WANT TO KNOW, FRED...
RESTAURANT
...SHE SAID SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR BREATH—SAID YOU OUGHT TO SEE A DENTIST!
IS MY FACE RED! ME FOR A DENTIST AT THE CHICAGO STOP!
SO THAT EVENING...
WHAT CAUSES MOST BAD BREATH? IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH! I RECOMMEND THE DAILY USE OF COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM GETS TEETH REALLY CLEAN!
MANY THANKS, DOC ...I'LL GET A TUBE RIGHT AWAY!
1,000 MILES LATER
YOU HAVE MY ADDRESS...I'LL EXPECT YOU ABOUT EIGHT TONIGHT!
YOU BET! WITH BELLS ON!
THAT DENTIST IN CHICAGO CERTAINLY KNEW HIS STUFF WHEN HE RECOMMENDED COLGATE'S!
NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH SO BRIGHT AND CLEAN!
Now—NO BAD BREATH behind his SPARKLING SMILE!
20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

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SSS TONIC

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neckline. This is definitely the "lavender and old lace" type of dress Una meant.

And there you have one of the best planned wardrobes for going places on a jiffy's notice that I've seen in a long time. The reason I said that this group of costumes offered good tips for brides, as well as holiday travelers, is because every item in Una's wardrobe, pictured here this month, would be perfect for trousseaux, too.

Before signing off, I know you'd like a last-minute bulletin on what Grace Moore took with her to Europe from Hollywood shops and designers. Loving the culotte dresses, she took almost a dozen of them, all in cotton or silk, either printed or monotone, with blue predominating, however, and all in a length just below the knee.

Grace took Hollywood-designed sports clothes because she believes that no other place inspires quite such perfect sports clothes as does California. A number of more formal afternoon costumes were in delicate flower prints—and she took along a hatbox filled with large-brimmed hats to accompany these.

Chiffons and softly tailored silk prints for evening gowns, as well as several of the new dinner suits in soft fabrics, went into her trunks.

And there, my friends, are wardrobe ideas for trips from two days to several months! So start your first week-end off in just the right clothes, but not too many of them.

There's a trick to packing easily and adequately for short or long trips. Hollywood stars are prize packers and so I have made some of their best tips into a leaflet called "Roundtrip Travel Pointers." It's absolutely free, merely send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Adelia Bird, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Foods that Score a Grand Slam

(Continued from page 17)

could ruin our appetites for dinner, not to mention what we did to our figures."

"All we came together for, primarily, was to visit and play bridge, without a *thought* of food," declared Marsha, casting an extremely interested look toward the approaching refreshments which created some doubt in my mind upon the complete sincerity of her statement.

I, ON the other hand, viewed the advent of tea with the greatest enthusiasm. Not that I was at all hungry. Of course not! I simply and unselfishly wanted to see if I could collect any bridge-party suggestions to pass on to you. Naturally, I had to sample the cake to see if I could recommend it. So I did, and I could, and I do. For it turned out to be something entirely different in the line of fruit cake, made with strawberry jam, delicately spiced and light enough in texture to be enjoyed as a spring or even a summer sweet. I got the recipe for this cake from Arline before leaving, you may be sure.

With the cake the hottest and most fragrant tea imaginable was served. And the only time a servant appeared during the entire time I was there was to replenish the supply of hot water! For Arline, herself, set the table informally, poured the tea, dispensed the cake and passed the tray of tea accompaniments. The latter supplied quite a festive note. The tray itself was fitted with little glass compartments, each filled with something attractively colorful and different. There were lemon slices in one, of course—each with three or four cloves stuck in them. In another there were candied cherries, and next to that there were strips of candied orange peel. In still another dish there were pastel tinted mints. One glass compartment held salted nuts and one was filled to the brim with kumquats, those brightly colored preserved Chinese fruits that resemble oranges, but are about the size of small plums. In each of these was stuck a colored toothpick with which to pick them up and eat them. Cheese popcorn also appeared on the tray.

It was the most appetizing-looking tray I've ever seen! And the only work entailed was in assembling as wide a variety of tempting items as possible. You, too, might try out this idea the next time you have guests whom you wish to impress at a minimum of trouble to yourself. Naturally, you can cut down on the number of things you serve, since Arline's shelves probably are better stocked than most of ours. But try not to have less than five items if you want to make a real impression.

After getting Arline's promise of the cake recipe and after pictures had been taken of the bridge (and tea) enthusiasts, I went about the business of discovering the special dishes the others planned to serve the next time the four met.

"AS I told you before, I go in for sandwiches," Wynne Gibson assured me between bites. "I constantly invent or discover new sandwich spreads and vary them still further by using different breads. Ever think how many kinds there are? White bread, graham bread, rye bread, bran bread, Boston brown bread, finger rolls and baking powder biscuits, to name just a few. Some spreads taste better on one special kind of bread. Others are vastly improved by tucking them between halves of hot, split biscuits. Still others gain originality by combining two breads in one sandwich—white bread and cracked wheat, for instance. I believe in using sweet as well as non-sweet fillings to allow guests to sample and choose, particularly if no other sweet is served. My favorite spreads include a sardine mixture, two peanut-butter spreads—one sweet and one not—and one meat and cheese combination, among others."

In a few quick words Wynne outlined recipes for them, all of which I carefully copied down and which you will now find printed on a recipe card in this month's Modern Hostess leaflet. Want to have a copy? Well you'll find a coupon at the end of this article that will conveniently and quickly bring a set to you—free of charge!

Included in the leaflet also is the Judge Jam Cake I was raving about before. And, of course, I wouldn't dream of leaving out Paula's and Marsha's specialties, so you'll find them in the leaflet, too.

Paula it seems is an ice cream addict of the most pronounced variety. During the fresh berry season her symptoms become even more acute than usual, so that, at

Strawberry pies and tarts are Marsha Hunt's chefs-d'oeuvre. And when served à la mode they can't be beaten. Her recipe is in this month's folder.

this time of year, she always serves a fresh fruit sundae. To make this she places lady fingers, split and cut in half, in the individual serving dishes. The lady fingers are moistened with a little fresh fruit juice before the ice cream is added. Then a big scoop of the smooth, fruit filled ice cream is placed on top of the lady fingers and flocks of whole berries are used as garnish. The Raspberry Ice Cream recipe she recommends—and which I have for you in the leaflet—can be made in an automatic refrigerator, or with a slight change, it can be frozen in an old-fashioned freezer. Directions for both methods are given on the card.

Marsha Hunt is a berry and ice cream enthusiast, too, but as she also favors pastries, her refreshments take the form of Strawberry Tarts à la Mode—a cute idea and a delicious combination. Make the tarts according to Marsha's recipe, top each with a spoonful of ice cream and wait confidently for appreciation and praise—for you'll get it. That is, you will if you follow this particular recipe. And since all you have to do to get your set of these four food trump cards is to ask for them—you shouldn't miss this opportunity. Served over the bridge table, the lunch table or the dinner table they're sure to supply you with a winning hand and hand-out! And this is one game where the rules are easy to follow and the hostess is sure to be the winner!

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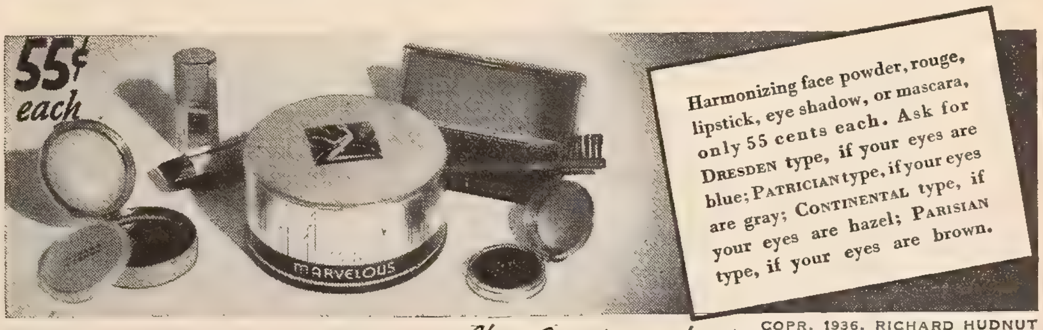

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The Private Life of Joan and Tone

(Continued from page 35)

her Mrs. Tone yet. Guess I'll try that tomorrow."

The changes in the house turned out to be a source of delight to Joan. The old dining-room was now transformed into a music room. Bill Haines had covered the walls with beige leather and inlaid the ceiling with solid cork. Drum-shaped wall brackets supplied a soft light. It is here that Joan and Franchot pursue their vocal work which may some day surprise their friends.

The new dining-room is the realization of one of Joan's fondest dreams. It is so large that Mr. and Mrs. Tone would have to send messages by carrier pigeon, if they hadn't been wise enough to have an extra small table for two. It is at a bay window at the far end of the room and overlooks the pool and beautiful gardens. It is here they dine when there are no guests to grace the Duncan Phyfe banquet board that centers the room. The walls are white and hand-carved in a morning glory pattern. There are under-glass panels of hand-painted taffeta. The draperies are of the finest embroidered dubonnet velvet.

Franchot's room is a combination of artistic beauty and masculine comfort. Joan gave it to him as a Christmas present and, typical of Joan, she kept it a secret until Christmas Eve. Promptly at five in the afternoon, seven men in a huge truck drove up in front of the house. Orders had been given weeks before and everything was in readiness. When Franchot went down to the library to wrap some last-minute packages, Joan turned on the radio full blast. The men were then given the signal to go to work.

Exactly thirty minutes later, Franchot Tone was the proud possessor of a brand new room. Furniture had been placed, rugs put down, draperies hung, with each man having his own particular job to do. Brown and white is the color scheme. The chairs are brown wool, with brown leather backs. The rug matches. The window cornices are covered with brown leather and trimmed with brass nail heads. The moment the workmen were finished, Joan raced downstairs. Grabbing Franchot by the hand, she made him close his eyes, as she led the way. Piloting him to the center of the room, Joan cried, "Merry Christmas."

Outside of an occasional dinner at the Ambassador, Joan and Franchot are seldom seen in public. Life is so complete, they seldom feel the need of contact with the outside world. One night, when I happened to be dining there, Joan remarked that it had been months since she had danced to good music. Franchot, being an obliging husband, stepped to the radio and tuned in on Eddie Duchin's orchestra.

"May I have the honor of this dance?" he asked Joan, in mock-formality.

"You may, sir," answered Joan coyly. Swinging her up in his arms, Franchot and Joan whirled around the table while the butler, trying to suppress a smile, served the soup.

SATURDAY night is the one night that Joan and Franchot entertain their friends. Usually there are about six people at the table. On rare occasions there have been as many as ten. The Fred Astaires, Jean Dixon, the Irving Berlins and myself are among the more regular guests. Occasionally, Joan and Franchot entertain the Sam Goldwyns, the Gary Coopers and the Gene Markeys. A picture is run in the little theatre and Joan drives herself crazy trying to find a film that no one has seen. One night she had six different pictures of which each person had seen at least one.

"I'm going to form my own company and produce my own pictures," remarked Joan despairingly. "Then you'll see pictures you've never seen before—and probably hope you'll never see again!"

Every day from four to six, unless they are working, Joan and Franchot sing for Signor Morondo. If they feel that anyone is interested and tolerant of their ambitions, he will be invited to listen. If he is lucky he may hear them try a duet from "Traviata." Irving Berlin witnessed a lesson recently and came away completely amazed. Stokowski, the famous conductor, marvelled at their appreciation of good music.

During the week when one or both are working, the Tones retire early. They usually go into the library after dinner and sit before the fire. Sometimes Franchot reads aloud to Joan. If he has lines to learn, Joan sits quietly over a loom and works on hooked rugs. She has completed three of them since the first of the year and plans to present them to her friends next Christmas. Their pet Dachshunds, "Pupchen" and "Baby," receive a great deal of attention. Each dog sits at his master's feet and gazes up with rapt devotion. When Joan gives the word, "Baby" curls up on the train of her dress and goes to sleep. Franchot usually gives "Pupchen" a better break and allows him to climb up in his lap.

"I HAD never hoped to find so much beauty in one person," Franchot told me shortly after their marriage. "Besides her physical beauty, Joan possesses a beautiful mind and a spiritual quality that is going to carry her to supreme heights. Joan has a talent that hasn't as yet been touched.

"When I came to Hollywood, I merely wanted to make money. I had no intention of remaining and little dreamed that such happiness could be in store for me. In Joan I found everything I had ever hoped to find—all in one woman. It was through her persuasion that I took up singing. It is one of the thrills of my life and such a soul-satisfying means of expression."

"Franchot never ceases to amaze me," said Joan. "He is the most honest person I have ever met and I do admire honesty. He has a wonderful perspective on everything. We are so good for each other, because when I get upset, I think emotionally. Franchot has a reserve that is a godsend. It saves him so much and allows him to handle a situation so much better. His ideas are good and he has such a nice way of carrying them out. He is a highly interesting conversationalist. Besides loving him as a husband, I have great admiration for him as a man."

One of the prime factors in the happiness between Joan Crawford and Franchot is their great respect for each other. Both feel respect and consideration for the other and his work, which is the basic foundation of true love. For years Franchot acted on the New York stage and spent the balance of the night in speakeasies. By day he would sleep until it was time to go to work again. The happiness he is now enjoying was an unknown quantity. Joan, having had her fill of gay times, more than appreciates the sanctity of her own home and the peace that comes with love and companionship. Is it any wonder that their mutual love for life and living has created a beautiful kindred spirit for Mr. and Mrs. Franchot Tone?

Lombard, Ltd.

(*Continued from page 39*)

goes on anyway, but more than likely, she'll say, like a good sport and a good pal:

"Well, if I help you, then will you go?"

And Carole, herself, takes a turn at the adding machine and the typewriter!

SURE, Fieldsie has a swell job. A lot of very efficient secretaries would give their eye teeth to be in her spot. I don't know but what I wouldn't enjoy it myself—living right in the same beautiful house with one of the most famous women of the screen, knowing her famous friends, sharing her pleasures and her triumphs, going to swanky parties and wearing lovely clothes.

Fieldsie thinks so. She told someone recently: "I'd rather be Carole Lombard's secretary than Garbo, Dietrich, Harlow, Shearer, Crawford and Hepburn all rolled into one big glamorous number. I have more fun."

You think she's kidding? You don't know Fieldsie. She kids, but she speaks the truth. She knows Hollywood, for she started out as a Mack Sennett comedienne. She met Carole when Carole was a Sennett bathing beauty. But I am digressing. Before I tell you how she became Hollywood's No. 1 Secretary, I want to tell you the story back of it.

Being a glamorous movie star doesn't mean that life is always serene, that you are always happy, that you haven't bumps to take in friendship and business, that there aren't heartaches and headaches. Being a star doesn't necessarily mean that because you have great worldly possessions that you don't need honest, genuine friendship.

And the Lombard-Fieldsie combination started because Carole already had a real and proven friend in Madelayne. I've already said Carole isn't above doing a turn at the adding machine to give her pal a lift over business cares. Why, do you suppose? Because Fieldsie has been giving her lifts ever since they first became friends. Fieldsie has given much to Carole and Carole tries to give back in return. That's friendship, real and rare in these days or any days for that matter.

WELL, then let's go back to the Mack Sennett days. Madelayne was a pretty successful comedienne. She's six feet tall, and in those days she weighed pounds and pounds. This last year she has taken off, under a doctor's careful eye, sixty of them. With her lovely face and now this approachingly well proportioned figure, she's a beautiful girl. But that is still another story.

As I said, Carole was a bathing beauty. The gals became good friends. How? How do you become friends with anyone? It just happens. They liked each other. Madelayne, with her ready wit and humor, was always the center of an applauding group. Carole found her vastly entertaining. As for Fieldsie:

"Although I wouldn't admit it, I was terribly self-conscious about my weight. I knew that Carole realized this, for with-

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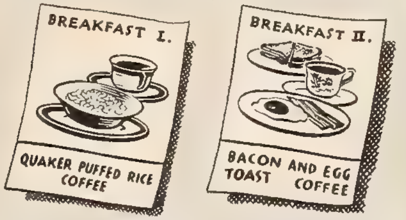
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out mentioning it, she used to say and do things that meant a great deal to me. I remember one thing she said which comforted me greatly. 'Beauty is an asset to a woman as long as she has something inside, but if she hasn't, beauty doesn't count.'

"We were friends. I used to talk to her about her job and she would talk to me about mine. One of the first sophisticated roles Carole achieved—remember she was then that pretty little Peters girl from Los Angeles and quite young—was that of the vamp in the Trem Carr independent, with Vera Reynolds as leading lady. We got her into a slinky evening gown and although neither one of us knew a thing about false eyelashes then, we had heard about them and we sent out for a pair. Between us, we pasted them on. Carole looked a sight, but she photographed beautifully. The part was successful and gave her a big boost.

"Pretty soon after this came her Paramount contract. She made 'Fast and Loose' in New York and 'Safety in Numbers' here. I continued to help her. People got the idea I was her secretary, but I wasn't. I was still earning my $35 a day on my own jobs.

"Then came Carole's marriage to Bill Powell. About this time, a friend of mine, Ann Haines, Bill Haines' sister, decided to go to night school to study stenography. I volunteered to keep her company and take French—I thought it might be of some use to me in pictures. I never did take French, but I took shorthand and typewriting. The shorthand characters fascinated me. Lots of girls hate shorthand, but I was never more intrigued with anything.

I USED to beg Bill Powell, who has the the most perfect English diction of any man I know, and whose letters are fine examples of good English, to let me take his letters. He was obliging, although I must have been a trial, for I was slow and inefficient, as any beginner would be. This proved, however, a marvelous experience and a great help in attaining accuracy and speed.

"Carole's career began to boom. All this time I was taking movie jobs as they came along, but suddenly, as Carole shot ahead so fast, I found I did not have time to go to work. She needed too much looking after. This was the latter part of 1931.

"Carole and I talked the matter over —should I go to work as her secretary or should I not? She wanted me and I wanted the job, but I was afraid of ruining a friendship by a business relationship. You know, when money enters, friendship often walks out of the window. But we decided to take a chance.

"It's worked—it's worked for almost five years, despite the fact that Carole and I have many of the same friends and go to the same places. We live in the same house and are together a large part of the day. A great deal of clowning goes on, but when business, actual cold business involving money, comes up we are serious. I do my work as far as I can without consulting her, but when a matter requiring her attention arises I make a definite appointment to talk it over with her. For example, I say, 'I would like to see you tomorrow. How about 9:30 in the morning?' and Carole will probably say, "Okay, but can we make it 10:30? How long will it take?'

"I run the house, pay the servants and the bills, do her income tax, and pay the insurance. I am really a manager rather than a secretary.

"I do not sign checks. Our original agreement was that I would sign no checks. I wouldn't permit her to give me this authority, for I did not want the responsibility of handling someone else's money to that extent. Carole sticks to the bargain to the letter and keeps my books straight by not writing checks or borrowing any money which I don't know about. If she borrows, she tells me about it and I make arrangements to pay up as soon as possible. We have no debts."

It sounds like a pretty sensible arrangement, doesn't it? And Fieldsie's story a logical enough one of her gradual development into an ace secretary. But can't you see, behind her matter of fact remarks how much she must have helped Carole with straight clear thinking and sincere friendship as the glamor queen started upward on the Hollywood success trail?

Their real, genuine feeling for each other is covered up with much clowning and some of the funniest wise-cracking you've ever heard. Fieldsie has been known to mutter, when Carole has been

Adolph-the-Flying-Dutchman met an English admirer when Freddie Bartholomew visited Jean Harlow on her set. Master Fred, you can see, roller skated over to the "Suzy" set!

a little negligent about getting down to business details: "I'm going to fire that gal in the morning!"

AND Carole delights in perpetrating jokes on Fieldsie, like the time when the latter was away on a vacation at Arrowhead and M-G-M kept calling her for a three-day acting job. Fieldsie turned the job down flat, saying that she had too much to do at the Lombard headquarters. But on the second call, while Fieldsie was away, Carole accepted for her and promised to deliver her early Monday. Carole then waited until late Sunday night when it would be too late for Madelayne to break the appointment to call her long distance and tell her she had to do her comedy act at the studio on the morrow. Was Fieldsie mad? Oh, yes, but she couldn't refuse the assignment.

Perhaps you wonder how a secretary, or even a business manager can keep pace in clothes with a famous screen star who must always dress beautifully and expensively. It is a job, but here is where Carole helps out again.

Fieldsie stands pretty much on her own feet, but on the occasion of her birthday and Christmas, Carole always gives her presents and often there is included a lovely evening gown or two, an evening bag and other luxurious accessories. Then there is Carole's birthday. Carole, it seems, doesn't like to receive presents without giving them and on her own birthday she gives practically as much as she receives.

Nice, indeed, but Carole likes to do it and what would she do without Fieldsie to be hardboiled about business matters and keep her from being buffeted around? A woman with a big career such as hers can use a lot of genuine, unaffected shrewd help to keep it running smoothly. Besides, it's pretty nice always having a pal on tap for laughs and relaxation.

Perhaps you understand now why Carole types letters occasionally to help her secretary and enjoys it!

Second Chance

(Continued from page 37)

as any. Then, all his obsessions, aberrations and frustrations being neatly catalogued, disposed of and checked out, naturally he fell in love again.

HE met a girl. She was very young, and recently divorced. She was entirely lovely. "She had a lot of healthy young madness in her," is the way Eric says it. They walked around Juan Les Pins, they swam in the moonlight, they bicycled. They found a great, empty, haunted old gambling house on the Island of Campiane and gave an animated and inspired vaudeville performance which echoed through the vast vacancy.

Eric's recovery was almost complete when they joined forces with a group of fun-making young Americans, doing Europe and doing it right. Another group, from Cambridge, appeared out of the azure and were instantly members of the same club. Through France and Spain and Italy, they pursued their merry way. Not the usual time-wasters and money-spenders, but happy young intellectuals who knew where they were going and why—but were not in any great hurry about it. They knew how to play, and for the first time in his life, Eric Linden played. He lost track of time, he

Every girl owes it to herself to make this "Armhole Odor" Test

If moisture once collects on the armhole of your dress, the warmth of your body will bring out stale "armhole odor" each time you wear your dress.

IT is a terrible thing for any nice girl to learn that she is not free from perspiration odor. Yet *9 out of 10 girls who deodorize only* will discover this embarrassing fact by making a simple test.

You owe it to *yourself* to make the test tonight. When you take off your dress, remember to smell the fabric under the arm. If moisture has collected on the armhole, *even once,* you will be able to detect a stale "armhole odor."

You cannot protect yourself *completely* by the use of creams or sticks, which deodorize only. They cannot keep the little hollow under your arm *dry*.

You may be completely dainty, but people near you are conscious of the stale "armhole odor" of your *dress!* They think it is *you!*

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Once a woman realizes what the problem is, she will insist on underarm *dryness*. That is why millions of fastidious women regularly use Liquid Odorono. With the gentle closing of the tiny pores in the small area under the arm, no moisture can ever collect on the armhole of your dress, to embarrass you later by creating an impression of uncleanliness.

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There's no grease to get on your clothes. And with all moisture banished, there's no risk of spoiling an expensive costume in one wearing. Just by spending those few extra moments required to use Odorono, you'll be repaid not only in assurance of complete daintiness, but in money and clothes saved, too!

Odorono comes in two strengths—Regular and Instant. Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) need be used only twice a week. For especially sensitive skin or hurried use, use Instant Odorono (Colorless) daily or every other day. At all toilet-goods counters.

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didn't have to be any place at eight o'clock, or give out interviews, or consider the consequences, or work up a fine frenzy for the camera, or wear his heart on his sleeve.

He was cured. He was well. He had snapped out of it. He felt so good he wanted more outlet for it than play. All of a sudden, he figured it was time to go back to work.

The tension relaxed, he was full of health and the pure joy of living. Confidence welled in him.

He paused in New York to do a play—preparation for Hollywood again. And then Hollywood. Right away there was "Ah, Wilderness," and he fitted into it like the center piece of a jig-saw puzzle. The company went East to Grafton, Massachusetts. Eric was feted by the Swedish colony in Worcester—he is of Swedish ancestry, though born in New York City. All told, it was a grand trip.

Near Grafton, Eric found a charming seven-acre farm with a house two hundred and fifty years old. "So cheap," he says, "it took my breath away." He bought it. It will be rented to tenants, and will form a nice nest-egg for the boy whose M-G-M contract is bringing him his first real money.

HE bought it because he wants to experience the turn of the seasons, the bleak spareness of real winter, which is never felt in California. He says he would like to live the way Robinson Jeffers, the poet, lives in his stone house looking over the sea at Carmel. He goes up to Carmel and drives 'round and 'round the Jeffers place and he sits and looks at it—because there lives a great poet who is a god to the Eric Lindens of the world.

You might get the idea that Eric was arty (perish the thought), if he wasn't so blessedly sincere about it. He is the best-read young man, with whom I have had the pleasure of conversing, in Hollywood. But why make it geographical—he is a well-read young man in anybody's town. He would like to be remote and contemplate life, to be a great hermit, perhaps, but a lot of living seems to be going on all the time, and he doesn't want to miss it. Thinks he won't be a hermit until next year.

Really, he is the nice, well-bred kind of a young man who takes girls to symphony concerts instead of to prize-fights. If you had a daughter, or if you are one, you would be quite flattered to have Eric's attention, although it might be a good idea to read a book first. He wouldn't ask a dumb girl twice. He looks out of honest, frank eyes. He is sincerely gracious. He hates ostentation and phonies more than anything—but he doesn't soap-box about it. Just avoids it and them. He does what he wants to do, and refuses to do anything again that he doesn't believe in. He is intense, but calm about it. And he is "sweet"—not hard, or calculating, or too briskly casual with people. He is sweet without selling it, and wouldn't like being called it to his face.

As for girls, well, Eric says, "You have to be so darn careful about hurting feelings and being too out-spoken. The Hollywood girls," he glanced about cautiously as if he were about to break down and hand over the key to the mystery, "are all so career-crazy. If they would just now and then have an honest impulse to do something grandly, magnificently *mad*—you know, nice mad, like, well, like what? Let me think." Eric groped for something mad. Then triumphantly, "Like getting up at dawn and going for a ride with the milkman. Or sleeping on the beach, or just walking somewhere. My gosh, they never walk anywhere. They think you're mad if you suggest it. Well, that's not exactly what I mean. You can't define these things, they just have to overtake you, extemporaneously, and you do them. But the girls out here—well, they don't get overtaken inspirationally. They wonder how it would look in somebody's column the next day. They are always thinking of consequences. But I know a girl in Pasadena, now . . ."

He says he came back to Hollywood enjoying things, and wants to keep on. He likes Hollywood better now because he isn't too analytical about it any more. He is making up his week of seven days, and living them, until the next seven days. No more glooming into the future.

He may have the soul of a poet, but he is a right good trencherman at the table, too. Right now, Eric is up at Lake Arrowhead building himself a sturdy log cabin, where he is going to practise, at odd moments between pictures, being a hermit. I can almost hear his hammer ringing on the nails, and almost see the waiter, wherever Eric takes his dinner tonight, rushing out for double orders.

Because Eric has his health back, he's located his lost perspective, and, barring a little girl-trouble that may crop up here and there, it's all clear sailing from now on!

Absent-Minded Liz

(*Continued from page 19*)

Wasn't she sure of work for a year to come? She could afford to plunge, she thought. She bought herself some beautiful outfits for this trip to America.

Two days before she was to sail, she got a letter from the American producer. Equity, he told her, had forbidden him to carry out the terms of the contract. Because she was English and, therefore, a foreigner, he could guarantee her only two weeks' work. If the first play in which she appeared was a failure, in two weeks' time, she wouldn't be allowed to appear in another one for six months!

"I was frantic," Elizabeth told me, twisting a cigarette in her fingers. "I went back to all the English managers who had offered me work and begged them to give me a job. But they laughed in my face. Their attitude was that I had made my bed and that I would have to lie in it.

"For months I went without work. I moved to a dingy room, and lived on coffee and buns.

"I never told my parents or any of my friends how desperate I was. I was too proud to do anything like that. After all, I had insisted on going on the stage, and I wasn't going to admit failure to anyone. Sometimes my friends used to invite me for dinner at their homes. Then I would take a bus most of the way, which was all I could really afford. When I came to the last street or so I'd grandly order a taxi for myself. Thus I'd arrive in state, although I had very little money.

"I always believed in keeping up a front. Why, with the very first thirty pounds I ever earned, I bought myself a fur coat, deciding that money would attract money, and that the only way to attract work was to look expensive.

"Eventually I did get work with an English company that was going on tour, but I could have saved myself all that heartache if I'd only been a more practical person and investigated that American offer before I signed on the dotted line."

Elizabeth Allan must have someone to look after her or she would be in continual hot water.

THERE was the time when she was in love and planned to get married. Her engagement was to be announced at a very important supper party. That very same day Elizabeth was scheduled to work on some scenes in "Reserved for Ladies" with Leslie Howard.

"Hadn't you better tell them about our engagement for this evening?" her fiancé asked Elizabeth. "Otherwise, they may keep on shooting scenes till midnight."

"Oh, I'm sure it won't be necessary to say anything," said Elizabeth airily. "We'll be through in time."

Knowing her, her fiancé was still worried. "Do you want me to call for you at the studio?" he asked. "Don't you think that would be best?"

Elizabeth shook her head. "No, darling, I'll come straight to the dinner. Don't worry. I'll be there before 11:30."

But the picture was somewhat behind schedule, and late that evening the company was still working. Of course Elizabeth could have explained the circumstances and asked to have the shooting of the scene postponed till the next day. But with her customary irresponsibility she trusted to luck to be through in time. She wasn't.

At 11:30 the 'phone rang. Where was Elizabeth? Her harassed husband-to-be was waiting for her so he could make the announcement of their engagement.

Elizabeth promised she'd be right down. The soup grew cold. The guests grew weary. Elizabeth finally arrived. She was all contriteness. She was so charming and helpless that they forgave her—as people always forgive Elizabeth.

"I don't mean to let people down," she told me. "But it's hard for me to realize that there are only twenty-four hours in the day. There are so many things I want to do. And somehow or other I hopefully believe that I'll be able to do them all. Once, for instance, I had a dinner engagement. Then two old friends from the Gaumont-British Company came to see me and insisted on my going to dinner and the theatre with them. So I called up the friends, with whom I had an engagement, and they said that it would be all right if I managed to meet them by midnight. The two men I was with insisted I must go to the Rainbow Room with them. It would be a shame to miss seeing the Rainbow Room while I was in New York! Finally I went with them, hoping I could meet my other friends in time. It was two o'clock by the time we got through there! And after two, of course, when I met my other friends. You can imagine how they felt!

"I'm so vague about appointments that it's a wonder to me that I have any friends left at all."

Just then the 'phone rang. And Elizabeth made an appointment for the next evening. And after that it kept ringing. She made three or four other appointments for the same evening. It was obvious that her social calendar was hopelessly mixed up. She was like a child who is presented with five or six different kinds of candy, and who cannot possibly choose from among them, so she takes them all.

"I'm supposed to see a preview tomorrow night," she told me, "and I'm supposed to have dinner with Mr. and Mrs. ———. Oh, dear, I suppose I should have told Miss So-and-So that I won't be able to see her. I had an appointment with her for the same time, too."

"How will you get out of it?" I asked interestedly. "Do you ever tell white lies or anything like that?"

"Sometimes," she confessed, looking a little downcast, "but this dinner appointment is business, you see. I've got to keep it and I'll tell my friends that.

"I think it's a good thing for an irresponsible person to be saddled with responsibilities, so after I'd been in Hollywood a short time I bought a house in Beverly Hills," Elizabeth continued. "I hired a new cook and invited about six friends to dinner. Then I went out and played tennis. When I got back home it was almost seven o'clock.

"'What time will you have dinner served?' asked my cook.

"'Oh, I think my friends will be here about seven o'clock,' I said cheerfully.

"The cook's face turned white. 'What friends?' she asked. 'Why, the six friends I'm having up for dinner, of course,' I said.

"'But, ma'am,' she protested, 'you didn't tell me anything about having any friends up. I thought I was just supposed to make dinner for you.'

"There wasn't time, in the short interval that was left, to prepare dinner for seven people. So when my friends arrived there was no dinner. After inviting them to a home-cooked meal, I had to take them out to a restaurant for dinner."

EVENTUALLY, Elizabeth gave up this idea of having a "home of her own" and moved into a hotel. Afterwards she lived with the Dick Barthelmess's. And before she left for England she'd been living with the Countess Di Frasso. Like

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ONE NEVER GETS A HEADACHE, SON, FROM BEING OVER WISE.
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Ginger Rogers' new fashions in the July issue of Modern Screen.

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Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys — and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are one of Nature's chief ways of taking acids and wastes out of the blood. A healthy person should pass about 3 pints a day and so get rid of more than 3 pounds of waste matter.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, this waste stays in the body and may become poisonous. It may start nagging backaches, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Don't let it lay you up.

Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills — used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help to flush out the 15 miles of kidney tubes. Get Doan's Pills.

all impulsive people, she moves frequently, for no special reason.

"Because my people are in England and I'm usually in Hollywood, I'm continually using the transatlantic 'phone. Now there's a rule in Hollywood that, whenever you use the transatlantic 'phone, you have to pay your bill within twenty-four hours. But I go off to play tennis or swim or go horseback riding and I forget all about those darn bills. Three or four times my telephone's been cut off completely for that reason." The 'phone bills are lower now that she's in England making a picture for Gaumont-British!

"I have no sense at all about money," Elizabeth continued, lighting her cigarette from a tiny shank of silver. "I'm penny wise and pound foolish. I'll save money for months and then blow it all on some foolish thing that's caught my eye.

"I drive my banker absolutely crazy. He believes that I ought to invest some money, but I haven't the haziest idea about investments, so I tell him, 'Just put it away in a safe place where I can get it if I need it.' He thinks I'm slightly mad, for he feels that the money could be earning interest instead of just being put away. But I'm hopelessly impractical.

"Every once in a while, I go over my check books, trying to determine how I've been spending my money, but after a short time, I get tired of the whole thing and give it up. I never have been able to live on a budget."

But the peak of all Elizabeth's irresponsibility, the high mark of her absentmindedness, occurred when she changed banks. At the beginning of the month, she carefully made out checks to all her creditors. Then she sat blithely back, feeling that all her worries were over for another month.

Suddenly she began to get the most indignant letters from the tradesmen whom she had just paid. "It's a shame," they wrote furiously, "that you, a rich movie star, should be trying to cheat us. Your check has just been returned to us, marked 'No Funds.' "

Elizabeth stared at the pile of complaining letters. She turned quite white. Impatiently she dragged out her bank book. What sort of a ludicrous mistake was this? A glance at the bank book confirmed her worst misgivings. No wonder the tradespeople were fuming! She had used the wrong check book and sent out checks on the bank in which she had no money!

Her Boarding House Days

(*Continued from page 63*)

Times Square in search of a job. Managers turned her down with a regularity that was positively nauseating. Miss Harding had had no experience, they said. This went on for months. But was she discouraged? She was not!

Owsley was crazy about her. Whether she was crazy about him, I wouldn't know. She saw a lot of him. And at that time she saw very little of anyone else. I am sure she wasn't in love, though. Love didn't enter into her scheme of things then. Her only love was the theatre. Of course, she hadn't met Harry Bannister at that time.

In fact, men didn't mean a great deal to her. She preferred friendship to romance—and Owsley was that friend.

The boarding house gossip had it that he saw her almost every evening. And the gossip was right.

They would go to a movie, visit an art museum, attend a lecture, or just sit in the parlor and discuss books, interrupted from time to time by the antique and gossiping inmates. Owsley was up to his ears in love and, in turn, received a liberal education. You see, Ann didn't care for jazz parties, so they didn't go to jazz parties. They spent their time in serious pursuits—Ann adored books, so they delved into books, discussing Swinburne and Shakespeare until Owsley was blue in the face.

ANN'S interest in books was second only to that of her stage career. She ate, lived, and drank them. Her mind was like a steel trap. She lived on traditions and had a secret fear of life, but never allowed it to interfere with her ambitions. She reminded me of a sad, crushed poet full of the confusion of life and the fear of poverty. She had a burning desire for fame and success and the peace of financial security.

Months went by, and one day Owsley and I moved to the University campus and we lost sight of Ann and her family. Of course, we heard of her from time to time. Rumors reached us to the effect that she, at last, had secured a job. Then, practically overnight, she was being featured and within another year she was almost a star. Our paths were separated and the boarding house romance was a thing of the past.

Not long ago I saw Ann Harding again for the second time in fourteen years. I had a date with her for lunch at the RKO Studios in Hollywood.

I was ushered down long corridors, across streets, through offices, over stages, and finally reached her dressing-room, a spacious and almost luxurious bungalow.

Ann was in a flutter. She grabbed my hand and her words tumbled out breathlessly, "I'm as nervous as a cat. I've been in the wardrobe all morning, fitting dresses. Drives me crazy fitting dresses. And I've got a sore foot, to boot. Big toe, I think—"

I laughed and looked at her admiringly. She was a dream in pale blue chiffon.

"You look grand," I told her.

Ann beamed with pleasure. "Gee, I'm starved," she said. "Let's eat."

The studio lunch room was packed with stars, extras, and the din of babbling voices. Several people came over to our table and chatted a moment; assistant directors with information relative to the picture, technical men, two or three stars. At last we were alone and I had the opportunity I wanted to talk of the old days and the future.

When I brought up the subject of the boarding house days her eyes sparkled with animation.

"How's Monroe?" she asked. "Haven't seen him lately."

"Fine," I nodded.

"Those were thrilling days," she reminisced. "I can hardly believe that it was fourteen years ago. Life was one glorious dream then." She paused, looked at me, through me, vaguely. "With all that's happened since, happiness, heartache, successes and failures, I've never let anything disturb that dream. At least, I've tried not to. Of course, we must accept the good with the bad."

"Have the failures ever discouraged you, Ann?"

SHE laughed between bites of a chicken salad sandwich. "Not permanently. My marriage discouraged me more than anything else. I tried hard to make it a go, so did Harry. But I suppose it just wasn't to be." She seemed to think of something and leaned across the table. "Do you ever feel bouncy?"

It was my turn to laugh. "Bouncy—?"

"Yes. You know, sort of full inside—bubbling over with the thrill of everything? Well, that's how I feel since 'Peter Ibbetson.' The picture I'm starting now, 'The Witness Chair,' will help me regain my former place in the public eye—I hope."

"Then you're through at RKO?"

"Yes—off to London to do several pictures for Capital Films. I'm looking forward so much to the trip. It'll be fun working over there—and I'm taking my daughter, Jane, with me. I scarcely know myself," she said, cupping her chin in her hands. She became enthusiastic. "I've taken a new lease on movie life and feel like making pictures forever. After all, my life means so much more to me than just success now. I've Jane to live for and work for."

"Are you thinking of marriage again?" I asked. "I've heard rumors . . ."

"Absolutely not. That is, for a while." She changed the subject abruptly. "But you must come up and see that child of mine, she's adorable!"

She talked on ecstatically about the details of rearing a daughter. Her career was forgotten, the lunchroom faded, and she was a mother living in the hopes, the dreams, the future of her child.

She glanced at her wrist watch.

"Phew!" she said. "It's late. Forgive me for running off this way. Do call me up soon. Thanks for coming to see me."

The last glimpse I caught of her, she was running up a studio street, her ash-blonde hair blowing straight back from her face. It was then that I realized that the successes and failures of fourteen years had made little difference in Ann Harding, except that they had broken down her wall of aloofness.

After making a picture in England, which she says is her best role to date, Mary Carlisle returned to Hollywood recently.

ROSITA MORENO in "HOUSE OF A THOUSAND CANDLES," a REPUBLIC PICTURE

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WOODBURY COLLEGE

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That Cagney Cyclone

(Continued from page 45)

anything to hand out—he strikes with honest boldness and no sniveling false modesty.

He would make a punk diplomat. The world is over-crowded with persons who say "perhaps" when they mean "yes" or "no."

Out at Jim's house the other morning, he was having a grand time in a blue house-robe of warm wooley fabric which Mrs. Cagney wove beautifully on a handloom for his Christmas present. He loves the rare opportunities he has to wear this garment.

THE rain poured hail-columbia outside, the fire blazed in the Cagney library. Jim curbed his restless vitality long enough to relax—sometimes for five whole minutes—on a long pigskin-covered couch. Even when he reclines, he reclines briskly. And he does not rise in sections, like mush. He executes a neat pivot on his rear axis, lifting head and feet at the same time, and achieves the floor in one gesture. He must have springs in him somewhere.

We had a marvelous talk about his recent fight with Warner Bros. It was going good when the telephone started ringing furiously.

Within the following two hours, I guess every person with a grievance in Hollywood called up Jim and aired it. We had no more opportunity to discuss Jim's personal battle, he was so busy fighting everybody else's. (Oh, all right everybody's else, then, but it sounds terrible.) Fact is, the telephone conversations gave a clearer idea of his opinions on fighting, in general, than would have been possible by asking questions. The telephone was right there at his elbow, I couldn't help hearing, and what he had to say was certainly no secret to anyone who knows him. It just happened that I never heard it all condensed in one bunch before. The six or seven conversations went like this:

"When anything like that comes up, keep it on paper. The only thing to do is fight it all the way down the line, baby. You've made the right beginning, keep a stiff upper lip and don't let 'em upset you, that's what they depend on . . .

"That's the proper attitude—don't back down. See it through and stick tight. Sure, they'll try all kinds of pressure, what of it? Keep banging away, baby, throw rights at their chins . . .

"Hell, no, the publicity doesn't mean a thing, it's read today, forgotten tomorrow. If they can suspend you and then say you can't come back to work until they say so, that's virtual slavery. Who's your lawyer?"

WELL, there's no use being delicate about it. A lot of persons were on the outs with a lot of other persons that morning—and they flew right away to Jimmy Cagney for advice and moral support.

It also goes to show that when people are frantic or frightened or desolate, they call up Jimmy Cagney. If they don't feel a thousand per cent better, then it's a doctor they need. There's nothing like it for the circulation. Jimmy was in the pink. His eyes snapped, his red-sand hair fairly crackled, his voice was quick. Every few minutes he made one of those characteristic Cagney gestures—the hand snapping up, the sudden stop—you can't describe it, but it tells chapters, the way he underplays it. You've seen it, on the screen. It's part of him.

Between phone calls, Jim said he had no notion or intention of getting away from the type he had been playing, but that two roughnecks a year was plenty. He wants to vary them with other characters and types. He added:

"The thing that makes you also breaks you in this business, if you hammer at it too hard. The career is short enough, as it is.

"It is always a good policy to change your pace.

"As for stories, it is better to have good plays and stories adapted than to try to fit the player with vehicles tailored to order.

"I gave up sitting in on story conferences long ago, as most actors have. You always wind up with the same story, anyway. I can do more on the set after the picture is started."

It's no news to you that Jimmy took his recent studio squabble to court. He won his suit and was released from his contract. Naturally, producers are anxious to sign him up, but Cagney would much rather go off to Europe for a year or so and forget all about work. However, the next few months will tell what this spunky gent will do.

JIM paused to answer another call and give his pep-talk about hitting where it would do the most good. Not that he advised indiscriminately. Far from it. He listened with care and concern to the grievance and the groundwork before he gave any advice at all. It would just be tough to ask Jim to advise you if you were fighting over something asinine, and what a scorching that baby could hand out in that case.

"Ever had any set-trouble?" I asked.

"Never!" Jim answered, promptly. "Never an unpleasant experience with any person with whom I have actually worked in a picture—far from it. Before you come out here, the wise-guys warn you about scene-grabbers and camera-hogs and all that rot. I never paid any attention to it, and it has never happened.

"It's only in the business deals you haven't a chance without a lot of people wanting an edge. My brother is now handling all my business, and are the flesh-peddlers burning. Imagine an Irish agent!"

Jim has a way of inspiring a sort of idolatry among his friends, without trying. He is the best company on earth, when the mood is on him. He will sit through lunch until five o'clock with some intimate group in a far corner of a restaurant, his vivid audacious face leaning far over the table, as he recounts some fantastic mad Irish story. He loves them. The wilder the better. He knows a million, a lot of them about his family. Little, fabulously whimsical things they used to do—ridiculous, romantic, notional—which makes them peculiarly his. For instance, the way his father used to go around the breakfast table and kiss all of them good-bye every morning, walk to the door, look back and solemnly cross himself—then bend over and tie his shoe-laces! Why he left the shoe-laces until then no one knows.

God only knows why the Irish do most things, but we are glad that they do!

The Information Desk appears on page 70

Why Bart Marshall Gets You

(*Continued from page 55*)

quaint. Another of a man signed "Uncle Bogey." One of a man—how well we know him!—signed "Eric Blore." Another with the inscription "N. Carter Slaughter." Others signed "Nigel Playfair," "Frances Wetherall," "Gerald Du Maurier" . . .

And Bart said, suddenly, pointing to the little gallery of framed faces, "They are my past and they made my future. They can tell you my story. They are responsible for whatever I am today . . ."

"My father," said Bart, fumbling with his pipe in the rather embarrassed way all nice men have when they *are* embarrassed, "my father was responsible for my dreading the stage as a career. Because of his life in the theatre I am one actor who never wanted to be an actor—quite terribly the reverse. My father was a grand actor—better than I can ever dream of being, as a matter of fact—but the world never found out how grand he was. He was, I think, lacking in 'drive,' in the ability to sell himself. I only know that he spent his life touring the provinces, that he never got the breaks and that, as a result, there was never quite enough money and always too much worry. My mother always accompanied him on tour. And during vacations I, the only child, went with them.

"And so, I saw the theatre, not as a glamorous world of lovely ladies, champagne in slippers, violets, hansom cabs and late suppers—but as a drab work-a-day world, where discouraged men and tired women tried to make four shillings do the work of eight. I saw the theatre as a place where actors daubed their faces with grease paint which concealed, only too thinly, their humiliations and heartaches. They *were* actors, those poor darlings, though the world never gave them a hand. No, I had no reason to love the theatre. I saw the seams, never the spangles. And

Spanky MacFarland's Scottie had an addition to her family recently and here they are with Spanky looking pretty proud!

"Now I know how Columbus felt –

I'VE DISCOVERED AMERICA!"

"I'm an explorer! I've found out more about this great country of ours in three weeks than I could have in a lifetime poring over geography books. And what a comfortable way to explore . . . in a big Greyhound motor bus, among congenial fellow travelers, with one of America's finest drivers at the wheel. The cost of my trip, going one way, returning another, was less than gas and oil for a small private auto! Here are a few of my delightful memories:

"Everyone aboard the big bus smiled when that starry-eyed young couple got off at Niagara Falls. As if we didn't know all the time where they were headed—and why!

"What a thrill . . . when a tiny fawn burst from the woods, scampered across our road, and went splashing through a Minnesota stream.

"In the shade of a giant redwood grove, it took fifteen of us, stretching our arms wide, to encircle one of those tremendous trees.

"As our bus was ferried across San Francisco's Golden Gate, we could look up and see men, like microscopic spiders, spinning the cables of the world's mightiest bridge.

"I will never forget that wrinkled old Indian woman who sold me the clever little hand-woven basket, beside rainbow-colored Apache Trail.

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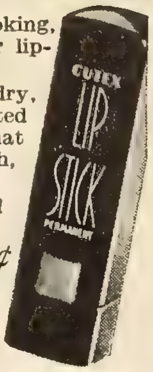

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Evalyn Knapp and Earl Blackwell are enthusiastic fishermen on a between-picture holiday. Evalyn has just completed "Laughing Irish Eyes" and Earl has recently returned from picture-making in the East.

so I never postured before a mirror, at the age of six, aflame with the ambition to play Hamlet. I spent most of my time trying to forget those tired faces which the footlights served only to illumine, mockingly."

And as Bart talked, in his eyes the remembrance of those things past, I understood the kindliness and tolerance mentioned by Bob Montgomery. Of course, he would be kindly and tolerant, remembering so much frustration and pain. I understood now what the prop men meant when they said, "He seems to *care* . . ." Of course, he would care, remembering those hard-working, frightened troupers of his childhood. I understood what Bill Seiter had meant—for, of course, he would work until he dropped dead, uncomplainingly—he had seen too much of failure and defeat to dare to take work casually. His is an heritage of remembering the problems, pains and perplexities of simple, unsuccessful people.

WHILE at school, Bart lived with his mother's sisters, three spinster ladies called, respectively, Aunt Daisy, Aunt Nellie and Aunt Dolly. "It was Aunt Nellie who really brought me up," said Bart, "during the travels of my parents." They were three frail little mid-Victorian ladies, who lived surrounded by canaries, Nottingham lace curtains and the pressed-flower fragrance of Mr. Tennyson. Aunt Nellie used to make poetry, Bart remembered, out of everything she read—advertisements in magazines, slogans on soap wrappers—she would read them aloud as though she were reading verse. They lived in a world where Victoria was still queen and Lord Tennyson still the poet laureate. And the boy Bart lived with them, drinking in that gentle atmosphere with his tea and crumpets. They were gentle, good and unworldly. They loved Bart and worried over "the good of his soul."

The three little aunts, I believe, explain the "beautiful courtesy." They, undoubtedly, conditioned the gentle compassionate manner which is the grown man's greatest charm for women.

"When I was about sixteen," Bart was saying, as I poured tea for him ("sugar-and-a-dash-of-milk-please" was the order), "I had to leave school entirely—not enough money to go on. I took a job in an accountant's office, not because I wanted to be an accountant, but just because I had to have a job. I was unfortunate in that I didn't know what I wanted to be, or to do. My ambitions were not ignited. And I was the office boy, nothing more. Eventually I was fired so I lived again with the little aunts. I was at loose ends, unhappy. Finally came a letter, offering me an assistant managership of a musical comedy company going out on tour. The three aunties, bless them, didn't think it quite nice for me to be going on tour with 'all those young ladies in the chorus, Bart dear'—but I went.

"I took the job for the sake of the few shillings in it. I kept on taking similar jobs for the same uninspired reason. Not yet had Thespis tinged me with his fervor," smiled Bart (he seldom laughs aloud), "not until I met Eric. Yes, Eric Blore. We were playing, when we met, with Robert Courtneidge's company of 'The Arcadians.' I was playing the imposing role of a footman, I believe. Odd that I should have been a footman at just that time—and Eric, so much later, so superior a butler! At any rate, we met. And there began the friendship which has never faltered for a moment from then to now!

"And it was Eric Blore who was the turning point in my adult life. It was Eric who opened doors for me, the existence of which I had never suspected. It wasn't that he did anything concrete for me. Quite simply, by the fact of his being just Eric, he spoke a language I had not been hearing in the nice, lazy unimportant surroundings of a road-show musical. He was unique in those surroundings, and his wit was brilliant. Even those many years ago, he had started to coin phrases that are to me, and to many of his countrymen, near-classics. In short, his already established brilliance (which I had the good fortune to recognize) removed me mentally from the genial, hearty but frightfully limiting language and outlook I was acquiring from the other lads, of more ordinary theatre patterns. He gave me what I can best describe as a 'flavor' to life. And I, who had never had any real ambitions, any soaring hopes for myself, began to reach out, to grope, to stir, as it were, in my sleep. I have Eric to thank for this."

And so, by one of those strange paradoxes, which makes life so fascinating a serial story, we have the magnificently meek Mr. Blore to thank for the sauvity, the subtlety, the "flavor" which is Bart Marshall today.

BART was on his way, then. He began to do some good things. He played better and bigger parts. He began to feel himself not just one of the boys around the place, but an actor with a shapening goal. He did considerable touring. He filled in between tours with some short-run plays for N. Carter Slaughter. And then came the war.

When Bart came back from the war there was that something in his eyes which has never faded out of them—the living memory of pain. For Bart spent ten months in a base hospital, one of thousands of young men with grievous war wounds, who stared at blank hospital walls and saw no writing on those walls for them! He had eleven more months to spend in a wheel chair before he learned to walk again. It was all over, he thought, before it had really begun. The aromatic flower of living, which Eric Blore's personality had planted, was now a trench flower mired in mud and stained with his own spent blood.

Then entered Uncle Bogey, his mother's brother, whose real name was L. Godfrey Turner.

"If it were not for Uncle Bogey," Bart told me, "you would not be sitting here now, trying to write a story about me. No one would have heard again of Herbert Marshall. Uncle Bogey was a journalist, a writer. He was, also, an epicure and something of a dandy. He was sartorially perfect and he seldom had a sou to his name! He had a lavish joy in life, an embattled mind, keen wit, sensitive appreciations and a gallant soul. Many of the things I care about, today, I derive from Uncle Bogey. I love big cities, for instance, as he did. I have no desire to go back to the land. I like sophisticated men and women. I like intelligent talk about good books, plays, the enterprises of others. His rich outlook on life gave me these things. I am really happiest when I am with 'mine own people'—the people of stage and screen. I adore shop-talk. I'm not domestic. I do dislike coping with material problems. The adventures of the mind are so much more satisfying—so Uncle Bogey said. I have no interest in politics. I should like enormously to write.

"These things and many others I 'got' from Uncle Bogey. And something even more vitally important. Uncle Bogey had lost his first-born son in the war. And when I went to stay with him at his villa some twenty-five miles out of London, there within sound of the firing and living under nightly danger of air raids, I came to know him as man to man—both men desolated. He proved to me that a man may face utter desolation without whimpering. By his fine courage and by his gorgeous humor, which not even grief could crucify, he showed me how a man may know irreparable loss and still inherit the earth. When I learned to walk again, I returned to London, healed in spirit if not in body, and all because of Uncle Bogey."

AND so it is to Uncle Bogey that we turn for the explanation of that valiant spirit which has made Herbert Marshall succeed in the very teeth of his irreparable disaster. It is Uncle Bogey who gave him back his hope, his confidence which were literally shot away from under him. It was Uncle Bogey who taught him how to take his first step over the debris—the first lap of the triumphant journey—to Hollywood.

"I want to hand a very special orchid now," Bart said gravely, "to N. Carter Slaughter, who gave me back my job in life with one casual, magnificent gesture. Magnificent just because it was so casual. He took up the work Uncle Bogey had begun and made me whole again.

"I returned to London. I was no longer defeated in spirit but certainly, I thought, I am defeated in my profession. I could no longer see myself as any kind of Romeo, famous and footlighted. One night I was in a pub in London. It was one of those thickly foggy nights when men look like ghosts of their former selves. I felt like a ghost of my former self, a very couragous ghost, but disembodied. I was trying to face the grisly fact that I had been an actor and that, just as I'd begun to love the thing, it was denied me.

"Slaughter came into the pub that night. He strolled over to me, shook hands, said casually, 'Can you go out for me in such and such a company next week?' That was all. And it was the beautiful casualness of the offer, the assumption that there was no reason why I shouldn't go out, no reason why I shouldn't pick up where I had left off that—well, that resurrected me from the trenches, that healed my war wounds. God bless him for that. I want to give him very special honorable mention, for no story concerning me or my life could be authentic without him."

I think it is N. Carter Slaughter who gives us the explanation of why Bart is the man's man he is. For he has known

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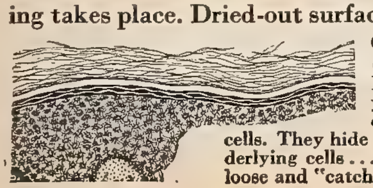

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friendship of such metal as would make friendship sacred to him. I think, too, that N. Carter Slaughter further explains the kindness which is so integral a part of Bart's personality. He has not forgotten the sensitive, great kindness once shown to him.

"And after that," said Bart, as his man lit the lamps in the twilit room and removed our tea things, "I began to get places quite rapidly. Frances Wetherall, an actress and a friend of mine, introduced me to Nigel Playfair—later Sir Nigel Playfair, now dead—and that meant the Lyric Opera House in Hammersmith, London, and wider attention than I had yet known. Then came the better theatres and bigger parts. And finally Sir Gerald du Maurier came along with the play 'Interference' and the memorable occasion when Sir Gerald literally turned the play over to me, reversed the order of the thing, made my part bigger than his own, made it *the* part in the whole play. It was definitely he, who established me as an actor, with capital letters. Odd, too," said Bart, smiling, "that I should have scored almost all of my stage successes in the roles of 'cads with charm,' whereas, in pictures, I have played, too consistently, the long suffering lover, the gallant martyr. I rather think I should like to play rogues again—'on relief,' that would be!"

Bart rose and together we stood for a moment and looked at the little gallery of framed pictures. "I really do owe whatever I am," he said, "to this little gallery of my friends. Their faces are fading a little, here in the powerful California sunlight, but their influence will never fade so long as I live. They are, really, the 'why' of me . . ."

And as I drove away my curiosity was appeased. I wondered no longer. I felt that the man had stepped from behind the actor and that the complete explanation of Herbert Marshall had been made.

Do Women Spoil Men?

(*Continued from page 53*)

they earn for non-essentials, or for anything that does not cut into the man's sphere of supporting his own family. And if they do have to use their money for essentials, they should do some super pretending—they should say that they want these silly, superfluous things which are not, of course, really necessary—dear me, no!

"But I don't call this sort of thing spoiling. I call it—loving. And there is such a fine art in loving," said Virginia gravely, "it's so easy to love too well. Not so easy to love wisely.

"If a man can take care of his wife and wants to do it, I definitely believe that the woman should 'spoil' him by giving in to him. Most of us would make far better wives and mothers than we make politicians, would-be artists or actresses. The world wouldn't really miss us if we just stepped out of the arena and stayed at home where we belong.

"I definitely believe that the man of the house is the one who should be waited on and catered to. (Ah, there, husbands!)

I BELIEVE that a man should feel free, pleasantly and without nagging, to go off and play golf Sundays, to go to smokers and stag dinners, to clubs and on hunting trips, because," continued Virginia, "and although I expect the Federation-of-Martyred-Wives to slay me for this, I do feel that a woman has a right to share his life but not to own it.

"I believe that most men are fairer than women. They are more apt to give too much, rather than too little. And you have, in extreme cases, that most pitiable exhibit on earth—the hen-pecked husband! I really think," said Virginia, with an amused twinkle in her wide blue eyes, "that I should like to open a home for hen-pecked husbands. I would like to run the home myself with the aid of a dozen pretty girls. And I'd give the poor fellows such a course of flattery and patting on the back as would turn a Mr. Milquetoast into a Mussolini over night!

"But I don't believe that women should spoil men by giving in to them in little personal matters.

"For instance, men I have known have objected violently to my using nail-polish and make-up, and some have objected to certain gowns or hats. More than once, I've gone about without a trace of make-up, with my nails a ghostly white, in order to please a masculine edict. I shouldn't have done that. If women want to use make-up, have manicures, go window-shopping and do other little 'silly' things most women enjoy, they should not spoil men by giving them up for a masculine whim. They certainly do not detract from a man's self-importance. On the contrary, men feel all the bigger and stronger because they can mock at such goings-on.

"Women should spoil men by deferring to them in arguments; by seeming, at any rate, to accept superior male judgment on such matters as politics and finance and things like that.

"I'm glad that I spoiled my husband. I'm glad that I waited on him. If I'd been older and wiser, I might have spoiled him more subtly and so, more successfully. But I'm glad that I tried, anyway.

"And because I am the type, I guess, who just *does* run upstairs and take the lipstick off when I am told, I'll probably always spoil men."

Just then Spencer Tracy came over to our table in the commissary—for the sole purpose, apparently, of telling Virginia how beautiful she is. Clark Gable shouted something lusty and admiring across the room to her—and Bill Powell sauntered by to make her his suavest bow, saying something about "Beautiful lady . . ." And then I departed before it became a case of S. R. O.

And I thought, as I walked across the lot, how seldom it is that such beauty as Virginia's is warmed by so honest and humble a heart; how very few girls of such exquisite, authentic beauty ever feel or even dream of "running errands" for men, or making sacrifices for them or of pampering them.

. . . Do you want the lowdown on a perfect lady? Well, read about Irene Dunne in July Modern Screen

Frances Farmer and Glenn Erickson became Mr. and Mrs. recently, but plans for a long honeymoon were thwarted when both were given picture assignments.

Sylvia Sidney Plays Truth

(*Continued from page 57*)

only a clever designer but a grand person, makes the most wonderful clothes for me and I wear them as if they were old rags. I'm much more comfortable in things like this.

I'M sloppy around my house, too. But I think there's a reason for that. My mother is the neatest person alive. When I was a kid I had to have everything in order. When I took off my clothes at night they must be hung over the back of a chair, neatly folded.

"I always said to myself, 'Just wait until I'm on my own.' Well, I'm on my own now so things fall where they may and my desk is piled so high I can't see the desk itself. I'm terrible about answering letters. I figure that, if you wait two months, the letter automatically becomes answered.

"Then I'm completely non-social. Even as a child I didn't have friends. I just wouldn't be charming when it was necessary. So now I shut myself up in my apartment and grouse about Hollywood. When I come back to Hollywood from a trip to New York, my manager meets me at the plane and starts in on me by saying, 'Well, if ever I see a smile on your face, when you land, I'll think the world is coming to an end.' *That* usually brings a laugh. But when I see the palm trees and all the sunshine I begin to crawl behind the wall I've put up for myself.

"I've lived in the same apartment for three years and I'll bet that not twenty people have been inside it. I have a few friends—people I admire tremendously, people I adore to be with, but I want no casual acquaintances. I'd so much rather

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Makes Your Skin Feel Soft and Smooth

The "13 Hours by Air" set had a preview as well as a party. Here is Director Mitchell Leisen with three members of the cast, Joan Bennett, Grace Bradley and John Howard.

be by myself. I'd so much rather get up early and ride horseback over these brown hills. I'm a nice person then, really I am. It's when I come in contact with all the intrigues and smallnesses of civilization that I get hard and cold and unhappy.

"You see, I refuse to take responsibility. I had a big house once and I couldn't stand it. When I'd be reading or thinking over a script, or just being alone with myself, there would be the gardener telling me that a rose tree had died, or the cook would suddenly pop up saying that the roof was leaking and I'd better call somebody about it. So I got rid of the house and have a small apartment now and somebody else worries about dying rose trees and leaking roofs!"

Sylvia nestled cosily in the corner of the booth. "I know that the first time I ever saw the man who directed 'The Trail of the Lonesome Pine,' he hated me. I couldn't work up any enthusiasm over the story and I showed it. Once I got into the picture I loved it. I enjoy working. I give a picture everything I have to give.

"But here's a curious thing. There are so many things people *can* say about me. I have so many real faults. Yet one of the things that has been said most persistently isn't true. I'm not troublesome on the set. Only once have I ever walked out on a picture and that was when I was very ill and needed an operation on my throat so badly that, if I had not had it, I might have died. But I've the reputation for walking out in the middle of pictures. On the contrary, I've worked when I was just out of bed with pneumonia and I was almost too weak to hold my head up. I've worked even when I had a sprained ankle.

"Of course, I enjoyed that. It makes a martyr of me and there's nothing so much fun as being a martyr. It makes your breakfast taste so good!

"But, when I'm being terribly martyred, I re-read a letter I got from my father recently. I asked him how the family felt about my divorce. He wrote back and said that my life was my own to live as I thought best, 'but,' he added, 'what people never can understand is how a girl, who made $110,000 last year, can be unhappy.'

"That should make every Hollywood actress sit up and think. We all complain, grouse, mumble and believe ourselves badly off emotionally and professionally—and yet we make all that money."

SHE stopped long enough to smile. Suddenly, she said, "I shouldn't be married. I'm not willing enough to compromise. I've too many faults. Marriage is always a compromise. Both parties have to concede certain things, don't they? It seems to me that it's always difficult when two definite personalities—two people who have lived their own lives, thought their own thoughts and worked out their own problems—get married.

"But I think it's better, when a mistake is made, to try to rectify it immediately and not let it drag on until everyone is made miserable. I've often been criticized for doing that but it's the only way I can do. I believe that, if your emotions get in the way of your intelligence and cause you to do foolish things, the sooner you set those things as right as possible, the sooner you let intelligence guide you once more, the better off you are. But, invariably, in Hollywood, you are misunderstood.

"In fact, perhaps I shouldn't even be in Hollywood—because there's so much compromising to be done here, too.

"The man I admire more than anyone in the world is my Cousin Albert. He lives his life with complete integrity. When he first came over from Russia, my father sponsored him and wanted to give him training to become a dentist. Albert walked out. He disappeared completely for six months. Everyone said he was terribly ungrateful. And then he suddenly reappeared. He had taken a job as a barker at Luna Park to get enough money to study what he wanted to study. He knew he would not stick to dentistry. Now he works in the Rockefeller Foundation and is completely happy. He is married to a lovely girl. They have very little money but their lives are ideal, for he is doing real work and living simply.

"Our lives are too cluttered with nonessentials. In spite of the money, we picture people haven't a chance for real happiness. We are living in too false a world."

And there is Sylvia Sidney—revealed and explained by herself. Do you see now why her marriage was doomed?

TEN MINUTES TO PICK NAIL POLISH...

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Sylvia gives herself no quarter. She has complete honesty. It is impossible, as she has told you, for her to lie to other people. It's just as impossible for her to lie to herself, and that's the rarest and truest form of integrity. Her intelligence is as keen and bright as a Toledo blade. She makes emotional mistakes but that's because her emotions are always at war with her intelligence. And that's apparently what happened when she married Bennett Cerf and was separated from him almost before you could take a deep breath. The emotional pattern of her existence intruded, but she was honest and courageous enough, in a town so eager for gossip as Hollywood, to correct the mistake as soon as possible. She often has stated that she has nothing but the greatest respect and highest regard for Cerf. An equation in her background complicated the problem.

Sometimes her emotions are not to be trusted. Her intelligence never fails her.

I said some of these things to her that day at luncheon. She laughed. "Listen, you're not supposed to be telling me about myself, I'm supposed to be telling you. But, anyhow, I feel better. This talk is like going to a psychoanalyst! Honest confession is good for the soul."

She gathered up her riding crop and gloves and, with her head held high, she threaded her way between the Vendome tables. She says she can't turn the charm on and off. As a matter of fact, she can't turn it *off*, because the charm of honesty and intelligence is something she has to a degree seldom found in Hollywood. For difficult as the feat is, Sylvia Sidney looks herself squarely in the face! And it's a very swell face.

That Beauty Called Smooth

(Continued from page 21)

for the lip rouge. Smooth on the lipstick, blot with tissue and look at the grand results in the mirror. The lipstick sets perfectly and lasts much longer.

If you want your make-up to stay smooth and remain fresh looking over a long period in hot weather, don't forget to use either a foundation cream or lotion. And if you like that fresh, outdoorish look that is so charmingly apparent in the picture of Paulette Goddard this month, try this trick. Dampen a piece of cotton with skin tonic and pat it lightly over your face *after* you have applied your make-up. It gives the skin that faintly dewy young look that is fascinating.

And before I wander off on other items, I want to suggest a boon to all of you who find that warmer weather increases perspiration. Liquid powders which have a slightly astringent effect are marvelous for leaving your skin with a smooth, dry and attractive finish.

Hair has a lot to do with this business of "smooth" good looks. And a skillful permanent is one certain way of insuring a trim, well-waved and curled top piece. But before you sally forth for your permanent, give your hair a break by toning it up in advance. Map out a regular routine for each day. Like this—use a good hair tonic and brush or massage your hair carefully. Plan to have a few hot oil shampoos or give them to yourself, using either one of the prepared oils on the market or just a good brand of olive oil. Always heat the oil before using. Any temperature that is comfortable for both your

THIS BRUNETTE GIRL IS ACTUALLY 3 YEARS YOUNGER THAN THE BLONDE!
No!

DO BRUNETTES LOOK OLDER THAN BLONDES

THE ANSWER IS THAT 7 OUT OF 10 BRUNETTES USE THE WRONG SHADE OF FACE POWDER!

BY *Lady Esther*

If there's one thing women fool themselves about, it's face powder shades.

Many women select face powder tints on the wrong basis altogether. They try to get a face powder that simply matches their type instead of one that enhances or *flatters* it.

Any actress will tell you that certain stage lights can make you look older or younger. The same holds true for face powder shades. One shade can make you look ten to twenty years older while another can make you look years younger.

It's a common saying that brunettes look older than blondes. There is no truth in it. The reason for the statement is that many brunettes make a mistake in the shade of the face powder they use. They simply choose a brunette face powder shade or one that merely matches their type instead of one that goes with the *tone* of their skin. A girl may be a brunette and still have an olive or white skin.

One of Five Shades is the Right Shade!

Colorists will tell you that the idea of numberless shades of face powder is all wrong. They will tell you that only five shades are necessary and that one of these shades will flatter your tone of skin.

I have proved this principle. I know that five shades will suffice. Therefore, I make Lady Esther Face Powder in only five shades. One of these five shades, I know, will prove just the right shade for you. It will prove your most becoming and flattering.

I want you to find out if you are using the right shade of face powder for *your* skin. I want you to find out if the shade you are using is making you look *older* or *younger*.

One Way to Tell!

There is only one way to find out and this is to try all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder—and that is what I want you to do at my expense.

One of these shades, you will find, will instantly prove the right shade for you. One will immediately make you look years younger. You won't have to be told that. Your mirror will cry it aloud to you.

Write today for all the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder that I offer free of charge and obligation. Make the shade test before your mirror. Notice how instantly the right shade tells itself. Mark, too, how soft and smooth my face powder is; also, how long it clings.

Mail Coupon

One test will reveal that Lady Esther Face Powder is a unique face powder, unparalleled by anything in face powders you have ever known.

Mail the coupon or a letter today for the free supply of all five shades that I offer: I will also send you a 7-days' supply of my Four-Purpose Face Cream.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (23) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2010 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a 7-days' supply of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

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(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

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fingers and your scalp is right. The warmth of the oil aids its penetrating the scalp. Using a piece of absorbent cotton dipped in the oil, apply it all over the scalp, parting the hair about every two inches to make sure it doesn't miss a spot.

AFTER the oil has been applied, wrap your head up in a towel which has been wrung out in as hot water as you can bear. Do this five or six times. Then, in the shampoo and the final rinse water, use the strained juice of two lemons. Three or four of these treatments will leave your hair in wonderful condition for the permanent.

For the actual wave and curl, there's a new machine that is the last word in modern design. It has red and green lights like a stop and go traffic system plus a tinkling bell. It's all done up in a streamlined cabinet that looks like a radio when closed, and a huge adding machine when open. It works on the same principle as your electric refrigerator and believe it or not, it waves the hair in a minute and a half.

Here's how this tricky waving affair works. First the operator gives you two test curls. This determines how long the pre-heated clamps should remain on the head for the most satisfactory results. She sets the indicator on the dial to the exact time which the better of the two curls prove your hair should have. The second this time is up, a bell rings and the little clamp which supplied the heat, is lifted from your pate. Each clamp thus permanently waves a strand of hair in practically no time and with so little discomfort you'll hardly believe it's possible. Best of all, you are free to get up and move around as you please during the process. Another nice thing about this method is that every protector and pad used, is made so that it can be used only once. In other words, you get a truly individual permanent wave which, I am told, eliminates all possibilities of burns and it also waves the hair closer to the scalp than has been possible heretofore.

Before leaving the interesting subject of hair, how about a word or two on new coiffure twists? It certainly doesn't matter this spring whether your hair is long, short or medium for there is an infinite variety to the way, you can arrange your hair to bring out your best points. Often the mere changing of the part in your hair gives your face a new individuality. There are so many smart variations around the center part theme that if you do look well with your hair cleft down the middle, try it. And the simple dodge of parting your hair on the opposite side from the way you've been wearing it is another suggestion. Whatever way you do change your hair comb, be sure to go to an expert when you have your hair thinned—nothing spoils the contour of a head more than a botch job of hair thinning.

If you wear curls, wear them discreetly. And a soft swirl to one side at back is very flattering. You can have a swirl even with long hair; just turn the ends under on the side toward which the swirl goes. The whole effect of your head this spring should be sleek but soft—and your waves should look natural, never rigid and set. And for a final "smooth" dash, try spraying perfumed brilliantine lightly over your completed coiffure—it adds such a lovely glossy sheen.

A well-known nail polish manufacturer has your new costume colors in mind when suggesting a triumvirate of polishes to complement all your spring togs. They are rust, ruby and rose. The rose is suggested as a complement to pastels, the ruby for black or white and the rust for any of the costume colors on the yellow cast such as the new browns, yellow, tangerine etc.

Like your hair, your hands will benefit by a hot oil treatment. Smooth the oil in thoroughly and leave it in for fifteen minutes. And don't forget to use a manicure cream, every night, if possible. I found one that's elegant—it keeps the cuticle soft and smooth while it prevents your nails from becoming brittle. The same house which puts out this excellent cream, also has a cream for removing nail polish together with two good liquid polish removers. The latter two are made for difrent types of nails, one with an oily base for you who have dry, brittle nails and one without oil for normal nails.

They may not look very decorative, but a cheap pair of cotton gloves pulled on over your freshly creamed hands at night, will, when pulled off in the morning, reveal those lily white hands you yearn for. Any good lubricating cream, massaged into the hands, will do the trick.

There you are, my pets, with enough beauty cues to carry you through the spring and summer. And if you aren't termed "smooth" after such careful grooming and broad hints as to new ways to go about it, it isn't my fault.

Before I leave you, however, I want to ask you if you have been worried over what to give as graduation gifts? Brides and graduates have a way of turning up this time of year and what to give them is a problem. Turn to the cosmetic counter for ideas, there isn't a girl who doesn't adore perfume, toilet water, bath salts and bath powder as a gift. And there are those grand kits that are not only the last word in smart design, but the ultimate in the all 'round usefulness of their beauty contents. Then there are lipsticks, combination vanities and eye shadows for the more sophisticated of the sweet girl graduates.

And don't forget to turn back to page 20 for the free offer "Reminders from My Notebook."

TUNE IN ON SAM TAYLOR

Yes, girls, the handsome young man on the left is Modern Screen's Hollywood reporter. His tri-weekly radio chats on Hollywood players and pictures are always bright, amusing, and up-to-the-minute. Sam Taylor is heard every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7:15 p.m., over Station WOR.

Won by an Accent

(*Continued from page 51*)

be an actress. The screeching was Lady Macbeth! Want to hear more of her? . . ."

"Hush," said Mrs. Kies. "No more of that now please. If you're going to be an actress, I suppose that's what you're going to be . . . but please, darling, try to be a little quieter about it!"

On that day when Margaret announced that she was learning to be an actress, it was not just an idle dream that had occurred to her. Oh, no, indeed. Margaret had made a discovery. Deep inside of her a voice had said, "Margaret, you are going to be an actress"—and Margaret believed it. She didn't even stop to ask herself when or why or where or how. She just believed it.

"And that belief was the most important thing that ever happened to me," she told me recently. "Without it I'd have been doomed to Dubuque all my life. Without it I'd have bloomed only as a wall flower, and a perennial one at that! Oh, I *know* so, because except for that one buoyant bit of knowledge, I had very little confidence in myself. I was terribly shy and sensitive. Why, I remember how I used to dread walking past a gang of boys on the corner . . . how I'd walk blocks to avoid them if I could . . . just because I was sure they were talking about me. I know now, of course, that they probably never even saw me. But in those days, I only knew that my knees sagged, my face was hot and my feet dragged along the sidewalk! It was horrible. There was only that one soothing salve, that oft-repeated promise that I made to myself: 'Never mind, Margaret. Wait till you're a movie star. You'll show them then!'

"After a while, as I grew older, it became so fixed in my mind that I forgot about feeling inferior. Not completely, but a little. At a dance, for example, I learned not to worry about whether my partner liked me or not. Instead, I tried to concentrate on what a thrill this would be for him someday! Someday he'd see me on the screen and tell his friends, 'Oh yes, Margaret's an old friend of mine. Why, I remember one evening when we were dancing. . . .'"

Margaret Lindsay in her latest Warner opus, "Law in Her Hands," with Glenda Farrell.

MARGARET threw back her head and laughed at the recollection.

"Isn't that just about the goofiest thing you've ever heard? A poor, silly, self-conscious seventeen-year-old girl selling herself an idea—to make herself feel important. But wait! You haven't heard the half of it! The funny thing is that that attitude suddenly began producing unlooked-for results! Believe it or not, it began producing dates! I don't know *why* unless that precious knowledge that I *would* be a movie actress someday made me sort of radiant—I guess—and well, sort of attractive!

"Anyway, and seriously, while I'm not advising cockiness as a cure for unpopularity, I do say, and believe, that to be popular a girl has to feel that she's going some place, and that big things are about to happen! You know why I believe that? Because I think that anticipation is the greatest thing in the world! Especially as a beauty aid! We're more beautiful when we're young, because we expect more . . . !

"But to go back—who got me off on this charm lecture anyway?—my self-consciousness and my feeling of inferiority were far from cured by a couple of beaux at seventeen. They were still with me (the inferiority feelings I mean), some

In the month of ROSES and ROMANCE

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time later when I went to New York to live and to go on the stage. The first year I merely studied. Annie Jean Bouton, a friend of mine from school, shared an apartment with me, and we went to Sargent together. Sargent's one of the best dramatic schools in New York—you have to be 'invited' to go back the second year! Well, Annie Jean and I were both invited, but I was restless and didn't want to go. I felt it was high time I fulfilled my destiny and became an actress. But it seemed I was the only one who thought so! I couldn't find a single casting director to agree with me! Some of them didn't even want to talk to me about it!

"I was getting pretty discouraged when I ran into a friend-of-the-family's who owned a stock company in England. (Maybe you've heard part of this story—but not the details.) He advised me to go to England, pick up an accent, and then return as, 'that accomplished young English actress, Miss Margaret Lindsay—for example.' He said I couldn't blame a producer for not wanting plain Margaret Kies of Iowa. But Margaret Lindsay, of London, well, that was different!

"I thought it was a swell idea, except for one thing. Could I do it? Could I get away with it? Did I have the nerve? Suppose somebody found me out and laughed at me? That, more than anything, was the thing I was afraid of. I decided to sit down and write my mother all about it.

"I'll never forget that letter. It was fifty pages long. I spent half the night writing it. I explained everything in the minutest detail. But I might just as well have saved myself the trouble. Mother never read it. She got as far as the first line: 'What do you think, darling, about my going to England?' And three hours later she was on the train headed for New York.

WELL, we conferred for days. And by this time I had made up my mind that I was going. But at first Mother couldn't see it at all. Oh, she didn't mind my going on the stage—she'd always expected it, I guess. And she didn't mind my contemplated impersonation either. What she did mind very much was my traveling to England *all by myself!*

"You see, until then, I'd always led a pretty sheltered life. I'd always had a chaperone, someone to protect me from life or whatever it was I was supposed to be protected from. But if I went to England alone, well, you can see Mother's point. The problem was in making her see mine!

"Mine was simply this. I was going to England to acquire an English accent, and I knew I'd never be able to do it if I had to have somebody with me to listen to and to laugh at me all the time! I'd be too self-conscious, feel too silly. I'd either have to go alone, or not go at all.

"Well, eventually I went alone—and, thank heavens! Otherwise, I never would have succeeded in turning myself into a Britisher. Even a best friend would have cramped my style. You see, I had to keep constantly on the move, from one town to another, from one group of strangers to another—so people wouldn't wonder at my ever-broadening 'a.' You don't pick up an accent all at once, you know! You do it by degrees. And each time I acquired a new degree I had to find somebody new to try it on—or else be found out, and laughed at!

"It was complicated in other ways, too. For example, what was I to say when people asked me what town I came from? And had I known so-and-so there? And what street had I lived on? You see, I had to prepare myself for that. As soon as I arrived in England, I settled on Harrigate as my home stamping grounds—chiefly because it was quite a distance from London. I ran up there and stayed several weeks, memorizing it . . . its streets, its shops, the names of its best citizens and the names of all their children. Then later, I carried all this information in a little notebook for reference. And, as most girls give themselves a last inventory in the mirror before going out, so I used to take a last look at my 'I am Margaret Lindsay—don't forget it!' book.

LATER—two years later—I wished very much that I *could* forget it. At that time I found myself in Hollywood, under contract to Universal, as my friend had prophesied, as 'that accomplished young English actress, Miss Margaret Lindsay'—and I was hating it. It was perfect torture. Much worse than passing those hometown boys on the corner when I was ten. Now, every time I passed a group of people, I was certain I'd be recognized as plain Peg Kies of Dubuque, Iowa—and then all of Hollywood would be calling me the faker I was. In fact, it almost happened twice. Once at the polo matches, when Doris Warner (yes, of the Warner Brothers), whom I'd known well at National Park Seminary, spied me and chased me for three minutes through the crowd, calling 'Peg! Oh Peg Kies!'—and again, at the Cocoanut Grove. That second incident at the Cocoanut Grove will always stand out in my mind, for, having lived through it, I knew that at last I had my quivering inner self pretty much under control. I had to do the most difficult thing I have ever done. I had to look an old friend right in the eyes, and pretend I didn't know her!

"I'll never forget it. I was with Bill Powell that night. And no sooner had we stepped inside the door than I saw her—another old friend from school. She saw me at the same instant. She smiled and called my name—but I looked right through her and moved on. Then, as soon as we reached our table I took out a long cigarette holder and began smoking, and I pulled the little veil on my hat down over my eyes—hoping to throw her off the scent. Peg Kies didn't smoke—at least not with a holder like that—and Peg Kies wouldn't be seen dead done up in a veil!

"But she was still suspicious, because pretty soon she came over and stood right by our table, and stared right at me—silently accusing me and calling me names. What did I do? There was only one thing I could do! I looked at her. Then I looked behind me—as though to see who in the devil she was looking at! Then I looked back at her. Then I looked at Bill and I shrugged, whispering, loud enough so she could hear me: 'The girl must be crazy!' At that she smiled and relaxed her vigil. 'I'm sorry,' she apologized. 'You *aren't* she, but I could have sworn. . . .' "

Margaret sighed in relief at the remembrance.

"It wasn't until almost a year later that I was able to relax *my* vigil," she went on. "But finally I was able to break down and confess everything. That was just before I signed my present contract, and just after I finished playing the part of the doomed young wife, in 'Cavalcade.' Fortunately—oh so fortunately!—Hollywood figured it was fun to be fooled and forgave me. My career carried on!

"But the most important thing was what that impersonation did for me, personally. It was a terrific strain, but it taught me poise. It was an experience I wouldn't trade for anything!"

Of course she wouldn't, because poise pays—and how! Today Maggie Lindsay is just about the most popular girl in Hollywood. And the rumor persists that she is secretly married to Pat de Cicco. A rumor Margaret refuses to verify. But, she spoofed Hollywood once before . . . so?

A Lady in Love

(*Continued from page 42*)

decree was granted. I was horrified. 'It should be twenty years,' I declared. 'It's terrible, remarrying after a thing like that happens to you. I never shall.' And I really meant it, too."

Of course, that vow was the bitter reaction of a disillusioned girl. But even people who had not taken those words of Helen's seriously were surprised by her recent marriage. For, if she remarried, they expected Helen to choose a man with money. Fred Perry is certainly not a man of wealth. His only income is what he earns. And his only earnings are gleaned from playing amateur tennis.

HER father was a wealthy man. Her first husband was a millionaire. All her life she had moved in elite circles, surrounded by luxury. Her coterie of friends in New York are wealthy socialites. In Hollywood, naturally, she found her friends among a similar class. All the time Fred Perry was in Hollywood, he and Helen never met. Their paths never crossed.

"If we both hadn't happened to sail on the *Berengaria* for England, probably we never would have met," Helen admits. "Call it chance if you want. I say it was a miracle!"

I saw Helen Vinson and Fred Perry the first time their eyes met. Helen had invited all the newspapermen who had interviewed her down to the *Berengaria* for a little champagne party before the boat sailed. Her stateroom was jammed. Photographers crowded the doorways, and curious on-lookers pushed in from the corridor. Helen had just spent a tedious hour on the windy deck, patiently posing for pictures. Then she had battled through a barrage of autograph hounds and eager spectators to reach her stateroom. Her hat was askew, her hair mussed by the wind. She was tired and a little frantic.

A tall young man sauntered down the corridor toward the stateroom. What was all the excitement about? A movie actress. Oh, well, he had seen lots of movie actresses. He glanced into the room. And through the milling mob, his eyes looked into Helen Vinson's.

Forty minutes later the cry, "All ashore who's goin' ashore," had cleared the ship of the mob; the big boat was moving quietly out into the harbor. And Helen Vinson and Fred Perry were beginning to get acquainted.

It wasn't the kind of first-meeting Helen Vinson would have planned with her future husband. I have heard her say, "If you want to be attractive to a man, don't ever see him unless you are looking your best. See him only under circumstances in which you can be agreeable and pleasant. For every man loves a smiling woman. A woman with laughter is as welcome as the sunshine and a man will always turn to look at her again."

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NO, Helen—wise and knowing—would have set a different stage if she had had a chance. A new gown, perhaps, flowers, a charming room. I suggested this and she laughed. "Well, I never expected to fall in love amid the chaos of a press party on shipboard," she admitted, "and I still believe that the girl who wants to attract a man should see him only when she can be gracious and charming and well-groomed. But as I said before—this is a miracle. Rules don't count. It's different!"

At the end of their five-day voyage, Fred and Helen were secretly engaged.

Even when her American friends heard definite rumors that love was in bloom in England, that when asked if he was going to marry Helen, Perry had answered, "I hope so"—even then, those who knew her here wouldn't believe it.

"Helen isn't the type to do anything that rash and sudden," they said. "She has never acted on an impulse. She is at an important juncture in her screen career. Hollywood wants her, and she can't afford to miss the boat. Helen is too wise, too sensible to leap into such a marriage now!"

However, less than five months later, at midnight on September 12th, 1935, they were married.

I doubt if there has ever been a woman more eager to make a success of her marriage. This whirlwind romance struck deep into the roots of Helen's heart, and it is very precious to her. She knows that in a marriage such as hers there are many pitfalls.

She frankly admits that it has worried her a little because she is two years older than Fred, even though two years is a small difference, and she looks definitely younger than her twenty-six-year-old husband.

She realizes that the kind of a man who battles his way to fame on the tennis courts must be determined, stubborn, a fighter-to-the-finish. She knows that spending years batting around the world from one tournament to another must make a man irresponsible in a way, restless, eager to be on the go.

She realizes all these things, and she is willing and anxious to spend time and energy, wisdom and patience, in adjusting the problems which must inevitably arise.

She knows, too, that the very nature of their careers means that they must be separated a great deal. Furthermore, they are both constantly in the limelight—he in the world of sports, she in the film firmament. Their names are news. And the bright glare of publicity has withered many a romance. For several years, Perry's name has been linked with that of one of the most beautiful stars in Hollywood. They are still good friends, and Helen wants that friendship to continue. Yet, it is certain to creep into columns as nasty gossip, slip, as rumors, into the news.

Can their romance stand the gaff? Helen is determined that it shall!

"One thing to remember," she says, "is that love is not the most important thing in life. Life is. Love is that part of life which makes you enjoy living more, makes you more honest, and braver, and unselfish. I have heard women actually use love as an excuse for pettiness. 'I can't help it,' they'll say, 'I love him.' They'll excuse jealousy, for example, with that phrase. How foolish they are! Jealousy is the most futile emotion in the world. Besides, I've seen many a jealous woman put ideas in her husband's head that never occurred to him. Accuse a husband of being overattentive to the red-head at the next table, and it may sound like a good idea to him. It's a foolish risk for a woman to take

"BUT," she added hastily, "I don't believe in a woman's being too noble. A spark of spunk now and then keeps you human. After all, you salt your food and put a touch of vinegar in the salad dressing, don't you? But I believe, too, that the smiling graciousness which helps a woman attract a man will help her to hold him."

Plans for the future? They're vastly different from the plans she had in the spring of 1935, when she was sailing for England to make two pictures for Gaumont-British. She was temporarily deserting Hollywood for English films because Hollywood continued to type her in "other woman" roles. The English studio offered her two sympathetic roles—one in "Transatlantic Tunnel," and stardom as the heroine of "King of the Damned." When these two films were finished, she would return to Hollywood, having proved she could play leads. It was a wise plan.

When those films were finished, Hollywood begged her to come back. But while the Hollywood offers dangled, Helen kept her fingers crossed, hoping for another Gaumont-British contract. Fred would be in England . . .

She was offered the lead, opposite Clive Brook, in "His Majesty's Pajamas." She snapped it up. Hollywood is out of luck, unless Fred returns to the coast.

Neither do her plans for the future include a mansion-house where wealthy friends may be lavishly entertained. She who has known great wealth and success now asks for the simplest things in life—the man she loves and a quiet place where they may spend some time together. She talks dreamily of a small farm in Connecticut, a little old house with deep fireplaces to hold fat logs, a garden, a bit of woodland. The only luxury she asks for is fine tennis courts on the grounds for Fred.

May her dreams come true!

In New York for the first time in years, Ann Sothern came to see the shows and the shops before starting her first picture for RKO. She stayed at Manhattan's very smart St. Moritz Hotel.

Information Desk

(Continued from page 70)

ming. He is interested in taxidermy and sketching, besides. Gary is 6 feet 2½ inches tall, weighs 175 pounds and has dark brown hair and blue eyes. Mrs. Cooper is the former Veronica Balfe, who appeared in pictures under the name of Sandra Shaw. His most recent picture is opposite Jean Arthur in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town." Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Los Angeles, Cal., is his address.

ANNE D. PHILLIPS, Quincy, Mass.—Gordon Jones played the part of Butch in "Strike Me Pink." His latest picture is "Devil's Squadron." "Under Two Flags" with Ronald Colman, Victor McLaglen and Rosalind Russell will be Claudette Colbert's next picture.

JANET GAYNOR—Formerly Laura Gainer, Janet was born in Philadelphia, Pa., October 6, 1906. Six years later the Gainers moved to Chicago where she attended the Graeme Stewart grade school. The next leap was to San Francisco and the Polytechnic High School, after which young Janet worked in a shoe store, then as an usherette in a movie theatre. One of the few film players who have been successful without previous stage training, Janet made her first movie appearance as an extra in 1924. Work being scarce, she took a secretarial course, but the studio lure was too great and she returned to movieland, gradually getting better and better roles. Her first real leading role was in "The Johnstown Flood," and she helped make movie history with Charles Farrell in "Seventh Heaven." Much to everyone's distress, she and Charlie did not marry. Instead, he married Virginia Valli and Janet became Mrs. Lydell Peck. They were divorced, however, and now there doesn't seem to be any particular "Mr. Gaynor" in view. Miss Gaynor is 5 feet tall, weighs 100 pounds and has copper brown hair and brown eyes. She plays the piano and her favorite sports are golf and swimming. She is very fond of Chinese dishes, and yellow and blue are her favorite colors. "Small Town Girl" was her most recent picture, and she is tentatively scheduled to be in "Banjo on My Knee," for 20th Century-Fox Studios, where you may reach her at Box 900, Beverly Hills, Cal.

JO ANN KEMP, Baltimore, Md.—The part of Buzz, the gum-chewing radio operator in "Ceiling Zero," was taken by James Bush—and a nice bit of acting he turned in, too. Write him at Warner Brothers Studios, Burbank, Cal.

JOHN BOLES—Love is his middle name, and no kidding. The rest of it is authentic, too. The son of a banker and cotton broker, John was born in Greenville, Tex., October 27, 1900. Greenville schools and the University of Texas gave him the preparatory courses necessary to entering Johns Hopkins, where he intended to begin the study of medicine. The World War interrupted these plans, however, and Mr. Boles enlisted in the intelligence division of the army. In France he became a great favorite by singing at the A.E.F. entertainments, and on his return home decided to study voice. First, though, it was necessary for him to earn the wherewithal by working in a local bank, then by teaching French in a girls' academy in New York. Later he returned to France, this time to study, and came back to New York after 2 years determined to get a leading role or nothing. Nothing it was, until "Little Jesse James" came along. An instant success in this, John appeared in several other Broadway productions until Gloria Swanson offered him the lead in "The Loves of Sonya." After making several other silents, he began to get leads in such pictures as "Rio Rita" and "The Desert Song" in which he was very successful. John is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 185 pounds and has brown hair and gray eyes. John likes all outdoor sports, especially hiking and tennis. Mrs. Boles is the former Marcellite Dobbs and they have two daughters, Marcellite and Joanna. 20th Century-Fox Studios, Box 900, Beverly Hills, Cal., is his address. "A Message to Garcia" is Mr. Boles' most recent production.

JANE KINGSLEY, New York, N. Y.—Yes, Nino Martini is going to make another picture. It will be the second of the Pickford-Lasky productions and is tentatively titled "The Gay Desperado." No supporting cast has been assigned as yet but you may be assured that he'll do plenty of singing.

GINGER ROGERS—If it hadn't been for the Charleston, we might never have known there was such a person as Virginia Katherine McMath, alias Ginger Rogers. Born in Independence, Mo., on July 6, 1911, she spent her girlhood in Fort Worth, Tex., where she attended school. There at the age of 15 she won the state Charleston championship, which resulted in her being signed to a vaudeville contract. Coming to New York, Ginger joined a stock company and then took part in a musical revue, "Top Speed." Forty-five weeks in the New York company of "Girl Crazy" won her a chance in Hollywood. Her first picture, "The Tip Off," followed this in 1931. Ginger is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 110 pounds, has gold-red hair and blue eyes. Her hobby is dancing, she plays a fair game of tennis and is fond of riding, swimming and golf. Edward Jackson Culpepper was her first husband, when she was very young, and she has been happily married to Lew Ayres since November 14, 1934. She and Fred Astaire will be teamed again in "Never Gonna Dance." Write her at RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

ROMOLA BILLINGS, Passaic, N. J.—No, Leslie Howard's children have never actually appeared in pictures to date. However, his son, Ronald, will be seen as a page boy in "Romeo and Juliet." Mr. Howard's daughter, Leslie Jr., has appeared over the ether waves with him, and in so doing gave every evidence that she inherits some of her father's versatile ability.

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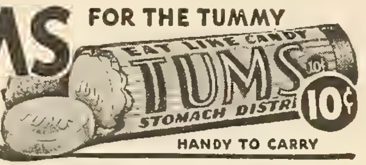

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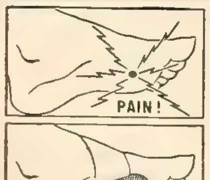
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(*Continued from page 50*)

HERE'S one—remember the old days. This might not be much of a cure if the actor happens to have been born with a silver spoon in his mouth. I wasn't. And I remember days when I didn't have enough to eat. I remember days when I wasn't sure where I'd sleep at night. Days and nights in Putnam, New Jersey, where, after I was expelled from high school for smashing up some school furniture, I got odd jobs to do, and sang in church on Sundays. Days in Camden, when I worked for the Victor Talking Machine Company as shipping clerk for four years and tried to take singing lessons and spent money I should have used for board and lodging on shows in New York. Days when I purchased a service station in Haddenfield, Pa., and tried to operate it while I took more singing lessons. The venture failed, of course, and I hiked to Philadelphia and got a job as a newspaper advertising salesman. Then I got a break with the La Scala Opera Company, making infrequent appearances and singing, even more infrequently, over the radio.

"No one seemed very much aware that I was alive in those days. I haven't forgotten that feeling. I haven't forgotten the pangs of hunger or how it feels to be thinly clad and cold. The man I was then I still am. That fellow is forever with me, plucking at my sleeve, laughing in my ear. He's me, too. You're not in much danger from the enemy when such a starved, unimportant little 'I' is with you.

"A normal childhood is a very good antidote for an 'I' attack. Mine was perfectly normal. I was born in Ocean City, N. J. I went to public school. My folks were in very moderate circumstances. I sold newspapers. I ran errands. I wore some hand-me-downs. I played hooky occasionally. I scrubbed the backs of my ears and put on my 'good suit' and went to Sunday school. There was absolutely nothing to distinguish me from Tom or Joe or Harry. I was just one of the gang.

"A girl I used to know back in those days said to me recently, 'I nearly died when I read about your being an actor. You were a nice looking, decent enough kid, Pres, always very polite when you had to be and always with a broad grin all over your face. You sure were one of the very last boys in town I ever thought would go into the movies.'

"Ocean City is, of course, on the ocean. And the ocean is the greatest antidote I know against the personal puny conceit of man. The sea plays no favorites. President and ploughboy are one and the same to the sea. It wipes out prince or pauper with magnificent impartiality. And I've always spent a lot of time on the water. Now, between pictures, or late Saturday afternoons, any time I can get away, I run down to Balboa where I keep my boat. There are no actors down there on the water front, just a crowd of business men and fellows who like boats. We never talk about pictures or Hollywood. Some of them don't even know that I'm in pictures, so far as I know. If they do, they don't figure it's important enough to talk about. And they certainly don't get it from me. We talk boats and weather and fishing and tides and tackle. We talk politics and swap stories and I forget that my name has ever appeared in electrics. I'm back in Ocean City, N. J., again—one of the gang.

"A happy marriage," said Preston, his very dark blue eyes amused, "is another and a most effective prescription for curing any signs of head-swelling.

"I have," grinned Preston, "a very usual marriage—the boy-marries-girlhood-sweetheart brand. I popped the question a short time after I'd begun singing with the La Scala Opera Company in Philadelphia. I began in the chorus. Then I was given some leading parts, singing with some of the stars whose vocal records I'd packed while I was a shipping clerk with the talking machine company. I began to think I'd better do things about improving my voice, considering that the Metropolitan Opera Company was my modest goal. So I entrained for New York for further vocal instruction.

ON the way I thought it was high time to bring a climax to a childhood romance. She was Gertrude Warren, who lived in Woodbury, N. J. We'd gone together since our high school days, to movies, picnics and on long walks in the woods. She was, always has been, and still is the only girl for me. We were married at The Little Church Around the Corner in New York. We set up housekeeping—very light housekeeping for a time. Singing engagements didn't drop in my lap. I finally got a part in a play, 'The Silent House,' and played a deaf and dumb man whose entire role was in pantomime! That sort of deflated whatever little sprouts my ego might have put out, too. Me, candidate for the Met, deaf and dumb!

"Then luck, the main ingredient in any actor's success, began to leaven the lean loaf. I had a part in 'Two Seconds' in New York. Mervyn LeRoy saw the play. He must have liked me because he recommended me for a picture contract at Warner Brothers and I was on my way to Hollywood.

"I played the lead in the screen version of 'Two Seconds' and for the fourteen months I was on that lot appeared in 'Dr. X,' 'I'm a Fugitive From a Chain Gang,' 'Alibi Ike,' and 'You Said a Mouthful.' I was loaned to Tiffany and made 'The Last Mile' which I hoped would bring me stardom. It didn't. But I did get some recognition from Fox Films and got a break there. Spencer Tracy was to make 'The Man Who Dared.' But he couldn't do it and I got the part. It was the sort of thing I'd been praying for. The picture was swell and it got good reviews but I was still more than the last mile away from stardom. I was turned over to Paramount. I went back to Warners. And then I was shunted into some 'quickies.' I cooled my heels and felt down at the mouth. I arranged for a cancellation of my Warner Brothers contract. M-G-M offered me a contract. I accepted. Cooled my heels some more. I made one picture in five months. I'd about decided to chuck it all and go back to New York and the stage when RKO decided that they wanted me. I told them I wanted work and that unless I could be kept busy I'd go right on with my packing. If I'd known how busy they'd keep me, I might not have been such a fiend for punishment! I signed my contract January, 1935, and since then I've appeared in six major films, with scarcely time off between films to lift anchor on my power cruiser—'Strangers All,' with May Robson, 'The Last Days of Pompeii,' 'The Informer,' 'The Arizonian,' 'Annie Oakley,' 'Muss 'Em Up.' I've hit top billing and I'm on my way . . .

"But to get back to my marriage: Gertrude takes my job as any wife takes any man's job. She never gets excited about it. She isn't especially curious about it. She never comes to the studio. And she's paid me two compliments on my work since we've been in Hollywood. Once after the preview of 'The Last Mile' she said, 'I really forgot it was you I was watching, Pres, the performance carried me away,' and the other time after seeing 'The Last Days of Pompeii,' she exclaimed, with a catch in her voice, 'You were grand . . .' Otherwise she makes no comment other than to remark that I was good enough in this or that picture to have rated a better part. That's all.

"I'm pretty darned sure," said this big, genial man slowly, "that Hollywood's Public Enemy won't find a chink in my defenses. . . ."

Reviews

(*Continued from page 13*)

He has a mania for fishing all the year 'round. Studios have learned that if they want him in a picture they'd better notify him at least a week ahead of time. It's easier than to track him down at the streams in the wilds.

★★★ Sutter's Gold

(Universal)

Californians will love this pictorial history of its most colorful character, John Sutter, and natives of other states will find the tale engrossing, too. It deals, of course, with the Swiss, Johan Souter, who was forced to flee his country and who came to California with dreams for the future. Forcefully depicted are the struggles which he goes through to attain his ever-increasing ambitions, and his final ironic downfall with the discovery of gold on his land. Edward Arnold gives a masterly characterization of John Sutter, a man with a peculiar make-up of ruthlessness, kind-heartedness, generosity and greed. Lee Tracy, as Pete Perkins who stuck to Sutter through good and bad, is not so happily cast. No amount of snowy whiskers can disguise this wise-cracking youth, while Arnold seems to grow naturally grayer with every reel. Binnie Barnes is seductively lovely as the Russian countess who falls for Sutter, but with method in her madness. The cast as a whole is well selected and adequate in performance. The picture is interesting from an historical standpoint, which has been carefully worked out in every detail, with excellent photography.

Preview Postscript

Several acres in the San Fernando Valley were used for the principle set of this picture—the famed Sutter's fort of 1845 and 1849. An exact replica was made of Sutter's Mill, perhaps the most famous structure in the history of the West. A heavy wall of adobe surrounded the four-acre compound, and the parapet supported several cannons, gathered from museums, which had seen actual service at the fort. Inside the enclosure were stables, blacksmith shops, wells, barbecue pits, etc. Prop men were kept busy building and collecting the rudely fashioned carts, enormous wine casks, huge hand-looms on which the Indians wove rugs, antique furniture and military trappings. The costume department had some research of its own, too, what with garbing the most varied cast ever collected for one picture, including South Sea Islanders, Hawaiians, Maoris, Samoans, Tahitians, Russians, Italians, Span-

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NO perfume thrill you've ever had will equal your first acquaintance with FAOEN's new Gardenia. Here's a new perfume of rare emotional appeal . . . created to key the senses to the true joy of living—and loving. To transform occasions into events and to transform you in the imagination of others as that enviable being—the unforgettable woman! Try this unforgettable fragrance today.

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Gardenia
FAOEN

A lush, heady Gardenia blend for the woman who loves the touch of velvet, the whiteness of snow, the glamour of spring and the aura of luxury. A perfume ever reminiscent of Spring . . . and eternal romance. The new vanity size on sale at all 5 and 10 cent stores. Trial size 10c

PARK & TILFORD
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ONLY the girl whose perfectly-groomed hair reflects her fastidiousness is in demand. Nestle Golden Shampoo makes your hair look years younger and more alluring. It cleanses both scalp and hair and imparts a delightful golden sheen. For those who prefer a darker shade, there is Nestle Henna Shampoo made with pure Egyptian Henna.

Nestle
GOLDEN SHAMPOO
2

10c *for a package containing 2 shampoos at all 5 and 10 cent stores.*

Nestle Golden SHAMPOO
The NESTLE-LeMUR COMPANY. N.Y.

. . . Cash prizes for interesting Between You 'n' Me letters awarded each month. See page 24

ITCH

. . . STOPPED IN ONE MINUTE . . .

Are you tormented with the itching tortures of eczema, rashes, athlete's foot, eruptions, or other skin afflictions? For quick and happy relief, use cooling, antiseptic, liquid **D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION.** Its gentle oils soothe the irritated skin. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back.

Finds Way To Have Young Looking Skin at 35!

SMART, modern women no longer submit to the tragedy of "old skin" just because they are 30, 35, 40! A wonderful new creme, applied at night like cold cream, acts a scientific way to free the skin of that veil of semi-visible darkening particles which ordinary creams cannot remove after a certain age. So gentle and quick—often only 5 days is time enough to bring out a glorious rose petal softness and fineness and white, clear look of youth. And, the way it eliminates common surface blemishes—ugly pimples, blackheads, freckles—is a revelation! Ask for this creme—Golden Peacock Bleach Creme at all drug and department stores.

Jan Kiepura and Gladys Swarthout in "Give Us This Night."

iards and Mexicans, to mention a few. "Extras" in the animal line ran to even larger numbers—hundreds of sheep, goats, pigs, besides over a thousand horses and cattle. 76 complete sets were used for this film.

★ Things to Come
(London Films)

You're in for a pretty grim time if you go to see this English opus. It's an adaptation of H. G. Well's prophetic book on what we can expect to have happen to the world beginning (and so son!) in 1940! Little boys, scientifically minded, will get a huge kick out of the truly amazing inventions—and so will you, if you aren't too depressed. The story concerns Raymond Massey, a young aviation engineer in 1940. He manages to survive the wars that last from 1940 until 1966, and, when civilization has been practically wiped out, he, with a band of surviving scientists, start to rebuild the world. What goes on until 2036, when you see Mr. M. again as his great grandson—and still carrying the scientific torch—is most amazing. The cast, all English, does the best it can. You feel Mr. Wells should try to be a little less imaginative.

★★★ Robin Hood of El Dorado (M-G-M)

If you like action in your movies, here is a rousing, old-fashioned western in costume, full of all the shooting and the shouting that go to make up exciting screenfare. Its star is Warner Baxter, in a sombrero and his "Cisco Kid" accent. Background is California in the gold rush days, when Mexican settlers were being pushed off their own property by Americans with a lust for gold. Baxter, as Joaquin Murietta, is a peaceful peasant until his home is ravaged by raiding '49ers. Seeking vengeance, he becomes an outlaw and declares a personal war on all "gringoes." Teaming up with a killer named Three-Fingered Jack (J. Carroll Naish) he terrorizes the countryside until a thrilling gun battle puts an end to it all. The picture is full of scenic beauty and is charged with excitement and fast gun play. Next to Baxter for acting honors is J. Carroll Naish with his excellent portrayal of a murderous renegade. Others in the cast are Bruce Cabot, Margo, Eric Linden and Ann Loring.

Preview Postscript

"A good time was had by all" on this picture. Most of it was taken on location around Lake Tahoe and in the San Fernando valley. Wherever there's gun-play in a film you can be sure the cast had an even better time off-screen than on. Principals, extras, cameramen and prop boys enlisted in the target tournament which sprung up the first day on location. Bruce Cabot was the winner and among the ladies—for of course they had to get in on it—the best shot was Margo . . . Ann Loring came to the screen via M-G-M's "travelling studio." A co-ed from Brooklyn College, New York, she was studying to be a journalist when the travelling studio came to town. Ann took the test purely for the fun of it, hoping that there would be a story in it for the school paper. She won first place over 25,000 applicants, and a try-out contract at the studio. She celebrated this, her first role, by marrying Louis Schor, an attorney. In her spare time, Ann studies theology and numerology . . .

★★ Snowed Under
(Warners)

The problems of a playwright are contemplated here with considerable mirth, due to the presence in the cast of such experienced handlers of comedy as Glenda Farrell, Genevieve Tobin and Frank McHugh. The whole situation revolves about George Brent, who sits in a Connecticut hideout trying to finish a play which a Broadway producer already has in rehearsal. His first wife, Miss Tobin, arrives to lend a helping hand, and things run smoothly until the appearance of Patricia Ellis, a gal from a nearby college who feels that she's in love with George. More additions to the household arrive when a deputy sheriff (Frank McHugh) and a lawyer for Glenda Farrell, Mr. Brent's second wife, drop in to slap Mr. B. in jail for failure to keep neck and neck with his alimony payments. Then, just to make things merrier, Miss Farrell arrives in person. Add to this a gallon of Mr. McHugh's finest applejack, and you have a real situation. In the middle of all the bickering Brent quietly slips out, spends the night with his housekeeper and her husband and finishes his play. The play brings cash, George reweds Genevieve, Glenda collects her alimony and Pat Ellis falls in love with the young attorney.

Preview Postscript

George Brent established a precedent with this film—claims he'll never work again without three leading ladies. He was kept pretty busy what with Glenda Farrell, Pat Ellis, Genevieve Tobin and the problem of moving from his Toluca Lake home to a new one in the Hollywood hills. Mr. Brent is its sole decorator and is carrying out the color scheme principally in a lapis blue—said by those in the know to be Garbo's pet color. It seems also that Mr. Brent is the only one to have received letters from la Swede on her recent visit to the fatherland . . . Genevieve Tobin became so interested in camera work while on this picture that it was practically impossible to get her off the set. . . . The four stars in this picture have all had the same stand-ins for over five years. Carter Gibson is George Brent's secretary, besides doubling for him on the screen. Ann Sparling is la Tobin's stand-in, and off-screen is an amateur artist. Frances Waverley is not only Glenda Farrell's stand-in but her closest friend, while Dale Jensen and Pat Ellis are practically inseparable at the studio or away from it. According to the scenery, overcoats, earmuffs and galoshes were the correct costume, but actually the temperature for that corn-flake snowfall was around 80 degrees. Arthur Todd, cameraman par excellence, undertook to instruct Miss T. in the mysteries of the camera, so she can add photography to her line of accomplishments.

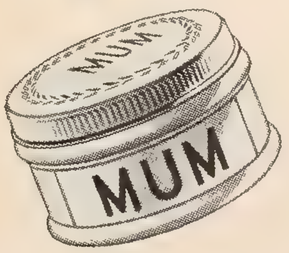
★ Give Us This Night
(Paramount)

Good music is all very well in its place, but in a poorly presented moving picture it is apt to sound canned and insincere. Which is the fate of the excellent singing of Gladys Swarthout and Jan Kiepura in "Give Us This Night." The story is weak enough at best, having to do with an Italian fisherman (Jan Kiepura) who is "discovered" by the star of an opera company (Gladys Swarthout). That Miss Swarthout could make him a singer is believable enough, but that she should fall in love with Jan brands the whole thing as just another movie. Mr. Kiepura's voice is splendid, but he seems to be under a constant strain when in front of the camera, while Miss Swarthout not only suffers from self-consciousness but also from the director's decision to play up the male lead at her expense. Alan Mowbray does the only really competent acting in the picture, as the would-be opera singer. Philip Merivale makes his camera debut in too small a role for accurate judgment, but what he did do was unconvincing. Gladys Swarthout is as pleasing to look at as to hear, but given another picture of this calibre and movie audiences won't care about her at all. The photography is good and the music grand, so you may get your money's worth.

Preview Postscript

"Set builders' paradise" was how they referred to this picture. Seldom has a motion-picture taken up as much space for sets or required as much work as this one. A crew of two hundred carpenters and artisans worked 24 hours a day to keep ahead of Director Alexander Hall's shooting schedule, and the studios of two separate movie companies as well as an outdoor location were used. Eight different sound stages were used at Paramount, while the permanent opera house set at Columbia studios was borrowed for the occasion, too. Approximately 60 sets were used in all. The Italian fishing village church was built under the supervision of Catholic priests and is accurate in every detail . . . Jan Kiepura would be happy in Hollywood if he could get some barszcz, or zrazy z kasza. The former is beet soup in Polish and the latter mystery turns out to be goulash. Ogorki kwaszone is Jan's favorite dish—just pickled cucumbers to you. Kiepura was born in Poland, and graduated as a lawyer from Warsaw University, working his way through school by singing in movie theatres. Instead of hanging out a shingle, he accepted a minor role with the Warsaw Opera Company and at 22 found himself a

Fred Stone and Jean Parker in "The Farmer in the Dell."



She has what it takes

except one thing

She's pretty . . . .

She's lively . . . .

She's a snappy dresser . . . .

She has plenty of what it takes . . .

And yet the men "side-step" her. The other girls ignore her. For the best reason in the world!

A girl can have everything else it takes to be a favorite, but if perspiration odor makes her unpleasant to be with, she cannot hope for popularity.

It's unpardonable, these days, for any girl to carry the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her person and her clothing. For it's so easy to prevent!

It takes just half a minute to make your underarms fresh, free from odor *all day long.* With Mum.

That's the nice thing about Mum. It's so quick and easy to use, and you can use it any time—before dressing or afterwards. For it's harmless to clothing.

And it's soothing to the skin. You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once.

Another thing about Mum — it doesn't prevent natural perspiration. It prevents only the disagreeable part of perspiration —*the odor.*

Don't risk letting this fault shut you out of popularity. Get the daily Mum habit, then you'll always be safe! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

MUM

ON SANITARY NAPKINS. This is another way Mum can keep you from offending. Rely on its help for this and you'll never need to worry.

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WANT OLIVE OIL IN OUR BABY POWDER."

THERE'S good reason, Mother, why your baby feels so much happier...cooler and more comfortable . . . with Z.B.T. Baby Powder. More soothing to tender, touchy skin, Z.B.T. contains *olive oil*, which makes it cling longer and *resist moisture better*. Its superior "slip" prevents chafing in the creases. Free from zinc in any form, Z.B.T. is approved by Good Housekeeping *and your baby*. Large 25c and 50c sizes.

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THAT aching, burning, blistering corn . . . it's like a tack in your toe! Don't just trim the head off. Get it *all* out! Get rid of it for good!

How? With Blue-Jay—the scientific corn plaster that draws out *root and all*. No danger of infection, as there is when you cut or pare a corn. No growing back of the same corn over and over again. When you Blue-Jay a corn you draw it out completely—end it forever!

Blue-Jay has a remarkable *double-action*. It stops pain instantly, the moment it's applied. Then quickly the corn dries, loosens, lifts out—*is gone!* Package of 6 for 25¢ at all drug stores.

TRIAL OFFER: We will be glad to send one Blue-Jay to anyone who has a corn, to prove that it ends pain instantly, removes the corn completely. Just send your name and address with 5c to cover the cost of packing and mailing. Act quickly before this trial offer expires. Address Bauer & Black, Dept. B-7, 2500 South Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Spirited ping pong out of doors at Dolores Del Rio's. Here Anita Louise is ready to return a fast one while Dolores cheers.

success. Followed two years singing with the Milan Opera Company and intensive study on the side. This is his first American picture, but there have been a half dozen European ones.

★★ The Farmer in the Dell

(RKO-Radio)

The farmer you see in the title is Fred Stone, and the dell is really no dell at all—it's Hollywood. For this is a story of an Iowa farm family which auctions off its cattle and its chattel and moves to the cinema city. Settling in Hollywood isn't Fred's idea, for he had planned on Long Beach, where all good Iowans go. But mama (Esther Dale) wants to get daughter (Jean Parker) into the movies, so Hollywood becomes their new home. However, when Fred takes daughter Jean to a studio, the movie people pass her up and hire him, much to everyone's surprise. Mama immediately goes Hollywood in fine style, with a swimming pool and a crowd of free-liquor guzzlers and all the trimmings. Everything ends well, though, with mama deciding the simple life is best, and daughter marrying Frank Albertson, an honest young citizen of Des Moines. The picture has its dull spots, but most audiences will like Fred Stone's homely touches, which are sometimes reminiscent of Will Rogers.

Preview Postscript

You'll see the only trained canary on the screen in this picture. $150 a week is the salary pulled down by "Dicky," owned and operated by Curley Twiford. He started training the bird before it had feathers, and it will now take a bath, come when called, go back to its cage and shut the door, and sing on command. The last talent was the hardest one to teach his protegé, so Curley affirms . . . "Fearless Freddy Stone" comes from Kansas. The name comes from his famous acrobatic act, copied from a travelling tight-rope walker who visited his home town, Wellington. The Stone boy was so impressed by the daring feats that he practiced every day for a year on a wire strung across the barn, then borrowed a pair of his mother's silk stockings and applied for a job with a neighboring circus. The act was so successful that he earned six dollars a week for the next year. Then with his brother, Ed, Fred started out to see the U. S. A. This act continued until Ed injured his leg, then followed the days of the famous Dave Montgomery-Fred Stone team, which played command performances before kings, queens and such. After that airplane crack-up a few years ago it looked like Fred was through to everyone but Fred. And now he's starting a brand new career in celluloid . . . Moroni Olsen is six feet three, Norwegian descent. Born in Ogden, Utah and it was naturally supposed that he would be either a prize-fighter or dance-bouncer. But Moroni took to teaching elocution at seventeen, then travelled with Chautauquas, and finally landed on Broadway with the Theatre Guild.

★★ Petticoat Fever

(M-G-M)

You'd hardly expect to find Robert Montgomery keeping a lonely vigil in a cabin up in the frigid wastes of Labrador, but there he is. He, it seems, is a radio operator—that's his station and he's stuck with it. Trust a Montgomery not to be lonely for long, though, for out of the sky comes Myrna Loy, her plane forced down, fortunately, in the immediate vicinity of his cabin. There is a slight complication in that she is accompanied by Reginald Owen, who happens to be her fiancé. What follows is typical Montgomery drawing-room comedy. The rustic setting is novel, and some of the situations are amusing, but one knows from the beginning that poor Reginald hasn't a chance against the nonchalance and charm of the dashing radio man. Reginald thinks Bob is merely suffering from "petticoat fever" due to his long hermitage, but Bob and Myrna and you and I all know that it's love. All in all, it's a pleasant little comedy competently played by the three principals and by an Eskimo gentleman named Otto Yamaoka.

Preview Postscript

Two extra firemen were on duty on the set every minute this picture was being filmed. They were there to see that the snow didn't catch fire. Hollywood snow is made of uncooked cornflakes and ground goose-feathers—a very combustible combination. Mike O'Hara is the man whose vocation is putting foot-prints in snow. This is done by means of a plaster cast of a foot, which is ground down into the corn-flakes and goose-feathers making a perfectly good foot-print in the snow. Though there were no fires on the set, there were plenty of colds. Dust from the "snow" is hard on the nose and throat. . . Visitors to the set annoyed the stars by spending most of their time lost in admiration for an extra. Pete is the name, and Pete is the polar bear who hails from the California Zoological Gardens. He's a contract player, being signed on the dotted line to the studio at twenty-five dollars a week, work or play. If other studios want him in a picture, they must pay Metro a good fat sum for the privilege . . . Otto Yamaoka is an old-timer in the fillums, having been one of the principal players in "Eskimo." But his sister Iris made her camera debut in this one. They're both from coldest Alaska and in no hurry to get back . . . Robert Montgomery, Jr., celebrated his first month's birthday by having his first picture taken—and a moving one at that. Papa won't let the studio get a look at it. Says one Montgomery in the movies is bad enough. The Montgomery menage now consists of Elizabeth, aged four, a half-dozen scottie terriers, seven cats—all black—and Mr. and Mrs. M., besides Jr.

★ Silly Billies (RKO-Radio)

The less said about this latest Wheeler-Woolsey epic the better. But one thing that should be said is that it is far, far worse than any of the preceding ones. This time we have the Messrs. W. and W. out in the wild and wooly West, in the era when the Indians and buffaloes ran wild. Our two heroes set out for the West, too. They are painless dentists and convinced that even though the settlers may not have long to live, they should die with their teeth filled. En route they meet Miss Dorothy Lee, of course, who is a schoolmarm going West to teach the natives a thing or two. Unreeled from then on is a series of harrowing events—Indian raids, tooth-pullings, death-defying escapades, etc. Mr. Woolsey takes his cigar out of his mouth long enough to make some perfectly turrible wisecracks, while Mr. Wheeler hasn't much to say, either. You will like Bert's exposition of horsemanship, though, when he flees across the plains in pursuit of aid for the pioneers. But even if you're a Wheeler-Woolsey addict this will be hard to take in any man's town.

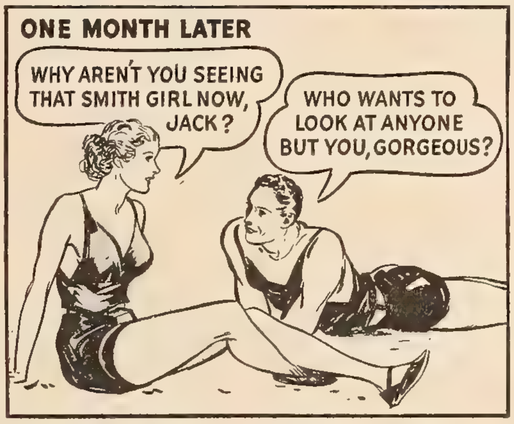
Preview Postscript

According to box-offices, than which there's nothing more infallible, the Wheeler-Woolsey combine is tops in movie comic teams. The Marx Bros. have threatened plenty, but to date haven't outdone them . . . It takes five to six hundred cigars to get Woolsey through a picture. He estimates that's about 75 pounds of tobacco per pic. Off-screen, Bob wouldn't touch one of them . . . Born in Ohio of poor parents, Bob drifted down into Kentucky looking for a job. Landed one finally as a jockey and was going good when a broken leg stopped any ambitions in that direction. Drifted into cheap vaudeville and played every tank town in the States before he finally landed a job on Broadway. "Rio Rita" and the first teaming with Bert Wheeler brought him to sudden fame and Hollywood . . . Wheeler also started earning his living at a tender age. Newsboy, bootblack, street singer and fruit-swiper were among his earlier leanings. Now he's Hollywood's amateur golf champ and has every mantel in his hillside home laden with trophies . . . Dorothy Lee, 23-year-old native Californian and daughter of a Los Angeles attorney, has just married for the fourth time. It's a verra wealthy Chicago broker this time. She's been in all but one of the Wheeler - Woolsey fillums — making eighteen in all.

HOW "SKINNY" ALICE CHANGED HER LUCK

WHY, ALICE! THERE GOES JACK WITH THAT SMITH GIRL
I KNOW—BUT I CAN'T COMPETE WITH HER FIGURE

LOOK AT ME, I HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE WITH JACK, I'M SO SKINNY
I'LL TELL YOU HOW I GAINED 10 LBS. IN 3 WEEKS


ONE MONTH LATER
WHY AREN'T YOU SEEING THAT SMITH GIRL NOW, JACK?
WHO WANTS TO LOOK AT ANYONE BUT YOU, GORGEOUS?

THOUSANDS GAIN 5 TO 15 LBS. WITH NEW "7-POWER" YEAST

IT'S really a shame for so many to be skinny and without friends when this new, easy treatment has given thousands solid, normally attractive flesh — *in just a few weeks!*

Doctors now know that the real reason why great numbers of people find it hard to gain weight, is that they do not get enough digestion-strengthening Vitamin B and blood-building iron in their daily food. Now with this new discovery which combines these two vital elements in little concentrated tablets, hosts of men and women have put on pounds of firm flesh — *in a very short time.*

Not only are thousands quickly gaining normal good-looking pounds, but also naturally clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new health and glorious new pep.

7 times more powerful

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from special cultured ale yeast imported from Europe, the richest known source of Vitamin B. By a new process the yeast is concentrated 7 times — *made 7 times more powerful.* Then it is ironized with 3 kinds of energizing iron which strengthen the blood.

If you, too, are one of the many who simply need Vitamin B and iron to build them up, get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist at once. Day after day, as you take them, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to normal attractiveness. Skin clears to natural beauty, digestive troubles from the same source vanish — you're a new person.

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No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of enough Vitamin B and iron, these marvelous new Ironized Yeast tablets should build you up in a few short weeks as they have thousands. If not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 36, Atlanta, Ga.

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Other Nestle Hair Aids

Henna Shampoo • Golden Shampoo • Superset Waving Lotion, Regular and Formula No. 2 (Faster Drying) • Liquid Shampoo • Oil Treatment and Shampoo.

Nestle COLORINSE
The NESTLE-LeMUR COMPANY, N.Y.

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Stillman's Freckle Cream

You can banish those ugly, embarrassing freckles quickly and surely in the privacy of your room. Your friends will wonder how you did it. Stillman's Freckle Cream removes them while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and smooth, the complexion fresh and clear . . **50c** A JAR

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No one likes pimples. You can get rid of yours — have a clear skin again with Stillman's Actone. It's guaranteed to give you satisfaction. Takes only a few seconds to apply — then immediately becomes invisible. Write today for folder "Pimples removed" . . **$1**

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"Charlie Chan at the Circus," with Warner Oland and Olive and George Brasno.

★★★ Little Miss Nobody
(20th Century-Fox)

Little Miss Withers can chalk up another score for her portrayal of Miss Nobody, orphan of the storms. The opportunity to display all her histrionic gifts is provided Jane in this story, which has an orphanage locale. She starts right out by battling the marketman in the first reel. He's really an awful meanie but that doesn't keep our heroine out of children's court. Then through another good intention gone wrong Jane finds herself en route to the reform school. She runs away from it all and finds refuge with an ex-convict, but Jane can't stay clear of the law. She doesn't waste much time before getting mixed up in a crime that's a humdinger. There never was a child who could get into so many difficulties with such amazing dexterity. But the irresistibility and warm-heartedness of a Jane Withers can be convincing enough to overshadow the weak spots of any story. All the children in the picture give good performances, particularly Betty Jane Hainey and Jackie Morrow. The adults take a back seat, but Jane Darwell and Sara Haden, as the orphanage matrons and Ralph Morgan, who plays the role of Jane's long-lost father, give competent performances. It's a Jane Withers picture from first laugh to last.

Preview Postscript

Directing one child is a task which most directors alibi themselves out of, but Director John Blystone took on 25 of them. Not without a qualm, however. He laid his plans carefully, first becoming "Uncle Jack" to all the youngsters and letting them know that they could play and enjoy themselves every minute that the camera wasn't in action. Then he arranged a shooting schedule which would permit filming of scenes in sequence, with which he credits the authentic performance of the children. For technical reasons, most pictures are begun with the finishing scene and on the last day of shooting the introductory scenes are completed. His only error was in moving up the turkey dinner scene to one morning. He figured the children had just finished breakfast and wouldn't consume the turkey in the first "take" of the scene. He underestimated their talents. The dinner disappeared in a flash. For the next "take" the astute Mr. Blystone stationed a studio doctor in a prominent position on the set with a large bottle plainly labelled 'Castor Oil.' . . . Donald Haines, 15-year-old film bad boy, is a vet of over a hundred and fifty pictures. He made his debut at the receiving end of a series of mud pies, in a silent picture starring Jack Dempsey. Since then he's become known as "Hollywood's Human Target" and for the next few years appeared in "Our Gang" comedies liberally messed up with everything from pies to pork chops. Donald really enjoyed having Jane Withers empty that bucket of water on him, since he generally has to do that for himself at the end of every scene in order to remove the last vestiges of ice-cream cones, etc., which have been splattered over him.

★★ Everybody's Old Man
(20th Century-Fox)

Writer Cobb's histrionic career should be a cinch after this picture. Actor Cobb may never startle his audience, but he's sure to satisfy. He has all those solid, genial qualities that we like to think typical of "Everybody's Old Man." In this tale, Mr. C. portrays a retired meat packer. He has nothing against the world except that it harbors a rival packing plant. Then he meets the inheritors of the rival business, Rochelle Hudson and Johnny Downs, and learns that the present operator of the concern is taking them for a short and snappy ride to the poorhouse. Alan Dinehart is the gent and you know what a meanie he can be. The astute Cobb comes to the rescue and incidentally shows his nephew, Norman Foster, a thing or two about the business. Norman has an eye for business—and Rochelle Hudson—from that time on.

Preview Postscript

Irvin S. Cobb was bitten by the cinema bug a few years ago when he consented, against his better judgment, to appear in a series of shorts. He made more money from stories extolling his experiences in gay Hollywood than he made from the studios, however. Then his pal, Will Rogers, convinced Cobb that he should hang around the "Steamboat Round the Bend" set and help pass the time by swapping yarns. Before he knew it, Cobb was playing the rival steamboat captain in the picture as well. Always an ardent movie fan, he's developed now into Hollywood's most ardent movie actor. Though he claims he's no hot shot at emoting, Mr. C. doesn't miss a chance to improve his technique by looking in on as many sets as can possibly be squeezed into a day. A native of Kentucky, Cobb went into newspaper work at an early age. He covered the World War for New York papers and the Saturday Evening Post . . . Johnny Downs has just returned to a screen career after appearing on Broadway and various tanktowns throughout these United States. But that doesn't make him so old, except in experience, for Johnny was the first hero of "Our Gang" comedies back in the 1920's. He hankers now to do deep, dark and dramatic roles.

★ Moonlight Murder (M-G-M)

One thing this murder mystery can never be accused of is simplicity. There's not a clue in a carload. No matter what your sleuthings, you're guaranteed to be wrong. For the killing is a brand new type of thing—a mercy slaying. What might be unsatisfactory as a trick story, is made believable by an excellent cast. Chester Morris and Madge Evans supply the love interest, with Chester handing in a good performance as an astute detective besides. Leo Carrillo is the singer struck mysteriously dead in front of the mike while warbling to thousands in Hollywood Bowl. The plot thickens with a bang right there for never was there an opera singer whom so many would like to see done wrong. Among the suspects are J. Carroll Naish, a composer whom Carrillo has snubbed, Katherine Alexander and Benita Hume, warblers who have it in for Carrillo, Duncan Renaldo and Leonard Ceeley, rival tenors, and several others including an evil-eyed Hindu swami who has predicted Mr. Carrillo's demise. Frank McHugh and Grant Mitchell come in for their share of suspicion.

Preview Postscript

A close friend of Leo Carrillo was Will Rogers. He lives on a ranch adjoining the Rogers' estate in Santa Monica, and the pair often met for a morning ride together. For Carrillo's convenience, Will always kept a key to the gate of his ranch on a certain fence post. The other day, Leo decided to take a ride through the trail which they used to enjoy so much. Letting himself through the gate, he rode a short distance before hearing the thud of horse's hoofs behind him. It was Will's horse, "Soap Suds" come to welcome them as he always did and escort them up the trail . . . One of the loveliest sets ever built on a studio lot, for scenic beauty, was the one of the Hollywood Bowl. The huge amphitheatre was faithfully reproduced on the largest outdoor set which the studio could provide. Trees, plants, flowers and grass were transplanted, and the orchestra played from behind a screen of trees just as they do in the famous Bowl. H. B. Warner spent many a harrowing hour learning to conduct an orchestra for the occasion. He hates figures but said he'd rather study public accounting than music any day . . . This is Duncan Renaldo's first appearance on the screen in years. In the meantime he's been busy appearing in the press and the Federal Prison. Duncan was sent to the latter spot by U. S. sleuths who claimed he was in this country illegally and was really a Roumanian citizen. The Roumanian government said Renaldo was no such thing. While Renaldo claimed that his father, who should know, had told him he was born on good old U. S. terra firma. A presidential pardon was finally obtained, and Roumanian or American, Metro has a good actor back in the fold.

★ Times Square Playboy

(Warners)

Based on the George M. Cohan play "Home Towners," this was originally titled "The Gentleman From Big Bend" for the films. Certainly either title would have been more accurate than the present one, for the real hero is the small-towner, Gene Lockhart, and not the Broadway

Jane Withers and Betty Jean Hainey in "Little Miss Nobody."

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BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO-RINSE

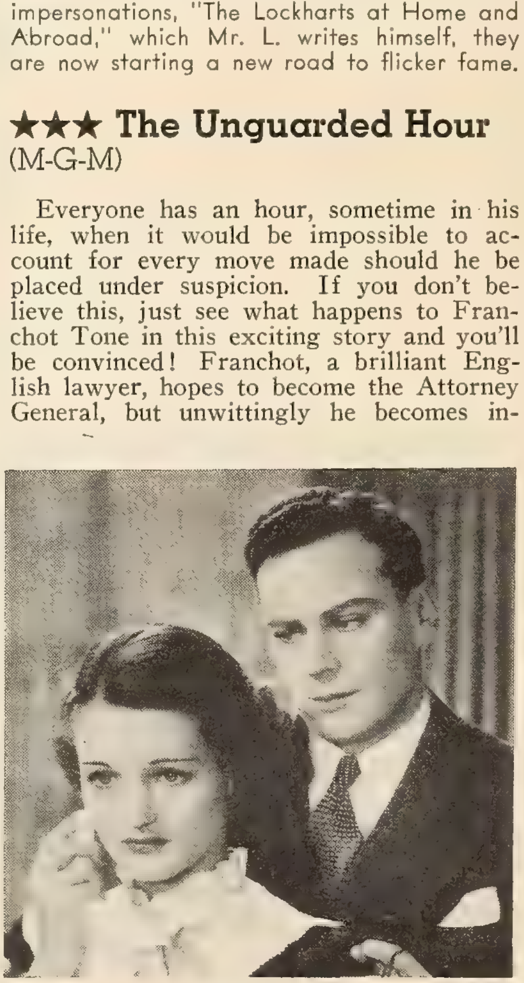
playboy, Warren William. Mr. William doesn't have a chance to do much besides run around in shorts waving a cane. Gene Lockhart again proves himself a capable comedian, with Mrs. Lockhart a perfect team-mate. Their marital battlings ring with a sincerity that is almost uncomfortable at times. June Travis is engaging as the night-club singer over whom the controversy rages, since Mr. Lockhart refuses to be best man at her wedding to Warren William, having decided that she is nothing but a gold-digger. Furthermore, he is convinced that June's mama, papa and brother are nothing but four-flushers. The fact that they all have hearts of gold, really, weakens the story considerably. And the long-drawn-out discussions before action finally takes place is wearying in spots. However, there are plenty of good laughs, and if you haven't met the Lockharts you'll welcome this opportunity.

Preview Postscript

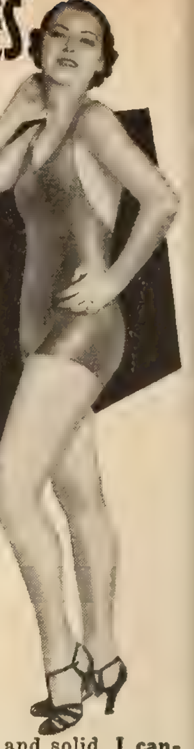
Barton MacLane has a Suppressed Desire. It's to get the chance just once to speak the King's English on the screen. Tired of being a grammar butcher, Barton would like nothing better than to wrap every dese and dose in mothballs for the next fifty winters. A graduate of Wesleyan University, Barton majored in speech, of all things. But one consoling thought is that he doesn't intend to stay in the flickers all his life anyhow. He's just bought a 750-acre ranch near Mauna Loa in the Hawaiian islands and will eventually hibernate to those coral shores, raise pineapples, strum a uke and sing nothing but the King's English . . . Gene and Kathleen Lockhart have just celebrated their eleventh wedding anniversary. They have two prides and joys—their combined professional success and their ten-year-old daughter, Jane. Gene was born in London, Ontario, Canada, and Kathleen Arthur Lockhart first saw the light of day in Portsmouth, England. Famous for their stage and radio impersonations, "The Lockharts at Home and Abroad," which Mr. L. writes himself, they are now starting a new road to flicker fame.

★★★ The Unguarded Hour
(M-G-M)

Everyone has an hour, sometime in his life, when it would be impossible to account for every move made should he be placed under suspicion. If you don't believe this, just see what happens to Franchot Tone in this exciting story and you'll be convinced! Franchot, a brilliant English lawyer, hopes to become the Attorney General, but unwittingly he becomes in-



Rochelle Hudson and Norman Foster in "Everybody's Old Man."



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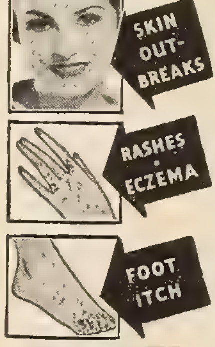
. . . Who are Hollywood's old maids? See the July issue of MODERN SCREEN for the answer



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volved in a mysterious scandal which threatens to ruin him. Loretta Young is his loyal wife and Roland Young is his closest friend. It's an absorbing picture, well acted, even to the smaller roles contributed by Lewis Stone, Aileen Pringle, Dudley Digges and E. E. Clive.

★★ O'Malley of the Mounted
(20th Century-Fox)

As O'Malley of the Mounted, George O'Brien has his best role to date. The William S. Hart westerner gives Mr. O'B. plenty of opportunity to display both brain and brawn to good advantage. This time George doesn't confine himself to wrestling with one or two toughies, but takes on a whole band of desperadoes. Needless to say he licks them within an inch of their worthless lives, thereby winning the undying devotion of Irene Ware, whose brother is mixed up with their dirty doings. Irene Ware adds considerably to the scenery of the wide open cinema spaces, while James Bush is convincing as the young brother for whose safety she risks her life. You'll get some genuine guffaws from Victor Potel's characterization of the camp cook and a few honest-to-goodness chills when Stanley Fields goes into his sneers and leers.

★ Murder by an Aristocrat
(Warners)

The only mystery about this would-be chiller is why it was released. Even the competent cast doesn't prove alibi enough. Their gallant screaming and sleuthing are to no avail with such a feeble tale on which to work. The most blood-curdling aspects of three murders only brought gales of giggles from the audience. A weird storm, with all the lightning and thunder props at Warner's studio going full blast added another note of hilarity. Marguerite Churchill, as a female Holmes, makes the most of a bad assignment. She is the nurse employed in the family of the aristocratic Thatchers, a happy family group of hypochondriacs and dope addicts. Claire Dodd is the wife of one of the Thatcher boys, Gordon Elliot, who prowls around loaded with ammunition and morphine, finally taking an overdose of both. William Davidson and Joseph Crehan enact the supposedly subtle crooks and Lyle Talbot is the medico who's kept busy inspecting the corpses.

★ Charlie Chan at the Circus
(20th Century-Fox)

Mr. Oland generally gets around a bit with jumps to Paris, Shanghai and points every which way. But he's staying at home with the family this time. And you won't want to miss the family—they all have the Chan charm. We counted eleven of them before giving up, from the eldest son, Keye Luke, to the youngest Tai Wo Kung. Charlie takes them all for a pleasant evening under the Big Top, but unpleasant events soon begin popping up as they always do around Mr. Chan. This time it's the gruesome murder of the circus manager. There are plenty of suspects this time, too, for it develops that said unfortunate was cordially loathed by almost everyone in the circus, including the hairy apes and elephants. It's all so baffling that you'll suspect everyone in the crowd, including Tai Wo Kung. Warner Oland, as always, gives a flawless performance, and is ably supported by Keye Luke and the circus folks, notably George and Olive Brasno, the midgets.

ROMANCE AND ADVENTURE UNDER TWO FLAGS

What was the secret that drove Victor, an English gentleman, to join the Foreign Legion . . . to risk his life so recklessly . . . to give up the only girl he would ever love . . .?
Read the complete story of the new Twentieth Century-Fox hit, "Under Two Flags," in the June issue.

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June Now on Sale

SCREEN ROMANCES

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See page 38

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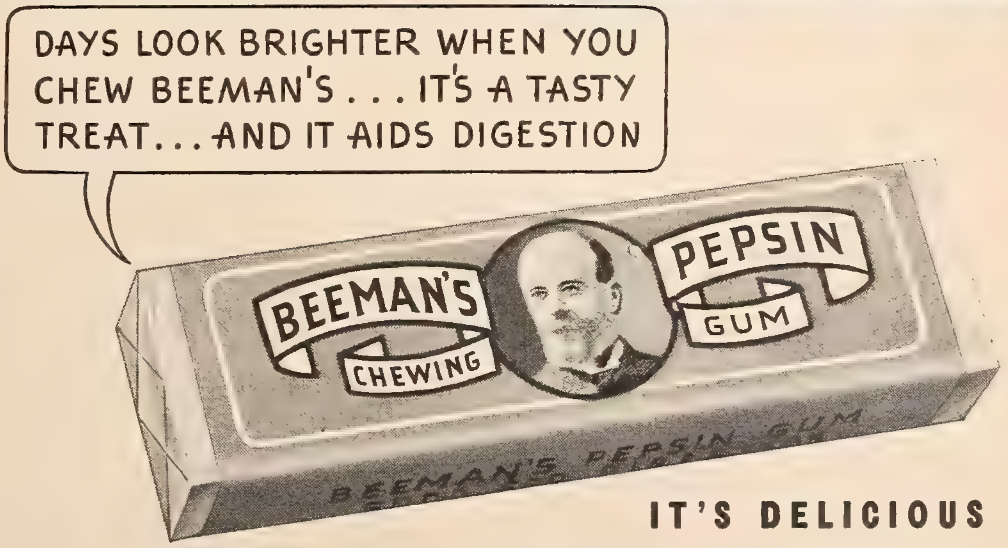
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They Love to Save

(*Continued from page* 15)

mind, so that she might know the whereabouts of her dearest treasure.

Finally, at two o'clock in the morning, Voight, hearing of the search for him, 'phoned Miss Shearer at her hotel. He had carried her precious keepsake, $10,000 worth of diamonds and platinum, all evening in his side pocket, without being conscious of it. The actress was so relieved to recover her prize that she placed it in her safety deposit box immediately she returned to California, and there it has remained.

Binnie Barnes, too, cherishes most highly a set of amethysts her husband gave her and which, because of the sentimental value attached to them, she keeps in her vault.

When Binnie first came to America some years ago, she developed so acute a case of homesickness for her husband that she turned right around in New York and sailed on the next boat for England. Her mate, hearing of this, scoured London several days for an appropriate gift with which to greet her—and found the amethysts in a little shop. Do you blame Binnie for being so proud of them?

Walter Connolly regards the original manuscript of the first three-act play ever presented in America as his lucky talisman. Whenever he starts a picture or opens in a play, he withdraws the script from his vault, invariably returning it the following day so there will be no danger of its being lost.

FOR old times sake, W. C. Fields has the tramp juggler outfit he wore in his vaudeville days . . . baggy pants, ragged coat and vest, battered top hat and broken-down shoes. Keeping it amounts almost to a fetish with him. Fire nearly destroyed the "ensemble" several years ago, so now he keeps it in the safest place he knows . . . his safety deposit box.

As a memento and a warning, Charles Butterworth retains the deed to a lot in a certain Illinois town. The lot is under ten feet of water—and always has been!

"My father gave it to me," declares the comedian, "and said, 'Charlie, keep this and pass it on to your children. Let it be a reminder never to buy real estate that you don't see with your own eyes.'"

The "call sheet" for the first day of "Riders of the Purple Sage" is cherished by George O'Brien. A call sheet, in case you are unfamiliar with the term, is a sheet of paper tacked up in the studio on which appear the names of those players called for the following day's scenes.

This particular sheet bears the name of pretty Marguerite Churchill, who played O'Brien's leading lady in the picture. George had never met the young actress, although he had glimpsed her from a distance on the lot, but as he read her name on the eve of the film's starting date a sudden thrill suffused him.

"I had a certain premonition that I would marry her, the moment I saw her name," the athletic star explains. "Just for luck I took the call sheet—and a few months later Marguerite changed her last name to O'Brien."

The other O'Brien of the movies, Pat, has had his baby's first shoes bronzed—now a popular custom—and they rest in solitary glory in a separate vault, especially preserved for little Mavourneen's keepsakes.

Both Helen Hayes and Virginia Bruce treasure highly concrete memories of their children. Her daughter's first tooth will always remain dear to Miss Hayes, while Miss Bruce keeps all baby Susan Ann's pictures.

A number of celebrities cherish above all else chattels of their childhood. Grace Moore looks upon her red baby shoes as a good luck omen, and will never go through an opening night of the opera season without these at hand. When she goes to California for a picture, she transfers them from a New York to a Hollywood safety deposit box, taking the tiny slippers with her on the first day's shooting.

Jean Harlow has kept her baby ring, together with that of her mother; and one of Ginger Rogers' most prized possessions is a rag doll she called "Tuttles" as a little girl; and two broken dolls she loved in her childhood, lie in Sylvia Sidney's safety vault.

Cesar Romero treasures a picture with a bullet hole through the middle of it, showing his mother holding him on his baptismal day. Cesar's godfather, Jose Marti, was killed during a Cuban revolution and after his death a wallet found in his breast pocket was sent to Mrs. Romero. The bullet that had pierced his heart went straight through the wallet . . . and in it was the picture!

BUCK JONES and his wife were married in a circus ring. Just before the ceremony, Mrs. Jones-to-be picked up a horse-shoe and jokingly asked Buck always to keep it. To this very day, he has the rusty shoe in his bank box.

A lace fan originally carried at a famous Colonial ball and of tremendous monetary value was given to Irene Dunne by Laura Hope Crews. It was in Miss Crews' family for more than 150 years, but her friendship for Irene led her to make the presentation.

Harold Lloyd still retains the horn-rimmed spectacles he wore sixteen years ago and keeps them in a special humidor to prevent the shell from drying out. Mae West cares for a picture of her mother, when the latter was a strikingly-handsome young woman, with an affection approximating a phobia. And Josephine Hutchinson owns and cherishes a locket once worn by the immortal Duse.

An article that he seldom removes but treasures as he does his life is the passport John Boles used in France during the World War. Although only an identification card, it entitled him to go everywhere in France and Belgium without question.

Carefully wrapped and deposited in William Gargan's vault is the christening robe he wore as a baby, a long handmade dress, trimmed with rare old lace. Both his own two children were christened in it, as well.

The friendship involved in the offering of a jade heart by a Chinese actor a number of years ago makes this trinket one of Warren William's most highly valued keepsakes.

Actors may be persons apart from the mob, they may be elevated to the highest pedestal in popular opinion, but when it comes to saving—well, they're just like other folks. They love it!

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The publishers of MODERN SCREEN guarantee that you will be satisfied with your purchase of every packaged product advertised in this magazine. If for any reason you are dissatisfied, MODERN SCREEN will replace the product or, if you prefer, refund your purchase price. In either case all you have to do is to send us the unused portion, accompanied by a letter outlining your complaint. This guarantee also applies if the product, in your opinion does not justify the claims made in its advertising in MODERN SCREEN

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Although we make every effort to insure the accuracy of this index, we take no responsibility for an occasional omission or inadvertent error

"HOW I ENDED CONSTIPATION"

This advertisement is based on an actual experience reported in an unsolicited letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

Bernice G Ruttingh
NOTARY PUBLIC

"I was miserable with constipation. My husband suggested yeast, but I hated the taste."
"Then I discovered Yeast Foam Tablets. I liked them, and they have certainly helped me."
"Now my weight's normal and I'm like a new person. I wouldn't be without your tablets."

WHY LET constipation keep you run-down, listless, nervous and tired when permanent relief may be yours so easily? Take comfort from the above true story of another sufferer. For this is not just advertising promises, but the actual experience of one of the thousands who write to tell how Yeast Foam Tablets have ended their suffering and restored them to vigorous health.

There's no more need to make yourself the victim of habit-forming cathartics. Yeast Foam Tablets help restore natural digestive and eliminative functions without irritation. Rich in needed tonic elements, this pleasant, pasteurized yeast has banished constipation, headaches and other symptoms for thousands—bringing back the normal healthy glow of the skin—the natural pep—and the surging energy of buoyant health!

YEAST FOAM TABLETS
YEAST

Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today. Do not accept a substitute. Send for Free Sample.

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.,
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets. MM-6-36
Name
Address
City State

(Top) Al Jolson, Jr., one-year-old adopted son of Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson, faces the camera for the first time. (Above) Henry Fonda and Margaret Sullavan amuse themselves on the "Moon's Our Home" set. Rumor has it that they may remarry.

(Top) Mr. and Mrs. Jack Oakie (she was Venita Varden) right after the ceremony at Yuma, Arizona. (Above) And here are two more newlyweds, in this month of wedding bells —Onslow Stevens and Anne Buchanan, who eloped to Las Vegas.

more GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 77)

director and producer of La Goddard's celluloid flyer. Or is it La Chaplin's?

* * *

Interesting Facts About Interesting Folks: Donald Duck is on the sick list—laryngitis. Larry Benton, who fakes Donald's dulcet tones, is suffering from the affliction, too . . . Anita Louise drinks a pint of steak juice before going to bed every night . . . Lupe Velez never pays more than $12 for an evening dress, and never appears in less than $30,000 worth of jewels . . . Shirley Temple's on the Democratic ticket from now on, having just received an autographed picture from President Roosevelt, appointing her "Envoy Extraordinary and Messenger Plenipotentiary" . . . Erroll Flynn, of "Captain Blood" fame, has bought a 28-acre estate at Lake Sherwood and is raising pigs . . . Robert Montgomery is raising a moustache for his next picture.

* * *

Luise Rainer's dog, Johnnie, has followed his mistress all over Europe and all over Hollywood. Thinking Johnnie ought to have a companion Luise added a cocker spaniel to her household. Johnnie looked at the newcomer darkly, refused to speak to him and proceeded to go on a hunger strike. Luise finally had to sell the spaniel, and Johnnie is contented and eating again, without a rival in sight.

* * *

Director William Keighley, at Warner Brothers, was giving last-minute instructions to his cast before calling for the cameras. He shot a final order at Glenda Farrell, then asked, "Now, is that clear in your mind?" "Oh, yes," answered Glenda dutifully, "everything is clear except my mind."

Questions Without Answers: Who is the young leading man who has taken to the demon rum on account of a very blonde and very beautiful young star? Seems the young lady's mother doesn't approve of the young man, for various reasons, so he's drowning his sorrows, or at least submerging them for awhile.

* * *

Watched Kay Francis do a scene for "Angel of Mercy" on one of the dirtiest sets we've ever seen. Straw mattresses were strewn around the floor, and dust and filth was everywhere. It was supposed to be like that, for signs around the stage said, "Do not clean this set." Director William Dieterle always wears white gloves. When angered he throws them on the floor and stamps on them. When he doesn't like the way an actress has done a scene he approaches her and with a low bow says, "Darling, that was lousy."

Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

Beautiful Eyes
with
Maybelline
Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil
Smooth-marking
HARMLESS
Highest Quality
Maybelline Eye Shadow
BLUE
Makes Eyes Alluring
SMOOTH
PURE
HARMLESS
Highest Quality
Maybelline Eyebrow Brush
for Brushing Brows and Lashes
STERILIZED
Highest Quality
Maybelline Mascara
HARMLESS
TEAR PROOF
WILL NOT SMART THE EYES
BLACK
U.S.A.
Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream
PURE
HARMLESS
BENEFICIAL
Keeps Lashes and Brows Soft, Silky, and in Good Condition
HIGHEST QUALITY

EYE BEAUTY AIDS

MAYBELLINE MASCARA is obtainable in both the *NEW* perfected CREAM form and the ever-popular SOLID form.

INTRODUCTORY SIZES 10c . . AT ALL LEADING TEN CENT STORES

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE

Luckies are less acid!

Recent chemical tests show*
that other popular brands
have an excess of acidity over
Lucky Strike of from 53% to 100%

Luckies – a light smoke

OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED TOBACCO — "IT'S TOASTED"

*RESULTS VERIFIED BY INDEPENDENT CHEMICAL LABORATORIES AND RESEARCH GROUPS

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NNOUNCING RUBY KEELER CONTEST WINNERS!

Modern Screen

1936

ULY

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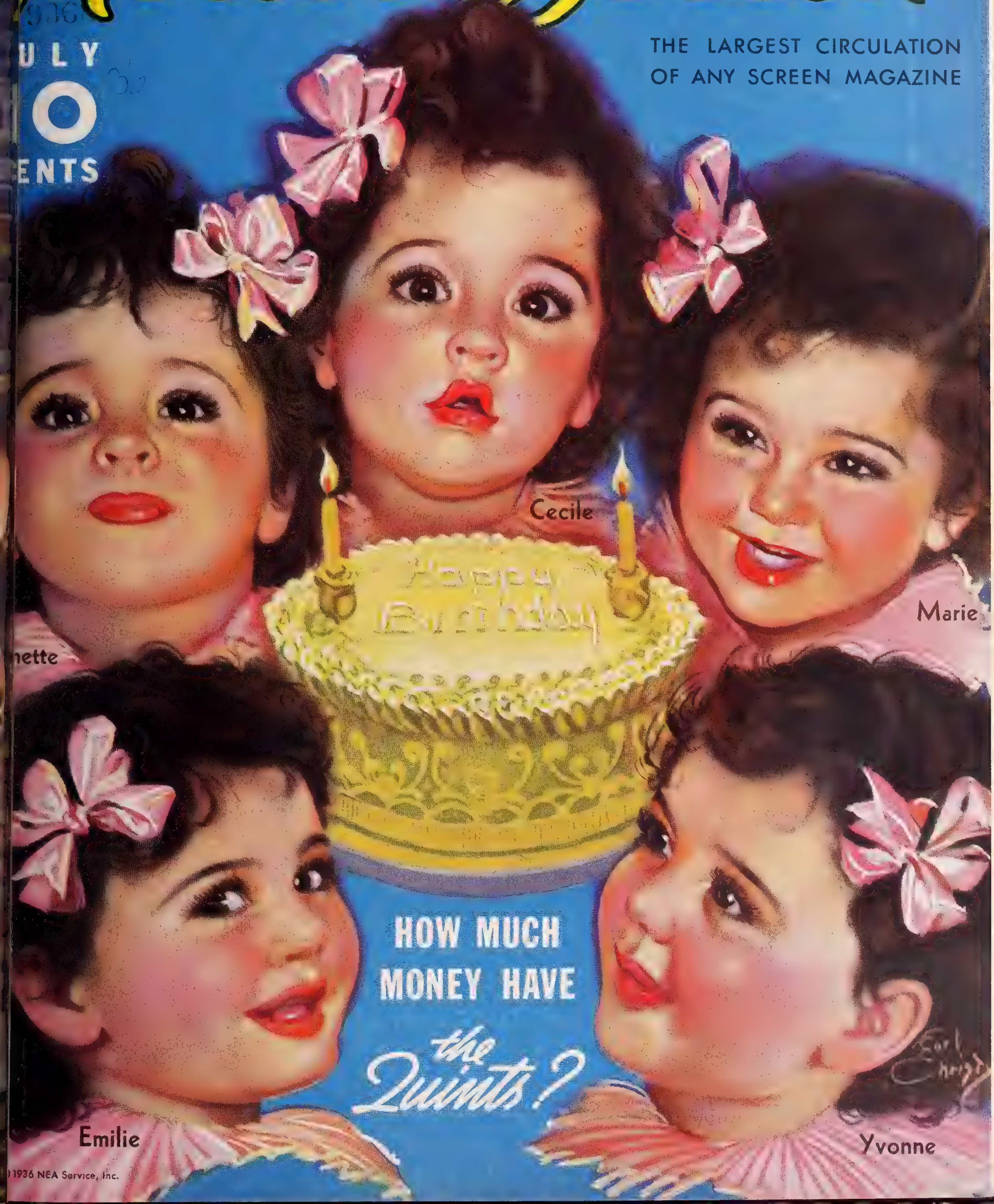
THE LARGEST CIRCULATION
OF ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE


Happy Birthday
Cecile
Marie
nette
Emilie
Yvonne
Earl Christy

HOW MUCH
MONEY HAVE
the Quints?

1936 NEA Service, Inc.

When you feel the desire to conquer..
. . then let your lips be
savagely red
warmly moist
tenderly soft
SAVAGE
The highly indelible lipstick

Let your lips be savagely red . . . warmly moist like dew . . . and tenderly soft . . . so soft that to touch them is to forever surrender all desire for any lips but yours! Nothing is so tempting as the pagan, junglish reds of Savage Lipstick . . . and nothing is so sure to conquer as lips that have the thrilling softness that only this lipstick can give them. Savage is truly indelible, too; it clings savagely as long as you wish your lips to lure . . . and longer. None other is like Savage!

TANGERINE • FLAME • NATURAL • BLUSH • JUNGLE

AT ALL TEN CENT STORES

20¢

Girl with Glamour

[UNTIL SHE SMILES]

She evades close-ups . . . Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm . . . She ignored the warning of "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

Here's loveliness and youth—a vision to stop and hold the admiring eye. And her smile, when you see it, *should* put a final, flashing highlight upon that youthful charm and loveliness.

But if it doesn't . . . if her smile reveals a glimpse of dingy teeth and tender gums—how quickly that loveliness disappears!

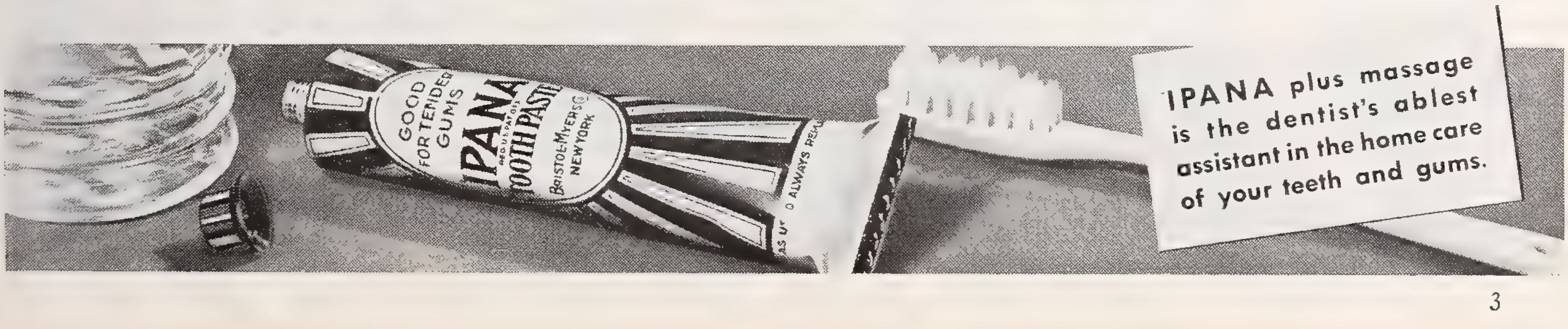
"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" IS A SERIOUS WARNING

Never ignore "pink tooth brush"—never dismiss as trifling that warning "tinge of pink." When you see it—see your dentist promptly. It can mean trouble—a serious gum disorder. But usually it only means gums robbed of exercise and work—the victims of our modern soft foods—gums that will quickly respond to the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.

Today dental science repeatedly stresses the threat to our gums of our modern soft food menus. Gums grow flabby and tender simply through lack of exercise. And modern dental practice turns naturally to Ipana and massage to supply the exercise they need—the stimulation they must have.

Ipana Tooth Paste is especially made to benefit your gums as well as your teeth. Every time you clean your teeth, rub a little extra Ipana briskly into your gums, with brush or fingertip. You'll feel them grow livelier, firmer, more resistant. New circulation brings them new life. They feel better. They look better.

Change today to this simple, easy routine. Give your gums the advantages of this better care. Keep "pink tooth brush" a stranger. Keep the really serious gum diseases far in the background. Build better oral health, find new beauty in your smile, make yourself a more attractive person—with Ipana and massage.



IPANA plus massage is the dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums.

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JUN -2 1936

You've never worn a polish like new GLAZO

Glazo creates new polish far lovelier, far superior

WITH this new-type Glazo formula, even evaporation has been so reduced that you can use the polish down to the last brushful.

The new Glazo provides a richness of beauty and sheen that has been beyond the realm of old-type polishes. Be among the first to wear Suntan, Russet, and Poppy Red—stunning new "misty" reds, and the latest additions to Glazo's range of authentic fashion-approved shades.

This new Glazo wears *extra* days . . . its brilliant surface unmarred by chipping, peeling or cracking. So easily does it float on, without streaking, that there's never a nail in need of re-doing.

For even a day, don't deny your fingertips the luxury of this new perfected Glazo. Still only 20 cents each—at toilet goods counters all over the world.

It's new it's perfect

GLAZO

20 CENTS
(25 cents in Canada)

GLAZO
Liquid Polish
RUSSET

modern screen

REGINA CANNON, EDITOR ■ ABRIL LAMARQUE, Art Editor
ADELIA BIRD, Associate Editor LEO TOWNSEND, Hollywood Editor

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Names of characters used in stories and in humorous and semi-fictional matter are fictitious. If the name of a living person is used, it is purely a coincidence.

The M-G-M Lion is the Symbol that signifies Joy on the Screen. Miss Entertainment picks Leo to ride to victory!

THE WINNER!

METRO - GOLDWYN - MAYER

We're taking space in this magazine to tell you to keep your eye on Leo, the M-G-M Lion!

He's had the best year of his career what with grand entertainments like "Mutiny on the Bounty", "China Seas", "Broadway Melody of '36", "A Night at the Opera", "Rose Marie" and all the other great M-G-M hits! And of course there's "The Great Ziegfeld", now playing in selected cities as a road-show attraction and not to be shown otherwise this season.

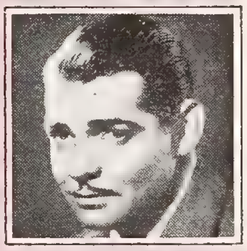
But *(pardon his Southern accent)* Leo says: "You ain't seen nuthin' yet!" . . . On this page is just part of the happy M-G-M family of stars. Look them over. You'll find most of the screen's famed personalities and great talents on Leo's list. They will appear in the big Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer productions that are now in the making and planned for months to come.

Ask the Manager of the theatre that plays M-G-M pictures about the marvelous entertainments he is arranging to show. And when Leo roars, settle back in your seat for real enjoyment!

Norma Shearer

Joan Crawford

Greta Garbo



Clark Gable

William Powell

Myrna Loy

Jeanette MacDonald

Nelson Eddy

Luise Rainer

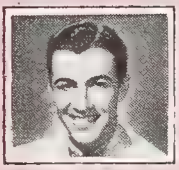
Jean Harlow

Wallace Beery

Robt. Montgomery

Eleanor Powell

Freddie Bartholomew



Robert Taylor

The Marx Brothers

Charles Laughton

Laurel & Hardy

Jackie Cooper

Lionel Barrymore

John Barrymore

Spencer Tracy

WATCH FOR THEM!

Norma Shearer
Leslie Howard
in "Romeo and Juliet"

Clark Gable
Jeanette MacDonald
in "San Francisco"

Jean Harlow
Franchot Tone *in* "Suzy"

Robert Montgomery
Myrna Loy
in "Love on the Run"

And M-G-M's Big Road Show
"THE GREAT ZIEGFELD"

SORRY! WE DIDN'T HAVE SPACE FOR THEIR PHOTOS! MORE M-G-M STARS

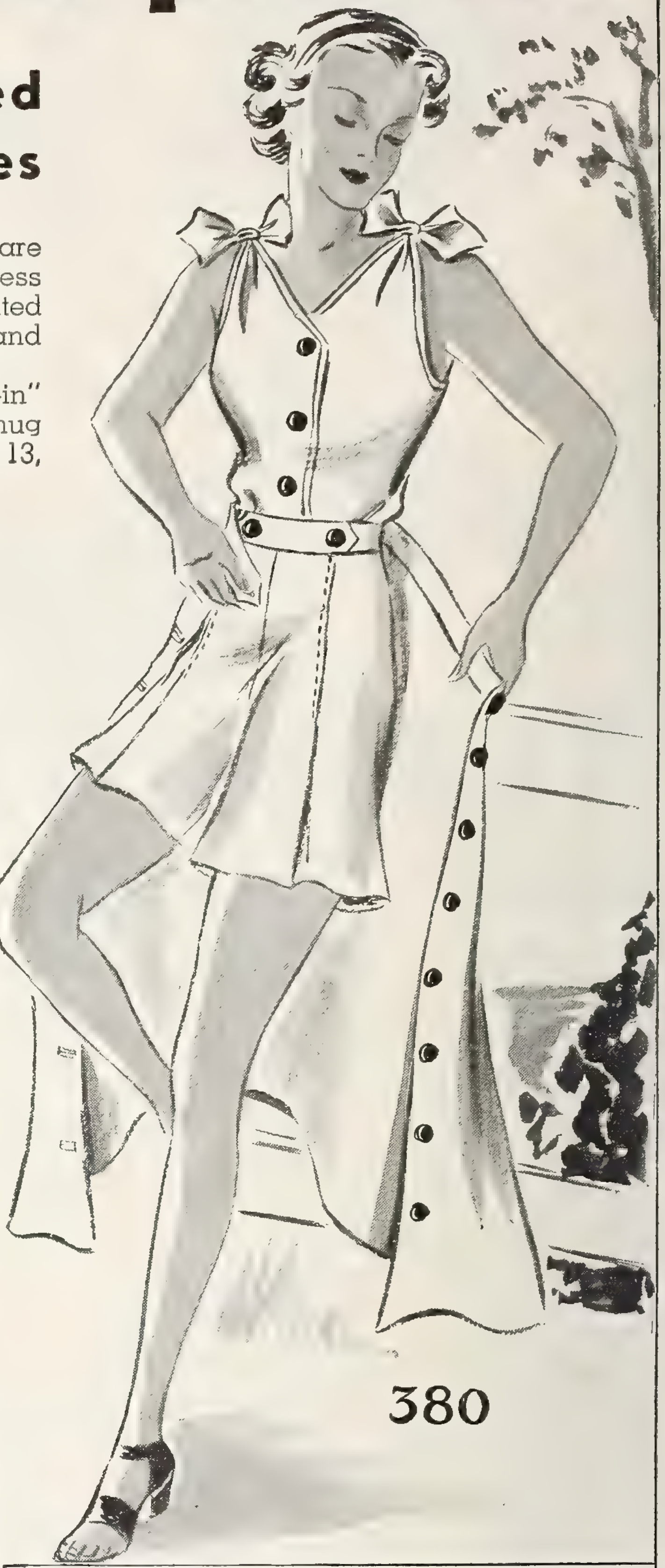
Franchot Tone, Robert Young, Rosalind Russell, Frank Morgan, Edna May Oliver, Reginald Owen, Virginia Bruce, Nat Pendleton, Lewis Stone, Johnny Weissmuller, Jean Hersholt, Ted Healy, Allan Jones, Buddy Ebsen, Joseph Calleia, Maureen O'Sullivan, Una Merkel, Chester Morris, Stuart Erwin, Bruce Cabot, Elizabeth Allan, Brian Aherne, Charles Butterworth, Madge Evans, Frances Langford, Eric Linden, June Knight, Ann Loring, Robert Benchley, Jean Parker, May Robson, Mickey Rooney, James Stewart, Ernestine Schumann-Heink, Harvey Stephens, etc.

modern screen patterns

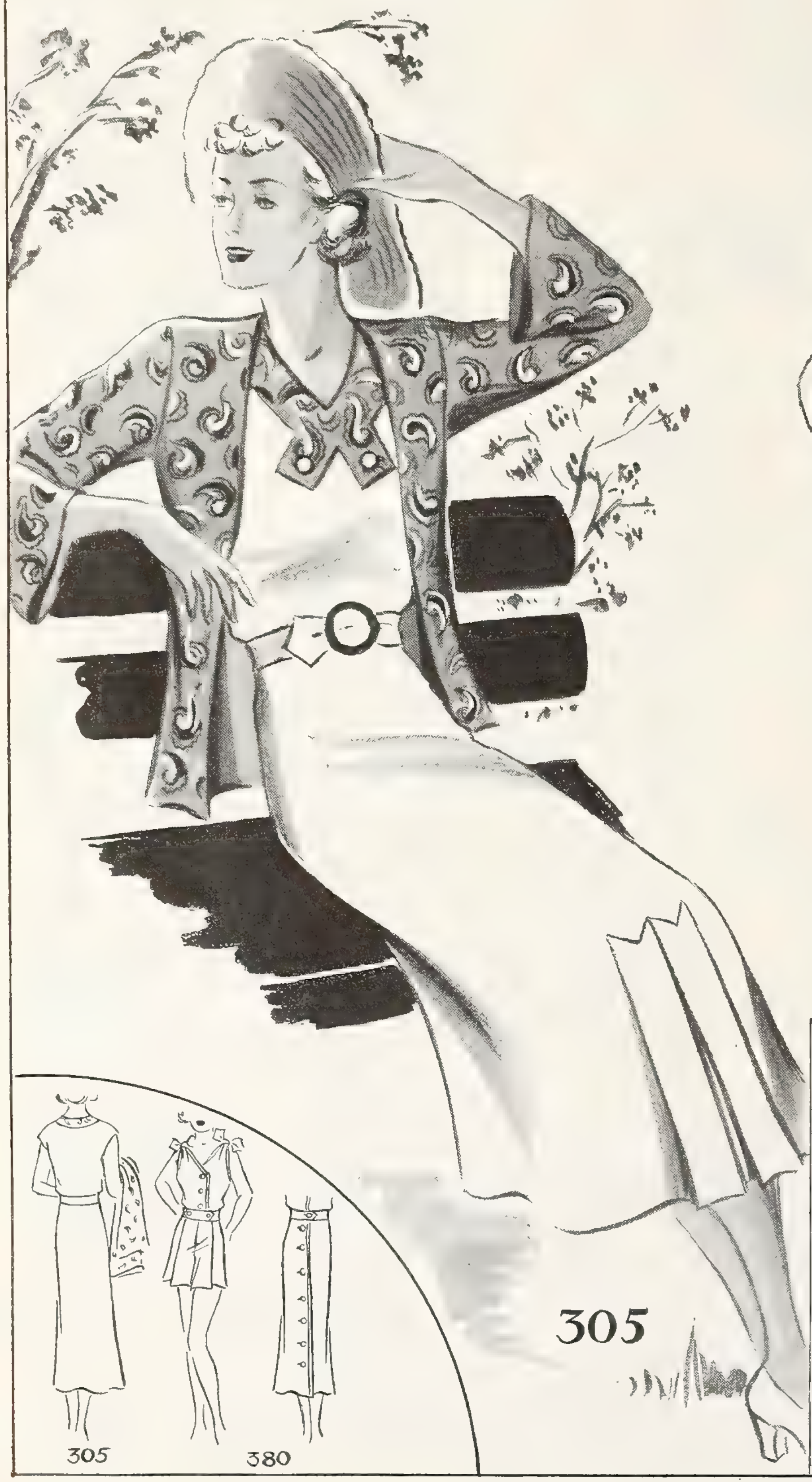
Two smart styles designed for versatile summer uses

305—Gray and violet, two of this season's best colors are used for this jacket dress. Gray linen for the sleeveless dress with the neck banded in the violet and gray printed linen of the jacket. Sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust.

380—A pert sports outfit for juniors. The buttoned, "tuck-in" blouse tops pleated shorts, cleverly tucked to give a snug hipline. Over this buttons a matching skirt. Sizes 11, 13, 15 and 17 years.



380



305

MODERN SCREEN Pattern Service
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

I am enclosing........................(in coin or United States stamps) for which please send me the following:

Pattern No........................ Size........................

Pattern No........................ Size........................

Do you want our new Summer Fashion Book?........................

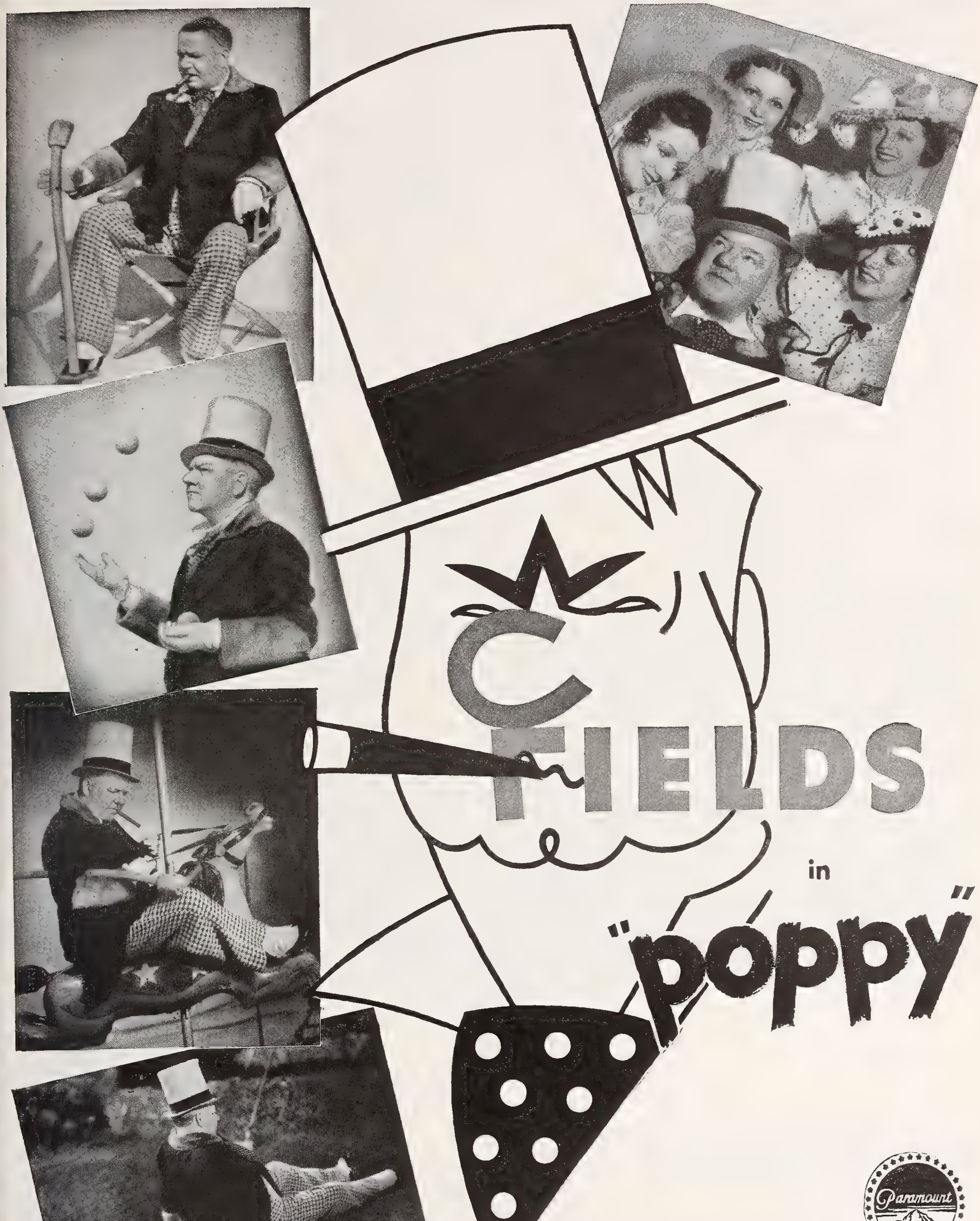
Patterns are 15c each. Books 10c when ordered with pattern; 15c when ordered separately. Patterns are 20c if you live outside of the United States. Books 20c separately, 15c with pattern. No foreign or Canadian stamps accepted.

Name........................

Street Address........................

City and State........................

(Please Print)

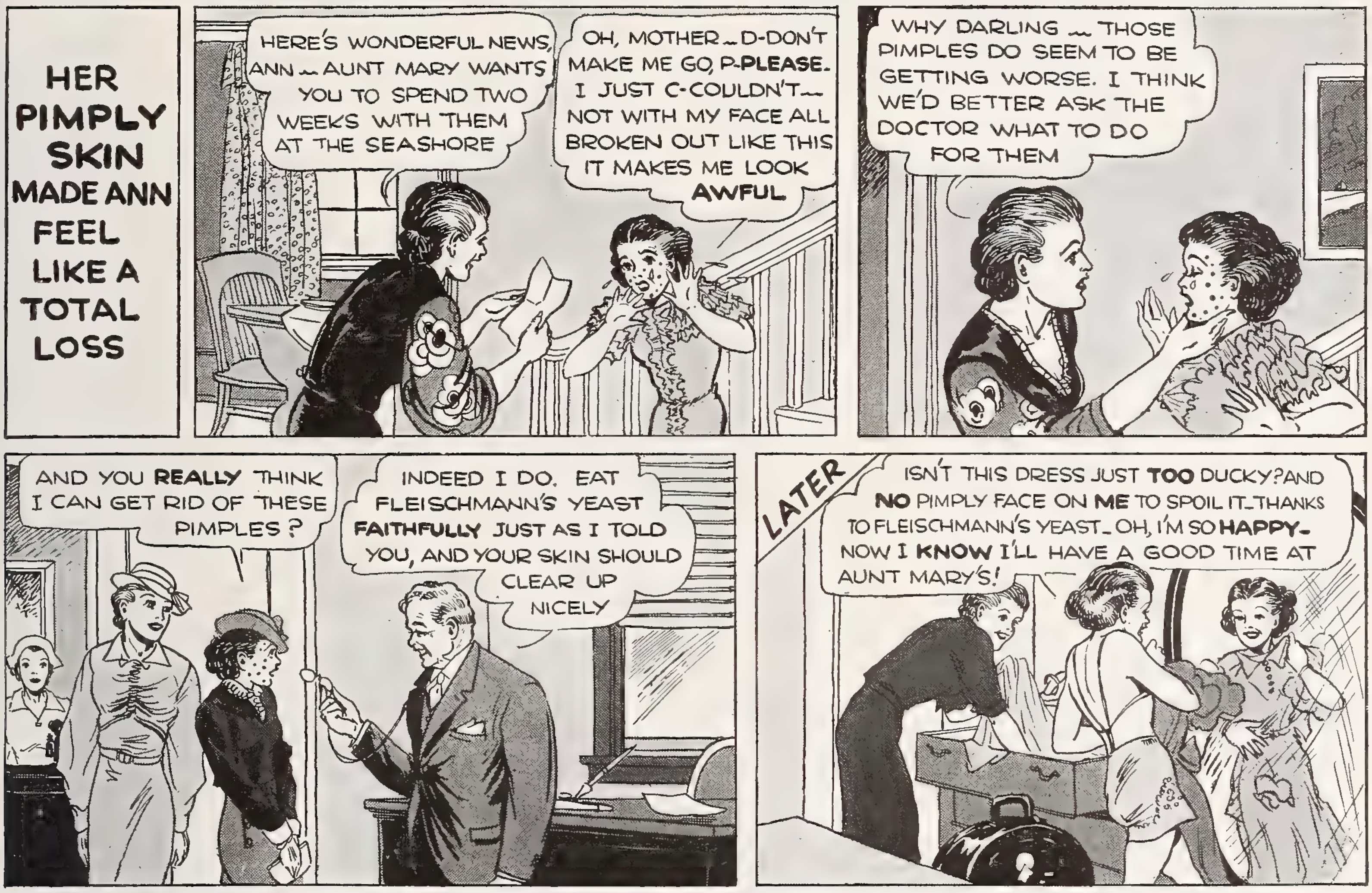

W
C
FIELDS
in
"POPPY"
Paramount Pictures

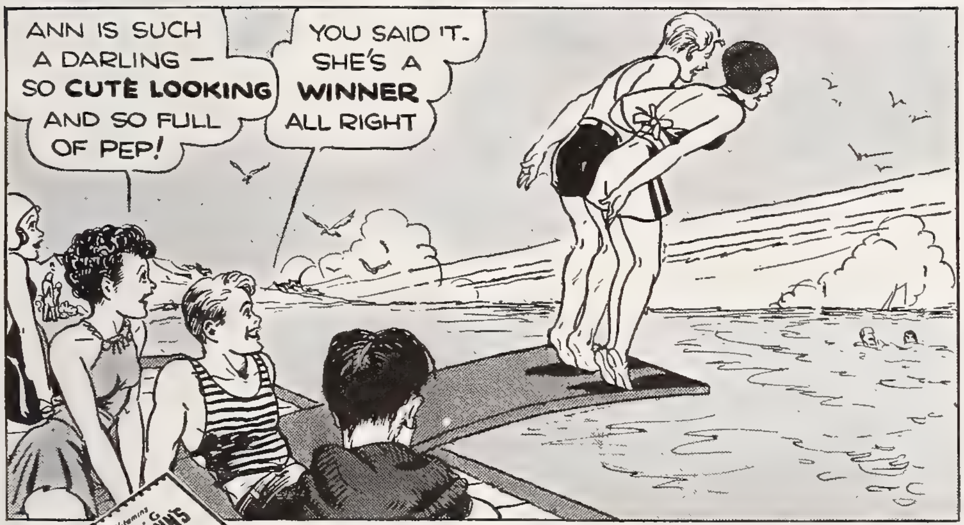
PARAMOUNT brings you America's beloved comedian, **W. C. FIELDS,** as the one and only Professor Eustace McGargle in the musical comedy **"POPPY"** with Rochelle Hudson . . . Directed by A. Edward Sutherland

Dancing, singing and acting are the least of Shirley Temple's accomplishments. She's an all 'round athlete, and to prove it, Shirley showed us her own bag of outdoor tricks. First, there's her bike, which she rides like a whizz, thanks to her two doting brothers. Then Miss T. would have you know she's a runner-up in golfing matters, despite the sandtrap we caught her in! And croquet—Shirley pounds the stake down so it'll be there when she goes through all the wickets. Beaming broadly, our future Olympics champ gathers the tenpins for some bowling. And shades of kind Will Rogers, Shirley shows you she can twirl a lariat.

summer's the time for fun..

I NEVER WANT TO SEE
ANOTHER SOUL AS
LONG AS I LIVE


HER PIMPLY SKIN MADE ANN FEEL LIKE A TOTAL LOSS
HERE'S WONDERFUL NEWS, ANN — AUNT MARY WANTS YOU TO SPEND TWO WEEKS WITH THEM AT THE SEASHORE
OH, MOTHER — D-DON'T MAKE ME GO, P-PLEASE. I JUST C-COULDN'T — NOT WITH MY FACE ALL BROKEN OUT LIKE THIS IT MAKES ME LOOK AWFUL
WHY DARLING — THOSE PIMPLES DO SEEM TO BE GETTING WORSE. I THINK WE'D BETTER ASK THE DOCTOR WHAT TO DO FOR THEM
AND YOU REALLY THINK I CAN GET RID OF THESE PIMPLES?
INDEED I DO. EAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST FAITHFULLY JUST AS I TOLD YOU, AND YOUR SKIN SHOULD CLEAR UP NICELY
LATER
ISN'T THIS DRESS JUST TOO DUCKY? AND NO PIMPLY FACE ON ME TO SPOIL IT — THANKS TO FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST — OH, I'M SO HAPPY — NOW I KNOW I'LL HAVE A GOOD TIME AT AUNT MARY'S!


ANN IS SUCH A DARLING — SO CUTE LOOKING AND SO FULL OF PEP!
YOU SAID IT. SHE'S A WINNER ALL RIGHT

Don't let Adolescent Pimples spoil YOUR vacation plans

A BROKEN-OUT skin is no help to any girl or boy who longs to be popular and have good times. But unfortunately, many young people are victims of this trouble.

After the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or even longer—important glands develop and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the entire body. The skin gets oversensitive. Harmful waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out.

Thousands have found Fleischmann's Yeast a great help in getting rid of adolescent pimples. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then, the pimples go!

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast *regularly*—one cake about ½ hour before meals—plain, or in a little water—until your skin is entirely clear. Start today.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

—clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated

Her Tennis Stroke is Correctly Timed

—too bad her *laxative* wasn't!

HER SWING is a marvel of precision and timing . . . What a pity she didn't know that *correct timing* is vital in a laxative, too!

You see, when you take a laxative into your system, you can't afford to take chances. Look out for harsh, over-acting cathartics that might upset you, nauseate you, cause stomach pains, leave you weak and dragged down. Such laxatives abuse you internally. Their after-effects are unpleasant, sometimes dangerous.

DEMAND CORRECT TIMING

Just what is meant by correct timing in a laxative? Simply this: a correctly timed laxative takes from 6 to 8 hours to be effective. Its action is gentle and g-r-a-d-u-a-l, yet completely thorough.

Ex-Lax is just such a laxative. It won't throw your system out of rhythm. No stomach pains, no nausea. No unpleasant after-effects of any sort. Ex-Lax works so naturally that, except for the relief you enjoy, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative.

PLEASANT TO TAKE

Ex-Lax is not only kind to your system —it's kind to your taste, too. Its flavor is just like smooth, delicious chocolate. All druggists sell Ex-Lax in economical 10¢ and 25¢ sizes. Get a box today!

When Nature forgets— remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

INFORMATION DESK
CAN YOU GIVE ME GAIL PATRICK'S ADDRESS?

Question us—answers here—lotsa fun

NOTE: The following biographies are printed by popular demand. They are the ones most frequently requested during the last month by readers who have sent in the coupon at the end of the article. Each coupon has been tabulated, so if you have requested any of these, kindly consider yours automatically responsible.

FRED ASTAIRE—Fred and his sister, Adele, were practically born dancing. When they were only about 8 years old and still Fred and Adele Austerlitz, they were earning a tidy $200.00 a week. Fred was born in Omaha, Neb., on November 26, 1900, and received his earlier education in private schools. Shortly after beginning their footlight careers, this young team became very popular. Three of their musical productions took the Astaires to London, where they became the rage both in society and the theatre world. There Adele met Lord Cavendish and retired in 1931 to marry him. This left Fred without a partner but, nothing daunted, he returned to America and continued to turn in hit performances in "The Bandwagon" and "The Gay Divorcee." He also appeared in these same shows in England. It was at this time that Phyllis Livingstone Potter, a society girl, became his wife. Fred's debut on the screen was anything but auspicious. His roles in "Dancing Lady" and "Flying Down to Rio" were both minor and unworthy of his talents. But a break finally came in the form of "The Gay Divorcee" and now the team of Astaire and Rogers ranks fourth in box-office popularity. Off the screen Fred has dark brown eyes and hair, likes tennis, golf and prize fights. He is 5 feet 9 inches tall, and is very slender, In January he became the father of a boy, and report has it that he is the proverbial doting parent. After "Follow the Fleet" he and Ginger will be in "Never Gonna Dance." Write him at RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

EVELYN C., Waterbury, Conn.—Paulette Goddard, Charlie Chaplin's leading lady in "Modern Times" and maybe his bride, is not French. She was born in Great Neck, L. I., N. Y. Ruby Keeler couldn't very well marry Dick Powell on account of she has been married to Al Jolson since 1928. (Where have **you** been?) Dick, however, is currently interested in Joan Blondell. During the World War Herbert Marshall served with the British Military Service. At Arras, in 1915, he was severely wounded in action, losing a leg, and was cited for bravery.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE—On April 23, Shirley Jane reached the ripe old age of 7 years. That day in 1929 at Santa Monica, Cal., was an auspicious one for her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Temple. When she was only 3, she was sent to a dancing class and it was during one of these lessons that she was spotted by a talent scout. Rather reluctantly at first, her parents agreed to her playing in a series of 7 Baby Burlesk Comedies for Educational. Then Shirley played a small part in "Frolics of Youth," following which she went to Paramount for a brief role in Randy Scott's "To The Last Man." It was about this time that Fox decided the wee Temple child was just what they needed for the dancing and singing role in "Stand Up and Cheer." It was Shirley's first big assignment and she more than proved her worth. Result—she was signed to a contract and has appeared in the following pictures: "Now I'll Tell," "Change of Heart," "Little Miss Marker," "Baby Take a Bow," "Now and Forever," "Bright Eyes," "Little Colonel," "Our Little Girl," "Curley Top," "The Littlest Rebel" and "Captain January." You know as well as I do that her hair is blonde and delightfully curly and that her eyes are blue. She is getting along nicely in her studies under a tutor, and will soon be able to read her fan mail all by herself. Shirley hasn't any real hobbies yet, but she is very fond of pets and has almost enough to start a small zoo. Her two brothers, John and George, like to play with her and tease her, just like all older brothers do. Recently, Miss Temple completed "The Poor Little Rich Girl," which you will be seeing shortly. Write to her at the 20th Century-Fox Studios, Box 900, Beverly Hills, Cal.

CHARLES NORTON, Dorchester, Mass.—Tom Brown was in "Annapolis Farewell," not Johnny Downs. The other academy picture in which Tom played was "Tom Brown of Culver," in 1932. His next picture will be "And Sudden Death," tentative title. Write him at the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

FRED MacMURRAY—Named for his father, a noted concert violinist, Fred was born in Kankakee, Ill., on August 30, 1908. When only 3 weeks old his parents moved to Beaver Dam, Wis., where their young son attended grade and high school. Fred also went to high school in Madison, where he went in heavily for athletics. Ten letters proved his proficiency in football, baseball, track and basketball. Upon graduation he enrolled at Carroll College, Waukesha, Wis., for one year, earning his tuition by playing in orchestras. The next jump was to Chicago and a dance band in which Mr. MacMurray served both as a saxophonist and soloist. Then came Hollywood and a theatre band in which he also sang and played, sometimes making recordings. When the opportunity presented itself he took an extra role or two in the movies as a side issue. New York came next, with Fred among the California Collegians, a musical comedy stage band. In 1929 Fred was featured with this orchestra in a singing sketch with Libby Holman in "Three's a Crowd." For the next 5 years he stuck with this group and appeared regularly in New York's most popular night clubs. The band was booked for featured billing in Max Gordon's hit, "Roberta," where, in addition to his singing, MacMurray was understudy to the leading man. Paramount spotted him and in April, 1934, he was signed to a contract. Fred is 6 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 185 pounds and has dark brown hair and eyes. "13 Hours by Air" and "The Princess Comes Across" are his most recent films. P. S. You'll hear some of Fred's singing in this one. "The Texas Rangers" will be his next. Lilian Lamont is his best girl, and he certainly picked a pretty one. Write him at the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

SANTINA MERANDINO, East Rutherford, N. J.—You win! Sid Silvers played the part of Jack Benny's side-kick in "Broadway Melody of 1936." Loretta Young is not married now, though she was once the wife of Grant Withers.

DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY—A lot of you have been wondering what has happened to this splendid young actor. Well, he has been giving England a break and has just been scheduled to appear in "Everything Is Thunder" with Constance Bennett for Gaumont-British. And here's something funny. Douglass is really Robert Douglass Montomery, while Robert Montgomery is actually Henry Montgomery, Jr., and they're no relation. Also, Douglass used to call himself Kent Douglas in his early screen days. Now that you are properly confused, we'll get on with the facts. Born in Los Angeles, Cal., on October 29, 1909, Douglass attended grade school there and later the Polytechnic elementary school in Pasadena. He graduated from the Los Angeles high school, and during his school days worked at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. His first part was given him when he was only 14, and when he was 16, Douglass played a leading role in "Desire Under the Elms" in San Francisco. Young Mr. Montgomery continued on the stage until he was cast opposite Joan Crawford in "Paid." Since then he has divided his time successfully between stage and screen. He is 5 feet 11½ inches tall, weighs 178 pounds and is very blonde with blue eyes. He is not married and swimming is his favorite sport. Write him at the Gaumont-British Studios, Lime Grove, Shepherd's Bush, London, W.12, England.

ANGELINE BUSCEMI, Pittston, Pa.—Here are the addresses you requested: Jimmie Ellison, Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Bob Steele, Supreme Pictures Corp., 1509 N. Vine St., Hollywood, Cal. Tom Tyler, RKO-Radio Studios, 780 N. Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Dick Foran, Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

PHIL REGAN—Did you know that Phil is none other than the one-time "Singing Cop" of radio? Well, he was just that before the movies claimed him. He was really a cop, too, on the New York Police Force, and probably would be still if it hadn't been for that marvelous tenor voice of his. Phil was born in Brooklyn, May 28, 1908, and was so like his brother Jim it was hard to tell them apart. He attended parochial school and planned to be a policeman when he "grew up." This he did, even getting a promotion for capturing a murderer. A voice instructor heard Phil sing at an entertainment and encouraged him to train his voice, which he did. When Abe Lyman heard him he was invited to be "guest artist" on that orchestra leader's program in 1932, and shortly after was given a contract of his own singing with Guy Lombardo's band. Casting his eye Hollywoodward, he attained that desire, too, and appeared in his first picture in 1934. From cop to crooner in three short jumps. This young Irish-American is 5 feet 10 inches tall, has hazel eyes and black hair. He is interested in all outdoor sports. There is no Mrs. Phil Regan. "Laughing Irish Eyes" is his most recent picture. Write him at Republic Studios, 9336 West Washington Boulevard, Cul-

If you would like to see a brief synopsis of your favorite's life in this department, fill in and send us the coupon on page 11. General questions, of course, will also be answered here. Those asked most frequently and the most interesting ones receive first preference. And not too many at a time, please. Address: The Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

ver City, California.

RONALD COLMAN—Born in Richmond, Surrey, England, February 9, 1891, the son of Charles Colman, a non-professional. Ronald attended the Hadley School in Littlehampton, Sussex. When he was 16 his father died and the boy was forced to leave school, taking his first job with a steamship company as office boy at $2.50 a week. He became a bookkeeper for that firm and later a junior accountant, being employed there for 5 years. During his school days Ronald had played in amateur theatricals, and continued them during this period. For physical diversion he joined the London Scottish Regiment, to which he belonged for 4 years. In September, 1914, as a private, he saw action in the World War, but was wounded by an exploding shell and was sent home to do clerical work. Mr. Colman's first appearance on the London stage was in 1916 in a small part, and his screen debut was made the same year in a two-reel comedy. In 1920 he came to America, finally getting a role on the stage in support of Robert Warwick and later with George Arliss in "The Green Goddess." Followed several other plays, then a screen contract. His first important picture was opposite Lillian Gish in "The White Sister." Mr. Colman is 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 158 pounds and has dark brown hair and eyes. His pet pastimes are tennis, motoring, reading and swimming. He is divorced from Thelma Ray. Fortunately for us, this sterling actor has been very busy in Hollywood of late. Having recently completed "Under Two Flags," he is now working in "Lost Horizon." His address is 20th Century-Fox Studios, Box 900, Beverly Hills, Cal.

ROBERT WHITE, Wilmington, Del.—We quite agree with you that color films are fast improving. There are several important technicolor pictures on the docket. The first is "The Dancing Pirate" with Steffi Duna and Charles Collins. The second is "The Garden of Allah" with Marlene Dietrich and Charles Boyer, the third, "Ramona," with Loretta Young, and last but not least, Gary Cooper in the technicolor remake of "Beau Geste." You'd better accustom yourself to the rainbow flickers, because it's only a question of time before the black-and-whites will be as outdated as the silents of yesteryear.

IRENE DUNNE—The role of Magnolia in "Show Boat" is one to which Miss Dunne is especially suited for two reasons. In the first place, she was the star of Ziegfeld's stage hit, "Show Boat," and secondly, she was born in Louisville, Ky., the daughter of Captain Joseph J. Dunne, a ship builder and owner of Ohio River steamboats. July 14, 1904, was her birthdate. Educated at the Loretta Academy in Louisville, then in a convent in St. Louis, she began her musical education there and later attended the Chicago College of Music. There she studied language, voice and music, graduating in 1926. Miss Dunne has a lyrical soprano voice and a singing record that includes prima donna roles in such stage successes as "Sweetheart Time," "Irene" and "Clinging Vine," and was under contract with the Metropolitan Opera Company for one season. While appearing in "Irene" she was given a screen test and signed to a long term contract. Her film debut was made in "Leathernecking" followed by "Cimarron," in 1930 and 1931 respectively. Reading, dancing and golf comprise her diversions, and she is interested in the study of astronomy. Miss Dunne is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 115 pounds and is a brunette with blue-gray eyes. She has been the wife of Dr. Francis Griffin of New York since July 16, 1928. Write her at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal., where she recently completed the aforementioned "Show Boat" with Allan Jones and Paul Robeson.

BING CROSBY—Did you know that "Bing" stands for Harry Lillis? Well, it does, and Harry Lillis Crosby was born in Tacoma, Wash., May 2, 1904. When H. L. was but a mite of a boy, the whole Crosby tribe transposed itself to Spokane, where Bing, his two sisters and four brothers received their earlier education. The nickname "Bing," by the way, is a hangover from the days when our hero used to play "Cowboys and Indians" and used his voice in noisy imitation of a gun. During his high school days Bing appeared in plays, but his family had a lawyer's future in mind for him and shipped him off to Gonzaga College. There he played a little football, but was principally interested in the glee club. With Al Rinker, another student, he organized a seven-piece orchestra which became very popular—so much so, in fact, that they decided to abandon law and enter the entertainment field. Through Rinker's sister they got an engagement in Los Angeles, after which they toured the Coast until Paul Whiteman adopted them and, with Harry Barris, formed that group known as the Rhythm Boys. They toured with Whiteman until 1930, when they went to California to appear in "The King of Jazz." The Rhythm Boys were engaged to sing at the Cocoanut Grove in Hollywood; Bing started to make records which became best-sellers; then signed a radio contract—and after all that, a screen contract. Crooner Crosby is 5 feet 9 inches tall, weighs 170 pounds and has light blue eyes and light brown hair. Dixie Lee is his wife and the mother of three-year-old Gary Evan Crosby and the two-year-old twins, Phillip Lang and Dennis Michael. Right now Bing is working on a "different" sort of picture (for him). It's called "Rhythm on the Range" and will smack of the wide open spaces and cowboys. Mr. Crosby can be reached at the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Note: the usual charge for a star's photograph is 25 cents.

MARY WILSON, Hope, Ark.—The first moving picture with a plot was made in 1903 by Edwin S. Porter. It was "The Life of an American Fireman" and was such a success that Porter was fired with ambition to make a train story. The result was "The Great Train Robbery," one reel in length, with a sustained, suspended plot. It was a sensation, and the beginning of the "story picture" as we know it on the screen of today.

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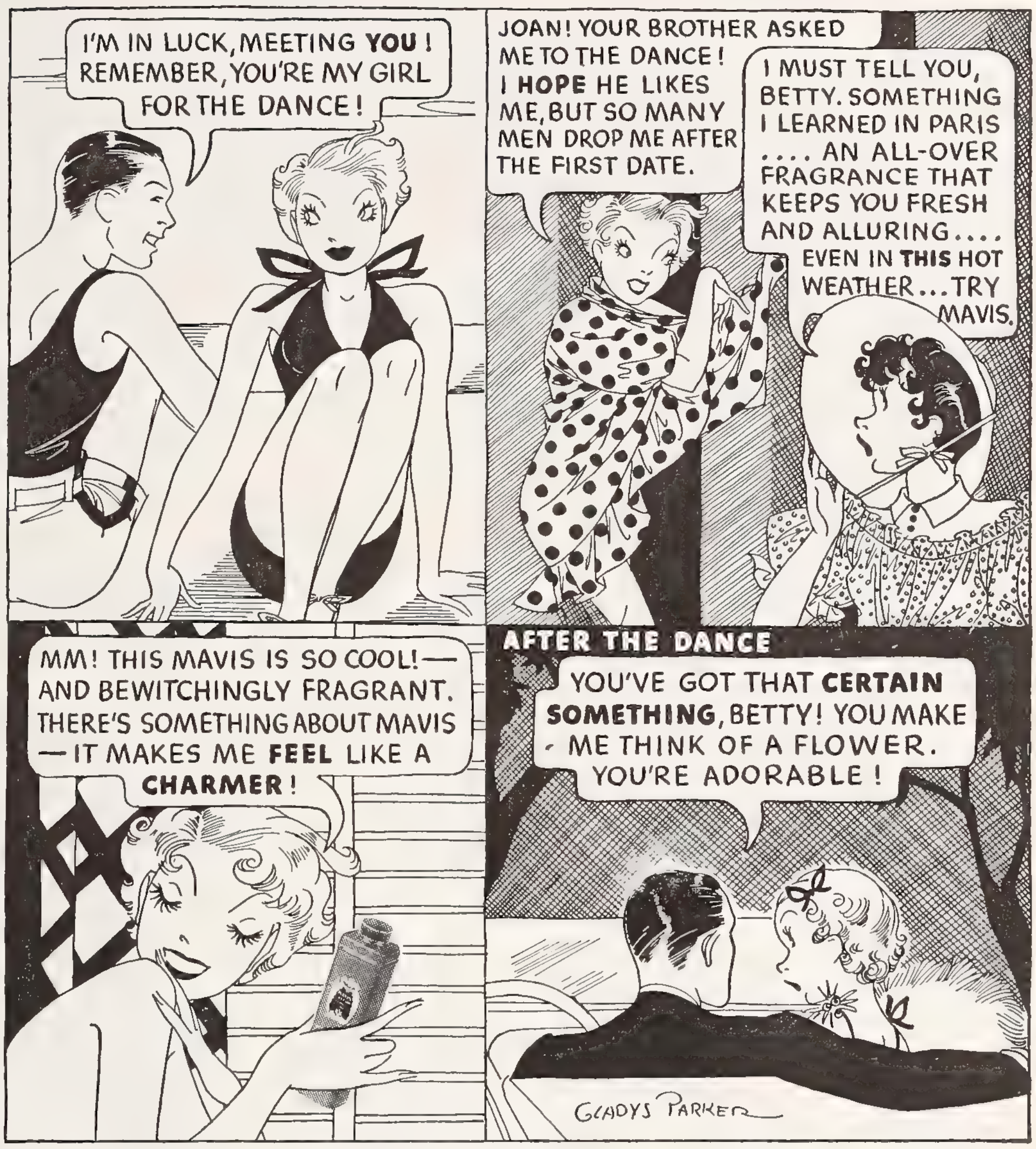
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MM-7

reviews . .

Above, Henry Fonda and Margaret Sullavan can be counted on for grand performances in "The Moon's Our Home." Next, William Powell and Jean Arthur in an exciting mystery yarn, "The Ex-Mrs. Bradford." Right, Francis Lederer and Ida Lupino in the comedy, "One Rainy Afternoon."

By Leo Townsend

★★★ The Moon's Our Home (Walter Wanger)

The presence of Margaret Sullavan in a picture practically guarantees it worth your time and money. In this particular case, she has transformed a too whimsical story into good entertainment. She is aided and abetted by Henry Fonda, who proves that he can look and act charming without a plow in sight. Here he is Anthony Amberton, alias John Smith, sophisticated author of adventure books. Finding the world is too much with him, he determines to take refuge on a New England farm, as does Cherry Chester, alias Sarah Brown, movie queen who wants to get far, far from the mad crowd. Cherry is subject to tantrums. One is never sure what she will do next, but can be sure it will be worse than expected. However, she meets her match in Anthony John and is surprised enough to marry him. The ceremony gives Miss Sullavan an excuse—not that she needs one—to throw the biggest tantrum of her career. Others in the cast who give top-notch performances are Charlie Butterworth, Walter Brennan, Margaret Hamilton and Beulah Bondi. It's a Faith Baldwin fantasy, made palatable by Dorothy Parker's dialogue and excellent acting.

Preview Postscript

Margaret Sullavan and Henry Fonda unwittingly knocked two experts out of jobs while working on this picture. The experts were ski-professionals, hired to teach the star and her leading man the fine points of the sport while on location in the High Sierras on the California-Nevada border. The experts were also to double for them in the long-shots, thereby avoiding accidents. But after a day's work Director Seiter sent the professionals back to Hollywood. "They kept falling down and getting tangled up in their skis, while Margaret and Hank performed like they'd been sailing down mountain sides all their lives," he explained. It seems that Miss Sullavan spent her school days in New England and Fonda learned the sport from Scandinavian aces while attending the University of Minnesota . . . One of the 25 costumes designed for Margaret Sullavan was locked in the safe at night, while armed guards kept an eagle eye on the star every moment that she wore the costume on the set. The outfit was covered with jewels and hung with silver fox furs. The fox heads had large diamonds for eyes. It was Miss S's pet antipathy, since she loathes any kind of costume except slacks and cotton shirt. On dress-up occasions she sometimes breaks down to the extent of donning a white crepe evening dress, of which she has fifteen, all made exactly alike. Funny gal, Mag Sullavan.

Allan Jones and Irene Dunne during a romantic moment from "Show Boat."

★★★ Show Boat

(Universal)

This amiable musical can be classed with "The Great Ziegfeld." Paul Robeson's magnificent rendition of "Ol' Man River" and two songs, "Can't Help Lovin' That Man" and "Just My Bill," by Helen Morgan, are grand numbers. When Miss Morgan puts that tear in her voice you know that Hollywood has been neglecting one of the theatre's most compelling personalities. "Show Boat" is one of the better screen musicals with Irene Dunne and Allan Jones in the romantic leads and Charles Winninger and Helen Westley heading the supporting cast. Miss Dunne fills her assignment capably, and even manages to get into blackface and tear off a low-down shuffle or two. Good in the smaller roles are Donald Cook, J. Farrell MacDonald and Hattie McDaniels.

(*Continued on page* 14)

"Sons O' Guns," that gay comedy, featuring Joan Blondell and Joe E. Brown, is reviewed on page 104.

SUMMER ROMANCE

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Above, Gertrude Michael and Herbert Marshall in "Forgotten Faces." Above, right, Victor McLaglen, Claudette Colbert and Ronald Colman in "Under Two Flags." And, below, William Powell and Luise Rainer in that big hit, "The Great Ziegfeld."

(Continued from page 13)

★★★★ The Great Ziegfeld (M-G-M)

The great and late Mr. Ziegfeld would no doubt heartily approve of this cinematic version of his life and times, for it contains everything that he himself held dear. It has opulence, tremendous production numbers, hundreds of pretty girls, and is decidedly lacking in humor. Running over three hours, it highlights the career of the great impresario from his early barn-storming days with Sandow, through the palmy period when "The Follies" made fortunes, to his death, a broken and rather pathetic old man. Injected into this are several production numbers which have the Ziegfeld touch administered by the bountiful hand of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Notable among them is Irving Berlin's "A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody," which has always been more or less a theme song for "The Follies." Ray Bolger stops the show in one spot with his stepping, and Fannie Brice would have done the same had the camera given her number more attention. Of the cast, Luise Rainer's "Anna Held" is by far the most memorable performance. William Powell is his usual suave self in the title role, Myrna Loy is a charming Billie Burke, Frank Morgan, as Ziegfeld's friendly rival, is richly comical and A. A. Trimble furnishes a breath-taking resemblance to the late Will Rogers. "The Great Ziegfeld" is a lavish, eye-filling musical.

Preview Postscript

M-G-M spread themselves to the extent of over a million dollars for this celluloider. Although the actual filming took only five months, the idea had been brewing around Hollywood for several years. Several studios had an eye on the master showman's life for a film, but it took writer William Anthony McGuire to collect all the information, visualize the magnitude of the production, and get it all boiled down to scenario form. Billie Burke and daughter, Patricia, loaned a helping hand to the author many times . . . One of the most collossal jobs fell on the shoulders of Adrian, studio designer, and his corps of workers. Over a hundred extra seamstresses were hired to help out on the costumes, and for two months they worked in crews, day and night, sewing on the intricate and elaborate costumes. Thousands of yards of velvet, tulle, satin, chiffon and other materials were utilized for costumes and also stage settings. A carload of ostrich plumes was ordered from Australia for the production. The costumes didn't feel as beautiful as they looked, however. Luise Rainer swears she never drew a breath all the time she was on the set, due to iron stays which girded her waist. Virginia Bruce wore one costume with a glass head-piece weighting 22 pounds, and the train of her gown was wired so that it weighed 46 pounds. It took three men to carry her up the steps to pose in one scene. They were plenty of complaints from the Ziegfeld chorus girls, too.

★★★ Under Two Flags (20th Century-Fox)

Repetition hasn't marred the charm of Ouida's beloved story of French Legion and this version tops the two previous pictures made in silent days. You couldn't ask for a more perfect Sergeant Victor

than Ronald Colman. He is every inch the English gentleman who has sought forgetfulness of an unhappy past in the daring life of a Legionnaire. Claudette Colbert's Cigarette benefits by Miss C's own French lineage. And Rosalind Russell makes the most of the sympathetic type of role not usually her lot. As for Victor MacLaglen, the hard-boiled Major Doyle, you don't need to hear more. He's tops! You probably know the exciting story set against the background of Africa at a time when France and England were the prey of the Arab chieftains. There's romance and fighting galore. All in all a swell evening's entertainment.

★★★ The Ex-Mrs. Bradford

(RKO-Radio)

It's good to see Bill Powell return to the sport of crime solving, even though in this case he acts more or less in an amateur capacity. Powell is Dr. Bradford, whose only connection with crime is that his ex-wife, Jean Arthur, is a writer of mystery yarns. She is also an inveterate collector of alimony, and in the interest of this lucrative hobby she moves in with a good doctor, just in time to get her ex-spouse mixed up in a lovely murder mystery. The crime involves the strange death of a jockey, the first of a series of mysterious killings. When Mr. Powell lends his talents to the solving of the crime he finds himself at the head of the list of suspects. Having a distinct aversion to being hanged, he goes after the thing in earnest and winds up, as you can well imagine, with the situation well in hand. Incidentally, he escapes his alimony payment by the simple expedient of re-marrying Miss Arthur. "The Ex-Mrs. Bradford" is a fast-moving comedy-drama in the best "Thin Man" tradition, with Powell and Arthur keeping the piece in high gear throughout. In the supporting cast, there are good performances by Eric Blore, Jimmy Gleason, Robert Armstrong, Ralph Morgan, Lila Lee, Grant Mitchell and Erin O'Brien-Moore, whose work should entitle her to much better roles.

Preview Postscript

Jimmy Gleason was overjoyed at the prospect of playing detective in the same cast his wife, Lucille, was cast as a murder suspect. He says it gave him a chance to have the last word. Frank Morgan and Mrs. Gleason had one grand reunion the first day on the set. For they had not played together since 1918, when Morgan was the villain and Lucille the lady in distress in an intense mellerdrammer . . . Among the better paid "extras" on this picture were ten black widow spiders. For three days' work they each received ten dollars. S. U. Allman is their manager. His ranch outside of Hollywood in the San Fernando valley is a paradise for reptiles, insects and weird animals, of every description. Allman hunts these out in deserted mines, out of the way places in desert and mountain, and caves all over the state . . . That modernistic apartment was even more dazzling in real life. Designed by Van Nest Polglase and furnished by Darrell Silvera the whole apartment was built as a unit on one set, instead of scattering the various rooms in many different corners of the set. Brown, beige and silver was the color combination, and so enamored was Jean Arthur of it that she is having an apartment of her own decorated exactly the same way.

★★★ I Married a Doctor

(Warners)

Based on Sinclair Lewis' "Main Street" this film depicts just as aptly the disgreeable phases of the American small town. Therein lies our one objection to the picture. For it shows only the gossiping, narrow-minded tendencies of the small-towner, and none of the genuine neighborliness which can be found

(*Continued on page 98*)

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Bette Davis, our Modern Hostess, presents her tempting native dishes

By Marjorie Deen

Bette and Barbara Davis, all set for their native New England Boiled Dinner, with an Indian Pudding to top it off.

new england favorites

IT HAS long been a cherished notion of mine that interviewers should form an association of their own whose purpose it would be to give ratings to those they have interviewed during the past twelve months. If such a scheme is ever adopted I shall be the first one to stand up and cast my vote for Bette Davis, giving her a four-star rating and the right to place after her name the initials P. S.—meaning Perfectly Swell. And she will have earned her rating in my opinion, not only because she is a regular person with no airs and with a keen sense of humor, but also because, from a cooking editor's standpoint, she is swell copy. Bette possesses a down-to-earth attitude on any subject which she bothers to talk about, and one of the things that I found she was willing to discuss with authority and enthusiasm was the justly famous dishes of New England.

This was grand news to me because Bette of all the Hollywood stars, is best qualified to hold forth on any question pertaining to New England—whether climate, customs or cuisine! For Miss Davis, you know, is a 100 per cent New Englander herself. She was born in Massachusetts (Lowell, to be exact), was brought up in and around Boston and spent several summers on Cape Cod.

The Cape, of course, was named for the fish that abound in the waters off the coast there—these same fish being prominently featured in several of the well-known dishes that originated in that part of the country. We will have occasion to refer to Cod again later on in this article.

One of the things that the Davis gal looked forward to most on her recent visit to the East, she told me, was the all-too-short visit she paid to Boston, where, as you can well imagine she was feted and made much of. And where, she also informed me, she was able to enjoy the native dishes for which she had become really "homesick."

I WANTED to see if they were really as grand as I used to think them," she told me. "And they were, there's no doubt about that. Somehow they never seem to taste quite the same to me any place else, even though I give our cook in Hollywood specific directions and old-time recipes to follow.

"I think my mistake lies in not hiring a Yankee cook," she continued, laughing, "but I keep on trying although foreign servants think me somewhat mad to want such basically simple, prosaic foods. Fortunately for me, my husband enjoys the same dishes (*Continued on page 72*)

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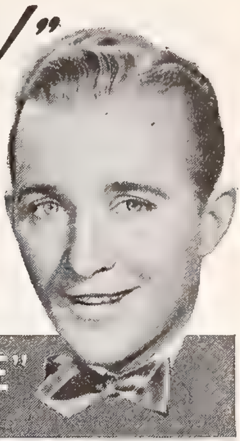
Margaret M. Jabes, 1617 Jaynes Street, Berkeley, Cal.; Robert Buffum, Summer Street, Hingham, Mass.; Teresa Monet, 8 Broadway, Swanton, Vermont; Mrs. Wm. H. Atkinson, 1865 Nicholasville Rd., Lexington, Kentucky; Joseph C. Martin, Box 94, Bismarck, N. D., Marguerite Pollio, 7512-14th Street, N. W. Washington, D. C.; Anna Lena Helm, "Royal Heights," Joplin, Missouri; Catherine Anderson, 42 Riverside Drive, Apt. 4B, New York City, Jennie A. Mann, 1358 Eddy Street, Providence R. I. and John C. Morris, Jr., Rayville, Louisiana.

"Here's the Breakfast I vote for!"
says
BING CROSBY



SEE BING CROSBY IN "RHYTHM ON THE RANGE"
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

MENU
TOMATO JUICE
QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT
and Strawberries
PHILADELPHIA CREAM
CHEESE with Preserves
COFFEE
TOAST

BING CROSBY'S summer breakfast is a grand take-off for hot sultry days. First, appetizingly chilled tomato juice . . . then a big bowl of double-crisped, crunchy, ready-to-eat Quaker Puffed Wheat with plenty of ripe red berries . . . followed by Philadelphia cream cheese, preserves and toast. What could be more appealing to a lazy appetite!

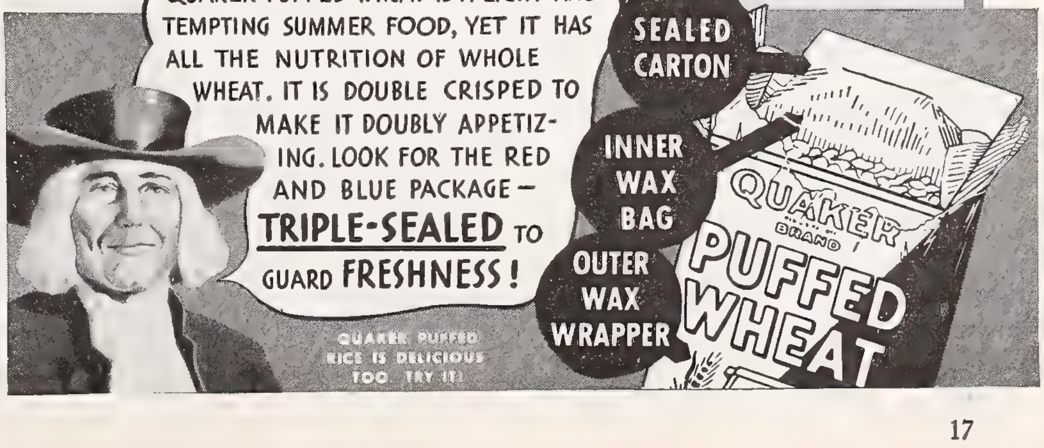
Your grocer is featuring all the ingredients you need to try BING CROSBY'S favorite breakfast. Have it tomorrow to start your day off right!

AMAZING BUT TRUE!

QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT IS SO DELICIOUS AND CONFECTION-LIKE THAT MANY DO NOT REALIZE HOW IT RANKS IN NOURISHMENT WITH SOLID DINNER DISHES. LOOK:

HIGH IN FOOD ENERGY!

SWEET POTATOES. . 34.9 CALORIES PER OZ.
PUFFED WHEAT. . 106.0 CALORIES PER OZ.


QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT IS A LIGHT AND TEMPTING SUMMER FOOD, YET IT HAS ALL THE NUTRITION OF WHOLE WHEAT. IT IS DOUBLE CRISPED TO MAKE IT DOUBLY APPETIZING. LOOK FOR THE RED AND BLUE PACKAGE—TRIPLE-SEALED TO GUARD FRESHNESS!
SEALED CARTON
INNER WAX BAG
OUTER WAX WRAPPER
QUAKER BRAND PUFFED WHEAT
QUAKER PUFFED RICE IS DELICIOUS TOO. TRY IT!

NED WAYBURN'S

Dancing Teachers choose Nonspi

TO BE SURE!

● Ned Wayburn's charming dancing teachers are careful in choosing a preparation to overcome under-arm moisture. They must keep themselves fresh through a strenuous evening, guard their frocks against under-arm stains...and yet use a deodorant that does not irritate their flawless skin.

They've found that when deodorants are used half-strength, they give only half-way results. So they choose Nonspi which can be used full strength, because:

1. *Nonspi has been pronounced entirely safe* by highest medical authority.
2. *Nonspi can be used full strength* by women whose delicate skin forces them to use deodorants half-strength, with only half-way results.
3. *Nonspi protection lasts from two to five days*...and you can depend on it.
4. *Nonspi's siphon-top bottle prevents contamination.* And there's no dripping or waste with this patented Nonspi applicator.

To be sure of protection...to be safe from skin irritation...insist on genuine Nonspi at all drug and department stores in the U.S.A. and Canada. It's 35c and 60c a bottle.

IT'S Safe
NONSPI

NONSPI

between you 'n' me

Your letter may win a prize. Write today!

What should you write about? Anything at all—the stars as you see them, why you like certain stars and dislike others, censorship, shorts, current trends in pictures, the latest picture you've seen and why you enjoyed it, the newest movie rave in your community—male and female. Get busy, for ten dollars in prizes are awarded each month for the six most interesting letters submitted—1st prize, $5; five 2nd prize of $1 each. Be sure to send your full name and address. Modern Screen reserves the right to publish letters in whole or in part. Address: Between You and Me, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. Write your letter now!

THE MARCH O'TIME

An Iowa reader congratulates the producers of "The March of Time," the non-fiction branch of pictures.

$5 PRIZE LETTER
Glorified Newsreel

I want to say how thoroughly I enjoy "The March of Time." Last week I saw "Father Divine" of Harlem, which was presented with all the staccato, directness and verve of a short-short story.

It seems to me that its editors have certainly developed a technique for glorifying the newsreel. Instead of scattered, haphazard, fragmentary shots here and there, they confine themselves to several subjects which they develop interestingly and unusually. Their episodes show definite build-up, compactness, care in photography and sometimes sheer genius in composition. I like the narrator, too; his comments are dramatic, yet impartial.

"The March of Time" presents a valuable method for keeping up on the most colorful, flavorful monthly happenings, and I, for one, want to congratulate those responsible for a definite forward step in the non-fiction branch of moving pictures. —Mrs. Harry Godley, Davenport, Iowa.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
Why Producers Go Mad

Aren't movie stars funny? Just as soon as they make a big hit as a certain type—they want to change that type. Ginger Rogers, the super-perfect song-and-dance girl, yearns to play drah-ma. Aline MacMahon, who panicked us with her wise-cracking, hard-boiled roles, now accepts only dramatic parts, such as in "Kind Lady." Another little comedienne, Isabel Jewell, has turned tragedienne recently, much to the disappointment of many fans.

I suppose soon we'll hear that Nelson Eddy wants to become a tap-dancer, Charles Laughton will yearn to play juveniles, and Fred Astaire will burst forth with a yen to do "Hamlet."

OH, I WANNA PLAY CAMILLE!
Play act 2
Act 1

Read a San Francisco reader's wise observations on stars eager to change their types.

A desire to achieve something entirely different from one's own particular style, is natural, but changing one's screen type is a sure-fire way of losing popularity. Think it over, Miss or Mr. Star!—Tona Swan, San Francisco, Calif.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
Thank You, Thank You

It is not a habit with me to invest my money in the purchase of any motion picture magazine, but it is a habit to get MODERN SCREEN even though it sometimes means going without a sandwich or walking instead of riding some distance, once a month. Why do I make this sacrifice?

Well, the movie world is the chief topic of conversation anywhere one goes today and your magazine is the most reliable source of obtaining that information. Its pictures are the best, posed or caught unawares, your criticisms of the movies are very frank, your interviews are most amusing and direct. I enjoyed your recent feature on Maureen O'Sullivan because it took the usual paint off the star's

Modern Screen
YOU'ARE ALL THERE, KEED!
RIVERON

An' we don't wanna hear a word from anyone who doesn't agree with this Philadelphia gal!!!

public and private life and thoughts. Sylvia's contributions also remove that perfection so many stars claim. And Scotty's pictures certainly show some awful defects. That is what I like to know about the celebrities, not a lot of trash about this star's love life and that player's "mysterious glamor" (à la press agent), and thanks to MODERN SCREEN I am getting what I want.—Vanet Lindauer, Philadelphia, Pa.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
Picture Spoilers

"Trailers" of pictures, flashed on the screens of our local movie emporiums the week before the entire picture is shown, are in my opinion "picture spoilers," instead of well-planned advertising that the exhibitors intend them to be.

How many times, finding myself unable to get laughs out of humorous pictures where mirth was intended, have I discovered the seeming stale humor due entirely to the fact that I had been "treated" to the humorous high-spots in the trailer that preceded it. Personally, as an adult movie fan, I've never enjoyed seeing a picture for the second time, and it is just this effect upon my enjoyment that the trailers, in their present form, have had.—Mrs. U. A. Stone, Jr., Brooklyn, N. Y.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
Stars' Alibis

"A much needed vacation," "Find a suitable story," "Time needed to make this production" . . . With excuses like these coming from our best loved stars, no wonder new faces are always being sought for the screen. Loss of popularity is nearly always attributed to "poor stories" and the "fickle public"—all of which may be true enough, but can we be expected to sit and wait until a player makes another picture when that wait extends from one year upward? I'm still waiting for Mary Pickford's promised movie; I'm trying to be patient while Ruth Chatterton finds a suitable story; and Norma Shearer has kept us on needles while she made "Romeo and Juliet."

Since we fans don't possess the traits of Tennyson's brook, it's rather difficult to expect us to wait when people like Irene Dunne make "The Magnificent Obsession" and Fred Astaire is giving us

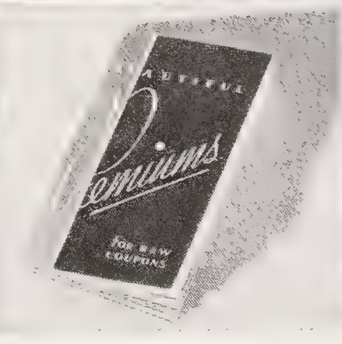
(*Continued on page* 68)

DIVE IN AND COOL OFF . . . We've managed to add just enough mild menthol to a blend of great tobaccos so that every refreshing puff is soothingly cool to hot throats. Get yourself a pack, save the valuable B & W coupon for attractive, nationally advertised merchandise (offer good in U. S. A. only). Forget the heat, dive into KOOLS, come up smiling! Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., P. O. Box 599, Louisville, Ky.

KOOL
MILD MENTHOL
Cigarettes
CORK TIPPED
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
SAVE THIS VALUABLE B&W COUPON
15¢

SAVE COUPONS . . . MANY HANDSOME NEW PREMIUMS

Playing Cards—Initial or fancy back. Best quality. 60 coupons. 2 decks—100



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Silverware—Community plate, 26-piece service for 6 with chest . . 900 coupons

RALEIGH CIGARETTES...NOW AT POPULAR PRICES...ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

good boy - bad boy

There's one of each in every family and the Barrymores prove no exception

By Muriel Babcock

TO SKEPTICAL Hollywood's utter amazement, John Barrymore has picked up the role of Mercutio in "Romeo and Juliet" and simply tossed it over his shoulder. He is magnificent in the part.

Of course, when you see the picture, Barrymore may not have the footage the brilliance of his performance would indicate. For after all Norma Shearer is the star of the film, and Leslie Howard is her Romeo and the cutter will probably bear this in mind.

Six months ago he had completed a thorough job of making a profound fool of himself. He had been the target for snickers and giggles in every section of the country. The ludicrous spectacle of the great and handsome John Barrymore chasing and then being chased by a girl young enough to be his granddaughter was a picture painted on the minds of practically everyone old enough to read.

After such a performance even from a Barrymore, Hollywood considered John through as a romantic idol of the screen.

Barrymore was also sick and tired. When he returned to Los Angeles after the Caliban-Ariel episode, he was so weak he had to hang on to the coat of a newspaper reporter while camera men took his picture. Bad Boy Barrymore, everybody reckoned, had at last reached the end of his rope.

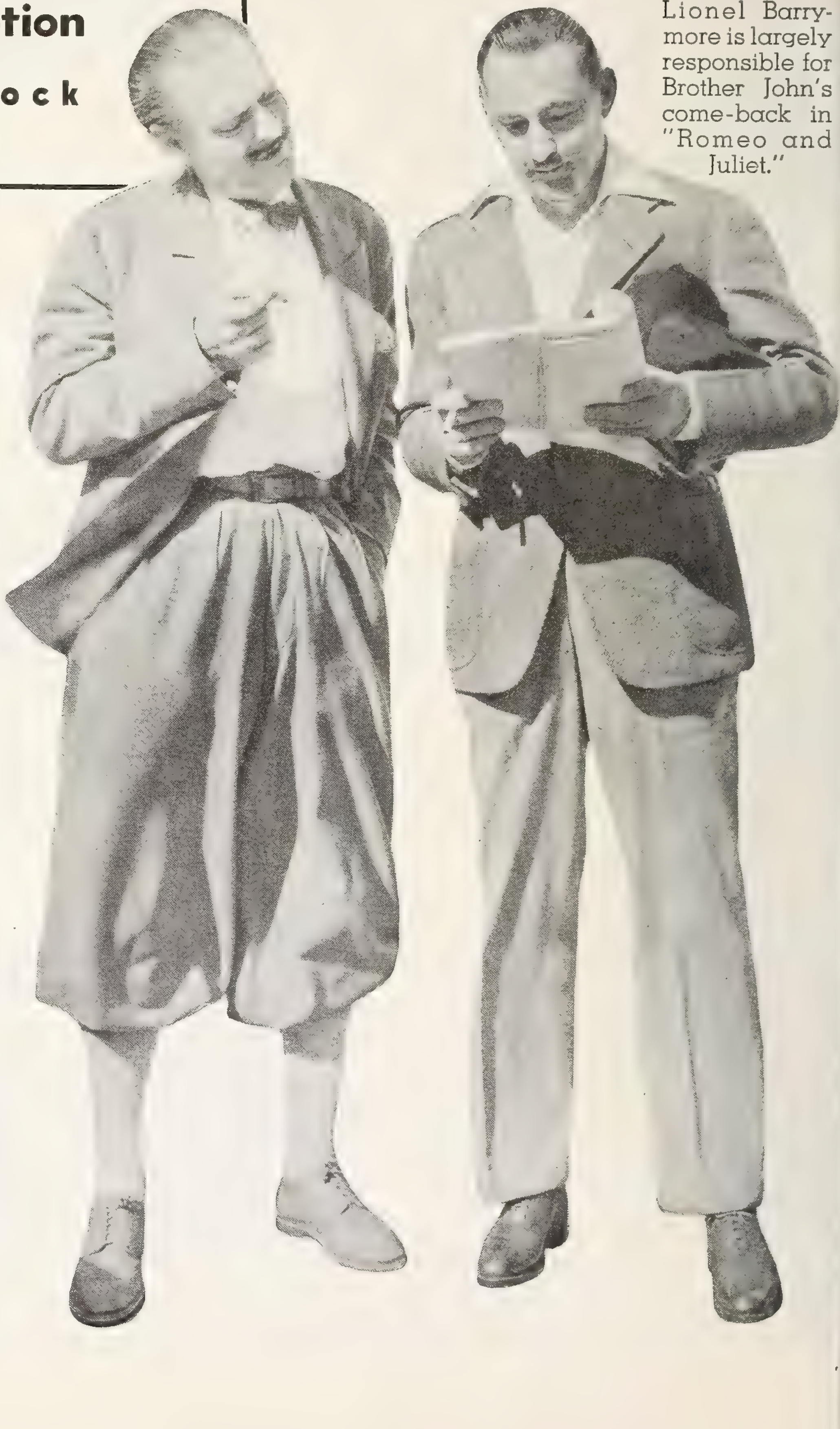
BUT THEY reckoned without the Barrymore spirit and without the loyalty that exists in the family. They reckoned without Good Boy (how he hates to be so labeled) Lionel Barrymore, who emerged from his secluded life in Beverly Hills to take the errant John in tow and put him back on his feet.

So the inside story of John's come-back is also a tale of Lionel's faith, loyalty and ingenuity in time of stress. It is also closely connected with Elaine (Ariel) Barrie, the young girl who chased him so wildly across the continent. But more of that later.

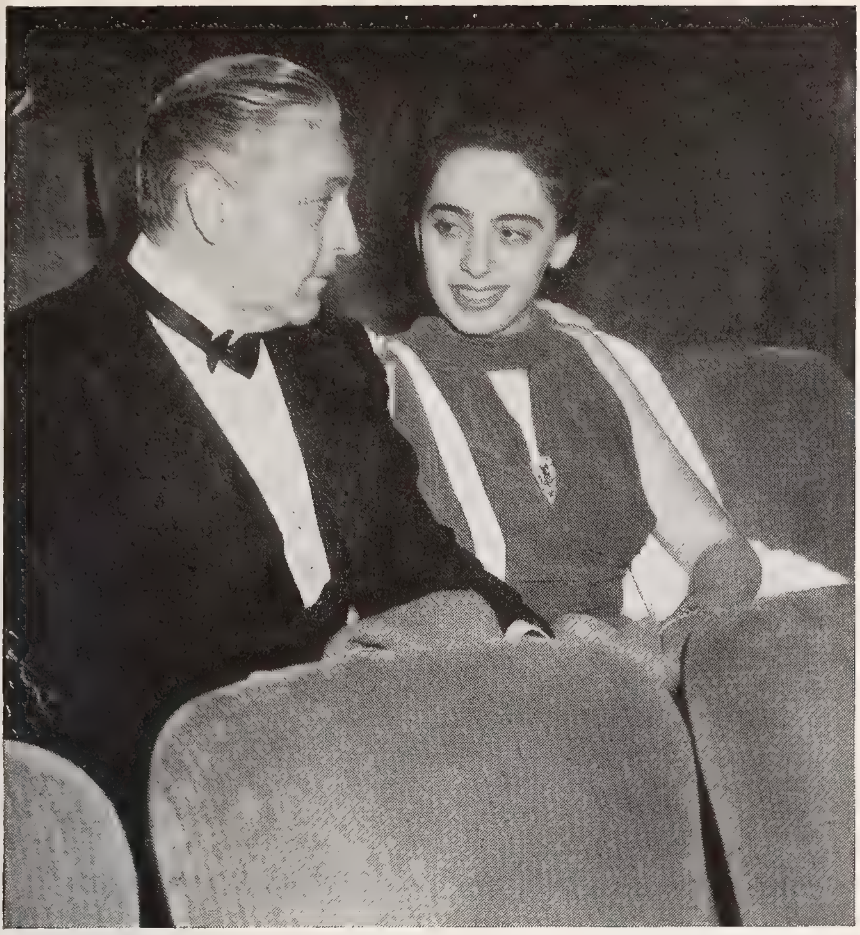
As John stumbled off the train that day in Los Angeles to be met by Lionel, a girl reporter inquired how he felt. "Madame," he replied, "that is none of your damned business."

"Here, here," quickly and diplomatically interposed Lionel, "that's no way to talk. These are the Los Angeles reporters. They are your friends."

With great dignity, John turned docilely to the young lady, gave her a pleasant pat and raised his beautiful left eyebrow in the



Lionel Barrymore is largely responsible for Brother John's come-back in "Romeo and Juliet."



Ariel and Caliban at a recent concert.

Though she ran out on him once, Elaine Barrie still has a strange fascination for John Barrymore, and nothing seems to keep him from seeing her. They are constant companions at Hollywood social gatherings.

gesture he has used since he first found out how to charm women.

"Madame, I am sorry if I am rude," he said. "In answer to your question, I feel fine and am glad to be home again among my friends."

John had put himself in Brother Lionel's hands, for he knew he could trust everything to him.

WHICH GOES to prove that you can't write a story about one Barrymore boy without writing about the other, totally different as they may be—John, seething, restless, temperamental, unstable, spoiled, and Lionel, amiable, indifferent, stable, sweet-tempered and alive to responsibility. Bad Boy and Good Boy, but when a crisis comes they stick together.

The first thing Lionel did was to get John home, into a bath tub and into bed. Then he sent for a doctor, a nurse and Joe Rideaux, the trainer. And then I imagine, he told John simply and effectively and in the best Barrymore manner what he thought of him.

Well, you know that before John was completely on his feet, two things happened. He got an important job, that of Mercutio in "Romeo and Juliet," largely not only through the efforts of Lionel, but because Irving Thalberg believed in Lionel's assurances that John could make a come-back in pictures.

The second important thing was that Ariel and her Mama arrived in town. To Lionel and the people who were working to restore John to a semblance of his former self, this looked like a major catastrophe. But, reader, confidentially, it has been a surprise boon and a blessing! Ariel and Mama worked right along the lines laid down by Lionel; they, too, have been keeping Jack away from the hectic night spots, have urged him to watch his diet and rest carefully. These last few months in Hollywood, they have been a good influence in Barrymore's life!

And I wouldn't be surprised if Miss Barrie, now that she has achieved a nice film contract, will make a place for herself in pictures. John has always insisted that the young lady had great talent and anyone can see she has great ambition and will follow through to a goal.

As a matter of fact, there is no predicting how this romantic chapter in the life of Handsome Jack will turn out. Ariel has still an indubitable fascination for her Caliban and nothing can keep him from seeing her. There are those who predict that he will eventually marry Elaine. That Mama Barrie, with this in mind, has insisted on being Mrs. Grundy in

(*Continued on page 92*)

DIVE INTO CRISP, DELICIOUS SHREDDED WHEAT—GET EXTRA ENERGY FOR ACTIVE DAYS!

It takes more than fresh air and exercise to splash your way to physical fitness. A sensible, nourishing diet is essential, too. And crisp, golden-brown Shredded Wheat gives you a good start. For Shredded Wheat is 100% whole wheat—a rich storehouse of vitamins, carbohydrates, mineral salts and proteins.

Eat Shredded Wheat every day. Join the millions of Shredded Wheat fans who get energy, endurance and vitality from this delicious breakfast. Put Shredded Wheat and your favorite fruit or berries on your grocery list now.

SHREDDED WHEAT

SHREDDED WHEAT

Ask for the package showing the picture of Niagara Falls and the red N. B. C. seal.

A Product of
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

modern screen movie scoreboard

Picture and Producer	General Rating
*Absolute Quiet (M-G-M)	2★
Accent on Youth (Paramount)	3★
Ah, Wilderness (M-G-M)	4★
Alias Bulldog Drummond (GB)	2★
Alias Mary Dow (Universal)	2★
Alice Adams (RKO)	4★
Anna Karenina (M-G-M)	4★
The Amateur Gentleman (United Artists)	2½★
Annapolis Farewell (Paramount)	2½★
Annie Oakley (RKO)	4★
Anything Goes (Paramount)	3★
The Arizonian (RKO)	3★
Bad Boy (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Barbary Coast (United Artists)	3★
Becky Sharp (RKO)	3★
Big Brown Eyes (Walter Wanger)	1★
*The Big Noise (Warners)	1★
The Bishop Misbehaves (M-G-M)	3★
The Bohemian Girl (M-G-M)	2½★
Boulder Dam (Warners)	1★
Break of Hearts (RKO)	3★
The Bride Comes Home (Paramount)	3★
Brides Are Like That (First National)	2½★
Bright Lights (First National)	3★
Broadway Hostess (First National)	1★
Broadway Melody of 1936 (M-G-M)	4★
Call of the Wild (20th Century)	3★
The Calling of Dan Matthews (Columbia)	1★
Captain Blood (Warners)	4★
Captain January (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Case of the Curious Bride (First National)	3★
The Case of the Lucky Legs (First National)	2★
Ceiling Zero (Warners)	4★
Charlie Chan at the Circus (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Charlie Chan in Shanghai (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Charlie Chan's Secret (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Chatterbox (RKO)	2★
China Seas (M-G-M)	4★
Clive of India (20th Century)	4★
Colleen (Warners)	3★
Collegiate (Paramount)	2½★
Coronado (Paramount)	1★
The Country Beyond (20th Century-Fox)	2★
The Country Doctor (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Crime and Punishment (Columbia)	3★
The Crime of Dr. Crespi (John H. Auer)	2★
The Crusades (Paramount)	4★
Curly Top (Fox)	3★
Dancing Feet (Republic)	2★
Dangerous (Warners)	3½★
Dangerous Waters (Universal)	2★
Dante's Inferno (Fox)	2★
The Dark Angel (Samuel Goldwyn)	4★
The Daring Young Man (Fox)	2★
David Copperfield (M-G-M)	5★
Desire (Paramount)	4★
Diamond Jim (Universal)	3★
Don't Bet on Blondes (Warners)	2★
Don't Gamble with Love (Columbia)	1½★
Don't Get Personal (Universal)	1★
Drift Fence (Paramount)	2★
Dr. Socrates (Warners)	2★
East of Java (Universal)	2★
Escapade (M-G-M)	3★
Escape Me Never (United Artists)	3★
Everybody's Old Man (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Every Night at Eight (Paramount)	2★
Every Saturday Night (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Exclusive Story (M-G-M)	2½★
*The Ex-Mrs. Bradford (RKO-Radio)	3★
Fang and Claw (RKO)	2★
The Farmer in the Dell (RKO)	1½★
The Farmer Takes a Wife (Fox)	3★
A Feather in Her Hat (Columbia)	2★
First a Girl (GB)	2½★
*The First Baby (20th Century-Fox)	1★
The Flame Within (M-G-M)	2★
Follow the Fleet (RKO)	4★
*Forgotten Faces (Paramount)	3★
Freshman Love (Warners)	2★
Frisco Kid (Warners)	3★
Front Page Woman (Warners)	3★
The Garden Murder Case (M-G-M)	2½★
The Gay Deception (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Gentle Julia (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
The Ghost Goes West (United Artists)	4★
Ginger (Fox)	3★
The Girl Friend (Columbia)	1★
Give Us This Night (Paramount)	1½★
The Golden Arrow (Warners)	2½★
Goose and the Gander (First National)	2★
Grand Exit (Columbia)	1★
The Great Impersonation (Universal)	2★
The Great Ziegfeld (M-G-M)	4★
Hands Across the Table (Paramount)	3★
Harmony Lane (Mascot)	2★
Hell Ship Morgan (Columbia)	2★
Here Comes Cookie (Paramount)	3★
Here Comes the Band (M-G-M)	1★
Here's to Romance (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Hold 'Em Yale (Paramount)	3★
Hooray for Love (RKO)	2★
The House of a Thousand Candles (Republic)	2★
*Human Cargo (20th Century-Fox)	2★
I Dream Too Much (RKO)	3★
I Found Stella Parish (Warners)	2★
If You Could Only Cook (Columbia)	4★
I Live for Love (Warners)	2★
I Live My Life (M-G-M)	2★
I Married a Doctor (Warners)	3★
The Informer (RKO)	4★
In Person (RKO)	2★
The Invisible Ray (Universal)	1½★
The Irish in Us (First National)	3★
It Had to Happen (20th Century-Fox)	2★
It Happened in New York (Universal)	3★
It's in the Air (M-G-M)	2★
Jalna (RKO)	3★
Java Head (First Division)	2★
King of Burlesque (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
King of the Damned (GB)	1½★
King Solomon of Broadway (Universal)	1★
Klondike Annie (Paramount)	1★
The Lady Consents (RKO)	2★
Lady of Secrets (Columbia)	1★
Lady Tubbs (Universal)	2★
The Last Days of Pompeii (RKO)	4★
Last of the Pagans (M-G-M)	2★
The Last Outpost (Paramount)	2★
Laughing Irish Eyes (Republic)	1½★
*The Law in Her Hands (First-National)	2★
The Leathernecks Have Landed (Republic)	3★
The Leavenworth Case (Republic)	2★
Let 'Em Have It (United Artists)	3★
Let's Live Tonight (Columbia)	2★
*Let's Sing Again (Sol Lesser)	2★
Little Big Shot (Warners)	2★
The Littlest Rebel (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Little Lord Fauntleroy (United Artists)	4★
*Little Miss Nobody (20th Century-Fox)	3★
The Lone Wolf Returns (Columbia)	2★
Love Before Breakfast (Universal)	2½★
Love on a Bet (RKO)	1½★
Loves of a Dictator (GB)	3★
Mad Love (M-G-M)	2★
Magnificent Obsession (Universal)	2½★
Manhattan Moon (Universal)	1★
Man Hunt (Warners)	2★
Man of Iron (Warners)	1★
The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Mary Burns, Fugitive (Paramount)	3★
The Melody Lingers On (United Artists)	2★
Men of Tomorrow (London Films)	1★
A Message to Garcia (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Metropolitan (20th Century-Fox)	4★
A Midsummer Night's Dream (Warners)	5★
The Milky Way (Paramount)	4★
Millions in the Air (Paramount)	1★
Mississippi (Paramount)	3★
Miss Pacific Fleet (Warners)	1½★
Mr. Cohen Takes a Walk (Warners)	2½★
Mr. Deeds Goes to Town (Columbia)	4★
Mister Hobo (GB)	2★
Modern Times (United Artists)	4★
Moonlight Murder (M-G-M)	2½★
*The Moon's Our Home (Walter Wanger)	3★
The Morals of Marcus (GB)	1★
*Murder by an Aristocrat (Warners)	1★
Murder Man (M-G-M)	2★
The Murder of Dr. Harrigan (First National)	2★
Murder on the Bridle Path (RKO)-Radio	2★
The Music Goes 'Round (Columbia)	2★
Music is Magic (20th Century-Fox)	1½★
Muss 'Em Up (RKO)	2★
Mutiny on the Bounty (M-G-M)	4★
Naughty Marietta (M-G-M)	4★
Navy Wife (20th Century-Fox)	2★
New Adventures of Tarzan (Republic)	1★
Next Time We Love (Universal)	3★
A Night at the Opera (M-G-M)	4★
No More Ladies (M-G-M)	3★
Old Curiosity Shop (BIP)	2½★
O'Malley of the Mounted (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
$1000 a Minute (Republic)	2★
*One Rainy Afternoon	2★
One Way Ticket (Columbia)	2½★
Orchids to You (Fox)	2★
Paddy O'Day (20th Century-Fox)	1½★
Page Miss Glory (Warners)	3★
Panic on the Air (Columbia)	2★
Paris in Spring (Paramount)	3★
The Passing of the Third Floor Back (GB)	3★
Peg of Old Drury (Paramount)	3★
The Perfect Gentleman (M-G-M)	2★
Personal Maid's Secret (Warners)	2★
Peter Ibbetson (Paramount)	3★
The Petrified Forest (Warners)	4★
Petticoat Fever (M-G-M)	3★
Powdersmoke Range (RKO)	2★
The Preview Murder Mystery (Paramount)	3★
Prisoner of Shark Island (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Professional Soldier (20th Century-Fox)	3★
The Public Menace (Columbia)	1★
The Rainmakers (RKO)	1★
The Raven (Universal)	2★
Red Salute (Reliance-United Artists)	2★
Remember Last Night? (Universal)	2★
Rendezvous (M-G-M)	3★
The Return of Peter Grimm (RKO)	3★
Rhodes, the Diamond Master (GB)	3★
Riffraff (M-G-M)	2½★
Road Gang (Warners)	2½★
Robin Hood of El Dorado (M-G-M)	2½★
Rose Marie (M-G-M)	4★
Rose of the Rancho (Paramount)	2★
Seven Keys to Baldpate (RKO)	2★
Shanghai (Paramount)	2★
She (RKO)	2★
She Couldn't Take It (Columbia)	2½★
She Married Her Boss (Columbia)	4★
Shipmates Forever (First National)	3★
A Shot in the Dark (Chesterfield)	2★
*Show Boat (Universal)	3★
Show Them No Mercy (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Silly Billies (RKO)	2★
The Singing Kid (Warners)	3★
Sky Parade (Paramount)	2★
Small Town Girl (M-G-M)	3★
Smart Girl (Paramount)	2★
Snowed Under (First National)	2★

You'll find this chart simple to follow and a valuable guide in choosing film entertainment. Instead of giving you the individual ratings of Modern Screen and authoritative newspaper movie critics all over the country, we have struck an average of their ratings. You'll find this average under General Rating, beside each picture. 5★, extraordinary; 4★, very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. Asterisk denotes that Modern Screen ratings only are given on films not reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray on the windy way to "A Princess Comes Across" set at Paramount.

Soak the Rich (Paramount)	2½ ★
Song and Dance Man (20th Century-Fox)	1 ★
Song of the Saddle (Warners)	2 ★
*Sons O'Guns (Warners)	3 ★
So Red the Rose (Paramount)	3 ★
Special Agent (Warners)	2 ★
Special Investigator (RKO)	2 ★
Splendor (Samuel Goldwyn)	2 ★
Steamboat Round the Bend (Fox)	3 ★
The Story of Louis Pasteur (Warners)	4 ★
Strike Me Pink (Samuel Goldwyn)	3 ★
Sutter's Gold (Universal)	2½ ★
Sylvia Scarlett (RKO)	2½ ★
A Tale of Two Cities (M-G-M)	5 ★
Thanks a Million (20th Century-Fox)	3½ ★
These Three (Samuel Goldwyn)	4 ★
Things to Come (United Artists)	3 ★
13 Hours by Air (Paramount)	3 ★
The 39 Steps (GB)	4 ★
This is the Life (20th Century-Fox)	2 ★
The Three Godfathers (M-G-M)	2 ★
Three Kids and a Queen (Universal)	2 ★
Three Live Ghosts (M-G-M)	2 ★
The Three Musketeers (RKO)	3 ★
Thunder in the Night (Fox)	2 ★
*Till We Meet Again (Paramount)	2 ★
*Times Square Playboy (Warners)	1 ★
To Beat the Band (RKO)	2 ★
Too Tough to Kill (Columbia)	1 ★
Top Hat (RKO)	4 ★
Tough Guy (M-G-M)	2½ ★
The Trail of the Lonesome Pine (Paramount)	2½ ★
Transatlantic Tunnel (GB)	3 ★
Two in Revolt (RKO)	2½
Two in the Dark (RKO)	2½ ★
Two for Tonight (Paramount)	1 ★
Under Two Flags (20th Century-Fox)	3 ★
The Unguarded Hour (M-G-M)	3 ★
The Voice of Bugle Ann (M-G-M)	2½ ★
The Walking Dead (Warners)	2 ★
Way Down East (20th Century-Fox)	2 ★
We're Only Human (RKO)	2 ★
Whipsaw (M-G-M)	2½ ★
The Widow from Monte Carlo (Warners)	2 ★
Wife vs Secretary (M-G-M)	3 ★
The Witness Chair (RKO)	2 ★
Woman Trap (Paramount)	1½ ★
Your Uncle Dudley (20th Century-Fox)	2 ★

PLAY MY GAME OF
"POWDER SHADES"
1 DARK BRUNETTE
2 RACHEL
3 BEIGE
4 BRUNETTE
5 NATURAL
Lady Esther

See if the Shade You Are Using Is Really the Right One for You!

By Lady Esther

You're pretty sure about the shade of face powder you use, aren't you? You're quite certain it's the right shade for you.

What would you say if you were to find out it was the wrong shade entirely for you? Don't be so sure that this isn't the case. As any artist or make-up expert will tell you, many women use the wrong shade of face powder entirely. The result is, they look years older than they really are.

The reason so many women use the wrong shade of face powder is that they select their shades on the wrong basis altogether. It's a mistake to select your shade of face powder according to your so-called "type." You are not a "type." You are an individual.

One Way and Only One!

There is only one way to tell your most becoming shade of face powder and that is to try on all five basic shades. Any other method is only theory and guess-work.

To make it simple and conclusive for you to ascertain your right shade of face powder, I have invented a game called: "Find Your Right Shade of Face Powder." It's as enlightening as it is fascinating. Here's all you need do: Just send me your name and address and by return mail I'll send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder, free of charge. Take the five shades and sit down before your mirror. Start with the shade you think least suited to you and try that on. But don't stop at any one shade. Go through all five and observe the effects in your mirror in each case.

You don't have to be any seer to recognize instantly that one of these five shades is more suited to you than any other. You will see immediately that one shade, more than any other, makes you look your youngest and most attractive. What that shade is, neither I nor anybody else, can tell you. You must see for yourself.

A Surprise May Be in Store for You!

Maybe the very shade you think least suited to you, the very one you would never think of using is actually your most becoming shade. Thousands of women have been amazed with the results of this test.

Decide today that you are not going to be in the dark any longer as to the shade of face powder you should use. Decide today that you are going to know once and for all which is your most becoming shade. Mail the coupon today and play the game that tells—my game of "face powder shades."

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (24)

FREE

Lady Esther, 2010 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a 7-days' supply of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

*City*________________ *State*__________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

a deep secret about Nelson

. . . which reveals the real reason for this star's over-night

By Faith Service

HERE IS an untold story of Nelson Eddy which there is no need to dramatize. The bare facts are rich enough to prove that men are, sometimes, like gods.

It's this: One of the major studios wanted Nelson Eddy for one of their outstanding musicals. And because they wanted him terribly, they offered him a king's ransom for two weeks of his time. His home studio agreed to the loaning of their star. They were, indeed, all for it, realizing the value and importance of the picture. Nelson loved the story and knew very well how many laurels it would add to the thick-foliaged crown he already wears. But—he had signed for his concert tour. In Spokane, Kansas City, Denver and in fifty other cities throughout the country, definite commitments had been made.

That would be easy, his associates argued. All he would have to do would be to pay a thousand here, two thousand there and the managers of the various local theatres would be handsomely reimbursed for their efforts. As for the public —they could have their tickets refunded at the box office and—Nelson would be free for the picture. And after the managers had been reimbursed, after subtracting what he would net from his concert tour from what he would make for his role on the screen, he would have an extra fortune in the bank. If he did not make the picture, but persisted in going on the tour, he would throw that fortune into the millstream of Quixoticism.

Learn why Nelson Eddy has won the hearts of millions.

NELSON'S mother alone refrained from comment, save to say that she wanted Nelson to do what he felt it right to do.

Nelson Eddy lost the money. He did not cancel his concert tour. He did not make the picture.

Why?

I knew the facts and I faced Nelson with them as we sat and talked in his dressing-room. I said, "That's a lot of money to throw away."

Nelson replied, "That would have been a lot of friends to throw away, too. We can do some mathematical calculations, if you like. It might come to about $1,500 the friend. I don't figure things that way. If I had cancelled my tour, people who had bought their tickets in good faith would have been let down. True, they could have got their money back, of course, but they, and I, would have lost something more precious than money.

"In one mid-Western city they are booked with a series of six concerts. They have used me as the key and people bought the series in order to catch my concert. They had to take a bigger house than the one originally planned for and are sold out. I take it that that means people want to see and hear me.

IT HAS been argued that these same people would just as soon see me and hear me in that motion picture. Perhaps. I haven't thought that aspect of the question through. Perhaps it is the still small voice of my natal New En-

Eddy rise to film fame

His nation-wide concert tour over, Eddy is back in Hollywood ready to start work in a new movie musical.

gland which is doing my thinking for me. And anyway, I can't ask them all, individually, which or what they prefer. I only know that I committed myself to definite dates in certain cities and that people bought tickets with these committments in mind. They knew, most of them, that they were going to see me and hear me in 'Rose Marie.' They still bought the tickets. Radio fans know that they are going to hear me over the air every now and again. The tickets were sold. There is something about a personal appearance which still means more to many people than the appearance of a shadow on the screen or a voice over the ether.

"Many of the managers have, in the past, been very kind to me. I could have reimbursed them financially, true, and still come out ahead. But how could I reimburse the people? Think of the work alone it would have meant to them! Thousands of them trudging down to the various (*Continued on page* 105)

IF YOU ARE planning a motor trip, or a sojourn at the beach, be sure to take two or three packages of Linit with you for the Linit Beauty Bath instantly soothes a roughened or sunburned skin.

Cool and Soothing

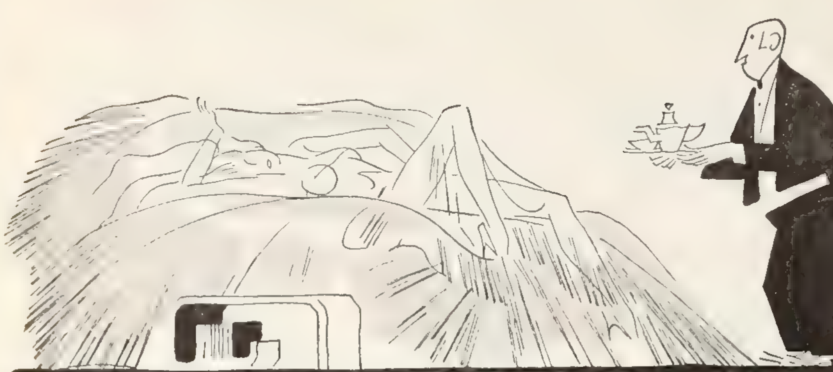
. . . AS A MOONLIT POOL

When you come in tired, dusty or sunburned—relax in a tepid bath with Linit dissolved in the water. The delightful effect is *instant*—almost magical. Fatigue is forgotten. The rough touch of the wind and burn of the sun is allayed by the soothing effect of this refreshing bath. After the Linit bath, your skin feels soft and smooth and there is no damp, sticky feeling to your body. Why not try the Linit Beauty Bath before retiring *tonight?* Notice what soothing relaxation it affords your entire body. LINIT is sold by your grocer.

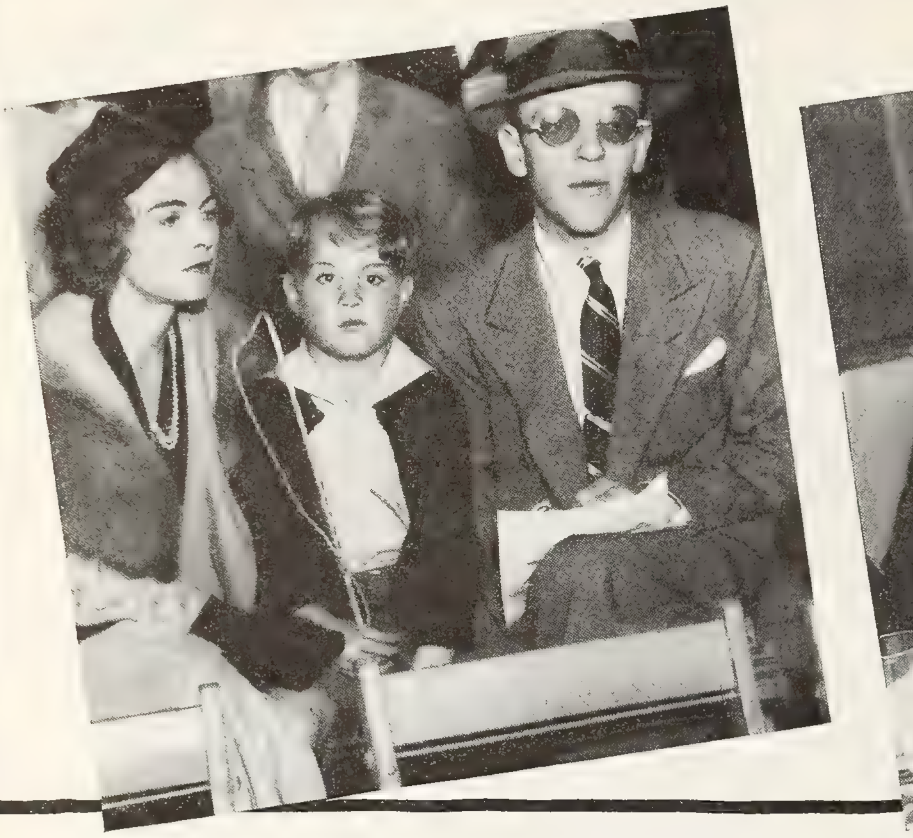
for fine Laundering

Don't overlook the directions on the Linit package . . . recommending Linit for starching. Linit makes even ordinary cotton fabrics look and feel like linen.

LINIT
FOR THE BATH
LINIT
FOR THE BATH



GOOD



Scotty sneaked up on the Fred Astaires at the circus—and were they surprised! Mrs. Astaire's son, Peter Potter, is the very interested young man.

They can't deny it's love! Merle Oberon and David Niven are a devoted duo, although they continue to claim that they are not engaged.

Premieres, parties and elephants! The prize Hollywood

Even with the Joan Blondell-Dick Powell romance rumors running rampant, it should be reported that Joan harbors no ill feelings toward her former spouse, George Barnes. When Joan's working, her daily routine includes morning coffee in her dressing-room for herself and all her pals. George, one of the ace cameramen at Joan's studio, is always on the guest list. Having coffee with one's former wife is probably a great convenience. She knows how many lumps you take.

* * *

Hearts Asunder Dept.: Bob Taylor, lunching alone at the Metro commissary. Irene Hervey passes his table, but neither speaks. Irene is followed by Allan Jones who stops a moment to talk to Bob. They inquire into each other's health. Both, it turns out, never felt better. And they didn't even mention poor little Irene. Where's their chivalry?

* * *

The premiere of "The Great Ziegfeld," the first since Chaplin's "Modern Times," drew a hundred per cent turnout of the Hollywood lights, both Kleig and social. Some 10,000 citizens gathered 'round the entrance of the Carthay Circle to watch this favorite or that one step up to the lobby microphone to tell the audience just how much he or she was going to enjoy the picture. As an added touch, roses were given to each of the paying customers until the watching fans grew restless, stormed the flower department and walked away with the roses themselves. And in all the excitement Billie Burke, whom everyone was waiting to see, slipped in a side door completely unnoticed.

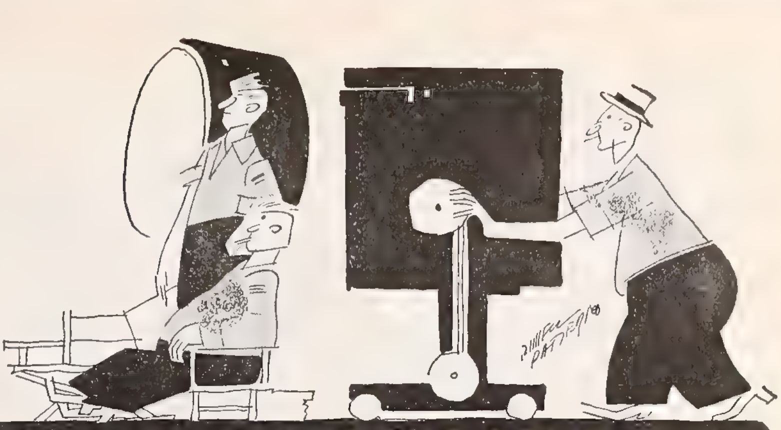
* * *

To top everything off, Bill Powell, the title role himself, didn't even show up at the premiere. It wasn't because he didn't want to—he simply couldn't make it. Seems Universal picked premiere night to start production on "My Man Godfrey," Bill's new picture. An exact report is that the Great Powell missed "The Great Ziegfeld" due to a pressing engagement in a setting marked "City Dump."

* * *

When you see "The Great Ziegfeld," a lot of you gals will want to know the identity of the handsome young gent in white tie and tails who "sang" "A Pretty Girl Is Like A Melody" (Allan Jones did the actual singing). The young man is Stanley Morner from Wisconsin, who studied opera for a number of years and is now under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. And he probably likes

NEWS



By Leo Townsend

Henry Fonda and Mag Sullavan (she got the broken arm playing pranks) all set to broadcast with Margaret Hamilton. Uh huh, still romantic!

Now look! Bet you didn't know that Carole Lombard and Clark Gable were going places? Here they are just being kids at the circus. This bears watching!

camera-dodgers get caught with their black cheaters off

fan mail. See what you can do!

■ ■ ■

Clark Gable and his studio have just patched up a minor feud with both sides apparently victorious. There were rumors about that Clark was attempting to run the studio, while Mr. G. contended that just the opposite was the case. The battle was a short one, however, for both Gable and his studio are nice people. No shots fired, no lives lost, no hard feelings.

■ ■ ■

Nosey, Jean Harlow's favorite gentleman (he's a dachshund), is growing up. Here's the evidence: Nosey had a special door on Jean's dressing-room, it's six inches high, and when closed it kept him from wandering onto the set, and possibly from getting into pictures. While we visited Jean recently a carpenter arrived, took off the six-inch door and replaced it with one exactly a foot high. Personally, we don't think it was necessary. Nosey's much too smart a guy to want to leave the Harlow dressing-room.

■ ■ ■

Watched Kay Francis do a scene for "Angel of Mercy" a few weeks ago. Kay, playing Florence Nightingale, was being awfully solicitous to a group of crippled soldiers, all of whom were on crutches. We happened to be wearing a pair of crutches ourselves, although our injury was not from the wars, nor were we working in the picture. Anyway, Kay was so tender and kind to all these guys that we almost forgot ourselves and got in line with them. The scene was finally shot, and we were hobbling our weary way up the studio street when a fancy limousine swished by. In it was Kay Francis, through work for the day and entirely out of character, for she didn't even stop to give us a treatment. We have registered a protest with the Nurses' Union, the American Medical Association and the Red Cross.

■ ■ ■

Hearts and Flowers: Now that Carole Lombard spends her free evenings with a Mr. Gable of this city, her pal Fieldsie is being squired about by Addison Randall. The four of them had a swell time at the circus one night recently . . . Jimmie Stewart and Wendy Barrie have been casting favorable glances in the general direction of each other . . . Bob Taylor continues to be attentive to Barbara Stanwyck . . . and now that Jack Oakie has taken himself a bride, his mother wants to adopt another comedian.

Scoop! Bill Powell hugs Jean Harlow publicly. A cozy pose at the Troc. Lili Damita and Marlene Dietrich at the airport to see friends off. Nifty-looking costumes, eh, wot?

good news

■ ■ ■

Bob Burns, the Van Buren, Arkansas boy who made good on Bing Crosby's radio program, has just finished work on "Rhythm on the Range" with the same Mr. Crosby, and he's complaining. Bob signed up for the picture, he says, with the understanding that Bing was to handle all the romance. In the middle of the picture Bob found himself, much to his chagrin, forced to make love to a young lady. "It isn't that I mind kissing the girls," explains Mr. B. "It's just that it spoils my lip for bazooka playing."

■ ■ ■

Perhaps you didn't know that Marlene Dietrich, in addition to her other talents, is also the most beautiful mayor in the world. Marlene is Mayor of Allah City, and she rules a community of some 400 actors and technicians on location in the desert near Yuma, where they're making "Garden of Allah." Director Richard Boleslawski is chief of police, Basil Rathbone is sheriff, and Charles Boyer is "right hand man," whatever that is. Marlene turned out to be such a swell mayor that now she aspires to higher offices. How about Dietrich for president?

■ ■ ■

While we're on the subject of politics, it might be mentioned that Merle Oberon is a bit miffed because she isn't Mayor of Allah City. Merle demands a recount to the tune of $125,000, for she claims she was promised the lead in the picture. When it was handed to Dietrich, Miss Oberon is said to have suffered $125,000 worth of humiliation. Other reports have it that Merle originally turned down the part, then later decided that what was good enough for Dietrich was just about right for Oberon.

■ ■ ■

Gastronomic Note: In one evening—in fact, at one sitting—at the Trocadero Oyster Bar, Kay Francis and her gentleman friend, Delmer Daves, consumed 96 clams. There is no particular reason for recording this feat, except that 96 is a lot of clams.

■ ■ ■

Dick Powell's throat trouble must have been a lot more serious than his producers thought, for they were forced to take him out of "Cain and Mabel" in which he was scheduled to co-star with Marion Davies. With his singing voice in delicate condition, Dick may have to fall back on his acting for a while. There are those who say that would be quite a fall, and there are those who say 'twouldn't.

■ ■ ■

Last month we detailed a Pinkerton man, three movie detectives and S. S. Van Dine, in a heavy black beard, to discover the brand of perfume used by Mae West. Innocent bystanders had told us Mae's particular preference bore a heavy bouquet which drove men mad and drugged Miss West's immediate vicinity with the very richness of its presence. Four of our operatives, alas, never returned, but the fifth, a man with a wife and family, finally staggered in with a faint cry which must have been "Eureka." In other words, we have it on unimpeachable authority that Mae's choice is Sinless Passion.

■ ■ ■

The Most-Beautiful-Gesture-of-the-Month was that of Arline Judge and Wesley Ruggles, who, about to take up separate abodes on a certain Friday, suddenly remembered they had invited guests to dinner on the following Monday. They separated on Tuesday. Moral: the show must go on. Or, don't plan too far ahead.

■ ■ ■

You probably know that Carole Lombard spent $40 on a rattletrap car which

The Richard Dix's are hard-to-getters, too. But here they are at a premiere. And the young set is represented by Tom Brown with Mary Carlisle at a recent preview.

Photos by Scotty

she wrapped in red ribbon and presented to Clark Gable on Valentine's Day. It turned out to be a good investment, for Clark spent several hundred bucks getting the thing to move, and now guess who goes riding in it with him? Little Miss Lombard, of course. If she had known that in advance she'd have probably bought the guy a Packard.

■ ■ ■

More ornate than any of the scenery on Katharine Hepburn's "Mary of Scotland" set is a fancy portable dressing-room with peach satin upholstered walls. Everyone thought it was Hepburn's, until a little research developed that it belonged to Ginger Rogers. Ginger lent it to Florence Eldridge, whose "Queen Elizabeth" needed a setting slightly more regal than the ordinary dressing-room offers.

■ ■ ■

Hollywood night clubs are rapidly drawing most of the trade away from the Legion Stadium's Friday night fights. The bouts in the cover charge places are generally shorter, more exciting, and the talent is better. For instance, on one evening last month a Mr. Riskin socked a Mr. Ruskin. Mr. Riskin and Mr. Ruskin are both writers, and rumor has it that Mr. Ruskin went around telling people he was Mr. Riskin. The whole thing was sort of a gigantic typographical error, with Mr. Riskin victorious. If he fells Mr. Ruskin three times in a row he gets to be Mr. Riskin for keeps.

On the same fatal evening another one-round one-punch battle occurred, with Frank Woody, Helen Twelvetrees' estranged spouse, the winner. Seems Miss Twelvetrees was emerging from a night club with a Mr. Forest (no relation) when Mr. Woody stepped up and let him have it. If you were smart you could probably think up something screamingly funny about those three names, but if you're that smart you won't bother.

■ ■ ■

The price of home and fireside is high in Hollywood. Take the case of Frances Dee, for instance. She's happily married, as you know, to Joel McCrea. They have two children, two homes and a swell time together. She recently finished a picture, her first in quite a while, in which she worked for a salary not much more than half what she earned when she was single. Being married, according to the producers, takes away about fifty percent of a gal's glamor. Imagine looking at Frances and saying them words?

■ ■ ■

Last month we mentioned the fact that Joan Crawford, when she wasn't working, went in for two singing lessons a day. Joan is still serious about her music, and she harbors a desire to sing before an audience one day. Right now several of her friends say she has an excellent singing voice when she tries it out on people she knows, but before a crowd of strangers her throat muscles tighten and nothing happens. Nothing but fine old Crawford embarrassment.

Beautiful English Madeleine Carroll, here to make a picture, gets the rapt attention of Hollywood's chief beauer-of-beauts, George Brent.

Now that Carole Lombard and Bill Powell are making "My Man Godfrey" together at Universal, rumors are about that Carole may once more become Bill's off-screen leading lady. At the moment, though, there seems to be little foundation for the story. Carole and Bill remain pretty much interested in a Mr. Gable and a Miss Harlow, both of this city.

■ ■ ■

The latest Mayfair party lacked the gaiety and excitement of the preceding affair at which all the gals were required to dress in white. This time the ladies were asked to wear prints but didn't seem to have

(*Continued on page 111*)

the Mayfair ball

The sociable cinematown crowd turns out for the Mayfair "shindig." This time Joan Bennett was the hostess and asked the gals to dress in prints. Remember when Carole Lombard was hostess everyone was supposed to dress in white and there was that tidbit of excitement over La Shearer's wearing red? Well, anna-hoo, this time Miss MacDonald was one of the hold-outs.

Reading from left to right below, you see Kay Francis with her steady, Delmer Daves. Next, the Errol Flynns (Lili Damita). Then a six-some with non-conforming Jeanette MacD., Anita Louise, Marion Nixon and gents, Gene Raymond with brother Bob Marlow, and Marion's spouse, Bill Seiter. Hostess Joan Bennett chats with husband Gene Markey.

Mary Brian and June Collyer, far right above, with Mary's romantic-attachment-of-the-month, Cary Grant, and Stu Erwin. And in the circle Scotty finds beautiful Virginia Bruce and Franchot Tone earnestly conversing.

PHOTOS BY
SCOTTY

the true love story of

You know these two people whose real romance is stranger than the plots of their pictures

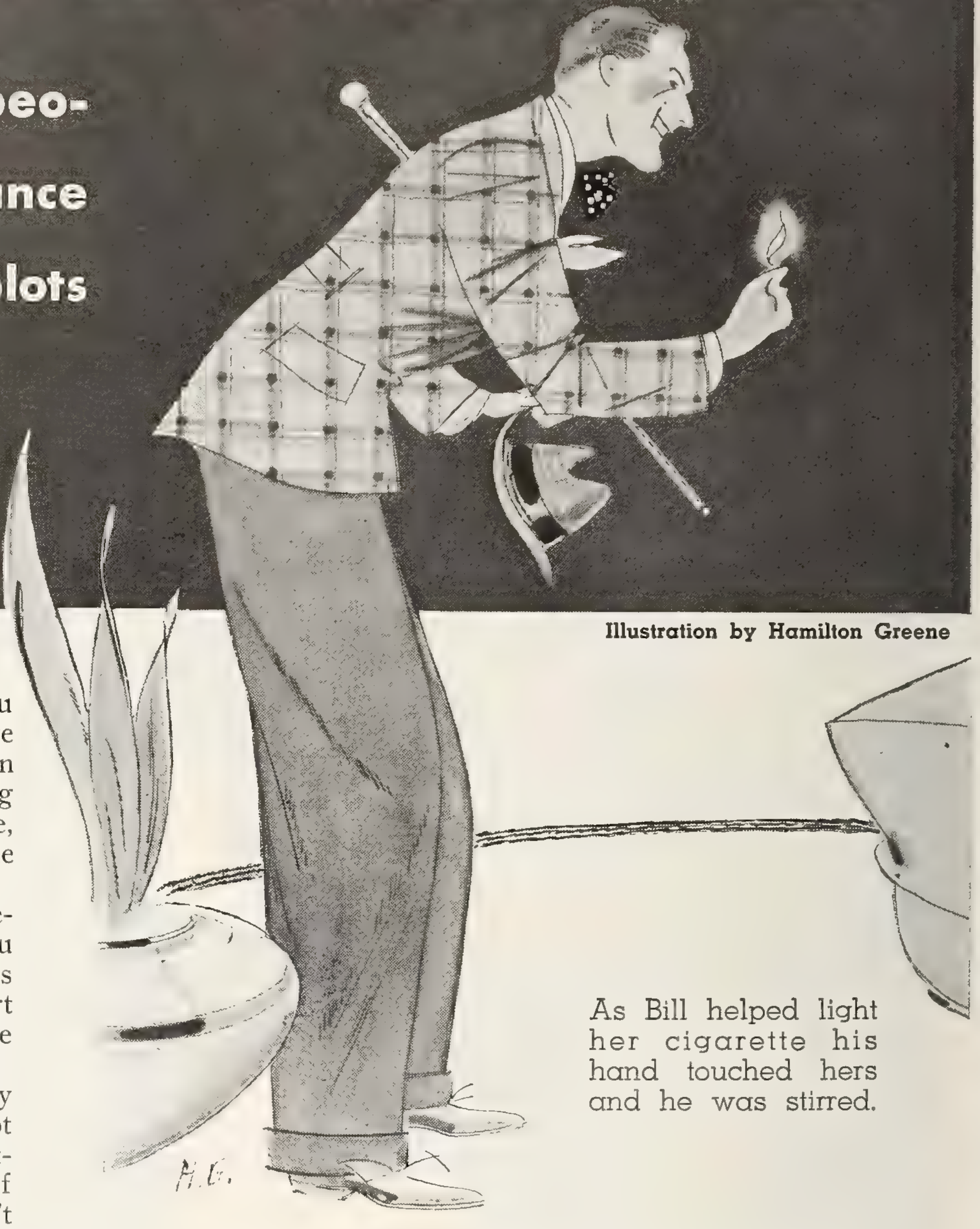


Illustration by Hamilton Greene

As Bill helped light her cigarette his hand touched hers and he was stirred.

IF I were to give you my true name, you wouldn't believe me. You wouldn't believe that the gay, carefree boy you've watched on the screen, the boy whose name goes up in big electric lights over your favorite picture house, hides heartbreak and sorrow behind his wide grin.

I'm supposed to be one of the screen's irresistible young lovers. Perhaps some of you even have said, watching me, "My but he's handsome! My, but his real life sweetheart must be proud of him!" If you have, then the joke is on me.

For the girl I loved in real life has calmly taken my heart and walked all over it. Not wantonly, perhaps, but cruelly and thoughtlessly just the same. She may do it again if I give her the chance. Perhaps you wouldn't believe that, either, for she looks so sweet and gentle on the screen.

Oh, yes, you've all seen her, too. She's a famous star herself. And her name isn't Mary Lee any more than mine is Bill White. But it's the story of Bill and Mary that I'm going to tell you, the years of it that have been hell and heaven and purgatory for me.

It all started four years ago in New York, when we were both nothing but stage-struck kids. In those days, no one had ever heard of either of us, except our own folks in our home towns, and the friends who'd rooted for us at high school plays. We hadn't even heard of one another.

That first season in New York was a pretty drab one for me. A cheap room in the theatrical boarding house. Cafeteria meals. Loneliness. Cooling my heels in managers' offices, day after day. Trying to persuade someone to give an eager boy with no professional training a part—any part—in any kind of play.

I was serving the apprenticeship all troupers must serve. I did get bit parts. But there was nothing glamorous about any of it. I just plodded along. Until, one day, Mary Lee walked into my life. Literally, she walked in. The door of a manager's waiting room opened for a slim blonde girl. From then on, in spite of the sorrow and the heartbreak her coming was to bring me, she seemed to banish drabness from my life forever.

Mary carried glamor with her wherever she went. It did not matter that she was a small-town girl whom no one knew. It did not matter that she did not yet have gorgeous clothes to set off her beauty. She stood out. She had the kind of sparkle that you couldn't have hidden even with a mother hubbard and flat heels.

She walked in and even the hard-boiled receptionist, who could spot newcomers and discourage them faster than anyone I'd ever seen, smiled at her. "Stick around, kid. Even if the boss won't see you today it won't hurt him any to give you the once-over as he goes out. That's the only way to get on in this business." It didn't seem credible. Later, I was to realize things always worked out like that for Mary. People saw her, were charmed, and somehow pushed her upward.

HOW COULD you resist her? When she smiled, it was as if all of youth were smiling at you. Her wide grey eyes seemed to deepen, her curved mouth parted slightly, as if she were hungry for life. As if her white teeth, healthy like a young puppy's, wanted to bite into life and learn its taste.

I thought, as I watched her push open the little railing gate by the receptionist's desk, "I'd give anything to have

a famous movie star

If Cupid tricked you once, would you be willing to give love another chance?

But Mary, accustomed to the quick homage of men, merely said, "Thanks."

her smile like that just for me." But all I could do was sit and stare admiringly. After a while I managed, "Won't you have a cigarette?" And wanted to shout hosannas when she accepted one.

Then, as I bent forward to light it for her, our hands touched. A swift hot current seemed to flow from her to me. I remember how I caught my breath sharply, audibly. I tried to search her eyes. Had she felt it too?

If she had, she gave no sign. I guess she was used, even then, to the instant homage of men. She just said, "A cigarette helps, doesn't it? Thanks." Then, "A gentleman in a theatrical office is quite a novelty."

We laughed. I wished she would go on and on talking to me in that soft Southern voice that was like a caress. I thought of questions to ask her that wouldn't sound impertinent. In the end, though I couldn't really afford it, I was asking her to Sardi's to lunch.

She accepted. She said lightly, "I was just trying to decide whether to have lunch or buy a pair of hose. I guess that settles it." Which gives you a clue to many things about Mary. To her startling frankness. The way she never bothers to camouflage her reasons for doing things.

I must say this for Mary. In all the time I've known her she has never once lied to me about her feelings. Always, her attitude has been, "This is the way I am. Take me or leave me. But don't, for heaven's sake, accuse me of pretending!"

Oh, no, she never pretended! But how many times, in the months that followed, did her frankness wound and torture me! For, of course, I did take her out again. Many times. I pleaded for dates whenever she would see me.

And Mary gave me dates. When other plans fell through, when evenings she had kept open till the last minute remained empty, she would accept my invitations. She did not always keep them. How often that winter did I wait in the lobby of her hotel, an hour, two hours, only to discover that she had stood me up!

Sometimes I even saw her sail past me on the arm of another man! Perhaps you will say that my abject behavior warranted such treatment, that I invited it. But what else could I do? What stand could I take, I who had so little to offer this lovely girl?

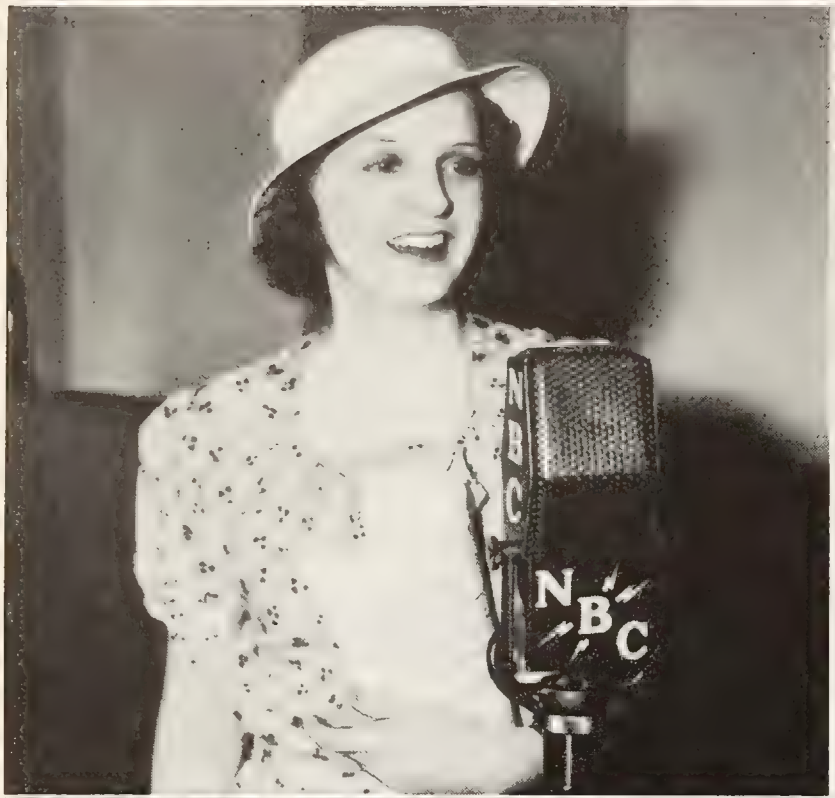
I knew that if I tried to raise a fuss, she would simply say, "Well, Bill, if you don't like it you know what you can do." I knew that to raise a fuss would mean to lose Mary altogether. And I loved her so much I couldn't bear to lose her.

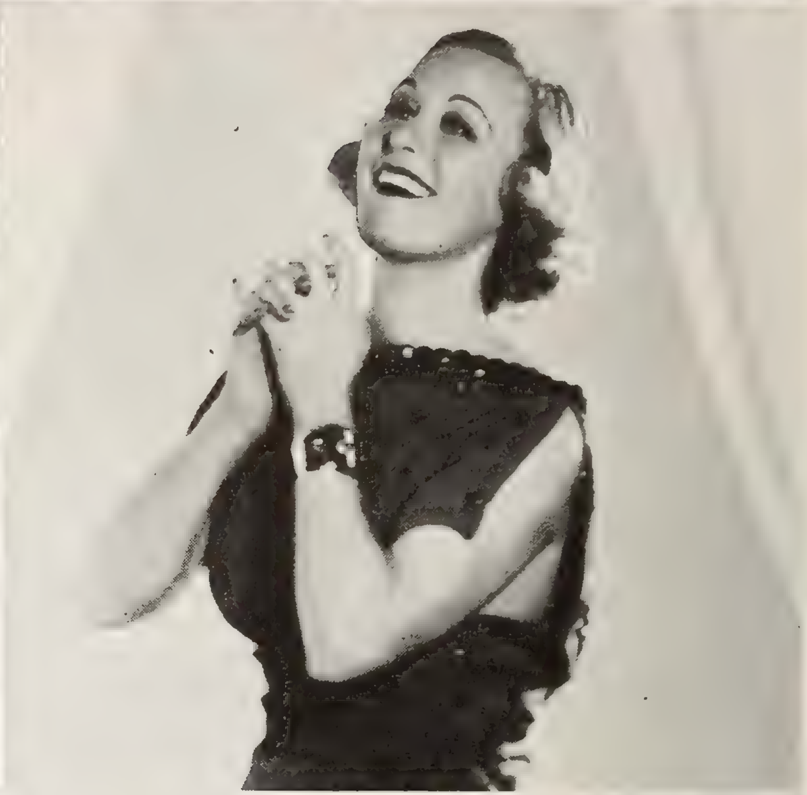
SO I was satisfied with crumbs. Oh, there were times when in my heart I rebelled. I made resolutions. I'd tell myself, "No man should put up with such treatment. Next time I see her I'll tell her we're through."

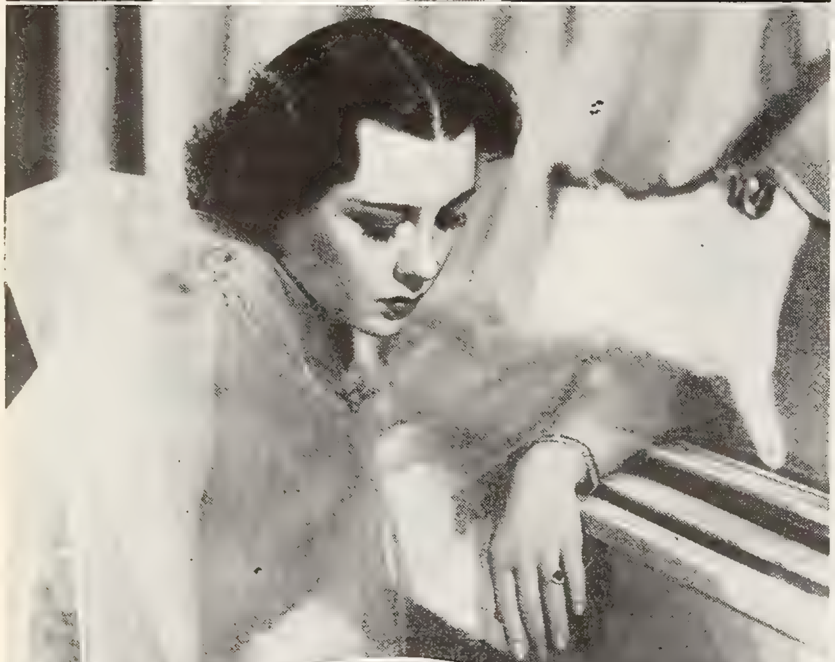
And for a while I really thought I meant it. I'd vow, I will get over this insane passion! Forget her. You could forget anything—anyone—in time. I'd bury myself in work. A man who wanted to get places had no time for women, anyway!

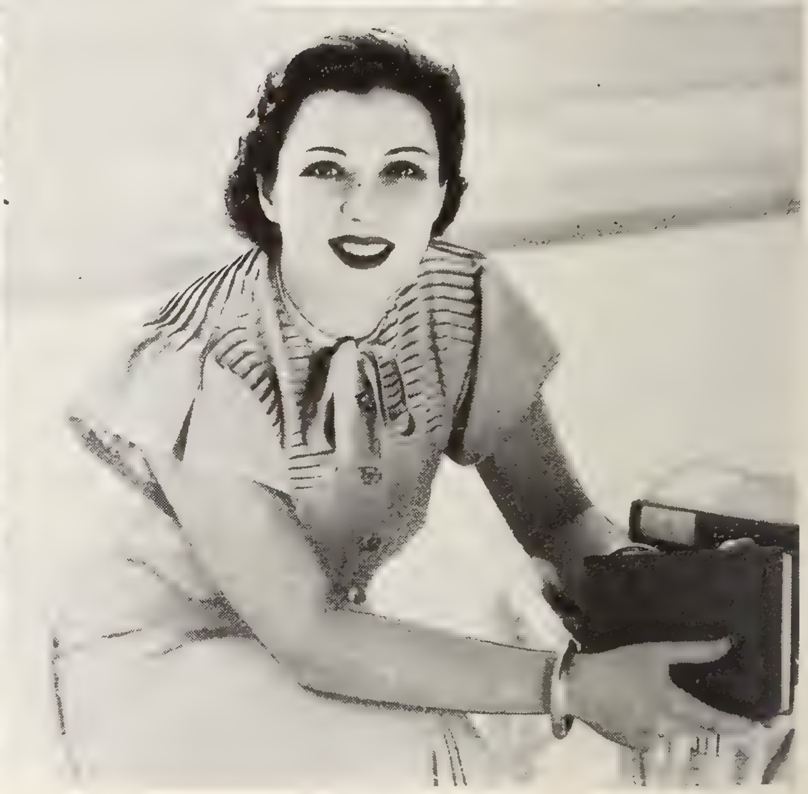
I told myself all this. And then I would see Mary. She would smile at me. She would put her cool slender fingers on my arm. She'd say, (*Continued on page 106*)

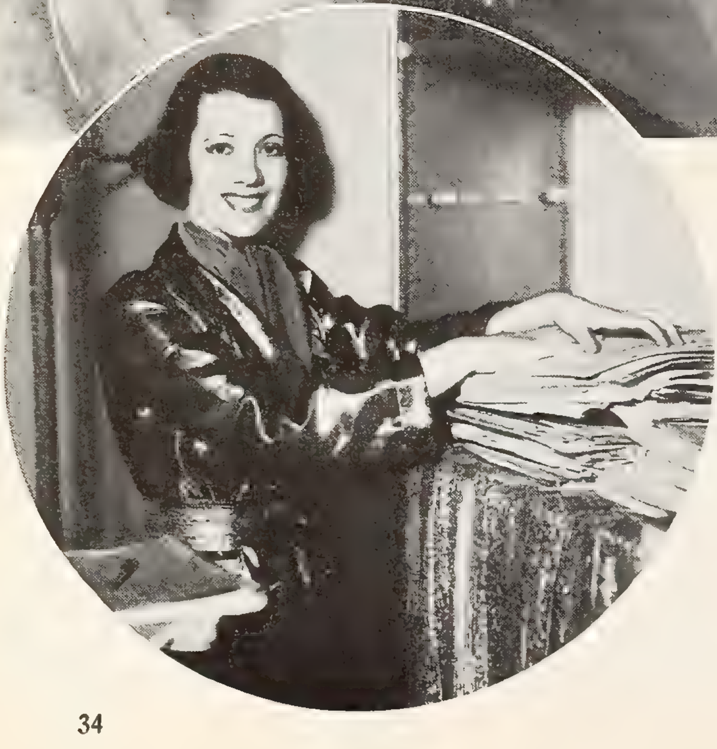
from 'met' to movies











The migration of opera songbirds to Hollywood still goes on, and there will soon have to be a society organized under some such name as "Sisters of the Met!" Five beautiful and talented former stars of the Metropolitan Opera Company are charter members.

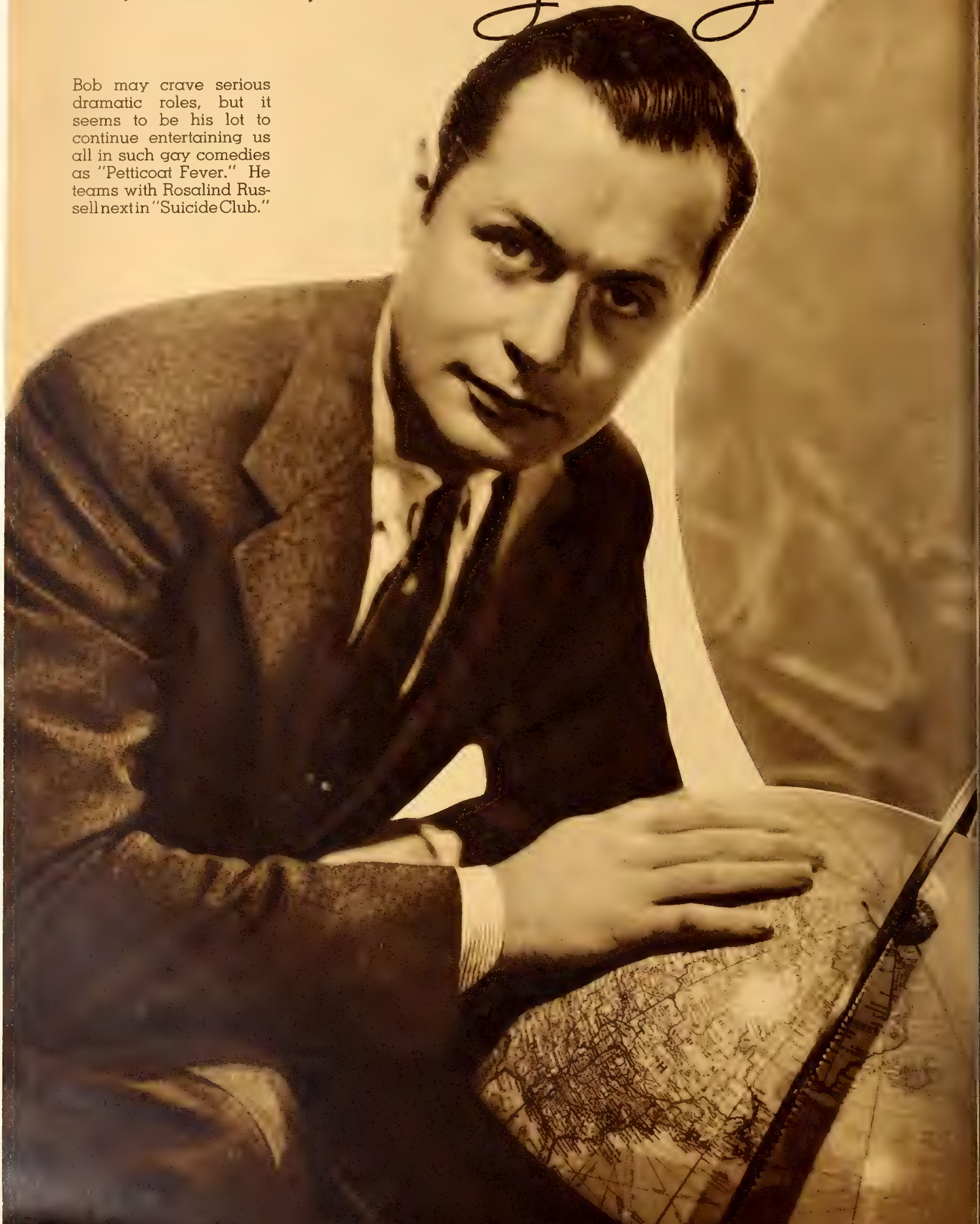
Reading from left to right, above, you see: Marion Talley, who has lost pounds to become the svelte screen type. The lovely Grace Moore has the advantage of beating the others to the screen and having her public all set when the rest were hardly getting their camera angles. Below Marion, comes exciting Gladys Swarthout, returning to the screen with high hopes, after a short absence. Next is Mary Ellis, who has had the poor movie luck of Gladys, but also is a fine actress and singer. And last, Lily Pons, petite and charming with more pictures waiting.

Loretta Young

Everyone is glad to have Loretta back again, looking so well and so radiant. "The Unguarded Hour" proved a happy come-back role for her and now she is busily involved with Bob Taylor in making "Private Number." On its completion, she will do "Ramona," an all-color production. The two spotted gents at her feet are special fans!

Bob Montgomery

Bob may crave serious dramatic roles, but it seems to be his lot to continue entertaining us all in such gay comedies as "Petticoat Fever." He teams with Rosalind Russell next in "Suicide Club."



Fred MacMurray AND Fay Wray

The genial Fred MacM. continues to be tops with his fans and the most sought after young gent by leading gals at his studio. He's doing "A Princess Comes Across" with Carole Lombard. As for Fay, after much junketing back and forth between Hollywood and England, she's landed here long enough to do "Roaming Lady," and sign a contract with Columbia

Johnny Downs, Paulette Goddard

Smiling Mr. Downs, now busy with "The First Baby," is one of Hollywood's promising young chaps. As for Paulette, Charlie Chaplin has big screen plans for her after her swell work in "Modern Times." Paulette, her mother and Charlie have just returned from the Far East.

lowdown on a Lady

Is Irene Dunne just a bit ritzy or merely very lonely —or is she the good scout her intimates claim?

By Dorothy Spensley

IRENE DUNNE has a secret fear. She also has a dimpled chin, light auburn hair, a passion for baked potatoes (why, we'll tell you later), tiny feet, a new Holmby Hills house with four bedrooms, no swimming pool, no tennis court, a weakness for sports clothes, plaid coats, a German shepherd dog (named Colonel) with a sense of humor.

Colonel shares his mistress' sense of humor. Dunne (her middle name is Marie, and we'll bet you didn't know that) will never forget that time in Paris, on her honeymoon, when she ordered "spaghetti with meat sauce." *Garçon* brought her spaghetti, all right, with *mint* sauce! These crazy Americans, he probably thought. "Mint sauce!" giggled Dunne, telling it. "They thought I said 'meent' sauce." And Dunne with all those foreign languages at her disposal.

You don't get through the Chicago Conservatory of Music, in the rigorous training that she took, nor St. Louis' Loretta Academy, without a coating of French, Spanish, and German. What good is voice training if you can't warble in at least four languages?

Another sample of the Dunne humor occurred when her publicity office, with heartfelt wishes, sent her a huge bouquet of flowers to commemorate her birthday. It arrived on July 18th. Her birthday falls on December 20th. Universal Studio's biography sets it at December 8th. The biographers had better get together on our heroine's natal day.

Anyway, her publicity office cornered her and she confessed that her birthday didn't fall on July 18th. They were apologetic. With those qualities of the gentlewoman that set her apart from most Hollywood actresses, Dunne told them the flowers were most suitable. She was soon celebrating a wedding anniversary (which one, she didn't say) and she would save the blossoms for it.

Irene Dunne is a lady, no mistaking it. There are so few *bona fide* ladies in the film profession that she stands out like a beacon. She has good birth in her favor. She is a Kentuckian, and you know the far-famed reputation of the Southern women. When society's Elsa Maxwell, casting around for another front-page story, named Dunne as one of the contemporary world's ten greatest ladies, she merely smiled her short-upper-lipped smile. It was equivalent to the street's "So what?"

"Don't you ever tire of being set forth as an example

One of Irene's greatest joys has been the revival of her stage role in "Show Boat." Here she is with Allan Jones in the screen version.

Left above, Irene returning from a holiday with her husband, Dr. Griffin of New York.

of ladyhood in Hollywood?" we asked, a little wistfully. That day, Dunne was wearing turf green, a soft woolen dress, a modified Homburg hat. It set off her exquisite coloring, her light auburn hair, gray eyes.

"No," she answered, frankly. "There are a lot worse things than being considered a lady by Hollywood."

"What are they?" we countered.

"We won't go into that," she said with a grin.

DESPITE THE overwhelming handicap of being a lady in a town where personality, and not breeding, is of vital importance, Dunne has carved out a pretty niche for herself in films. She has made nineteen or twenty films since her arrival in Hollywood in fatal 1929. At least one-third of them have been box-office record-breakers. Irene's films are steady money-makers. There's something comforting to a studio in a star like that.

Dunne is a strange mixture of extreme femininity and business ability. Until a year ago she was her own business manager. She arranged her own contracts, consulted with producers, dashed about from studio to studio for executive conferences, rejected parts and accepted them. It's a seldom seen picture of Irene Dunne. She quit the role of off-screen business woman only when she realized that she was losing both time and energy in being what her friends told her was "terribly smart."

"It wasn't smartness. I was foolish. But I rather liked the novelty of being able to say that I arranged my own contracts and attended to my own business affairs," she said.

It probably was not only the novelty that appealed to her, but it was an expression of her independence and self-confidence, traits very strong in Irene Dunne, in an utterly feminine way. Besides, she was one of the few actresses in town who did handle (*Continued on page 84*)

how much money

The Dionnes are high-powered wage earners at two years, but they have responsibilities and expenses, even as you and I

Left above, Emilie, Marie, Annette and Yvonne inspect a camera with Nurse Leroux. Cecile has her own fun at a distance! And below, the jolly quintet with Dr. Dafoe.

HOW MUCH money altogether have Yvonne, Annette, Cecile, Emilie and Marie—those dark-eyed Dionnelles whose quintuplet role in "The Country Doctor" netted them fifty thousand dollars?

Ten thousand apiece, yes, that's the sum each of these "get-rich-quick" diminutive beauties received. And for what? Rehearsing, acting, saying lines? Not at all. Simply for each being herself in a thirty-eight minute daily workout—a "playout" it was, really—over the very brief period of six days.

Ten thousand dollars for two hundred and twenty-eight minutes or three and four-fifths hours of playing, laughing, toddling, cutting quintuplet capers, pulling quintuplet antics—easy money that, wasn't it?

Very easy. But these incredible babies who, on May 28th, 1936, celebrated their second birthday, are used to making money easily.

So easily that today their collective fortune, entirely self-earned, has been variously estimated at from two to three hundred thousand dollars, a hundred and twenty thousand of which is said to be invested in Government bonds.

But supposing, conservatively, that the quints' fortune is two, and not three, hundred thousand. That would mean, wouldn't it, that each baby in her own right is worth forty thousand dollars? And forty thousand at six per cent interest—let's do a little more figuring—is two hundred dollars a month, isn't it? An income not to be sneezed at even by grown-ups who start from scratch to earn their own livings.

From their cradles, though, from their incu-

By

Jeanne

d'Albret

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have the quints?

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Quintish antics! Above, the five little rascals line up along the nursery wall. First comes Yvonne, a little weary of it all, then Annette with a rag doll, Emilie singing to a trumpet, Cecile with blocks and Marie bent in a courteous bow to the cameraman! And left, below, with Dr. Dafoe. Can you name them? No? Well, we'll show you up! Far left, Marie, next is Annette with Yvonne in back, Emilie doing a diving act and behind her, Cecile.

bators rather, these amazing, premature babies born of parents who had been very hard hit by the depression, revealed themselves as potential earners as a quintuplet gold mine, if only death didn't claim them. And the struggle they had at first, with the physical odds all stacked against them! What chance had they, frailest of the frail, unless the "survival of the fittest" law could be made non-operable in their case? Only a ghost of a chance, certainly, since no other quints, of whom there was any record, ever had survived. So how could these just-barely-alive French-Canadian quintuplets achieve the impossible?

How? Everybody asked that question.

JUST THE same, the French-Canadian babies, who seem to have a way of springing surprises, aided and abetted by loving and scientific care, astounded a waiting and incredulous world by achieving the impossible. They lived and thus established a quintuplet precedent and made history.

All of which showed right then and there that Yvonne, Annette, Cecile, Emilie and Marie were evidently born to be different. Different from all other quints, even.

But while making quintuplet history and waging that incubator battle against the Grim Reaper, the fragile Dionne demoiselles did another thing.

They won for themselves an enormous and sympathetic public and actually laid the foundation for their fortune. For their public of men, women and children, who anxiously waited for newspaper bulletins and radio reports of the newest "world's wonder," soon wanted to see pictures of the little objects of their sympathy.

So quintuplet pictures there were. Pictures galore, bought and handsomely paid for, thanks to the business acumen of the little ones' guardians, by news and pictorial agencies which in turn sold them to papers, magazines and periodicals everywhere.

The world became quint-conscious and quint fans. Captivated by their bewitching quintuplet likenesses, the public clamored for more pictures and still more. Supply kept pace with demand. Money poured in and it soon became obvious that the "spotlight babies" about whom reams and reams were being written, had struck it rich.

AND THE syndicated pictures, which are still going strong, are only one source of the growing revenue.

Other important sources are, and these are not all-inclusive:

1. Advertising endorsements of certain foods on which the little two-year-olds have thrived and grown healthily and prettily plump, and of nursery supplies in the Dafoe Hospital, home of the babies.
2. Colored quint pictures, framed and unframed.
3. 1936 quintuplet calendars.
4. Quintuplet dolls, purchased by the hundreds of thousands for little girl "quint fans."
5. Newsreel motion picture contracts.
6. And last but far from least, the fifty-thousand-dollar contract for appearance in "The Country Doctor," the feature-length picture in which the starlets made such a hit that their public became even more adoring.

The rave notices the critics gave them, too! Which means, of course, that the quints will play many return engagements.

But getting back to money—since money does talk—how much will this constellation (*Continued on page 70*)

gene, marry ? well-

Raymond answers this much-asked question definitely

MARRIAGE is not for me—yet," said Gene Raymond. "Staying single is the easiest thing I do. The reason being that I want to stay single. It has been said that a man can have anything he wants if he wants it badly enough. Well, I want to stay single badly enough.

"Please," laughed Gene, "please don't get the idea that I'm having a terrible time dodging matrimony. It's not a case of S.R.O. or anything like that. I haven't had to erect any barriers or dig a moat around the old homestead in Beverly Hills. I haven't had to go into seclusion or wear a black beard in order to avert a trip up the smilaxed aisle. Staying single happens to be a passion with me and I haven't had to overcome any violent prejudices against it. Besides, I have defenses against the too-lovely ladies who might well prove devastating to the unarmed."

All of which sounds very discouraging for Dora Cupid. For there are only about three eligible bachelors in all the Hollywoods—Gene, Nelson Eddy, Dick Powell . . . And these three have to "do" all the Janet Gaynors, Jeanette MacDonalds, Betty Furnesses and others in town.

Gene is seen dining and dancing with Janet Gaynor now and again. He is at once reported to be engaged to her. Gene is seen here and there with Jeanette MacDonald. And the press dish up a romance between Gene and Jeanette. Wherever Gene is seen, whomsoever he is with, is good for at least two paragraphs in any man's column. The same is true of Nelson Eddy and Dick Powell. Nothing ever really happens. But you can't blame the press —the drought in bachelors being what it is.

AND IF Gene is to be believed nothing matrimonial will happen, so far as he is concerned, for some time to come. And I believe that he is to be believed. For this young man says what he means and means what he says. His youthful blondness is misleading, for when you sit and talk with him, face to face, you realize that his mouth can become a straight, rather grim line of determination. His blue eyes can become as hard as agates. There is nothing soft, nothing of the parlor esthete about this muscular young man who wants to play Sabatini roles. You have the feeling that while the female of the species may be more deadly than the male, few femmes can be as determined as this male.

"I started on the stage," Gene told me, as we lunched at the Vendome, "at the ripe old age of five. I attended the Children's Professional School. I was on the stage for keeps, because my mother had decided that I 'had talent' and because the stage was where I wanted to be.

(*Continued on page 88*)

By Gladys Hall

Gene Raymond gives you his recipe for staying out of love.

not subject to change

By Franc Dillon

Luise Rainer's shy manner is a grand smoke screen

LUISE RAINER does exactly as she pleases: She isn't troubled with inhibitions, with wondering what people will say, or think, or do. She goes calmly about her business and without being selfish, without hurting anyone else, she gets her own way and manages to make everyone like it, which is art in a big way.

She has violated every rule of the game, as Hollywood plays it, by refusing to go to Hollywood parties or to give them. She is never seen in a Hollywood night club or on parade at an opening night. She has not changed one bit from the shy little Viennese star who arrived here a year ago, although during that time she has become a ranking motion picture favorite on the merits of her work in one picture, "Escapade." Since then she has been awarded two of the most sought after roles of the year—in "The Great Ziegfeld" and "Good Earth." She insists upon remaining a simple, natural person and I don't think any amount of success will ever change her.

"Why should I change?" she asks wonderingly. "I was a star when I came here. I'm no different."

Of course, it would never occur to Hollywood to think that to be a Max Reinhardt star in Europe is just as great an achievement as to be an American motion picture star in Hollywood.

When a new star comes to Hollywood, he or she is immediately put on trial by the newspaper and magazine writers, and it is an accepted fact that the publicity department of the studio is the barometer indicating the star's popularity. If the new star is willing to coöperate with the publicity department, grant interviews frequently and cheerfully, then she is sure to be popular.

But Luise had interview trouble from the very beginning. She emerged from sessions with writers a nervous wreck, on one occasion she stalked out of the room, leaving the writer behind and declaring she would not be asked any more stupid questions.

Ordinarily, when a star refuses to grant interviews to the press, it is just too bad. The star is said to have "gone high hat," to be temperamental and hard to handle. But not Luise. Her limited knowledge of English made it difficult to answer rapidly-fired questions. I became resigned to never seeing her off the screen.

Then, on the set where she was working in "The Good Earth," I "accidentally" met her. I was told if I made her feel comfortable, she might talk. Appar-

Luise with Johnnie whom she declares is, "A Bill Powell among dogs"—and that's tops!

for her amazing independence and individuality

ently I reminded her of an old shoe, for she talked.

Walking across the studio lot with her was as exciting as a Sunday at Coney Island. She asked questions about everything from American politics to the newest dance steps.

Finding her such a friendly little person it was a temptation to interrupt her with some bright question, but the only interruptions in her steady flow of conversation were when she, without stopping for breath or turning her head, sang out in her guttural English: "Coom, Johnnie!"

JOHNNIE, her beady-eyed Scottie, who is her constant companion, followed her haphazardly at a distance of a hundred yards or so. Paying not the slightest attention to her repeated commands, he proceeded to gather the news from post to bush, risking his little neck a dozen times as he zigzagged across the street. He dodged the endless flow of studio traffic and eventually, arrived at Miss Rainer's destination with a look that said plainly enough: "Well, I got here, didn't I?"

Even on the set, where dogs are not allowed, Johnnie is always with his mistress and, although it is a rare occasion that he considers it important to obey her commands, he seems to realize that the sound stage is different. He never makes a sound.

Miss Rainer is a lone wolf among the other players at the studio, yet those who work with her, and her directors, swear by her. Her few friends are principally among the foreign writers, directors, musicians and artists. There is no visiting back and forth in dressing rooms between her and the other feminine stars at the studio.

She has never heard of that old maxim: "When in Rome, do as the Romans do." Her rule is: "When in Hollywood, or any place else, just be Rainer." She doesn't object to Hollywood, she ignores it, and lives in a little world of her own—in Hollywood but not of it.

Because they are truthful and natural and do not try to flatter her, she prefers dogs and children to the picture crowd. Recently, she heard of a party being given by a friend for her small boy and she asked if she might attend. Of all the children, Luise had the best time. She entered into the spirit of the games and when they needed a donkey so they could play the game of pinning on its tail, she offered to draw one for them.

"We can't tell which end to (*Continued on page 75*)

Above, Dick and Marion Davies in costume for "Hearts Divided."

Below, Powell denies he'll marry soon, but he escorts Joan Blondell everywhere.

. . close-up of

I USED to dislike Dick Powell. It wasn't just that I lacked admiration for his acting, and thought him stuffy and shallow and sort of namby-pamby. I disliked him violently. I thought that he was cocky, flippant, insufferably conceited.

But that was before I knew Dick as a personality, as a friend, as a human being. That was before I knew his seeming conceit masked a painful self-consciousness—before I knew the real Dick Powell, you see.

And because I want you to know the real Dick Powell, I'm going to tell you about the incident of my "conversion," as one might call it . . . of how Dick Powell, in one gesture, removed my stubborn prejudices.

It was backstage one Friday evening after a broadcast. Despite my acquaintance with the members of the dramatic cast and orchestra, I was, after all, a non-performer, and I felt as out of place and unwelcome as an autograph hound. I retired to the darkest corner of the stage to remain out of the way until the producer, my host, should be ready to depart for dinner.

Suddenly, a tall figure stood before me and an outstretched arm proffered a drink. The tall figure began to talk, and it talked on and on, but I didn't hear a word. I was too grateful for the company and the loss of my silly sense of conspicuousness to hear a word of Dick Powell's chatting—and too busy wondering at a "conceited" person's doing a thing like that, noticing an insignificant girl's loneliness, being gracious and hospitable. And then I realized that I had misjudged Dick Powell and he wasn't snooty or conceited at all. I decided that he must have suffered loneliness and self-consciousness in his life, too, else he would not have noticed another person's discomfort.

That sort of incident isn't considered news. It has no publicity value. No editor would consider it a story. It isn't dramatic, nor sensational. It wasn't a difficult feat—merely carrying a drink across a stage to a stranger. But it told a lot about the fellow who did it. And it turned my dislike into gratitude.

Since that Friday evening, I've found out lots of things about Dick Powell—from his secretary, from his voice teacher, from the cast and staff of the radio program, from executives and stage hands on the Warner Brothers' lot—and though none of those things may be termed sensational, they're mighty human little anecdotes, and they reveal their subject to be what every showman hopes to be—"regular."

FOR INSTANCE, there's the way he treats his employees. Look at Elmer, his Swedish butler. Elmer wears a perpetual grin, and when I presumed to ask the reason one day, he replied:

"Und vy not—in a house vere dere's alvays much moosic and laughing and no bawlings out?"

And look at his hospitality. I remember one Sunday, when his house was swarming with guests, the mother of one of his carpenters dropped in with a cake of her own baking. She started to retreat shyly, but Dick insisted on presenting his celebrated guests to her, escorting her from one group to another, his arm about her waist, and her son's praises on his lips.

Or watch him on his way to the set in the mornings. Dick is probably the most popular fellow at the studio; he's certainly the most "hello'd"

(*Continued on page 86*)

Dick and Joan Blondell will team up on the screen, too, in "Stage Struck."

dick

In which the highlights of Mr. Powell's character are revealed

By Erma Taylor

Drawing by Jim Kelly

should a woman tell her past?

By Katherine Albert

LIKE a lot of swell things that happen, the way I got this story was an accident. And Gertrude Michael was sort of anxious that I explain about it, because she doesn't want you to get the idea that she sets herself up as a prophetess or a feminine "Voice of Experience" with a Southern accent.

She probably could be both of these things because, down in Talladega, Alabama, where she was born, she used to preach sermons from the pulpit of the church. Little Gertrude, at the age of fourteen, all done up in flowing white chiffon and with an angelic smile, would pinch hit for the minister, when he was on his vacation. Everyone said she was a whizz.

But that's beside the point because Gertrude and I were talking about fan mail. She casually mentioned that, since she plays the worldly, sophisticated, take-life-in-your-hands-and-wring-it-dry sort of woman on the screen, girls are begging her to solve their emotional problems.

She commented on the fact that people often confuse the real personality of a player with her screen characterizations. So women seem to feel that, because she is invariably the "other woman" on the screen, she must be the "other woman" in real life.

"I honestly wish," she told me, "that I had time to sit down and answer every letter. I think that would be grand."

I asked her what the most persistent question was.

"I get a variety of questions," Gertrude went on, "but the problem that seems to trouble the greatest number of girls is that ancient one, 'Should a woman tell her past?' You know what it means—when a girl really falls in love and is going to marry, yet there have been other men in her life—so she wants to know if she

John Boles, who recently appeared in "A Message to Garcia."

John Boles and Gertrude Michael answer this vital question, but they certainly don't seem to agree!

Gertrude Michael's career took a lift with her recent grand work in "Till We Meet Again" with Herbert Marshall.

should be utterly honest with her future husband or let him think he's the first man she's ever loved.

IT WAS then I had the idea of letting her answer that question for everybody right here, not only for the girls who write to her but to all the girls who are confronted with that problem now or will be, perhaps, one day.

So Gertrude, who is one of the most regular, most honest and really swellest gals in Hollywood, pushed her mop of light brown hair off her forehead and settled down into the corner of her big divan before the fire.

"It's a subject on which I do have opinions, a subject about which I feel very keenly." She has a natural, lush sort of enthusiasm that takes your breath away.

"I don't know," she went on, "I may be all wrong, but it certainly seems to me that, if you can't be honest with a man, you shouldn't marry him. If you don't feel, after you've known him for a while, that there's nothing he wouldn't understand, that he wouldn't forgive every mistake you've ever made and that he wouldn't trust you—then, really, is he worthy of your love?

"It's hard for a woman to lay her heart wide open to the man she loves. It's much easier, right at the beginning, not to tell, because the telling is so difficult, because it takes so much courage.

"But difficult as it is—tell him everything. Nothing built on a lie is good. And *not* telling is just as much a lie as actually inventing a fabrication. It's a tough assignment, but it will make life so much easier later on.

"Here's how it works—both ways. If you are not perfectly honest, if you just let things slide along, it may seem as if you are getting along fine and everything is okay. Then an old beau happens to be passing through your town. Maybe out of curiosity to see what sort of man you've married, maybe out of spite or maybe just to make a friendly gesture, he rings you up and wants to drop around to see you and your new husband.

"Well, how are you going to explain that? You can toss it off with, 'An old friend, dear.' But if it's as casual as all that, how come you haven't mentioned his name before? And when he does arrive, aren't you going to be most unnatural? Aren't you going to be terribly afraid that he'll say some innocent thing to give your husband a more intimate picture than just the words 'an old friend' paint?

"So immediately you've built up a situation which is going to be difficult to clear up after he's gone. You've started something that may wreck all the happiness you thought you had.

"If you aren't honest, you live in fear every minute. An enemy of yours may feel it her 'duty' to gossip about you. That puts your husband in an ambiguous sort of position. What is he to say? Rise to your defense, of course, so heatedly that he gets himself laughed at behind his back. But if he's in on the 'secret,' too, *he* can laugh it off. He can stop the gossip by showing her that you and he have a perfect understanding.

"It's playing fair with a *(Continued on page 82)*

Clever and interesting, Myrna Loy could keep a home running and maintain professional work, too, but . . .

Rosalind Russell stays free of all but the most casual friendships, so marriage seems a long way off.

THE LONELY ladies of Hollywood! The lovely lonely ladies of Hollywood—wealthy and famous, alluring and glamorous, garbed in exquisite creations and costly tailoring, decked with jewels and wrapped in furs. Their homes built from custom-made blueprints, the furnishings bearing the expensive touch of the interior decorator, the very food they eat prepared by superior culinary artists from hand-picked groceries. So many of these ladies are living mateless and alone—childless, loveless, spinster lives. Or else they are wasting their emotional substance on flirtations with this man and that, on gossiped-about intrigues with Mr. Doaks and Mr. Who'sthis, and nothing ever comes of it except more gossip, until people begin to say, "She's not so young as she used to be. She'd better make up her mind."

Perhaps you say, "So what? They've got everything else. If they remain single, it must be from choice." Perhaps you're right. But, as a one-time happy, one-time warrior puts it, "Let's look at the records."

The Hollywood old maid is different from the stock old maid of fiction and the familiar character in the joke books who is always looking under the bed for her man. As stated before, the Hollywood old maid is beautiful and desirable in every way. And, furthermore, she may have been married at one time and been divorced, for the Hollywood girl often gets married as casually as the small town girl gets engaged. There's a rush of young love to the heart, the moon is very yellow and there's music somewhere in the distance, and the small town girl accepts the young man's proposal, his ring or his fraternity pin, and they're engaged for a week, when they quarrel and break it off. The Hollywood girl also succumbs to the sweet intoxication of the moon and the music, only she runs off to Yuma or somewhere and marries her beau. And in a week—or a month or less than a year—they, too, have a fight, but they must get a divorce. Certainly not as simple as giving back a frat pin and not as harmless a way of getting through emotional growing pains, but that's Hollywood.

Heading the list of Hollywood spinsters is Greta Garbo, who hasn't even one divorce to (*Continued on page 78*)

hollywood's

Garbo has been in love several times and on the verge of marriage twice, but she's still "Miss" Garbo.

Jeanette MacDonald seems to favor long engagements.

Why are these stars, desirable in every way, unmarried?

By Mary Mayes

old maids

Below, Josephine and Pat O'Brien in "I Married a Doctor." Right, Anita Louise, James Townsend, Jo's husband, and the star, herself.

UNLIKE THE literarily famous Lorelei Lee, Fate didn't keep on happening to Josephine Hutchinson. Josephine took that gentleman by the collar and gently but firmly shoved him in the general direction for which she was headed. For, though this little lady is distinctly of the dainty, ultra-feminine type, her fragility definitely ends with her body. The Hutchinson mind is something else again—something determined to "get there" no matter how rocky the road or thorny the path.

While Miss Hutchinson was not literally born in a theatre trunk, her cradle was soon parked in a dressing-room. Several of them for that matter, in rapid succession, her temporary tenancy wholly depending upon the successful or otherwise at-the-moment theatrical engagement of her mother. Jo's mother is Leona Roberts and your mother, if she's been a theatre-goer for the last twenty years, is going to know her well.

"It's those early days," declares the late graduate of New York's Civic Repertory Theatre, "or rather the tender references to them, that makes me smile. *Why* they are constantly referred to as the 'good old days' is, to me, one of the major mysteries. Gas-lit dressing-rooms, dank theatres, salary merely the optimistic speculation of a player—well, I *could* go on! Isn't it strange how present day stars love to crawl into an armchair and reminisce about 'em? It's the distance that blurs the disappointments and summons a rosy glow."

Miss H. is red-headed and fragile looking — but what determination!

Josephine Hutchinson looks the fragile softie, but in reality—well, you'll be surprised!

a mind of her own

BY CAROLINE S. HOYT

And so, Miss Hutchinson, who made her greatest stage strides in "Peter Pan" and "Alice in Wonderland," isn't living in any world of fantasy *after* the curtain goes down. She is far too practical for that. Her career was cut out for her and her mother designed the pattern, years ago when she was six. She went to dancing school and studied music, not in the mode of other little girls, but as a definite stepping stone to a later theatrical career. She wasn't *asked* if she wanted to become an actress. She was told that she would be one. And it's fortunate that acting is the thing she would rather do than anything else in the world. If it were not, our guess is that when she became old enough to protest, she'd have cried out in favor of bookkeeping or manicuring or anything else that struck her fancy or ambition.

"Even the money evolved from movie-making," she says, "does not interest me particularly. I say 'even the money' because *that* to many people means a great deal. Have you ever noticed that some stars say that when they reach a certain monetary mark, they'll stop and do the things they really want to do? Well, when they reach that goal, they just sort of raise the ante and keep going. I'm going to make myself the exception that proves this rule. When I reach my goal—and it isn't a large one—I'm going to stop. I'll never stop acting, of course. I couldn't be happy without work, for I've always worked, but I'm going to do the plays I like and try to write a little and have the most marvelous garden in the world—I know that may sound a bit on the saccharine side—but I am mad about flowers—and well just sorta live in general."

PERHAPS Josephine Hutchinson will actually stick to her resolution, for she is the girl with the four-picture-a-year contract. She would rather let the public see too little of her than too much. She realizes how easily we humans may become sated even with our idols. You've heard about the fickleness that Fame courts? So have we. So has Miss Hutchinson, and she has given the rumor an awful lot of serious thought.

Her "little girl" look is strongly belied by an almost masculine point of view. Her thinking is clear cut. There is nothing of the emotionally hysterical about her. She arrives at a decision after mentally debating both sides of the question, but when her mind is finally made up, she and the Rock of Gibraltar have at least one thing in common. Firmness.

Josephine doesn't go around calling the movies a fool-proof game. She knows what the producer is up against, what the director is forced to "take," how hard life can be for an agent. In fact, she has a thorough groundwork in the business as well as artistic end of acting.

"Jimmy Townsend's my husband. You knew that?" she asked. "He is one of the best players' representatives in the business and I occasionally hear of some of the ups and downs along that line from (*Continued on page 77*)

. . gary rescues a

Believe it or not, the age of chivalry is still upon us—with

A FORLORN young man in evening dress, hat parked back over hair that was straggling into his eyes, sat on a cracker box at the draftiest end of a Columbia Studio set. Outside was a steady drench of cold rain; inside, a pouring down of fog that smelled like rosin and choked just enough to remind one of the real McCoy, London version. It was ten o'clock on a dismal Saturday morning.

When asked what he was doing there, he took off his hat, scratched his head—you've seen the identical gesture dozens of times in his pictures—and murmured half under his breath, "I'm hanging around to see how they make pictures."

He was being sly, but his jesting words were unconsciously reminiscent. Exactly ten years ago, that same young man had hung around Hollywood for months with the forlorn hope that his presence might some day be noticed. But he hadn't even had a tumble from Central Casting. One drizzly noon, he walked disconsolately down Sunset Boulevard, and having no better place to stop for his lunch, ate it behind a billboard very near the set where he was now playing the title role in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town." A battered paper bag held the lunch—one solitary and generously rain-moistened bun!

"And what are you doing here?" asked this forlorn-looking young man, eyeing my notebook with suspicion.

"I've come to talk to you," I ventured not too hope-

Gary and Jean Arthur in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" and, left, with his lovely wife, Sandra.

damsel in distress

the handsome Cooper featured as a modern Knight Gallant

fully, recalling that he was reputed to be long on silence and short on interviews!

"That's a tough assignment," he answered cautiously as we walked down the street and hesitated under a street lamp.

LET'S SEE," he said and hooked his finger around his nose, another gesture you're bound to recognize, "when a man meets a strange woman under a street lamp at ten in the morning, what does he talk about?" He looked down at his starched evening shirt front, somewhat abashed.

"Two studs missing," he sighed. "That's what always happens when 'Cracker' isn't around to find them for me." Cracker Henderson is Gary's indispensable "Man Friday."

"I mean," he corrected, "that's what usually happens when a man finds himself in evening clothes at this hour of the morning. Well?" He looked appealingly.

"I'm a damsel in distress," I ventured, once again recalling that Longfellow Deeds, the small-town millionaire whom Gary was impersonating, had a complex about rescuing damsels in distress. And Gary had mentioned to someone that this screen character came closer to resembling his own than any other role he had ever played.

"A maiden in distress?" he repeated. Gary hesitated. "Let's have lunch," he countered. And five minutes later we were having it at a wall table.

Gary ordered chicken wings creole. "Because," he remarked ruefully, "they'll probably have a good time flying around the ball of sulphur fog that's lying in state at the top of my stomach.

"Every time I hear the phrase, 'a maiden in distress,' it recalls an incident in my childhood. It's a story I've never told before. Can you bear it?" Gary grinned.

IT HAPPENED in my 'way back' school days in Helena, Montana. The girls' gym class was having an exhibition. You know, something between Swedish dumbell swinging and a Busby Berkeley routine. It was a big event. The whole school and all the fond parents were invited. The girls wore black balloon bloomers that ended below their *(Continued on page 74)*

If you saw Gary in "Desire," you know about his guitar.

By Hilary Lynn

in the bad old summer

WELL, CHILDREN, you have been working with Mama for a little over a year now. I've received letters from many of you, telling me that you are accomplishing, or have accomplished, results. Some of you have taken off the desired number of extra pounds. Others have worked off the spare tires, the pincushions on the hips, the extra chins. Many of you too-thin girls have built yourselves up to firm, rounded loveliness. And I'm tickled to death about it all.

But . . . heheheh! You just knew there was a "but" coming, didn't you? But—now comes that season of the year when a disease called "let-down-itis" attacks us all. The purpose of this article is to tell you how to keep from catching that disease and to prevent you from undoing all the good work you've accomplished.

Out in Hollywood, the land of sunshine and beautiful blondes, business has always boomed in the fall. Why? Because all the little cuties come a-running to me with such wails as: "Look at the weight I've put on! And I've been swimming every day, too." Or, "My skin is terrible—and my hair, oh!" The ones who had the sad tendency to put on weight would be fatter and vice versa.

It's the same all over the land. There are nice things about summer, like vacations and moonlight nights and the new man you meet at the country club. But when the thermometer goes up, the will power goes down and there are, besides, a hundred and one pitfalls which summer puts in the way of health and beauty.

WHERE ARE you going to be this summer? What are you going to be doing? Staying home, except for a month, maybe, at the beach or some other vacation spot? Travelling about? Visiting? Or must you work in an office, with only the allotted two weeks' vacation? You'll all have your problems, according to your hot weather plans. Decide upon a sensible routine to follow, as to diet and exercise, and stick to it as faithfully as possible. I know that, if you're visiting, you can't upset the household with demands for this and that. But, if you're trying to lose weight, you can

"Do's and don't's" to keep your complexion and figure lovely when Old Sol smiles

By Madame Sylvia

There is nothing the Hollywood gals don't know about care of the skin, hair and figure in summer. Left, Dolores Del Rio and Anita Louise, tennis advocates. Next, the sylph-like Betty Furness and Gladys Swarthout, who says, if you want body grace, swim.

time . .

Sylvia, Beauty Critic for Modern Screen, whose advice has helped the stars and readers alike.

Left, note the beret protecting June Travis' tresses. Next, golfers Wynne Gibson and Arline Judge.

Paula Stone has perfect rhythm and coördination, and so can you, too.

avoid sauces and olive oil dressings and pass up the gooey desserts, can't you? If you are taking an automobile trip, it may be hard to find a meal that would win Sylvia's okay, but you can avoid foods which are wrong for you; you can buy fresh fruit and eat that; you can order soup and a salad rather than some mixed-up mess that looks so fetching on the bill of fare.

That's rule number one: eat regularly and as sanely as you can. Rule number two: keep up your exercises. Swimming and other sports are loads of fun, but they are not substitutes for corrective exercises.

And here are a few things which I most certainly do not want you to do:

1. Don't fall into the common idea that haphazard sandwiches, washed down with too much cold liquid, are sufficient for summer lunches. Don't go without any lunch at all—that's worse. If you're reducing and obeying my orders—one liquid meal a day—lunch is a fine time to take that liquid nourishment. A bowl of soup, without crackers, please, if you're "thinning." A large beaker of tomato juice. Further along in this article, I'm giving you some hints about summer dishes which are delicious to eat, simple to prepare and darn good for you.

2. Avoid the alleged thirst-quenchers — beer, the various "ades," the soda pop and such. Once in a while, when social necessity makes it more pleasant to go in for these things, it's all right. But don't make a habit of them. If you want a cooling, thirst-quenching drink which isn't fattening, which won't insult your innards and make you swell up like a poisoned pup, try this: fill a tall glass with cracked ice, pour in a cup full of fresh raspberry juice, add the juice of half a lemon, stir thoroughly, and sip slowly. This really does relieve thirst, and is a "pep-er-up-er."

3. Beware of alcoholic stimulants. Of course, if you're reducing, they're out entirely. The rest of you, use your gumption in this matter. People have a notion that "a long tall drink" is just the thing on a hot summer day. Where the idea started that any kind of alcoholic drink could possibly be cooling, I don't know. Alcoholic drinks are, in one brief, dignified *(Continued on page 96)*

it's not an act

By Ruth Rankin

A new portrait of Lederer as he appears in "One Rainy Afternoon."

Francis Lederer's case is unusual, which is why he is misunderstood in a town that demands the unusual

FRANCIS LEDERER is truly a surprising young man. Latins, especially Latin actors, are supposed to be dreamy, velvet-eyed, patent-haired romantics with a guitar concealed somewhere about their persons. Isn't that the idea you had? When they run close to the American standard, they add perfume by the gallon and practically every moment in their life is a build-up for the big boudoir scene.

Well, Lederer's native Czecho-Slovakia is certainly a Latin country, but he is not like that at all. He makes you think of the Irish, honestly. Maybe there was an Irish invasion of Czecho-Slovakia years and years ago—haven't time to look it up. If there wasn't, I hope they don't sue. Anyway, Francis (bet nobody ever called him Frankie to his face) is a lot like Jimmy Cagney! All right, all right, now wait a minute. I don't mean they look alike. I mean they are alike in thought and action. They have a remarkable quality in common. The quality is altruism.

The altruistic trait is, unfortunately, not the dominant trait actuating Hollywood. A regard for, and an unselfish devotion to the interests of others does not greet you on every corner, any more than it does in other towns. So when you run into it, the collision is apt to be distinctly memorable.

The idea is so new in our little village where everyone is insulated snugly in the cocoon of his own personal career, that it is even regarded with a tinge of suspicion! "What's the matter with the guy? World Peace and all that stuff? What business is it of his?"

To talk three hours with a celebrated actor, matinee idol and picture charmer, who is so concerned with the welfare of the rest of the world that he doesn't even put in a plug for his next picture, is a very startling experience. That, alone, would make him the Hollywood enigma-man. The name of the picture, by the way, is "One Rainy Afternoon," but he didn't tell me. Those things just get around.

HOLLYWOOD has found him "strange" because he doesn't conform. If you have a weakness for non-conformists, you ought to be crazy about Lederer. And you'll find yourself in a large company. As the world gets farther and farther away from the acceptance of ready-made opinion, the more it warms to the Lederers—and the Cagneys.

Lederer doesn't dart around in a pair of dark glasses and a self-conscious stride. Francis saunters down the street as if he lived in the place and liked it, and wanted to know what was going on in it and what people think. He stops at the corner and converses with a newsboy. Dropping in a soda fountain, he discusses things with the attendant. Up the street, he finds an old man or woman sunning on a bench. He sits down and draws them into a conversation. He has an open mind; he wants to know what people think and he likes to exchange ideas with them. Actors, as a class, generally do all their exchanging among each other. The man who goes outside the charmed circle to get a new idea now and then is, naturally, the conspicuous departure from the rule.

Lederer says any community (*Continued on page 80*)

luck smiles on ann

By Karen Hollis

WE CLIMBED into a taxi and there on the floor was a bright, new penny.

"Take it," said Ann Sothern. "It will bring you luck."

"But don't *you* want luck?" I asked aghast.

"Don't *you* think I have had enough for a while?"

And before I could hoot at her sly trick of answering a question with a question, she added quite earnestly, "Give me time to outgrow the opportunities I have already. When I need luck again, if I need it again, you can hand over the lucky piece."

I recalled then the remark she had made so positively a few minutes before as we were leaving the matinee where we had seen Helen Hayes in "Victoria Regina."

"She gets great parts to play because everyone recognizes that she is capable of playing them. It wouldn't be good for any other actress to be given that part. It would be a calamity. Anyone with less skill, understanding, and experience than Helen Hayes would have played Victoria just as a domineering, disagreeable, plain old woman. But Hayes carried you right along with her—she made you feel that the course Victoria was taking was the only one she could take. And you can't fail to be moved by a person you know as well as Hayes makes you know Victoria."

And that, incidentally, is one of the few times I have heard Ann Sothern speak with any vehemence. She is arch-mistress of pleasant, casual, and brief conversation. A tranquil, luxurious cat purring on the hearth. A girl who makes long silences amiable and friendly and natural.

"Don't you think I have been lucky?" Her flexible voice slips down to a blues-song tone when she abandons polite pleasantries.

WE AGREED that she had been. It was lucky that Sam Briskin, a producer who has great faith in her future, moved from Columbia to RKO-Radio just when her Columbia contract was expiring. She is with RKO now and a girl always gets better breaks away from the studio where she started. It was pure luck that she happened to go to a party one night back in 1929 where the late Florenz Ziegfeld was one of the guests. He watched her singing and dancing, holding the attention of a crowd of blasé professionals, and offered her a contract to come to New York and play second lead in "Smiles" with the late Marilyn Miller and a nice young dancer named Fred Astaire.

She hadn't wanted to go to that party. She was feeling blue as a month of rainy Mondays. Coming down from Seattle, where she had been attending the University of Washington, to visit her mother who was giving vocal lessons in Hollywood, she had been put (*Continued on page 93*)

But this Sothern girl isn't banking on the breaks

And the

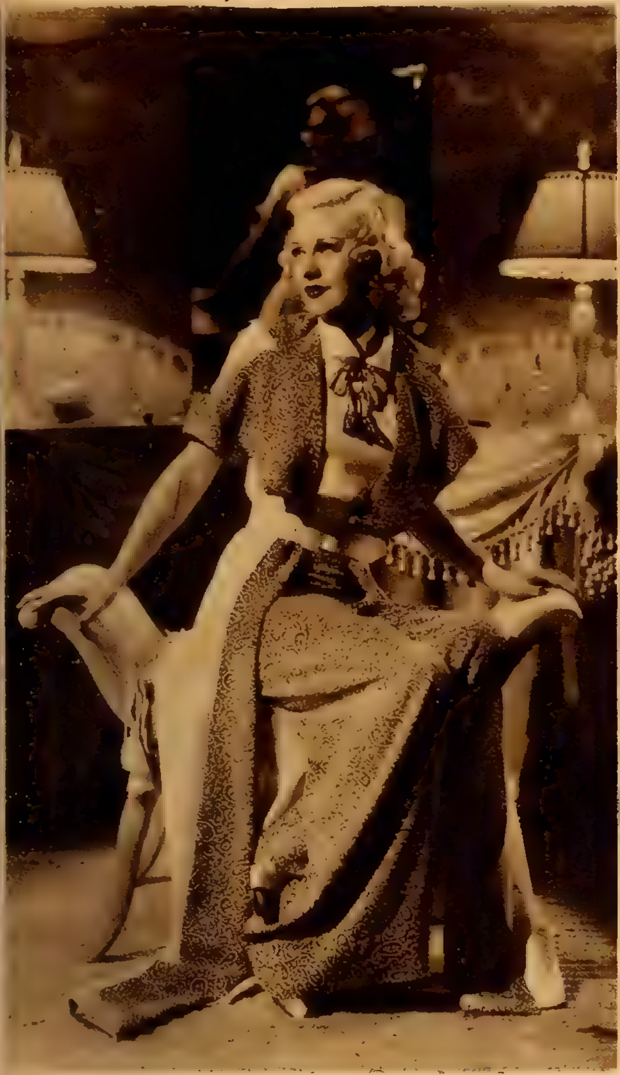
Left and above, two views of a smart costume of Ginger's. A fitted natural linen jacket tops a charming linen lace dress of the same shade. Cute violet trimmed hat and jabot.

Decoration by Hamilton Greene

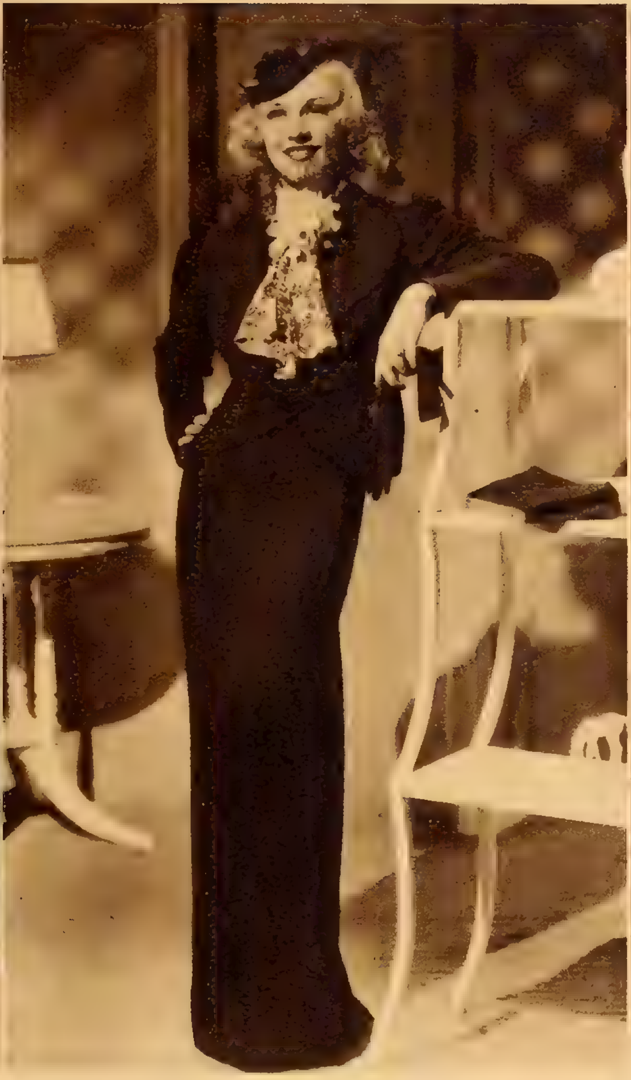
by Adelia Bird

Ginger Rogers talks about weddings and selects new clothes

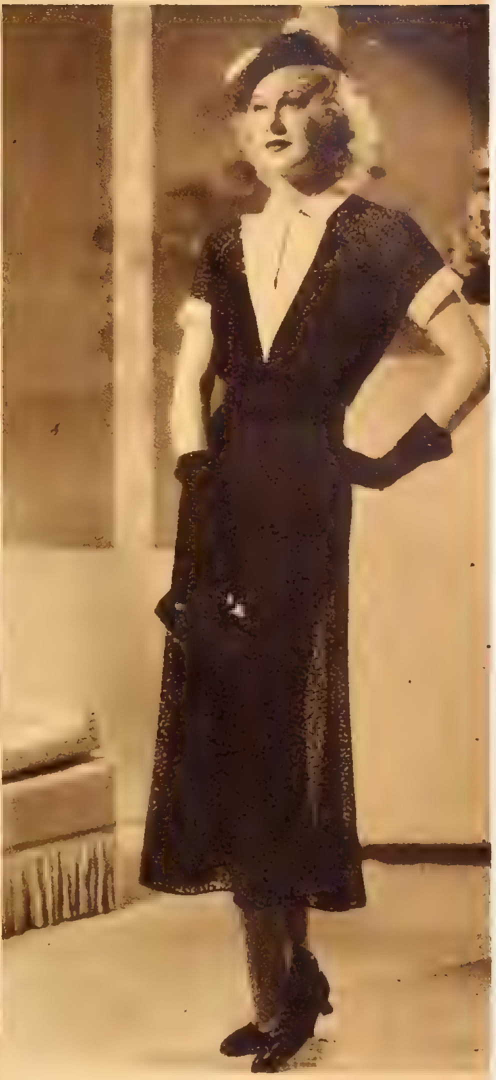
Bride Wore . . .



Grand pajama suit for a bride is this one of Ginger's in white crepe and a paisley printed silk. The full length coat with wide lapels and revers of the print is new.



And for informal evenings, Ginger picks a dinner suit of sheerest blue wool. A gay print blouse is topped by a fitted but feminized jacket. You will like a shorter skirt.



And a cocktail dress in afternoon length of black silk lace. Tailored yet feminine looking, it has collar, revers and cuffs of white pique. Patent leather accessories.

WHEN YOU want really practical dope on weddings, go to a bride of a year or so before! She's the one who is an expert on fashion matters matrimonial. Her trousseau and wedding tips are no guesswork, they are based on actual experience and practical application.

And that's how we come to Ginger Rogers Ayres. Ginger was on a buying spree in New York, recently, before starting work on "Never Gonna Dance." I called her up for a date to talk clothes. She said that she was having a fitting that afternoon on some new things that she had selected and why wouldn't I come up to chat with her there? I said why not?

So, that afternoon, I hied myself up to one of the swankier shops on upper Fifth Avenue to meet Miss R., as planned. Somehow nothing seems to set the sales force of a shop in quite such a dither as does a Hollywood customer. Everyone was racing in and out of the fitting room with clothes flung over their arms. Ginger hardly would pull herself out of one dress before someone would hand her two more. In the center of all this hullabaloo sat Ginger's mother and I, while Ginger whirled like a dervish in the center of the room, trying to see all angles of her slim form in the hectic procession of clothes.

I swear I don't see yet how she decided upon what she wanted. I had to keep my pencil firmly to a notebook in order to keep track of what she bought and what she rejected. The pictures she sent to me of her final choices made this whole story a lot simpler, I assure you.

Despite all this, Ginger and I managed a very helpful conversation. It went something like this:

"From your own wedding and trousseau, could you give some good sound tips as to what you think important?" I queried.

"Plenty," came briefly through a sleeve which, at that moment, was stalled over her mouth.

"How about breaking down?" I went on.

"Well, no girl needs a trousseau large enough to start a dress shop on," Ginger answered, peering in the mirror at the reflection of a lovely gray and brown evening gown. "What she needs is a well-rounded wardrobe, designed

for her personal wardrobe that have grand tips for brides!

Left to right, Pat Patterson wears a lovely mauve lace dress which would be perfect for a bridesmaid, even to the flowers pinned into the hair at front. And next to her you see the youthful wedding gown which Shirley Deane wears in "The First Baby." The tulle veil is young looking as is the charming ivory taffeta dress. And below, Anita Louise in a grand bridesmaid's hat of fine straw with veil and flowers.

to give her smartness without a too confusing and expensive array of costumes. I had such an informal honeymoon, what there was of it, that I can't elaborate on what I took away with me. I blush to think of Lew's and my most unconventional going-away outfits! Mine consisted of slacks, not very new, an old shirt, a leather jacket and a battered felt hat. Lew looked just as bad. And worse yet, we rattled off into the desert in an ancient car with our dog riding high on our camping equipment!

"Ours is an extreme example but if a girl is going to have a casual sort of wedding trip, she should prepare for it with old clothes, not elegant new ones that will look like old duds when she returns to civilization. If, however, she is going on a trip to some smart resort or some place that requires a frequent change of clothes, she should plan ahead for it. In general, I would say the following costumes would be right for any trip, almost anywhere. And they'll be perfect for her first year of married life, afterwards.

"First, a going-away suit. I like a tailored type with a very feminine blouse trimmed with, perhaps a lacy jabot or something. And a soft, feminine hat, like the cute flower-trimmed ones of this season. Then she should have one dinner suit, like this one which I am trying on now."

THE dinner suit is the one which you can see on page 65. Of sheerest wool in navy blue, it has a long narrow skirt with a very high waistline. The flower print blouse in navy, red and white, has "gay nineties" sleeves and a jabot front detail. Ginger asked the fitter to stiffen the shoulders with taffeta because she likes them to look "nice and broad." She can stand this extra square breadth, where a shorter and less slender girl would have to shun it. Over the skirt and blouse goes a short, fitted jacket of the wool. The lapels are wide and the shoulders are emphasized by more detailing. A tiny hat with a long veil tops this.

"Besides a dinner suit," Ginger continued, as she tried on another costume, "your bride should have a cocktail dress. This one I am buying is the sort I like because its shorter length makes it usable as an afternoon dress, too."

This dress is the simple, almost severely tailored black silk lace model on page 65. One-piece with a flared skirt, it is posed over a taffeta slip. The youthful collar, tailored jabot and cuffs on the short sleeves are of starched white pique. Two small pockets on the skirt can hardly be seen in the picture. A black patent leather belt is matched up with a bag and pumps.

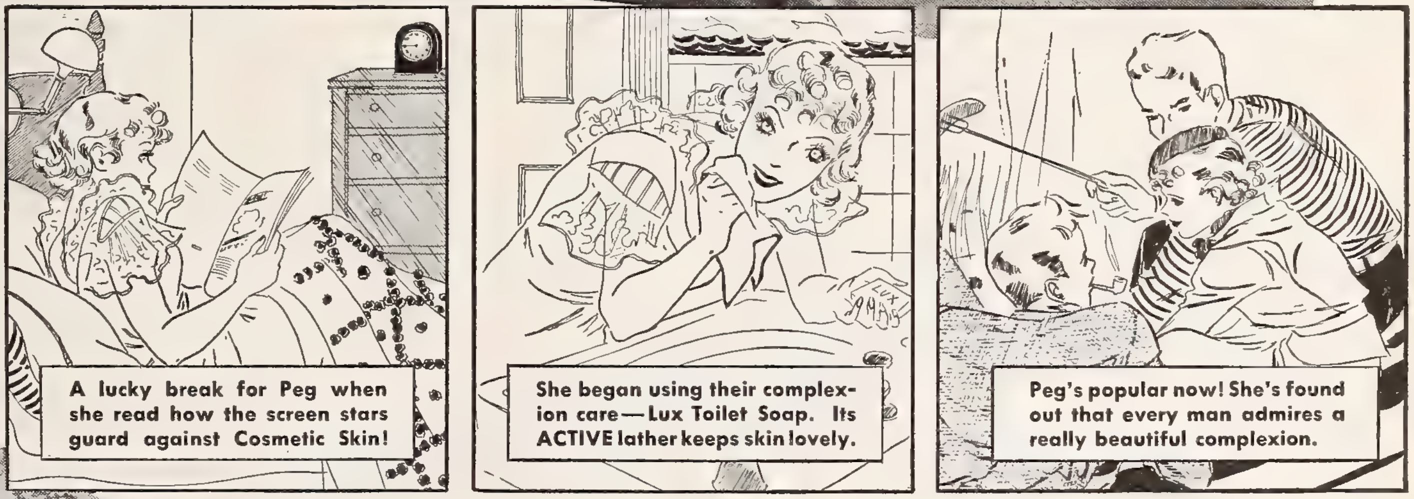
Another lace dress, suitable for either afternoon or for cocktail wear, is the one on page 64. This, I think, was Ginger's pet of all the clothes she bought. It has that young dashing air she likes in both her personal and screen clothes. The dress is (*Continued on page 90*)

Here's JOAN BLONDELL caring for a million-dollar skin

My beauty care keeps skin soft and clear... guards against Cosmetic Skin

STAR OF WARNER BROTHERS' "COLLEEN"

Here's a girl like YOU who's learned Joan Blondell's beauty secret


A lucky break for Peg when she read how the screen stars guard against Cosmetic Skin!
She began using their complexion care—Lux Toilet Soap. Its ACTIVE lather keeps skin lovely.
Peg's popular now! She's found out that every man admires a really beautiful complexion.

LUX
LUX TOILET SOAP

Use cosmetics all you wish but don't risk Cosmetic Skin

IT'S foolish for any girl to risk the tiny blemishes and enlarged pores that mean Cosmetic Skin!

Guard against this danger with Lux Toilet Soap. Its ACTIVE lather removes *thoroughly* every trace of dust, dirt, stale powder and rouge. Don't take chances with dangerous *choked* pores! Cosmetic Skin develops *gradually*. To *protect* your skin, follow this simple rule:

Before you put on fresh make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed, use pure, white Lux Toilet Soap. This care keeps million-dollar complexions flawless!

Rosita Moreno in "House of a Thousand Candles," a Republic Picture

Doubly ATTRACTIVE!

Men find her "doubly attractive" since she learned the secret of lovely, fascinating eyes. And it's the same story over and over again whenever a girl first learns how easy it is to have long, lovely lashes.

You, too, can have that fascinating loveliness that invites romance, if you bring out the natural beauty and charm of your eyes with Winx Mascara. It works wonders. Just a touch of Winx to your lashes and instantly they appear darker, longer and more lustrous . . . your eyes sparkle ...your whole appearance seems improved.

Try Winx today and see for yourself why so many smart, well-groomed women use Winx regularly for both daytime and evening make-up. You will particularly like the way its emollient oils keep your lashes luxuriantly soft and natural-looking at all times.

Winx Mascara is offered in four colors—black, brown, blue, and green—and in three convenient forms—the *new* Creamy Winx (which is gaining in popularity every day), and the old favorites, Cake Winx and Liquid Winx. All are harmless, smudge-proof, water-proof, non-smarting, and easy to apply.

Your local drug and department stores carry Winx Mascara in the economical large size. You can also obtain the complete line of Winx Eye Beautifiers in *Introductory Sizes* at all 10¢ stores.

CREAMY
CAKE
WINX
CREAMY MASCARA

WINX
Eye Beautifiers

Between You 'n' Me

(Continued from page 19)

"Follow the Fleet," and Jeanette MacDonald is singing "Rose Marie" for us. Besides, Mickey Mouse is getting better and funnier every day.—S. K. Parkhurst, Seattle, Wash.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Talking Back

Did it never occur to Shirley Schottland, whose letter appeared in the May issue, that it is possible to enjoy both opera and other "good music" and also Victor Herbert's melodies or even ordinary jazz? All music, whether popular or classical, is universally loved. Music is an expression of the innermost soul of a people. In Europe it is and always has been the common herd of people who maintain the opera. One does not have to be a member of the "intelligentsia" to appreciate and enjoy classical music; one has to develop his taste, that's all. Everything worth while has to be worked for.

I should like anyone who is interested to try the following test: Select a record of any "popular" song and one of any classical selection. Play each ten times. You will find that at first you will like the jazz song very much and perhaps you will not like the classical piece at all, but by the tenth time each one is played, you will never want to hear the popular song again and the worth while music will be a constant source of pleasure for the rest of your life. Try it and see!

So here's to the first complete opera in the movies. I think it is a long way off, but I am eagerly awaiting it.—Jaquelin Nicholas, Lynchburg, Va.

The Fight's Still On

The reaction to Grand Opera expressed by Miss Schottland is natural in young people. Appreciation very often only comes after hearing various operas again and again. I suggest that she concentrate mostly on the orchestra, closely following the melodies. A great deal is missed by concentrating mostly on the voices.—Charles Wilhelm, Milwaukee, Wis. The vast success of the Saturday afternoon broadcasts of operas should be proof enough that there are vast thousands hungry for this sort of music. To me, Robert Montgomery, Gene Raymond, Jean Parker, Alice Faye, yes, even the holy Shearer with her silly giggle which exasperates me beyond all reason, are mostly impossible, but I concede anyone's right to see whom they want.—DBL, Baltimore, Md. There is a group of working people, not of the intelligentsia, who would welcome the advent of opera on the screen.—Edna Taylor, Battle Creek, Mich. Miss Schottland's attitude is un-American and inexcusable. All of us have our particular tastes in music, drama and the radio, but we have no right to insist that only our choice is superior. Why steal the other man's song? He may need it to cheer and inspire him along the way.—Edith Baxter, Wichita, Kan.

Portrait of Ginger

As well earned and deserved tribute after tribute pile up in favor of that delightfully fascinating little actress, Miss Ginger Rogers, I feel a glow of pride because she is my star and I glory in her glory.

To me she is everything that is worth while. She is sweet without being saccharine, wholesome without being tiresome and withal the most beautiful and the most natural of the entire firmament of stars; and the glory of it is she is all of these off the screen as well as on.

I have had the pleasure of meeting her and the outstanding characteristic about her, that even seemed to make one forget her rare beauty and loveliness, was the innate kindness of heart and good fellowship that seemed to motivate everything she did and said. She seems to have that rare gift—a real desire to listen to others and forget herself, that seems almost too much to ask of even ordinary mortals to say nothing of what one might expect of Hollywood's loveliest young star. May her deserved glory last forever!—Gertrude Nataly, no address.

America's Boy Friend

That picture in the May Modern Screen, showing Dick Powell fishing is one of the best I've seen of him. It proves that Dick is as good-looking in an unstudied snap as he is in posed photos. It gives a glimpse of Dick as he really is off screen—natural, fond of sport and with a glint of merriment in his eyes.

What's the matter with Warners that they put him in a production like "Colleen"? Let's see him in good stories, not necessarily musicals, but something with rhyme and reason. We liked him in "Happiness Ahead" and "Shipmates Forever." "Anchor Man," by Fanny Heaslip Lea, would suit him—even the description in the book fits him.—Ellen Barkuel, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Line or Two from Lots of Letters

Madge Evans' intelligence, ability and great physical beauty symbolize the perfect All-American Girl. "Lovers Courageous," "Dinner at Eight," "Transatlantic Tunnel," and "Exclusive Story" have proven that she is a real actress. Why bury her in unimportant roles?—Lorraine Mason, Vineland, N. J. Ever since I've been reading your "Reviews" and "Movie Scoreboard," I've enjoyed almost every movie which has been marked either "Good," "Very good," or "Extraordinary." With your helpful guidance, I don't have to go to the movies at random. The era when producers could pull the wool over the public's eyes with cheap junk is over.—F. Faenza, Passaic, N. J. Of late numerous articles have appeared concerning babies adopted by this and that movie couple, making much of the couple's yearning for a child of their own, and their delight in finding one to suit.

While I think it is wonderful to share one's name with a homeless little soul and I am happy for those little tots, it really makes me see the inside, for it seems to me that rather than boasting about the fact that they yearn for a baby of their own and adopt one (made-to-order), they should be ashamed to admit that they were afraid to have one of their own. Don't misunderstand—I am not advocating quintuplets or football elevens. After all, the most they adopt is one or two.

The idea may be commendable in its way, but here is one who can't make any great fuss over those couples. Give me the Norma and Irving Thalbergs every time—my hat is off to that couple, for they are real people.—Charlotte Bowden, Marblehead, Mass.

Darling Mother—
I want you to have
one of these. It's just
a simple little snapshot
but it happens to be
the day Ken and I
became engaged. Funny
how a picture can mean
such a lot afterwards.

OFTEN you don't realize how precious a snapshot is going to be. It can bring back the very feel of some day in the past—the thrill, the joy of some wonderful moment. Get your snapshots as you go along—and have them for keeps. And don't take chances—load your camera with Kodak Verichrome Film. This double-coated film gets the picture where ordinary films fail. Your snapshots come out clearer, truer, more lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome—use it always . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box.

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The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow—
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She's a Champion SWIMMER . . . yet she TINTS her own nails!

MANY hours spent in harsh water fails to detract from the gem-like loveliness of her finger-tips — yet it took but five minutes to achieve this lasting perfection with F-O Manicure Preparations.

Women everywhere are partial to F-O polish because it does not peel or chip and its lovely lustre is a source of constant satisfaction. A variety of heavenly colors of creme or transparent polish provides a shade for every occasion. Then, too, you'll find F-O Oily Polish Remover a boon to brittle nails. Try the Five-Minute F-O Self Manicure today.

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FORT ORANGE CHEMICAL CO., ALBANY, N. Y.

How Much Money Have the Quints?

(*Continued from page 46*)

of baby stars be worth—say, five, ten, fifteen years from now?

No telling. The Dionnelles are such an incalculable, such an unpredictable little bunch. Moreover, children stars, like children prodigies frequently, as adults, fail to come up to expectations.

Of course, at this baby stage, no one can imagine Yvonne, Annette, Cecile, Emilie and Marie ever failing at any time or in any way, if only they remain strong and healthy. But as grown-ups—however brilliant, gifted, accomplished they may be —isn't it at least surmisable that one or more of the quints may break up the "quintuplet combine" by falling in love and getting married? What could be more natural?

For the next few years, however, if the children all live and stay in pictures, with their "box office draw," they should make barrels and barrels of money.

And what will they do with their always-mounting fortune? An easy question, that one? So easy, the answer to it is a foregone conclusion. For the babies' wise board of guardians undoubtedly will follow its present policy of investing the major portion of quintuplet revenue in safe and sane securities.

BUT of the uninvested revenue? Another easy question, since these amazing little "producers" and hand-over-fist-money-earners have, for a long time, been meeting a thousand-dollar-a-month pay roll. This pay roll is another conservative estimate, too, for there have been printed statements to the effect that fifteen hundred a month was the approximate figure.

However, let's stay conservative, and stick to the thousand. And by meeting this monthly pay roll Yvonne, Annette, Cecile, Emilie and Marie will continue to share their fortune with others.

And what do we mean by others? Let's just take a look at the list of people who draw salaries from this amount monthly. There's Dr. Dafoe, first and foremost; then the babies' father and mother, brothers and sisters; Mlle. Noel, Dafoe Hospital head nurse; Mlle. Leroux, assistant nurse; Constables Burke and Cusson, hospital guards; Grace Demers, housekeeper and cook; Laura, a maid; also meals for the hospital personnel, electricity, drug store supplies and other requisites to maintenance of the hospital home.

SOME pay-roll, isn't it? And any two-year-olds who, out of their own earnings, can meet it, month in and month out, are some babies, aren't they?

But, for all their money-making ability and for all their fortune-sharing, will these same babies, as they grow older, be happy rich children? Or will they be five poor-little rich children whom money can never render happy?

Wards of the Crown, these quints have been called, and wards of the Province of Ontario they most certainly are—through passage of an Act of Parliament that made them Government charges—but that distinction, how will they like it later on?

And when they arrive at the age of reason, what will be their reaction to spotlight existence? Will they find in their lives as public figures, as world celebrities, that something is sadly missing?

That carefree, unself-conscious something which goes with being a normal child just like any other?

Or, to get closer to home, will the celebrities often wish they might change places with any one of their three older sisters, Rose, Therese, Pauline, all of whom are beautiful, bright and winsome?

Or, on the other hand, will Yvonne, Annette, Cecile, Emilie and Marie, because of their unusual birth, breeding and training—also, because of their fame and fortune—gradually develop a superiority complex that will cause them to look disdainfully down upon father, mother, sisters and brothers? Even upon their humble origins, perhaps?

And how will they, a quintet of girls, all the same age and all equally lovely, feel toward each other?

Interesting questions, psychologically, but questions, one and all, that only time can definitely answer.

Scotty snapped Director "Woody" Van Dyke, Jeanette MacDonald and Spencer Tracy while they were chatting at the Girls' Soft Ball Games in the Loyola Stadium.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Photograph copyrighted by NEA Service Inc.

Five..."Going on Three"

The DIONNE QUINTUPLETS, now safely through their second year

SINCE *the day of their birth, "Lysol" has been the only disinfectant used to help protect these famous babies from the dangers of Infection.*

• • •

The very first registered nurse who reached the Dionne home, that exciting birthday morning in May 1934, had "Lysol" with her in her kit and went to work with it at once.

"Lysol" has been used in thousands and thousands of childbirth operations. For the danger of Infection is high in childbirth; and doctors and nurses know they need a safe, dependable germicide like "Lysol" to help protect both mother and child.

But here is a record for "Lysol" of extraordinary importance. Following the most dramatic childbirth in medical history... in the care of the most watched-over babies in the world... "Lysol" has played, and still plays, a vitally important part.

Their clothes, bedding, diapers, cribs, even their toys, the furniture and woodwork of that snug, modern, little Dafoe Hospital... all have been kept clean with "Lysol," the effective, economical germicide.

Are you giving *your* baby this scientific care? Are you using "Lysol" to clean the nursery, bathroom, the kitchen, laundry, cellar...to disinfect clothes, bedding, telephone mouthpieces, door knobs, banisters, etc.? The scientific care given to the Dionnes is an example every mother should follow. Full directions for correct uses of "Lysol" come with each bottle.

• • •

During last winter's flood disasters, thousands of gallons of "Lysol" were rushed to devastated areas, to fight Infection and epidemics. Doctors, hospitals, and Public Health officers know they can depend on "Lysol".

NEW!...LYSOL HYGIENIC SOAP

...for hands, complexion, bath. A fine, firm, white soap, with the added deodorant property of "Lysol." Protects longer against body odors, without after-odor. Washes away germs and perspiration odors. Try a cake, today!

Lysol
Disinfectant

FREE! "Protecting the Dionnes"

— the story, with pictures, of their scientific care

On the occasion of their birthday, these famous babies have a gift *for you!* A free book telling their life-story, and how "Lysol" has helped protect them... full of fascinating facts and photos. Send name and address on a complete "Lysol" carton (any size) to — LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORP., Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. MS-7 *Sole Distributors* of "Lysol" disinfectant.

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NASTY GERMS SCARE ME-MOTHER!

"I want ANTISEPTIC Powder 'cause it chases Germs away for good."

"You ask—why do I want that Mennen powder that's *Antiseptic*? 'Cause—with a world full of nasty germs, of microbes and such things—a feller who wants to be healthy just *can't* be too careful. I know that Mennen Antiseptic Powder scares germs away—chases 'em out of skin-folds and creases where they love to hide Not only *that*—but it helps prevent most of the skin irritations babies get. Just imagine! No more chafing or rawness! So listen, Mummy—do me just one favor, will you? Buy me some of that Mennen Antiseptic Powder *today*. I'll be an awfully good feller from then on. *Sure* I will!"

America's first baby powder is now Antiseptic. But it doesn't cost a penny more. How foolish to use any other!

W. G. Mennen

MENNEN
Antiseptic
POWDER

New England Favorites

(*Continued from page 16*)

that I do. He is a New Englander, too, you know. We grew up together and went to school together, lived the same sort of lives and ate the same sort of foods as children. So it's no wonder that New England style dinners are still such favorites with both of us!

"Every Saturday night, for instance," she went on, "we used to have Boston Brown Bread and Baked Beans for dinner, back home. And it's a custom I still adhere to three thousand miles west of the place of its origin! The Brown Bread recipe we use turns out a delicious product and, contrary to general belief, it is extremely easy to make."

"With or without raisins?" I inquired, busily writing down Bette's remarks as she talked on.

"With raisins, of course!" Bette answered, without a moment's hesitancy.

"And speaking of ingredients that you do or do not add, in order to make dishes that are traditionally correct and truly grand," she continued seriously, "let me tell you that New England Clam Chowder is incorrectly made more frequently than any other dish from that region. The genuine article features clams, believe it or not! Not just one lonely little clam added sort of as an after-thought in order to give this soup some right to its name, but lots of succulent clams giving their delicious, unmistakable flavor to the dish. Besides a large quantity of clams and clam liquor and the right kind of seasoning, Chowder should have tomatoes, but no milk! To a native New Englander the addition of milk is anathema, for with milk it becomes Clam Stew and not worthy of the proud old name of Chowder.

CODFISH in any form is also a food favorite of mine. Codfish Cakes, especially. We serve these frequently in our Hollywood home because it is possible to get the self-same flavor that we used to enjoy so much by buying the ready-to-fry codfish cakes that come in cans."

I'll give you directions for fixing these Codfish Cakes, so that they will attain their peak of perfection, at the end of this article, just above the coupon that will bring you other directions for making all the swell dishes that Bette mentioned. But just now I feel that we should not break in on Bette's conversation by giving one specific recipe, when she has so many interesting things to tell us about New England foods in general.

"Boston Cream Pie," she went on, "is a traditional dessert of the Eastern seaboard to which I have given some West Coast touches. In other words I have the cook add lemon juice and rind to the custard filling and garnish the top with wafer thin slices of orange over which the usual powdered sugar is sprinkled."

A nice idea, I thought, and determined to try it myself when making my very next Boston Cream Pie. And when I did, I discovered, as I had suspected I would, that the addition of a real fruity flavor gave new distinction to an already popular dessert.

Apples, of course, also came in for favorable mention by Miss Davis. No true New Englander could fail to mention the tempting fruits of the old orchards whose trees display their gnarled, fruit laden branches each fall. Many of our finest apple dishes originated in New England. And of these probably the most famous is Apple Pie, which does not hesitate to make an appearance at the breakfast table, though I should hesitate to recommend it from a dietary standpoint! Not even Bette Davis went so far as to do that, but she did suggest that I might like to have her mother's recipe for New England Apple Sauce Pie. This, it turns out, is about one of the simplest pies of all to make.

"The apples and the pastry are cooked separately, you see," Bette informed me as a further recommendation, "and in this way you can sample the apple filling before placing it in the cooked crust to make sure that it is sweet enough and flavored to taste. By following my mother's recipe I'm sure you'll find that the flavor would suit your taste to a T. With this pie you omit the usual slice of American cheese, and instead you pass a bowl of whipped cream which is supposed to be ladled in lavish style over each piece after it has been served. Since you never have to worry about the apples not cooking enough or the crust burning before they're cooked, this is one of the simplest as well as one of the best desserts I know of."

"Speaking of sweets," I interrupted at this point, "there's one you haven't mentioned which I understand is very popular around your childhood haunts. I judge from the name of this dish that its origin must date back to the days of your Puritan ancestors! It's called 'Indian Pudding.' Do you know about it?"

"DO I know about it?" echoed Bette. "Why I simply love it! But I must confess I don't know the first thing about making it and I've never been able to find a successful recipe to give to my cook for her to follow. Do you happen to have one?" she asked, hopefully.

Well, as it happens I did have one which I had collected from the files of a New England friend of mine after tasting this dish for the very first time at her house. And that's how it came about that I found myself swapping recipes with Bette Davis by promising her a copy of my treasured Indian Pudding recipe in return for three of hers, those for the simple Boston Brown Bread (with raisins, of course), the New England Clam Chowder (with clams and without milk), the Boston Cream Pie with Hollywood trimmings, and New England Apple Sauce Pie.

You'll find these directions for making her favorite foods in this month's Modern Hostess leaflet together with a copy of the very same recipe for Indian Pudding that I am sending to Miss Davis as my contribution to her collection of traditional New England dishes. Just write in to me for your copy of this leaflet if you, too, would like to know how to prepare these tempting treats, each one of which has the approval of New Englanders in general and Bette Davis in particular. Fill in the coupon for convenience but remember that as always the attractive little leaflet is absolutely free to readers of MODERN SCREEN.

Meanwhile here are the simple directions for making good old-fashioned Codfish Cakes with that Down East flavor. The Pilgrim Fathers discovered how delicious they were hundreds of years ago. If you have not already made the same discovery, you have a treat in store for you.

And I'm also giving you here a simple recipe for New England Boiled Dinner.

You can make Bette Davis' delicious New England Apple Sauce Pie, if you'll send in the coupon below for the recipe.

Follow this with Boston Cream Pie or Indian Pudding and you'll have much the same sort of meal that fortified Paul Revere for his famous ride!

CODFISH CAKES

1 can ready-to-fry codfish cakes
(lemon juice, onion juice or minced chives, if desired)

Empty contents of can into bowl. (A little lemon juice and a few drops of onion juice or some finely minced chives may be added if additional flavor is desired.) Fry in deep, hot fat until crisp on the outside and a delicate brown in color. For best results use a deep-fat frying kettle and frying basket. Drain on unglazed paper or white paper kitchen towels. Serve, very hot, garnished with sprigs of parsley and slices of lemon.

NEW ENGLAND BOILED DINNER

Choose a good piece of corned brisket of beef. Allow 1 potato for each person to be served, also a large carrot, a medium sized beet, a turnip and 2 or 3 small onions per person. Also purchase a medium sized head of cabbage and use as much of this as desired. Place meat in a deep pot and cover with cold water. Bring to a boil. Boil 5 minutes, then remove scum. Cook at a lower temperature until tender—about 4 or 5 hours. Remove beef from water. Skim off fat. Cook vegetables in the remaining stock, adding them according to the individual cooking time each vegetable requires. (Since beets take a much longer time to cook than the other vegetables it is always well to have them cooking in a separate pot while the meat is being cooked.) When the vegetables are almost done, return meat to pot to reheat it while the vegetables finish cooking. Place meat on platter, surrounded by all the vegetables except the beets which are served separately.

THE MODERN HOSTESS,
MODERN SCREEN,
149 MADISON AVENUE,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Please send me a free leaflet containing Bette Davis' tested New England recipes.

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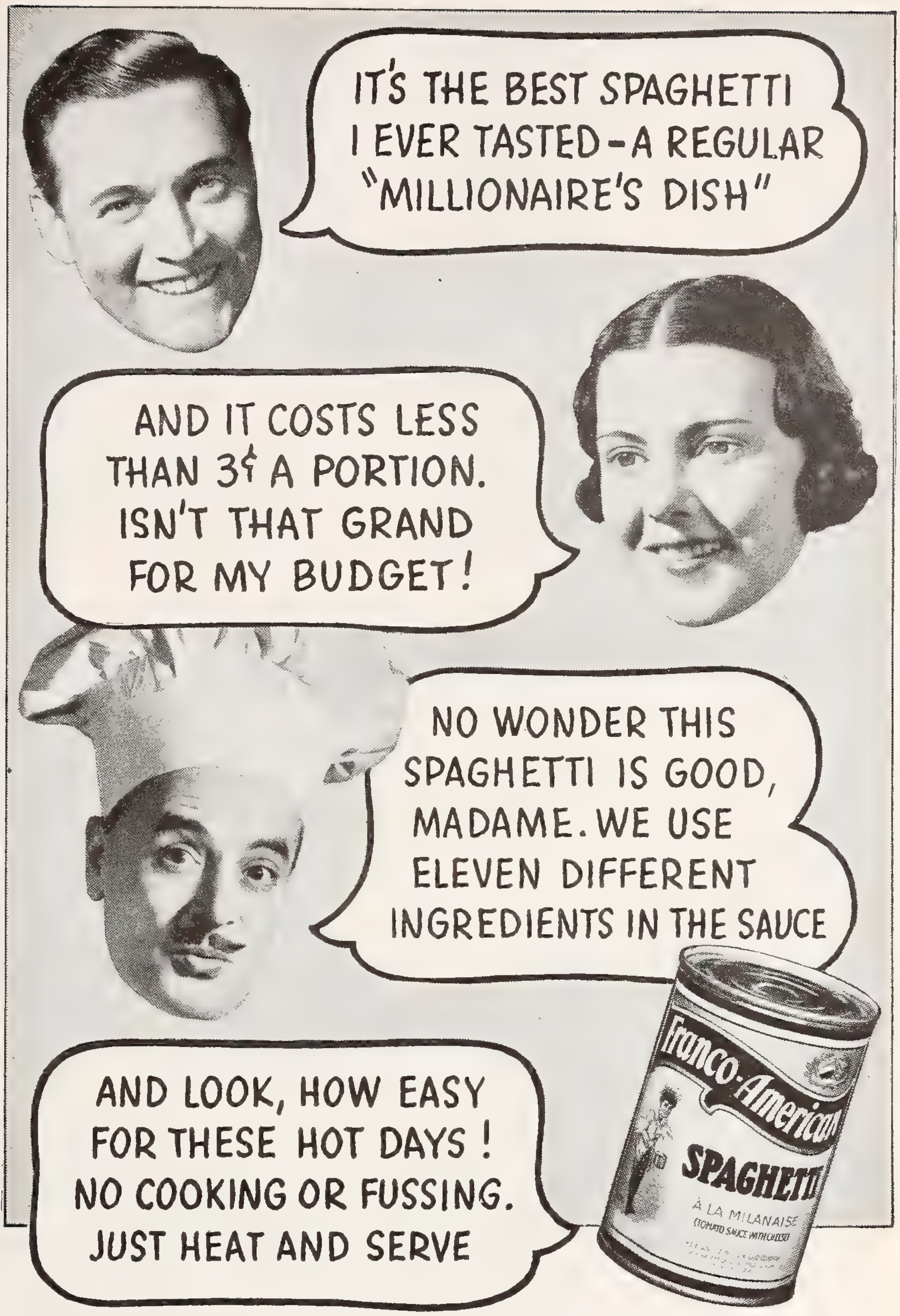

IT'S THE BEST SPAGHETTI I EVER TASTED – A REGULAR "MILLIONAIRE'S DISH"
AND IT COSTS LESS THAN 3¢ A PORTION. ISN'T THAT GRAND FOR MY BUDGET!
NO WONDER THIS SPAGHETTI IS GOOD, MADAME. WE USE ELEVEN DIFFERENT INGREDIENTS IN THE SAUCE
AND LOOK, HOW EASY FOR THESE HOT DAYS! NO COOKING OR FUSSING. JUST HEAT AND SERVE
Franco-American
SPAGHETTI
À LA MILANAISE
(TOMATO SAUCE WITH CHEESE)

Let Franco-American help you serve better meals *for less money*

Happy husbands call it a "millionaire's dish," they find the flavor so zestful and savory, so superbly satisfying. And thrifty wives rejoice to find something "he" likes that's so easy on their budget, too.

And easy on *them*, as well. Franco-American requires no cooking or fussing, simply heat. It's no work at all for *you*. But we've done a lot of work to get it ready for you! To make the sauce we use *eleven* different ingredients. We blend the luscious goodness of fine, flavorful tomatoes with golden-mellow Cheddar cheese. We add rare spices and seasonings to give piquancy.

You *couldn't* duplicate spaghetti and sauce like this at home for Franco-American's modest price of less than 3¢ a portion, when you consider the cost of buying your ingredients plus the cost of cooking them. And many good home cooks frankly say they couldn't equal the flavor at *any* price!

Get Franco-American today . . . You'll soon see why thrifty women are serving it twice a week or oftener, with meat or without. And you'll find it a grand work-saver these summer days. Order from your grocer *now!*

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

IF Perspiration were a TIGER

—you'd jump to protect yourself from its ravages! Yet the insidious corroding acid of perspiration can destroy the under-arm fabric of your dresses as surely, as completely, as the scarifying claws of a tiger's paw!

Answers to thousands of questionnaires revealed the astounding fact that during the past year perspiration spoiled garments for 1 woman in 3! What appalling wasteful extravagance, when a pair of Kleinert's Dress Shields would have saved any one of them at trifling cost.

And this *surest* form of perspiration protection is now the *easiest* also! Kleinert's Bra-form is a dainty uplift bra equipped with shields—always ready, *without any sewing*, to wear with any dress at any moment. A supply of two or three solves the perspiration problem for the busiest woman and they're as easily swished through the nightly soapsuds as your stockings and lingerie!

Just ask for "Kleinert's" at your favorite notion counter—shields, 25¢ and up; Bra-forms, $1.00 and up.

Kleinert's
T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

DRESS SHIELDS

Guaranteed by GOOD HOUSEKEEPING AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Gary Rescues a Damsel in Distress

(*Continued from page 59*)

knees, for modesty's sake, white middy blouses and big black bows on their pigtails or curls, for art's sake. Well, there was a certain girl in the class who, as they say in the movies, had aroused strange feelings in my boyish breast! As far as I was concerned, she was Helen of Troy and Cleo rolled into one, if you get what I mean.

"That day when she folded her arms on her chest, then stretched them out for deep breathing exercises, I thought it more beautiful than Pavlowa doing the 'Dying Swan,' to which my mother had just dragged me when I met her in New York on my way home from school in England. I remember also that I had to suffer through the Russian Ballet, 'The Pink Lady,' and 'The Chocolate Soldier' that week. Which dates me, doesn't it?"

"Well, as I was saying, the girl of my dreams, having finished her breathing exercises, was just about to take a broad lunge. Her arms were already stretched up to heaven when—her bloomers began to slip!

"Poor thing! She was quite unconscious of the impending catastrophe. She went right on lunging. All the boys in my row began to snicker and I felt myself getting paralyzed from the knees up. It was something like sitting at a table in a cafe and seeing a woman fall on a dance floor. There she is, sprawling awkwardly at your feet, while her partner stands above her looking like an idiot, and you sit chained to your chair, cursing yourself for doing nothing. And then, one of the waiters, the only man with presence of mind in that whole restaurant, hurries forward and picks her up.

"Unfortunately, there weren't any waiters in the gymnasium that day. And something had to be done! Her bloomers were slipping lower and lower, and the snickers were growing louder and louder. I looked down at my best girl, who was still unconscious of the loss of her dignity. And because I couldn't stand it any longer I looked away—and down at the empty seat next to mine. On it was my overcoat.

"Don't ask me how I managed! All I know is that I gritted my teeth, looked straight ahead and made a beeline for the performers on the gym floor.

"The next thing that surprised, little, brown-pigtailed girl knew, was that something was being wrapped around her, and someone was hissing in her ears, 'Get outa here. Your bloomers are falling!' If it wasn't the most embarrassing moment in her life, it certainly was in mine! The thought of it still sends cold shivers down my spine.

"My face as red as a ripe tomato, I managed to sneak out by a side door of the gym. All the way home by a roundabout route, I was wishing I had never been born and was swearing that all girls were blamed nuisances!"

"Do you still believe that?"

"Well, only occasionally. I'm kinda sorry I told you this yarn. It sounds Sir Galahadish!"

IT'S hard to get Gary to talk about himself in any capacity, and he's mum about his Good Samaritan deeds, which are more frequent than he'd ever care to admit. Knowing this, I did a little private investigating on my own, and discovered another one.

A certain ambitious young wife, of a certain talented but poor young Hollywood author, was determined to entertain her husband's New York publisher on his visit to Southern California. She had hopes of impressing him with her contacts with socialites and stars. Her one drawback was that she didn't have any impressive contacts. She knew her movie stars only vicariously through the twice-told tales of her young friends in the studio publicity departments. Despite all this, she believed in miracles and invited the publisher and his star-struck young daughters to a cocktail party, promising introductions to several of the screen's most romantic and glamorous stars.

The day before her party she knew she was up against it. In tears, she telephoned her pal, a girl in a studio publicity department.

"You have to help me out," she sobbed. "It means everything to Tom. The publication of his new book—everything! Please come over tomorrow and bring an actor. Even if he stays just five minutes, I will have lived up to my word and won't look such a fool. You must, darling, you *must.*" She hung up the phone and wept some more.

The girl to whom she had brought her troubles is one of the best scouts in Hollywood. She has a sense of humor. She has a sense of the dramatic. And she also knows Gary quite well. She also happens to know his weakness for rescuing damsels—or (as it was in this case) damsels in distress.

But Gary, she knew, would be working late the next day at another studio. So first, she called several other likely masculine "impressers" and received the expected answer. Why should they put themselves out for a woman whom they'd never met? They were much too busy.

But being the sort of pal who never says die, she phoned Gary.

"I'll see what I can do for you," he promised. "But how am I to get away?"

"Leave that to me," said the pal. "At seven-thirty, Gary has an appointment with Lady Vere de Vere, whoever she is!"

"Who?" asks Gary. But she had already hung up.

The next afternoon a very jittery young author's wife and her accommodating friend suffered through two hours of tea—pouring—waiting for six-thirty and the *pièce de résistance* of the day. What if he were to disappoint them? Conversation lagged. The atmosphere began to grow tense. Six-thirty arrived. No Gary. Six-forty. Oh, Death, where is thy sting?

Ten to seven, Gary—Hollywood's ever-late arriver—arrived. The young subdebs from New York nearly swooned with delighted surprise. The publisher's wife gushed, and the publisher began to adopt a confidential and chummy attitude toward the young author. Gary acted as if dropping in to tea at this particular ménage was a daily occurrence. As "an old friend of the family," he gave one of his best performances.

At seven-fifteen, the girl friend emerged suddenly from the library. "There's a telephone call for you, Gary," she said. "It's Lady Vere de Vere."

"Who?" asked Gary blankly.

"Lady Vere de Vere," she repeated, wickedly enjoying the situation.

"Tell Lady Vere de Vere I'll phone her tomorrow," said Gary, not budging from the side of one of the young subdebs from New York.

Gary stayed until nine o'clock. Needless to say, so did everyone else. Also needless to say, the young author received his coveted contract.

All of which goes to prove that Gary's gallantry isn't just the result of good upbringing. He actually gets a kick out of being the White Knight. Which he plays perfectly—if you'll remember his impersonation of the original "White Knight" in "Alice in Wonderland." Which doesn't make it any the less gallant.

Not Subject to Change

(*Continued from page 49*)

pin the tail on," they complained, when she had finished. "You'd better draw a house and we'll pin the chimney on."

Luise was very pleased at this display of honesty. In a town where "people treat stars like gods," this criticism gave her tremendous satisfaction.

SHE lives in a rambling, comfortable house at the beach with Johnnie and two servants. There is a huge garden, surrounded by a high wall. Doubtless the garden is cared for by a gardener but there is nothing stylized about it, everything growing in natural profusion. She loves the garden and, if you should be fortunate enough to be invited to lunch, nothing short of a blizzard would prevent luncheon being served on the balcony, where you could see and smell the flowers and hear, coming from her phonograph inside, the strains of her favorite music, Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

If she liked you, she would take you to the kitchen while she prepared your lunch.

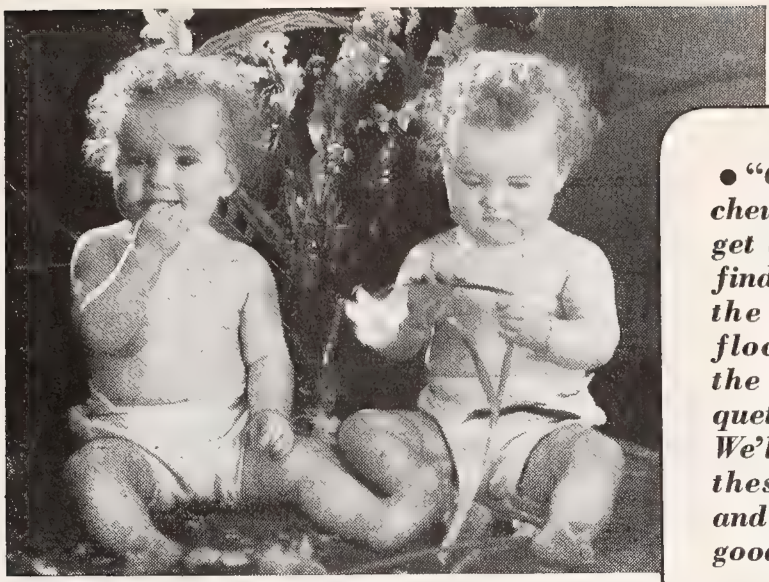
"Ah, this iss it," she laughs, as she throws a bit of butter into a pan and gently browns a few croutons, to which she adds a little chopped onion, a few eggs, a can of tomatoes and some American cheese.

"Now, serve thiss," she orders the bewildered servant, as she dusts off her hands and, leaving the kitchen looking as though a cyclone had struck it, escorts you to the balcony where she seats you at a yellow table. Soon the Rainer-made concoction, which looks like something that had been used before but tastes delicious, is beautifully served on plain black dishes. Her child-like anxiety, to please, her eagerness to have you like it, would overpower any inclination on your part to criticize if the entree turned out to be epsom salts disguised. You would eat it and pretend to like it.

She never follows a given recipe, preferring to experiment until she is satisfied. If she offers you a new discovery for dessert, which turns out to be rhubarb and whipped cream, her pride in her accomplishment forces you to like it.

You miss a mass of cut flowers in her house, there are so many outside. On a table stands a low glass bowl in which floats a single water lily. She never wears flowers, either, preferring them in her garden.

Her home is simple, as is everything else about her. She likes simple things and is as amused by a ride on a roller coaster as she is by a pair of wood carvings she owns which probably cost her several hundred dollars. Mounted on pegs, the two little figures—a man and a woman—can be turned around so that turned one



● *"Come on—stop chewing petals and get busy! Imagine finding flowers on the living-room floor—we'll pick the loveliest bouquet for Mother! We'll tear off all these old leaves and break the stems good and short..."*

● *"Aw—brace up! Picking flowers isn't such hard work. Show some of the old ginger! I know it's 95 in the shade today and we're both sticky as yesterday's bib... but just keep going and you won't notice the heat!"*

● *"Say—wait a minute! Your shoulder's prickly and red! Nope—kissing doesn't make it well... We'd better ask Mother to give us a sprinkle of Johnson's Baby Powder. That soft, downy powder'll make a new baby of you!"*

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"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder...your baby's friend every day, but most of all when the weather's hot and sticky! Prickly heat and chafes and rashes stay away when I'm on guard. I'm soft as satin, for I'm made of the very finest Italian talc. And no orris-root. I hope you use Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, too—and Johnson's Oil for tiny babies!"

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

"Keep an eye on the sun"

says Jane Heath

● WATCH Old Sol especially during the summer days, because he does things to your eyes—makes them look pale and squinty when you're in glaring light, playing on the beach or winning a golf match. That's why, if you're smart, you'll outwit him with KURLASH eye make-up and bring out the natural loveliness of your eyes.

First, slip your eyelashes into KURLASH. It's a clever little instrument that curls your eyelashes in 30 seconds and requires no heat, cosmetics or practice. KURLASH is really a beauty necessity, for by curling your lashes your eyes look larger and reveal their full beauty. In the sunlight your curled lashes throw flattering, subtle shadows that make your eyes *glamourous!* Don't be without KURLASH. Buy one today, at your nearest department or drug store, for only $1.

● *Lashtint*, the perfumed liquid mascara, is ideal for swimming days because it doesn't crack, stiffen, weep or rub off. Apply it while the lashes are being curled, by touching the little glass rod to them as they are held in the rubber bows of your KURLASH. In black, brown, green and blue. . . . $1

● *Shadette*, the non-theatrical eye shadow, comes in 12 daytime and evening colors, including gold and silver shades that are grand finishing touches, to be applied alone or over your preferred color. Try *Shadette* some romantic, moonlight night. . . . 75c

● Try *Twissors*—the new tweezers with scissor-handles, curved to permit full vision. They're marvelously efficient, and only 25c.

Kurlash

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way they are quarreling and the other way makes them appear lovers.

It must be confessed that Miss Rainer has servant trouble, but the reason for that is as original as everything else about her. That elfin quality that is so much admired is the seat of her domestic difficulties, for her servants consider her a child and want to mother her. And what chance has the mistress of a house if she is to be "mothered" by her servants?

If she throws herself on the floor in front of the fire to read or just to dream, her peace is sure to be disturbed a moment later by a thoughtful servant throwing an afghan over her or insisting on giving her a pillow.

If she orders two entrees for dinner, because she wants two entrees, the servants merely smile and say: "The dear child *thinks* she wants both steak and roast chicken," and they proceed to cook what they think she should have.

One day she left the house in her car with Johnnie, saying she would return in an hour. The sun was shining. It was a glorious day for a long motor ride and, before she realized how the time was flying, the shadows were deepening and she was miles from home. She decided to stay in a neighboring town all night and her first thought was to telephone home and explain her absence. A sudden desire to get even with those servants with the mothering complex stopped her. "I'll teach them a lesson," she decided. "I'll let them worry." She bought a toothbrush and every night she washed out her undies in the wash bowl. Four days later she returned home, having had a grand time touring Southern California.

With the exception of lip rouge, she never wears make-up. And in a world in which women's purses bulge with every known first aid to beauty, her flat little pocketbook contains money, a comb and a lipstick. She never uses a powder puff and she wouldn't know what to do with a hairpin. Her tousled, black hair, which seems innocent of any attention, is one of her most distinctive features.

CLOTHES, to her, are most unimportant. At home and around the studio she wears slacks and sandals with wooden heels and little wooden cleats on the bottom which clack when she walks. For street wear she surrenders to custom to the extent of wearing tweed suits and coats. Usually she is hatless.

When a famous European photographer visited Hollywood he asked Luise to pose for him. Luise was one of eight famous stars he wished to photograph. She was leaving for a trip at 9:30 in the morning but she said she would pose for him at nine. Promptly at nine the next morning the photographer was there and found she had overslept.

"I'll be ready in five minutes," she said. She washed her face, put on some lipstick and as she ran down the stairs to meet the artist, she combed her hair. She was ready, and the photographer said she was the best subject he photographed in California.

She is a bundle of contradictions. When she works, nothing else in the world matters. She concentrates on what she is doing. She is a dynamo of energy and would work her company to exhaustion. No five o'clock quitting rules for her. She would willingly work all night if the rest of the company would agree. But work finished, her mind free, she is a madcap, a child, an imp, the gayest of the gay.

In her early teens she was the leader of her gang and it was in her facile brain that the escapades of these young people originated. She once raided the wardrobe at the theatre, where she was playing, and distributed the costumes among her friends.

After donning the costumes they swam down the Rhine for a way and then struggled gasping to the shore, convincing onlookers that their boat had capsized.

Highly emotional, she is reduced to tears when listening to beautiful music. She has hundreds of records of her favorites among the classics but also enjoys hot jazz, particularly Cab Calloway.

Beautifully educated and a deep student, she reads a great deal, especially poetry, but she prefers to learn from life and people rather than from books. She likes to model things in clay and when she thinks she has done a good job she has the piece cast in bronze so that she can keep it. She also likes to paint and write lyrics. She is deeply religious.

"I don't see how people can do anything without one great thing to pin one's faith on," she says.

She is the delight of automobile salesmen because she can't resist buying a new car frequently.

When the new dressing-room building was erected at the studio and all the stars moved from their dingy quarters into the new suites, little Rainer refused to move.

"What for?" she asked. "This is my work shop. It is good enough. No, I stay here."

Finding a Latin dictionary of great assistance to her in learning English, she carries one every place with her. If she fears anything more than interviewers it is being typed in her work. She accepted the offer to come to the M-G-M studio because that is where Garbo works and she worships the Swedish star. When she learns anything new, from a recipe to a strange bit of slang, she says: "It is goot to know these things. Anything you know is goot for you."

There is one person at the studio who can hold out against her wiles and, strangely enough, it is a man—one of the studio police. He followed her one noon, as she made her way toward the studio commissary, Johnnie at her heels. The dining-room was crowded so she picked Johnnie up and, looking neither to the right nor left, made her way to a table, the cop close behind.

"I've warned you before, Miss Rainer," he said. "You can't bring the dog into the dining-room."

"Ssssst!" she said, as she dumped Johnnie unceremoniously on the floor and gave him a gentle little kick. Then, training her enormous brown eyes on the cop she said: "But I can't catch him. He ran away under the tables."

Howls of laughter from nearby tables greeted this remark for at her feet, sitting up with paws extended hopefully (for he smelled food) was Johnnie.

"I don't object," the cop said, shrugging his shoulders, "but it is the law."

"I don't see why it is the law. I don't see why the city should care," she protested, almost in tears. "Johnnie has been all over Europe and no one objected to him."

Picking Johnnie up she left the cafe and Rainer doesn't eat there any more. If Johnnie had obeyed her command to "scram" he wouldn't have been caught. But if Johnnie ever obeyed her slightest command I think she would disown him. She would be sure he had gone Hollywood.

She adores William Powell and paid him the highest compliment one day recently when she brought Johnnie to the studio just after he had been bathed and plucked. "Look at him!" she cried proudly. "He is a William Powell among dogs!"

A Mind of Her Own

(Continued from page 57)

him. Don't think that the man who rides around in his limousine and plays a fancy game of bridge in the evening is without worry. Even though he may be a producer, he has to cajole the exhibitor, the man who shows the pictures, who in turn has to please the public. It is the fan, in the final analysis, who decides who will remain on the screen. No, it's not a little matter entirely up to the casting director, as many suppose."

Josephine Hutchinson's critical mind is something to contemplate, too. While in New York she attended one of the season's Broadway hits. She was vastly disappointed in the production. When pressed for a reason, she up and gave several—all of them good. One hadn't realized, until she pointed it out, that the entire story of the play hadn't moved one iota from the minute the curtain rose until it descended, that nothing had really happened to any character in it.

"I suppose the reason the play clicked is that people enjoyed its very frothiness while they were in the theatre. Entertainment value isn't to be discounted for a minute, I don't mean that, but how something that gives so little can succeed is rather amazing to me."

AND this star loves to be on our side of the footlights. She is one of the most ardent fans in filmdom. She left New York a day sooner than she had planned to go, simply so that she would be in California in time to attend Nazimova's opening night in Los Angeles.

"There is an artist," she says admiringly. "Every gesture, every intonation of hers speaks volumes. Even those who are not particularly interested in the technique of acting get something from her performances, although they wouldn't, of course, analyze just what it is. There is *feeling* there. Yes, I think Nazimova is a truly great actress. And now I understand she is coming back to the movies after an absence of twelve years. Well, Hollywood and the fans are lucky if this is true."

Miss Hutchinson would rather play real characters in homey pictures than anything else. No exoticism or "glam-oor" for her.

"It takes good, hard work to play the woman next door or the girl across the street," she says. "Because if you don't make 'em ring true, everybody is going to find you out. Poor acting, over-acting or no acting at all cannot always be detected if the setting is lavish and the character glamorous, but strip a girl of that and if she doesn't know her stuff—well, everybody in the theatre will be "on" to her in a minute.

Nobody is "on" to Josephine, except as a portrayer of fine performances. And hers is the homey, real role, too. Remember "Oil for the Lamps of China" and now, "I Married a Doctor"? She played real young women in both and in a vibrant, distinctive manner.

"Well," she said in conclusion, "the whole idea of the movies still overwhelms me. Every bit of it. The amount of publicity one gets, the vast audiences one reaches. Why you'd have to appear in a highly successful play for a year before you'd nearly reach the number of people you reach in an evening in just one picture. I love to work in the movies. Maybe I am a cog in the vast machine, but there is some small satisfaction in knowing that

EVERYBODY SAYS HE NEGLECTS HER, BUT...
...PERSONALLY, I THINK IT'S HER FAULT. HER BREATH IS—WELL, SHE OUGHT TO SEE HER DENTIST!
HEAVENS, THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT ME! COULD THAT BE WHY JERRY'S STAYING AWAY FROM HOME SO MUCH LATELY...
MRS. LANE SEES HER DENTIST
BAD BREATH COMES FROM TEETH?
EXACTLY! MOST BAD BREATH IS DUE TO DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES IN THE CREVICES BETWEEN THE TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS.
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I'M HOME EARLY, DEAR! THOUGHT I'D TAKE MY BEST GIRL STEPPING TONIGHT!
SHE ACCEPTS WITH PLEASURE, DARLING!
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This story
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I had been listening to the S.S.S. Radio Program and began to wonder if my trouble was not lowered strength in my blood...I started a course of S.S.S. Tonic Treatment...at the end of ten days I noticed a change...I followed directions faithfully...a tablespoonful before each meal.

The color began to come back to my skin...I felt better...I did not tire easily and soon I felt that those red-blood-cells were back to so-called fighting strength.

The confidence mother has always had in S.S.S....which is still her stand-by when she feels run-down...convinced me I ought to try this Treatment...it is great to feel strong again and like my old self.

Much more could be said...a trial will thoroughly convince you that this way, in the absence of any organic trouble, will start you on the road to feeling like yourself again. You should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food...sound sleep...steady nerves...a good complexion...and renewed strength.

There is no guess work in the S.S.S. Tonic Treatment...decades of popular acceptance and enthusiastic words of praise by users themselves speak even louder than the scientific appraisal of the progressively improved S.S.S. product which has caused millions to say to their friends—

SSS TONIC

Makes you feel like yourself again

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if even one cog slipped, the whole machinery of movie-making would be apt to go berserk. Makes you feel so sort of important, when you know nobody really is."

And so you have Josephine Hutchinson, a very sincere young person. Happily married. Glad to be in pictures, but not wedded to *that,* planning to save enough to do as she likes some day, with the goal set at a decent figure and the plans to come later distinctly modest. Very grateful for what has happened to her, though by no means humbly so. A very pretty, fragile girl with a very strong mind of her own. The girl next door, the one you like so well, and the one she plays so well, which is, as *she* says herself, the true test of acting ability.

Hollywood's Old Maids

(*Continued from page 55*)

her name. Somehow, if one may hazard a very rash statement, we don't think Garbo will ever marry—at least, not for a long, long time. Perhaps when she is older, she may marry some good friend for the sake of companionship, as middle-aged people sometimes do, but it will not be for any overwhelming love. Garbo *has* been in love, but not recently. And it is strange that this woman who, on the screen, must continually suffer and die for love and so enslave men with love that they desert their families and ruin their careers, should not only "want to be alone" but have her wish.

SOME time ago, as you know, when Garbo was very young, there was Mauritz Stiller, that brilliant, ugly, kindly man, who refused to accept M-G-M's offer of a golden directorial contract unless a contract were also given to his young protegee, Garbo. And he held out until the studio said, "Oh, all right. Bring her along—perhaps we can use her in something." Whether Garbo's feeling for Stiller was love, adoration, or admiration, we cannot say, but certainly there was a strong emotional bond between them. Well, Mauritz Stiller died and Garbo mourned, but whether for a lover or a friend, again we cannot say.

Then there was the late Jack Gilbert and certainly Garbo was in love with him, if she ever was in love in her life. They went everywhere together and the mournful beauty of Garbo's face was flushed with happiness and softened with smiles. The fire of their love for each other burned through onto the screen. Winchell, keyhole-expert and phrase-coiner, started the expression Garbo-Gilberting which, ironically enough, remained a synonym for love-making long after the Garbo-Gilbert romance was dead. For die it did, on what was to have been their wedding night. They planned a runaway marriage and halfway to their destination Garbo turned—fled—refused to go through with it. Jack Gilbert had himself locked up in jail, some say for fear that he should force his way to her against her wish. What was the reason? Fear? Doubt that the temperamental Gilbert would be a suitable husband? Or the sudden conclusion that love was one thing and marriage quite another thing, with its loss of freedom and its burden of responsibility?

Since then, Garbo's "romances" have been ninety-eight per cent fictional—nice little stories doped out by the publicity department to "break" conveniently with the release of Garbo's pictures. Mamoulian directed "Queen Christina" so they had it that Garbo and the clever Rouben were mad for each other. George Brent, temporarily unattached, was leading man in "The Painted Veil." So George and Greta were alleged to be that way. At this point, even the most gullible person says phooey when a new Garbo "romance" is rumored.

And so here is one Hollywood old maid—a woman with a strange sort of beauty and a great deal of money, an actress whose drawing power is still to be reckoned with. She lives alone, in a series of rented houses which she tries to render *incommunicado* to everyone, including her own studio. She goes home to Sweden once a year to visit her mother. She can have anything she wants, and she chooses to wear the shabbiest attire, is driven about in an ancient Lincoln, goes nowhere and sees very few people. Happy? Unhappy? Who can tell? But what a negative sort of existence! Would you care to change places with her? We thought not.

NEXT on the list is Myrna Loy and this, we say, is a crying shame. For Miss Loy, from all indications, would make just as swell a wife, actually, as she does on the screen. Without her glamor trappings, she is a gay, smart looking, interesting person, with a nice sense of humor, a good disposition, and plenty of brains. She could keep a home running on greased wheels and maintain her professional work, too.

Oh, yes, Myrna has been in love. She is in love now and there will be a wedding, the gossips say, as soon as the man is able to accomplish the small technicality of a divorce from his first wife. You hear very little about this, because Myrna Loy has never been one to talk about her personal affairs. She has become pretty slick about avoiding interviews. She hates gossip and scandal and she has far too much respect for Arthur Hornblow to wear her heart in the public prints.

All of which is fine, but there's one element of danger in such a situation. Let's consider a hypothetical case: a married man, who has agreed to disagree with his wife and hasn't lived with her for years meets a girl and falls in love. He wants to get married and so does she, and he takes steps to get a divorce. There are complications—there are *always* complications—and things drag on and on. Between him and the girl he loves this barrier stands, over all their contacts a web of difficulties is cast. Love will flourish for a while in the face of opposition, but sometimes waiting and dreary details bring irritation, fault-finding and quarrels in their wake. At best, it's a strained and difficult relationship. At the worst, it ends in disillusionment and bitterness.

There is, we hope, no such fate in store for Myrna Loy, who has worked hard all her life, who has led a self-respecting, well-bred existence in hectic Hollywood, who has made herself the tops among our picture comediennes, and who is certainly entitled to all the happiness she can get out of life. In fact, we shan't even care if all her problems are ironed out before this reaches print and if her ensuing marriage makes a liar out of us.

And—well, of course, there's Mae West. It does seem a bit incongruous to speak of Miss West as a spinster, exponent as she is, on the screen, of the most impudent ways to get your man. It appears like, if Miss West had wanted to get married, she'd have done so these many moons ago. Yes, we're aware that every once in a while that business pops up about Jim Timony, her manager, also being her husband. But Mae has stated emphatically that he isn't and somehow, we believe her. And there was all that talk a little over a year ago about—er—what *was* his name—having married her back in 1911. Oh, yes, Frank Wallace. That died down quickly enough and even the wisecracks are forgotten that Mae made about the situation at the time. No, we believe that Mae has never clicked romantically. Prior to the wildfire success in New York which brought her a Hollywood offer, her life was not precisely easy. Burlesque, vaudeville, one-night stands. . . . Little time to think of marriage. Since her name has been on the dotted line of a nice picture contract, we'll wager she has received hundreds of proposals from fortune hunters and celebrity chasers. We'll wager too, that she has listened to them with a bitter smile on her lips, followed by a wisecracking refusal.

HERE'S another girl who is in a difficult situation, romantically speaking: Jeanette MacDonald. They say she is secretly married to Bob Ritchie, talent scout for M-G-M and if this is so, they have undoubtedly their good reasons for secrecy. But it seems rather too bad. Either submitting to an extraordinarily long engagement for one reason, or else married and unable, for some other reason, to live as a married woman. Maybe Jeanette and Bob Ritchie fear the various dangers Hollywood puts in the path of a happy marriage. Maybe they think they stand a better chance of happiness the way things are. Maybe Jeanette is one who believes that marriages and careers don't mix. We can't wonder at their hesitation to marry, if that's the case, or their reluctance to admit their marriage, if that's it, with Hollywood marriages tumbling to pieces all around them. But when we hear Mary Smith or Susie Zilch envying the movie stars, we say, "Mary, my pet—Susie, my lamb, you're better off in some ways, even if you must make last year's imitation seal skin do for another winter."

And, now, those women who have been married once and given it up as a bad job. There are many of them, but a few will suffice to show how a rude awakening from love's young dream has its effect.

Loretta Young, married too early to Grant Withers. The two of them unable to cope with the inevitable married life arguments about bills and ways and means. Further handicapped by their professional lives, which kept one out late while the other stayed home with nowhere to go, which threw them into contact with pretty girls and handsome men, engendering fights and jealousies. You're familiar with that story, so why repeat it?

Since then, a jinx seems to have settled on Loretta Young. Her youthful prettiness has developed into a more mature, alluring beauty—a soft, passive beauty which may be the outward index of a yielding, lovable nature. She has been in love since her marriage— once, deeply, in a headline romance with Spencer Tracy that could not come to fulfillment because of family ties and religious beliefs which are important to them both. And there has been gossip about this man and that, for wherever Beauty goes, men will follow and gossip will ensue. But each time, the gossip died down and there has been no happy ending to Loretta's love story. She

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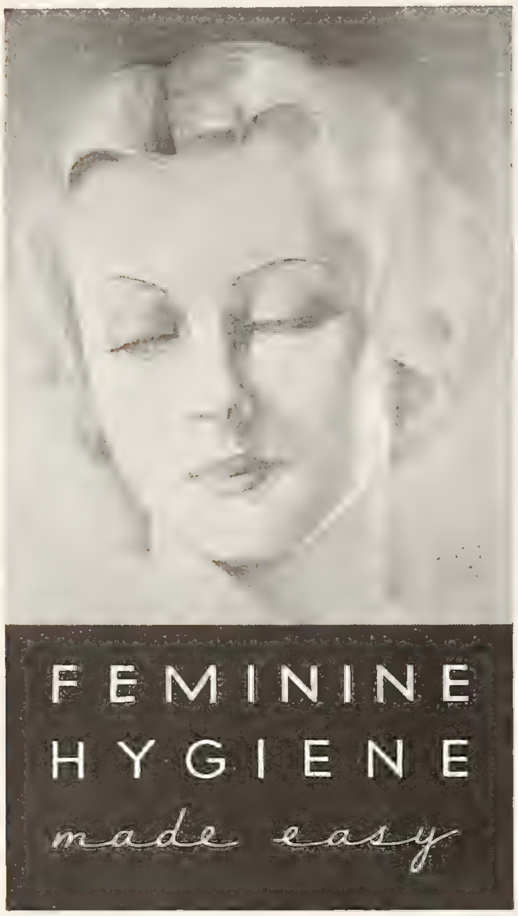

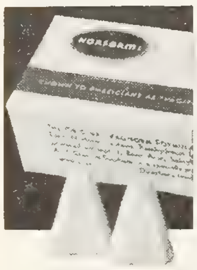

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has plunged furiously into her work and her career has raced ahead this last year. Well, that is a good thing, for there is no drug like hard work. Loretta is, in actual years, little more than a child and she lived through a woman's experiences far too early. If only work and her career do not become so important to her that love and marriage, a home and a husband, are rendered non-essential.

There's Janet Gaynor, who married Lydell Peck, perhaps on the rebound from the Charles Farrell affair—perhaps not. Since Janet and Mr. Peck got their Reno diploma, Janet has never found it necessary to stay at home evenings with a good book. Her little-girl charm is just as potent a magnet as Loretta Young's beauty and Janet can have a date for every night in the week, if she wants to. But though her telephone number is always in demand and though the florist brings orchids regularly, there hasn't been anyone who really mattered beyond the passing moment.

THERE'S Ann Harding who used to be happy with Harry Bannister, but there, again, was a divorce, and subsequent unpleasant litigation over Jane Harding Bannister, their daughter. Now Ann lives a spinster life in her hilltop palace. The endless series of suffering wife roles she has played on the screen recently are an unhappy contrast to the charming Ann Harding we knew in "Paris Bound" and "Holiday." Has the pale gray existence which she must be living taken some of the verve out of her work, too?

There's Miriam Hopkins, the ex-Mrs. Austin Parker—so very popular and so very attractive to men. There's Carole Lombard, the ex-Mrs. Bill Powell—darn good company and easy on the eyes as well. There's Virginia Bruce, the ex-Mrs. Jack Gilbert, who is so beautiful it makes you ache to look at her. There are others—who have been once bit and who are now twice shy.

With constant divorce headlines before their eyes, perhaps that's why some of Hollywood's prettiest younger girls do not want to settle down just yet. Maureen O'Sullivan has been going around with Johnny Farrow for—how long is it? And people have become tired of wondering if she'll really marry him and if he really wants to marry her, or are they just having a good time? Ann Sothern's romance with Roger Pryor goes on. Madge Evans is still seen occasionally with Tom Gallery, but that's been going on so long the gossip writers don't even mention it in their columns any more. And the perennial girl friend, Mary Brian, is back from England—and terribly interested in Cary Grant, it would seem. Rosalind Russell is the smartest of the bunch—she has kept free of all but the most casual friendships. But we bet when she finds someone who interests her, she'll marry him, quick like a rabbit, and hold on to him good and tight.

Well, there's one point we haven't touched upon. Whom would the majority of these ladies marry, pray? There's a dearth of eligible men in Hollywood. There are plenty of nice husbands; sundry desirable executives who don't wish to get tied down please; scores of playboys who are out to have as much fun as they can get; and heaps of earnest, hard-working young fellows who have no desire to get married and be known as Miss Movie Star's husband, for which we can't blame them. We ask you—what's a girl to do?

It's Not an Act

(*Continued from page 62*)

of thought is impossible at the huge Hollywood parties: "How can you have a mental contact with two hundred persons? These parties have no reason for being—except for the sake of politics and publicity. I never have more than three persons at my house at one time. There is no real conversation with more.

"In the same breath, I would stand up any time and defend Hollywood. After having been in every important capital in the world and in contact with persons in every artistic, literary, scientific, and political field, I must say, truthfully, that I have never found any group which is basically so unassuming as the people of Hollywood. They are not arrogant or swell-headed. In fact, they are surprisingly unconscious of their talents, capacities and abilities. Most of them don't know how good they are!

"In general, Americans are very similar in their natural artistic qualities. They are endowed, as the Russians are, with a sense of art that comes perfectly natural to them. You see what I mean? Being something without knowing it. Effective—as a child is effective—a child who has all the loveable childish qualities, without being aware of them."

Personally, I think that is one of the nicest compliments ever paid Hollywood.

"In Prague, Vienna and Paris, I used to watch the actors coming out of the theatre, on the street, in restaurants. They had an 'air.' They carried themselves as beings apart—they were 'of the theatre.' In Russia, they come off like a lot of stagehands. Just people. They did all their acting on the stage. They become simple uncomplicated people until they go back to the theatre.

"It is rather like that in Hollywood. At first it amazed me. Now I take it for granted."

HIS house is a corner of the Old World on a Hollywood hillside, across from the famous Japanese Gardens. The place was built by an Italian with an ecclesiastical attitude which came out in stained glass windows and a peaceful monastic feeling. Only the roof is visible from the street. One descends flights and flights of steps made of fine old tile, intricately fitted, and beautifully covered at the sides with vines and tangled shrubbery. Crumbling statues and fountains present little vistas along the way.

The house proper has entrances at four levels. It roams down and down the hillside, each set of rooms on a different level. It is enchanting within. An aura of genuine antiquity hovers over all the fine old furniture, the worn good rugs, and color—the house sings with it. It was quite a relief after these white funeral-parlors masquerading as drawing-rooms all over town.

The living-room is lined with books up to the ceiling—all the books you'd ever want to read. Biography, science, philosophy, eugenics, history, criminology, a good section on religion. Very few novels. They looked read—not as if they had come with the house. When you talk with Lederer, you know they have been read, and discussed, and digested.

"Just recently, after seeing 'Ah Wilderness,' I came out of the theatre unable to suppress a lifted-up feeling. I threw out my arms and breathed deeply and shouted and felt fine and good and happy. Why not?

"People are too afraid to feel. There is nothing so detrimental to any art—including the great art of living—as this pseudo-sophistication, this ridiculing the natural feeling of people. There is a 'smart' tendency to belittle all the true, simple, human feelings—feelings any artist in any medium is worthless without. The more capacity for feeling he has, the greater capacity for portraying it.

"An actor, particularly, must be interested in everything. He should find nothing uninteresting. For that matter, why should anyone who is alive find anything uninteresting?" Lederer is pretty good at asking questions, too, rhetorical questions that are difficult to answer. He does not smoke or drink, and it is not a pose. "Drinking would make me look at things through untruth. I would be influenced, fool myself. I don't want to fool anybody, myself included."

During the course of our conversation, I offered to lend him a book I thought would interest him. We were discussing Russia, and Walter Duranty's "I Write As I Please" came to mind. Lederer, with exquisite politeness, declined to borrow the book. It was startling, because I have learned after years of painful experience, not to lend my books indiscriminately. But to have an offer refused! He went to the telephone and ordered a copy of the book from his bookseller. Then he explained, "If a book is worth reading, it is worth buying, if one has the means to buy it. That is why I refuse to borrow books."

He maintains the largest office staff of any Hollywood player, in case you have an idea he is impractical. Seven office rooms with a manager, secretary, bookkeeper and four typists to answer correspondence, as well as a switchboard operator. His World Peace Federation requires another secretary and a court reporter who transcribes his speeches, plus from three to twelve clerks, depending on the scope of his current campaign. In addition to all this, he has a news-service department which answers queries about his various activities—an editor, secretary and a translator.

Maybe he is "strange," as Hollywood defines it. I think he is one of the few genuine altruists and definitely quite a guy.

Camera-shy Bing Crosby with Jack Oakie, snapped after a recent broadcast.

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Should a Woman Tell Her Past?

(Continued from page 53)

man to tell everything that's happened in your life before you met him. It's giving him ammunition for your defense if the occasion arises when he must defend you.

"Yes, you run the risk that he won't understand, that he will think, 'If she's been in love with anyone else, then how can she be sure she's in love with me now?' You run the risk of hurting him deeply, of making him jealous, of maybe making him afraid that some day someone else will come along that you'll love. But, if he can't understand that you're doing a difficult thing simply because you *do* love him and simply to put your marriage on a firm foundation, then he isn't the right sort of man.

ALONG that line I'd like to say something to the men. For heaven's sake, remember the fact that it's terribly hard for a woman to tell you about the other men in her life. Appreciate the fact that she loves you enough to do it. And when she tells you, take it with sympathy, understanding and respect.

"Don't do the things that she's afraid you'll do. Don't be hurt. Don't be jealous. Don't berate her. Just consider yourself lucky to get a woman who has the courage to be completely honest.

"When a love is started with honesty and understanding it can't fail. When the slate is wiped clean, there's no reason why it should be embarrassing for either the man or the girl to see anyone she's known before. That past is dead, when it's confessed. It's finished, when it's told. There is nothing so dead as a dead love and there is no reason for feeling uncomfortable when those ghosts from the past appear—no reason, that is, if you're perfectly honest.

"I suppose I should say that the ideal way for perfect happiness is when two people, who have never loved before, love each other. Sometimes that works out all right. But if the roles I've played on the screen—those sophisticated, worldly roles—haven't taught me anything else, they've made me realize that nine times out of ten a woman who has had other men in her life makes just as dutiful, just as loving a wife as a woman whose husband is the first man she's ever loved.

"In fact, a woman who has been in love before brings to her husband a knowledge and an understanding that she might not otherwise have had. And if she has been the victim of an unhappy love, she brings her husband gratitude for her present happiness.

"Girls who have not known the rocky path that love sometimes takes are apt to expect too much of it, to demand more than can be given.

"So, by all means, tell your past, no matter how little a past it may be. Tell it and start out honestly."

Gertrude laughed. "Does that sound like a sermon?" she asked.

"A fairly sophisticated one, I must admit," I answered.

"The funny part is," Gertrude went on, "I could preach another one from just the opposite point of view. When I was a kid I did preach in the pulpit. I took the minister's place whenever he was gone. And I used to take a certain text one Sunday and the next week I'd contradict it. I could prove both points, too, and I did that for a purpose—to prove that every question actually has two sides.

"This question has two sides, also. A girl may, of course, fall in love with a lad who wouldn't understand, who wouldn't take the right viewpoint at all. That's her very bad luck but, I suppose, in that case she has to figure out the best way for herself. All I know about anything connected with life and living is that unless you're honest you're lost. Unless you have courage there is no way for you to combat life."

No one knows that better than Gertrude Michael, for if she had not had courage, she would not be in Hollywood today. She was the girl who was rushed out from the New York stage to sign a contract with M-G-M. They were in such a big hurry to have her that she was asked to fly out. And then she sat in her little dressing-room for weeks, waiting for them to give her a screen part. They let her sit. And when her contract expired, they did not renew. So, in a strange town, a town of which she had expected so much she found herself without a job.

Such a contingency couldn't daunt her. She kept her chin up and fired herself with the determination that she would not be licked. She wasn't.

The Paramount contract came along. She has been, lately, climbing steadily. You've already seen her in a lot of pictures, but wait until you see her with Herbert Marshall in "Till We Meet Again." She's grand.

Her present Hollywood escort is Rouben Mamoulian, Garbo's ex-flame. Gertrude is a glamorous, exciting person. But more than that she's honest. And I believe that if you're faced with the "should a woman tell?" problem, you'll be grateful to Gertrude for such wonderful advice.

After hearing Gertrude's feminine views on this absorbing subject, I decided it was only fair to the men, to give them a break. So I decided to ask one of Hollywood's top-notch men stars whether he thought a gal ought to talk about her past loves to the man she is going to marry.

IT was John Boles to whom I went—John Boles with that marvelous combination of good common sense and gay romanticism, inherited from his Dutch and Irish ancestors. John is one of the most intelligent men I know. He has, during the years he has been on the stage and in pictures, learned a great deal about the world and its men and women and has made a grand success of his marriage to the lovely Mrs. Boles. He has an amazing sense of values and the ability to weigh a problem with his intellect and then soften the decision with the things his heart tells him. So I put the same question up to him.

"Good heavens," he laughed, "I'm really not an oracle. Who am I," he asked modestly, "to set myself up to solve the human relationships of the world?"

I answered, "I'm not asking you to expound. I'm asking you only to discuss this with me and, from what you have observed of men and women, to tell me what you think."

"There aren't any hard and fast rules for human conduct, are there?" he asked. "It would make life more simple if there were. One could not possibly say, 'Don't tell your future husband about the other men in your life,' or 'Do tell him.' But this advice can be given, 'Study your man. Learn his thought processes well and be guided by that.'

"Suppose a girl is engaged to a romantic, idealistic boy, who loves her for herself and not for anything she has done or hasn't done. But because he's an idealist by nature he idealizes her. It would be a shock to that boy to have his sweetheart tell him that she had loved and been loved by other men. Because he is a dreamer, and lives in his world of dreams, it is better for him not to know.

"Nor should the girl feel any compunctions about omitting to discuss her life before she knew him. It is not our deeds which make us intelligent people, it is our mental reactions to our deeds and what we learn from them.

"And what, you ask, if this idealistic boy finds out later that the girl has been in love before? For one thing, by that time he may have had some of his sentimentality rubbed off by life. If not, then if he truly loves her and she him, she can explain it all away, can convince him by her own sincerity that he is the one she truly loves and that the men she knew before she met him are not important.

"The reason I warn the girl in love with this type of boy to behave in this fashion is because there is nothing so bad—for either a man or a woman—as the first disillusion, the first hurt. Nothing that comes later can approach that in intensity. It's like first success. No matter how high my salary might go, no matter if I played a scene better than any actor in the world, nothing could be so thrilling to me as the signing of my first theatrical contract. And a friend of mine, a writer, whose book shelves are filled with dozens of erudite books written by himself, told me once that they could not mean a tenth as much to him as did the first inconsequential short story that he had published.

"Just as the first success is always the best, so is the first hurt invariably the worst.

BUT if a girl falls in love with a worldly and sophisticated man, a man who has lived through his first disillusions, who knows the world of reality for what it is then she can, if she likes, tell him anything she chooses about other men she has known. He no longer expects life to be as it is in romantic novels. He knows that it is natural for girls to flirt and that assuredly she has been in love (or thought she was) before he knew her, just as he has been in love (or thought he was) with other women. I don't think that, even then, the girl should make a fuss over it—should make a point of going to him and telling him everything that she has done or thought before she met him. It attaches too much importance to deeds. For, as I've said before and as I so truly believe, it is not what you do or have done that counts—it's what you are.

"Mind you, I'm telling you only what I've observed. I may be all wrong. I've never thought of myself as a Beatrice Fairfax, nor do I want to play that role now. You trapped me into all this by asking me to discuss this, but I'm not opening any courts of human relationship. I couldn't, by the farthest stretch of the imagination, solve complicated personal problems. But this I have observed—that there would be much more happiness between men and women if the sexes studied each other more than they do. If a woman would take the trouble to learn how a man *thinks* and if he would learn what goes on in her heart.

"For this I know is true, the strongest and most lasting appeal between a man and woman is the mental appeal. There can be no real companionship, no lasting happiness without that."

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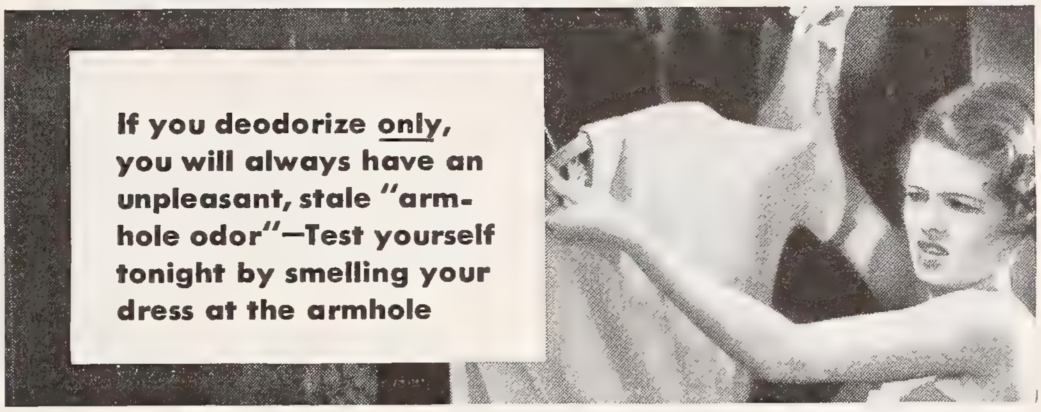

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Odorono comes in two strengths—Regular and Instant. You need use Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) only twice a week. Instant Odorono (Colorless) is for especially sensitive skin or quick emergency use—to be used daily or every other day. Keep both kinds on hand—for night or morning use. At all toilet-goods counters.

To know utter security and poise, send for sample vials of both Odoronos and leaflet on complete underarm dryness offered below.

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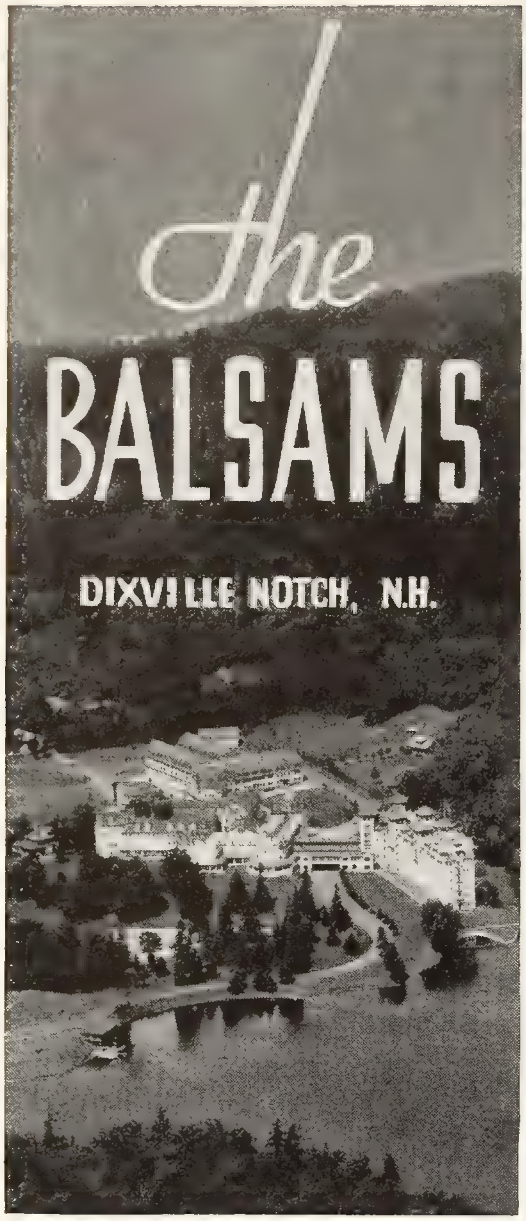

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Lowdown on a Lady

(*Continued from page 43*)

her contractual affairs. Last year she employed a booking agent. The time that she saved went into talking building and blue-print plans with the architect.

AS a business woman, Hollywood film producers and executives admire Irene Dunne's ability. As a woman and a beauty, they . . . but that's another story. Nothing flatters Irene more than to have a producer telephone her and consult her on a film he is about to cast, particularly when it is not her own. They know that she has sound judgment; clear, unbiased vision.

As an actress, La Dunne is noted for her equable disposition. "There is never any trouble on our sets," she says. "Maybe it is because of my name. Irene means 'peace,' you know." You get the idea that working on a Dunne picture is like life in one big happy family. Unless you would recognize the piquant turn of her classically-shaped nose (she's half Irish, of course) and her five feet, five inches of excellent figure, you might not know her as the star of the production, if you walked on her set.

Chances are, studio workers say, she is asking her stand-in about the latest colony gossip, or sitting on a chair in the corner talking to an anybody. Dunne is a friend of the worker, as was shown by her recent order to a local knitting house. She had sweaters made for all the set workers who were with her on "Show Boat."

Dunne's appearance is deceiving. Under her reposeful appearance is probably the best organized unit for getting its way that Hollywood has ever known. Irene Dunne doesn't believe in temperamental display but by a method, far more effective, she manages to win the director, producer, co-star, and cameraman over to her manner of thinking. She makes intelligent use of "controlled temperament." This, she admits.

With subtle suggestion, she can completely reverse the playing of a scene, and make the director and others think it was their own idea. There's genius in that ability. By the same manner, she can adroitly turn the questions that an interviewer is asking her, into questions about *him*. A studio publicity man lamented this to me. "I put off writing my biography on Miss Dunne, thinking that I'd know more about her at the end of the picture," he said. "I know as much about her now—what she thinks, what she does—as I did when she first walked onto the set.

"I know she's intelligent. I know that she makes an intelligent attack on any part that is given her, rationalizing, analyzing its essence. She applies what she knows about tempo and rhythm, from her singing, to her acting. A scene in 'Show Boat' called for her to enter an empty cafe where only a negro porter was mopping the floor. She was to walk across the set, seat herself on a stairway near where the negro stood and commence to sing. The way the scene was written there wasn't time for her to gather her full skirts about her, escape the mop's movement, seat herself on the stairs, and sing. Miss Dunne knew just what was wrong. She convinced the director that the scene, as written, was almost impossible to play. It was re-written according to her suggestions."

SCREEN acting has opened a new field for Dunne's creative imagination. Before this, she thoroughly investigated the world of song and musical comedy. Life will never let her learn all that she wants to know. It is too short for Dunne's curious, inquisitive mind. Even falling downstairs, these days, is a valuable experience for Dunne, although she does not indulge in it much. "I find myself analyzing my sensations as I fall, and my reactions," she says, "thinking that some day, in some film, I may be called upon actually to fall downstairs."

Analyzing herself, Irene Dunne feels that she has paid a dear price for success. "I feel that I have sacrificed a great deal. I have lost all the precious things of domestic life, a real home, the constant companionship of a husband, children." Her life, as lived now, is almost as inviolate as one of the Sisters of her faith. Her dentist husband continues his profession in New York. It is there that Irene, between pictures, hurries to visit him. Her marriage, successful, although long-distanced, is one of the major wonders of Hollywood.

Irene and her husband, because of their necessary separation, subscribe to the English custom of "ginks." A "gink," according to Lady Cavendish (Adele Astaire, Fred's sister), is a gentleman who takes a wife to lunch, tea, dinner and the theatre, when her husband is hard at his profession. Any number of Hollywood gentlemen consider it a pleasure to squire Irene Dunne to the better colony parties and to Los Angeles socialites' affairs, although they probably don't know what their English cousins call them.

But of these entirely civilized relationships, Dunne is a little wary. "I don't believe in going too frequently with the same man. Constant companionship of that sort quite naturally gives him the thought that he can see too much of me, and I am not interested in anything like that."

However, Dunne's spare time is ably used these days when she is not doing the hundreds of duties attendant upon a Hollywood star. With her French chateau nearly completed she is in daily conference with the interior decorator, who is assisting her in furnishing her home. Many pieces from her New York apartment have been shipped here for use. As always, Dunne dazzles the decorator with her superior knowledge of fabrics, periods, antiques. She has not told him that she keeps just one chapter ahead of him in her new book on interior decorating. When she was glibly talking to him about Fortuni prints and drapes, spare moments found her hurriedly reading up on floor coverings, the subject that would next occupy their joint attentions.

With all the hard-headed shrewdness that she displays in the conduct of her business and her personal life, it seems strange to find Dunne dominated by a single fear. She is not afraid to die. Like Shakespeare's Capulet, she feels "we were born to die." She is not afraid of losing her success. She said, "No one can keep it forever. That I know only too well. And who wants to? If you have had your day in the sun, go on to the other days, do other things. The trouble with life is that it gives us too little time to learn and practice all the things that are to be done.

"The thing that frightens me is fast,

Anita Louise, leaving for New York's smart St. Moritz Hotel, before sailing for Europe with her mother.

reckless driving. I have a horror of motor accidents, probably because I have had several narrow escapes from serious injury. But I think my fear stems from a time before the near smash-ups. My father, who died when I was about twelve, was a Federal inspector of steam boats. He was Captain Joseph J. Dunne, and before he became a government inspector, he was an Ohio River boat builder. My brother and I, from the time we were old enough to understand the grave dangers of mishaps, were taught by my father to be very careful in avoiding them. Safety was always the uppermost thought in my father's mind. If it has become almost an obsession with me, I blame it on paternal influence.

"In making a boat trip, you never bother to see where your life boat is the very first moment that you set foot on the ship, do you? Of course, you don't! Nor do you look about to see that your life belt is in the proper place. Few people do, instead they almost have to be hauled out on deck to see what precautions have been taken for their safety in case of accident. With me, when I travel, I instinctively inspect all these safety devices as soon as I board boat, train or plane—my father's caution, his words of advice, are so deeply grooved in my mind.

"It seems silly to rent a car with a good, steady chauffeur when I am in New York. All he does is wait in front of my apartment to take me to the hairdresser's, shopping or to the theatres, but that is exactly what I do. I simply can't stand the reckless driving of New York's taxi drivers. And, yet, if I am at the wheel, I will tear along at sixty miles or more an hour, and love it. My friends consider me a fast driver. But it is because I have confidence in myself that makes me unafraid when I drive."

Dunne's self-confidence has been the keynote of her successful career that led from Broadway's "Show Boat," into films. It's her conscience—sweet, Irish, true—that has won her many friends and film fans. It's her conscience, too, that makes her admit the lowly baked potato as her favorite food. "Crossing to Europe one time," she says, "a baked potato with salt, pepper, and no butter, was the only thing I could eat. I made up my mind then that if anyone ever asked me what my favorite food was, I'd reward the potato for its kindness to me.

"MY, HASN'T SHE CHANGED!"

. . . what do they say behind your back?

SHE was once one of the loveliest girls in her set. But her complexion has lost its rose-petal freshness, and gained untimely wrinkles. Her laugh is no longer carefree, but strained — and a little frightened. She really hasn't been herself for years.

Her friends are secretly shocked at the change. Her acquaintances are a little more outspoken — when she leaves the room. For no woman can continue to neglect her health without paying in the precious coin of her youth.

So many women are careless about menus — forgetting that a poorly balanced diet, over a period of years, can erase much of their charm and vivacity. In some cases, common constipation contributes to their troubles.

Common constipation is usually the result of insufficient "bulk" in the meals you eat. Fortunately, a delicious cereal supplies this "bulk." The "bulk" in Kellogg's ALL-BRAN absorbs moisture, forms a soft mass, gently cleanses the system.

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Close-up of Dick

(*Continued from page 51*)

guy on the lot. He knows the first name of every electrician, chauffeur and stenographer he's worked with. He sends cases of Campbell's soup and tomato juice to those kids he knows, and the kids proudly prattle to their neighbors about their "pal," Dick Powell.

Then there's his dog, Ranger. Ranger is a handsome thoroughbred police pup. Several months ago he belonged to a friend of Dick's, who was going East and wanted to leave him with Powell. But Dick declined the responsibility, saying: "I'll get too attached to him. You'll have to leave him with someone else, or give him to me." So Ranger was given to Dick, and since then they've become best friends.

All winter long Ranger watched Dick swim in the pool at his new Toluca Lake home, and decided that swimming was a trick he must learn. So every morning at 7:00, work day or holiday, Ranger pounces on Dick's bed to wake him for their morning workout. If Dick wants to swim in solitude, he has to lock Ranger up, else the pup will dive in every time he dives, and swim out only to make a running jump back into the pool to land on his master's shoulders. Nowadays the greatest sport among Dick's friends is avoiding Ranger's running dives, for a 150 pound dog's landing unexpectedly on one's head is apt to be a bit of a surprise!

Dick's girl friends tell with fond amusement of the steps he first took toward furnishing his new Toluca Lake home, which is his present hobby and the pride of his life. Dick personally devised or designed every gadget in the house, and let me assure you that there are plenty of them! Incidentally, his first purchase for the house, before even the lights were in, was a $35 set of exquisite Bavarian service plates! They must have been rather an odd picture, stacked in the middle of the dining room floor, seen by a dim flash light penetrating the gloom of a late November Sunday afternoon! And next he bought a pair of Sheffield plate candlesticks.

HIS furnishing system seems to be the example par excellence of the old Greek theory that all things are forever in a state of flux—no matter how frequently one is invited to Dick's menage, one never finds the same furniture twice in the same place; in fact, one seldom finds the same furniture twice at all. It's like a circulating furniture exhibit! He's had at least a dozen different furniture suites in the living room, and they've been rearranged as many dozens of times. Once he had two sofas and all of the overstuffed chairs upholstered to match the figured chintz draperies; there remains one love seat matching the draperies! When his mother was out in California, last year, she begged his friends not to suggest any more changes, protesting that there hadn't been any furniture in the house more than two days throughout her visit. Today Dick admits that he's satisfied with one corner of his living room.

In the great play room is found the 200-pound scrapbook that a married couple back in Pittsburgh surprised him with last year. In this massive volume there are accounts of Dick's accomplishments, since the days when he started out as a singer with the Kentucky Cardinals in St. Louis and Indianapolis, and it carries on the story of his achievements step by step. 200 pounds of published history of Dick Powell!

Once in awhile one can get Dick himself to reminisce about those earlier years covered in his scrapbook, and before. When he was five years old, he confesses, he did his first professional vocalizing. A railroad engineer gave him five pennies for singing "Casey Jones," and thereafter every time Dick wanted a nickel he would hunt up the engineer and render a lusty interpretation of "Casey Jones." It got to the point where the engineer would dodge down alleyways or behind hitching posts when he saw or heard young Powell coming!

And he tells about his most embarrassing moment, back in Pittsburgh, where for several years, he was the local wit and matinee idol. Doing four performances a day and rehearsing in between, Dick explains, one is apt to become groggy and perform one's duties with automatic absent-mindedness. One day he was greeted with shrieks and guffaws as he walked onto the stage, and it wasn't till some time afterward that a musician was able to whisper to him that he'd forgotten his tuxedo tie and collar, and that his trousers were unbuttoned!

BUT even these stories, the human incidents and accidents that only his intimate friends know, do not explain Dick Powell. For there's a serious side to this hero of stereotyped musical productions, this romantic crooner whom O. O. McIntyre salutes as the best master of ceremonies on the air, of which even his intimates are not aware. In the first place, though Dick asserts that he is completely happy and that there's nothing unusual about the things he does or feels or thinks, still Dick Powell has known great physical pain—and a great self-consciousness complex. He is not the light-hearted juvenile he forever appears to be in pictures, although he is ever the gay host and social comrade. Dick Powell never mentions his disappointments nor his pains; he does not believe in burdening others with his personal woes.

And yet, when you attempt to discuss this side of his character makeup with him, Dick denies it shortly, fearing you will jump to the conclusion that he's a melodramatic Pagliacci, a ham actor who's yearning for Hamlet roles, or a crooner with the "Met" complex. He knows his type, and his limitations. Just the other day a resourceful publicity man persuaded a syndicate movie chatterer that Dick had declined offers from the Metropolitan Opera Company on a recent trip to New York. But Dick heard about the story, and prohibited its publication. He refuses to commit sensational stunts just to court publicity, and insists that if the truth isn't interesting enough, he prefers to go without publicity.

"I don't feel that I've achieved anything, in comparison to what I want to achieve," Dick answered my bromide about "to what do you attribute your success?" He wants to be as fine an actor as it is possible to become—as fine an actor as he considers Helen Hayes an actress, but he hastily protests that "I'm not dissatisfied with the work I've been given. I haven't had a real vacation in ten years, but I'm grateful for having been employed steadily all that time. If a person is given the same type of role repeatedly, the reason is that that type of picture is selling. And it seems pretty stupid to me to get dissatisfied when common sense will tell you that your studio will make that kind of picture till it's no longer 'box-office.' When that time has come, a change will be necessary and we always hope it will be a change for the better. But I'm not so ungrateful nor so conceited as to assume that I know more than my studio knows about what I can do and luck has been with me long enough to make me feel confident that when the time is ripe, better things will come."

THUS does Dick side-track your efforts to get at that serious, sensitive side of him that you know is hiding behind this gracious but seemingly cocky and wary screen and radio idol. He side-tracks you thusly about his romances, too, saying he has no time for serious romance just now. All very guarded, you see.

Many of us feel that even though filmlanders are prone to practice the celebrity's license of saying one thing and performing another, Dick probably will remain a bachelor for some time to come. He is very fond of Joan Blondell and they are very good friends. But, marriage? Well— Joan's divorce will not be final for many months. Dick was married once before, you know, when he was just out of his freshman year in college, and because that didn't work out, he is wary about plunging into another. He wants to marry again, yes, when he's reasonably sure it can be a mutually happy marriage.

From another tack I learned a little more. I heard that the physical examinations he underwent at Johns-Hopkins, when he went East to make "Annapolis," were to find the cause of his headaches, and as I too have had headaches, I inquired about the remedy the specialists prescribed. And because Dick thought that here was an opportunity to help someone, he finally "opened up."

In the first place, only the radio studio audiences and workers on the Warner Brothers lot knew that Dick Powell wore glasses. It was strange, watching him, for he never seemed to know whether he wanted them off or on. He would wear them for five minutes, and then, when he'd be holding his script or sheet music out at arm's length for reading it, he'd take the glasses off. But even those, who could see the coming and going of the glasses, didn't know about the headaches, didn't know about the two to four to six aspirins Dick took every day for over a year to ease them. These headaches came like great steel braces to clamp about his temples till his blood vessels throbbed and pulsed like drums in his ears, and it seemed as though great hammers had struck between his eyes with only red spots, whirrings and flashes of lightning piercing the blackness in front of him. No one who hasn't had headaches hour after hour, day after day, for weeks at a time, until the pain seems almost to drive the sanity and reason out of one, can know what they're like—and no one at all knew about Dick Powell's headaches. Perhaps these headaches are a partial reason for people's thinking him conceited. Perhaps the pain was so great that Dick was too ill and preoccupied to be as gracious as usual to his acquaintances, or to feel like being gay, friendly and conversational.

At any rate, when Dick described his headaches, I knew he had just cause for murder—those headaches alone explain lots of things. And he described them only in order to express, in contrast, the gratitude he feels and the abundant good health he has enjoyed since consulting the doctors at Johns-Hopkins.

"It's funny," explains Dick, "they really didn't do much beside examine me all over again. But finally, all they said was that I didn't need to wear glasses, and that I should do a few eye exercises every day. I threw my four pairs of specs into the wastebasket at the doctor's office then and there, and I've had only one headache since. That was at a movie, and I simply did the exercise of following the moving finger from a foot away from the eyes to an inch away, and after doing that a few times, even that headache left me."

AFTER this comparing of notes on headaches and the appreciation it brought of the agonies Dick had suffered, I told him outright that I had formerly thought him the most conceited upstart in pictures, at which he became very concerned and earnest.

"Now why, what do I do that makes everyone think I'm conceited? To be conceited, one must be stupid, I think—and I strive hard enough to keep out of that class.

"Do you know that I constantly violate studio instructions just to avoid being thought conceited? We're told to be aloof, mysterious, different and yet, how can one be when one likes people, all kinds of people, and can't bear hurting their feelings? Yet most people think I'm conceited. If I only knew what I could do to change their thinking that. I suppose I never can, though. Look at Al Jolson. He's the most sensitive, self-conscious fellow I know, and yet everyone thinks he's conceited, too.

"The hardest thing I've had to conquer and I haven't whipped it yet, is self-consciousness. I always feel scared and silly and conspicuous when I have to 'emote' for pictures—and people think I'm flippant and cold!"

But it was through discussing his trip home to Arkansas, last summer, I got to the philosophy of Dick's life, the ethics by which he lives, the sincerity with which

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he appreciates others' kindnesses, and the conscientiousness with which he works.

When Dick left Little Rock, Arkansas, as a young bridegroom just out of his first year in college, he declared to himself that he wouldn't go back until he had accomplished something which even the critical townsfolk would acknowledge as an achievement. Through the years it's been necessary for him to go back, occasionally, but it wasn't until last summer that he was able to achieve that sense of real accomplishment. Dick sacrificed a highly remunerative personal appearance tour to make that trip home, and while there he gave abandonedly of his services and time for a benefit show he staged for the Little Rock Boys' Club. The performance was an outstanding success, and raised enough money to keep a swimming pool open all the year around for the crippled and disabled children of the community. In recognition of his services, the Boys' Club honored him with a framed satin plaque commemorating the occasion, and Dick is more proud of that plaque than anything he possesses.

In the tone of his voice, as he described his home town and the loving neighbors there, you sensed the sincerity which emanates from the soul of Dick Powell, and subsequently, as he showed the various colored bath towels his mother had monogrammed "REP" (Richard Ewing Powell) for him on her recent visit here, I realized how appreciative he was of little things.

Later on he told me the corrections he would make if he could live his life over—finishing college and taking four additional years of law as a general preparation for any career, waiting until he was older to marry so that he'd know enough to make a success of his first marriage. He values the important things. Yet he's practical about it all. For instance, Dick observes: "After having been out of school and working in the world for awhile, one finds that the men who make a million a year work no harder than those who make a thousand a year—it's just that those who make the millions know where and how to spend their energy."

Such are the conclusions about life and living that Dick Powell has drawn, and he adds: "I don't waste any time regretting the mistakes I've made. I've been mighty lucky, and I'm so happy now that I'm afraid it won't last. Such happiness doesn't seem to last in this world. But no matter what the future holds, I refuse to worry, because I know it can't help any. Maybe it's a silly attitude, a stupid attitude, but I feel that no matter what one has to do, whether it be street sweeping or leading the country through a depression, if one does it to the best of his ability, everything else will take care of itself. Perhaps that's why I'm never drastically disappointed, for although I dream about things, I don't count on anything. I live for the day only."

Is that the remark of a flippant thinker, a self-satisfied egotist? I think not. And yet, that's the real Dick Powell!

Gene, Marry? Well—

(*Continued from page 47*)

I never wanted to be anything but an actor.

"I've never wavered in my one-track ambition, even as a child. I never, for instance, wanted to be a fireman or a street car conductor. I could look dispassionately on steam engines, steam rollers, Indian tepees, cowboy outfits and all the rest of the insignia of most lads' dreams.

"I loved adventure all right, but I loved it in books. I read 'Scaramouche,' 'The Sea Hawk' and 'The Three Musketeers' and longed to play them. I never brought my yearnings up to date with the hope of enlisting in a South American or a Mexican revolution.

"I just wanted to be an actor. And I want to continue to be an actor. And marriage would interfere with that continuance. . . .

"We won't go into the worn-out arguments against marriage in Hollywood. The subject has been worried and shaken around by writers until it is anemic. It's a matter of time, really. You have to have time to give to marriage. A screen actor has no time to give. You have to play leading man, and a darned adequate one, to your wife. A screen actor has no self to give. He is leading man to too many different women. The average girl wouldn't be expected to understand all this . . . the sketchy hours, the whole high-keyed pattern of the life. And to marry an actress would be to court almost certain disaster. I do not believe that two professionals can run harmoniously together in such abrasive double harness. That has been proven often enough to be conclusive.

"I shall marry eventually, of course. Actors are no different from other men. We want the stabilities other men have, too. But the life we lead is different, too different."

And I want to make a prophecy about Gene Raymond here and now. When he does finally marry it will not be one of those off-to-Yuma-by-night-plane elopements. It will not come as a surprise to his friends or to his fans. For there is something very conservative, and really rather sweet about Gene. He will have all of the "honorable traditions." The formal proposal. The engagement ring. The announcement. His bride-to-be will have time for showers and parties and the garnering of a hope chest. There will be a church wedding and parental blessings and rice and old shoes and a honeymoon.

"And I'll tell you just when I do hope to marry," Gene was saying as I came to again. "I hope to marry when I have reached the point in my career where I can be sure of making no more than two or three pictures a year. When I can dictate my own terms and my own time. Then and only then will I qualify as a husband. I can 'keep company' with my wife. We can travel and entertain and be together as man and wife should be. But I must reach that place before I can feel decent about asking any girl to share my life with me. For I must be able to share, too."

AND again I must interrupt Gene to make a mental prophecy. He will do just what he says he wants to do. For there is a granite strain in this blond young man. A strain of rigid self-discipline. I know that on New Year's Eve he decided to give up smoking for six months. At midnight, in the very midst of smoking a cigarette, he dunked it and has not had a single puff since. He will make up his mind not to go out for three weeks, to stay at home and read and study. Once his mind is made up, nothing can shake his determination.

"Will you answer a question?" I asked suddenly.

"If I can answer just 'yes' or 'no,' grinned Gene.

"Right," I said, "it's this. Have you ever been in love? I mean, when you talk of what you will and will not do about falling in love and marrying, do you know what you are talking about from experience?"

"Yes," said Gene.

"Then," I said, "you've been deeply enough in love to know the signs and symptoms called 'falling'? You know enough to run away when you feel them attacking you?"

"Yes," said Gene.

"Emotions are completely unpredictable, though, aren't they?" I persisted, feeling a strong impulse to shake him until two words dropped out instead of the guaranteed one.

"Yes," said Gene.

Then he added, amusement in his eyes, "Yes, of course, emotions are unpredictable. Your own heart is the joker in the pack. It's more apt to play tricks on you than not. I may fall so in love tomorrow afternoon at five-thirty o'clock that I won't know whether I'm an actor or an acrobat. But it's unlikely."

I agreed with him there. I am convinced that young Mr. Raymond is a cold proposition on the surface, that he has given himself a thorough coat of protective-coloration, so well applied that young Dora Cupid going a-gunning couldn't tell whether he might be a vulnerable young man or a tree-toad.

I thought, too, of the gamut this young man has run. He went to the Children's Professional School, with Helen Chandler and Marguerite Churchill among his classmates. He played in "Mirrors" on the New York stage with Sylvia Sidney and in "Take My Advice" with Genevieve Tobin. In Hollywood he made "Personal Maid" with Nancy Carroll, "Ladies of the Big House" with Sylvia Sidney, "Red Dust" with Jean Harlow, "Brief Moment" with Carole Lombard, "The House on 56th Street" with Kay Francis, "Zoo in Budapest" with Loretta Young. "I Am Suzanne" with Lilian Harvey, "Flying Down to Rio" with Dolores del Rio, "North Shore" opposite Barbara Stanwyck, "Seven Keys to Baldpate" with Margaret Callahan, "Don't Bet On Love," his latest, with Wendy Barrie. I'm reeling off these titles not to give you the titles, but to give you the lovely ladies he has worked with. And if a man can be subjected to such a beauty barrage of fire and remain even moderately sane—well, what do you think? He isn't likely to be too susceptible, is he?

Then, Gene has his "defenses." He explained them to me. Staying single is the easiest thing he does except for one fact—there are so many lovely ladies to trip the unwary heart. He makes this very fact work for him. For one of the greatest dangers of falling in love is propinquity. Propinquity with one person. And so he avoids that. He does not go out with any one girl too often.

SOMETIMES," said Gene, "I don't go out at all, for long periods. I get spells where I want to be on the go all of the time—weeks when I go lunching, dining, dancing almost constantly. Then more weeks when I don't go out at all—stay at home with my mother and my brother Robert (he's musical and wants to have his own band. He's clever and

When the horse runs home and the ground is hard,
When you wish you were safe in your own back yard,

When your face is red as a riding coat,
When things get tough and they get your goat,

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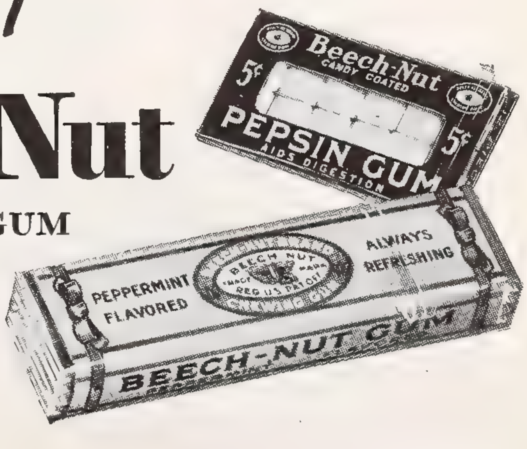

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undoubtedly will have one), and read and study and take long rides by myself.

"I have so many things I want to do, you know," Gene said. "An actor's life has limitations. I recognize them and want to prepare to write and direct. I'd like to head an independent producing unit at a major Hollywood studio. I make it a point to study the methods of the various directors with whom I work. I am also studying music, languages, literature. A man with only one string to his bow is liable to find himself without a target to aim at, you know."

He's not content either with the things he has done on the screen. He wants to do costume pictures. The Sabatini type of hero—swashbuckling, do-and-darish.

And it might interest you to know that Gene has worked toward that as yet unrealized Sabatini-ish end for years. He went to a gym in New York for years. He studied fencing. He studied riding. He played golf and tennis. He is not really the sophisticated drawing-room type at all. Thus far he hasn't been able to sell a producer the idea that he can break a lance and rescue a ladye faire with the best of the "Bloods" and "Fletcher Christians." But he's going to convince someone one of these days, or know why.

"Can't you see why I don't want to marry, yet?" Gene asked. "I want perfection in my marriage. I can't give toward that perfection what I want to give until I've accomplished some of the things I've planned. I'm looking forward to marriage as the real goal of my career, the real Grail for which working is only a part of the seeking."

And the Bride Wore...

(*Continued from page 66*)

natural colored linen lace, made with a tiny high collar piped in linen and with short puff sleeves. Dozens of little linen-covered buttons march from neckline to hem. And like her other lace dress, small patch pockets are a unique detail of the flared skirt. A snugly fitted linen jacket tops this dress. The exaggerated shoulder line and nipped-in waist are features of this, too. Giddiest of all are Ginger's accessories for this costume. A saucy pill box hat and a huge jabot of violets on silk—the hat is completely covered with the violets. Natural colored linen strap slippers complete the costume.

Ginger said that she liked lounging pajamas better than negligees in her own trousseau. As it happened she was buying a new pajama suit to replace a trousseau one which was quite worn out now. Her new one was so smart that I have shown it on page 65. It's a three-piece affair, the long white crepe coat faced back with a bright paisley print. Trousers are of the print and the tailored, short-sleeved shirt of white crepe is laced with a string of the print. It's a perfect pajama for summer because it is tailored enough to wear about the house and out into the garden.

Other "musts" for your trousseau, according to Ginger, should be a fluffy dinner gown, one or two evening dresses, a black or white velvet evening wrap, a sports coat—she likes camels hair for this—and several simple sports or daytime dresses gauged to your own needs.

GINGER'S wedding gown was lace in her favorite shade, a pale yellow-green. And funny enough, even though she has been married for nearly two years, the same dress would be charming this summer, so well chosen was it. The fitted blouse had a short peplum and the skirt was made long and gracefully wide. A medium-brimmed green straw hat was trimmed with a short veil of the same lace as the dress. For flowers, Ginger carried a flat spray of calla lilies with gardenias laid along the stems. Simply a charming costume for any bride who wants to break away from the conventional white gown and a veil.

Before leaving Ginger to go on to the subject of wedding gowns, I want to mention what she wears for a foundation garment. Being so very slender, a pair of knitted elastic pants serves adequately in lieu of a more confining girdle. These are a satin and elastic knit combination and are perfect for all you young things who have mere pencils for figures. However, for you who do need some real figure control, and most of us do, an all-in-one is an excellent choice. There is a slick one on the market made of satin with knitted elastic at the hips, where you need it. The top and uplift bust of this garment are made of lace, reinforced with net. The satin is cleverly reinforced and boned in back and over the diaphragm.

And for summer, there is another type of foundation you should have in your trousseau. It's cool yet gives you all the support you need. It's made of a silk-covered elastic net. Off the body it looks shirred but on it's smooth as a glove and very sheer. Another grand point is that it's seamless except for a slender front panel of satin. The bust part is in uplift style and the back is cut low.

Now for wedding finery. The general trend in wedding gowns seems to be toward the period style. And you can pick almost any period you like, the bouffant Victorian or the slender Regency with the high waist, or the simple draped modern gown—and any of a dozen others. Flowers play a big part in veil arrangements, just as they do in hair styles, this summer. And you'll find that it will be fun to experiment with unusual flowers, rather than the traditional orange blossoms. The halo type of wedding veil arrangement is very effective for you who look well in off-the-face hats. Bonnets, too, are charming, especially when the veil billows forth from under the brim at back.

Sally Blane, when she married Norman Foster, wore a short tulle veil which covered her face and reached only to just below her shoulders in back. Her wedding gown, of white velvet, had a period feeling in its square neckline and standing ruche of velvet. The skirt was straight and long with a slight train at back. Her bouquet was in shower effect, made of white orchids and lily-of-the-valley. Altogether it was a beautiful ensemble. And a hint to bridegrooms, Norman wore a spray of Sally's lily-of-the-valley in his buttonhole.

IN "Showboat" Irene Dunne wears a wedding gown of the nineties that has a lovely wedding veil arrangement. The veil springs from a tiara of waxed orange blossoms, worn well back on the head and showing a fluffy curled bang at front. This veil is tulle and is very long. Irene's dress boasts a bustle and many ruffles in the manner of that period. Her bouquet is a grand tip for you who wear your mothers' wedding gowns for it is so in keeping with the period. Of white roses and lily-of-the-valley, it is surrounded by a white lace frill, in the manner of a Valentine nosegay, only large.

There's a new shade that is being promoted by smart shops in their wedding displays. It is an off-white on a pale mauve cast. Nice for you who like the unusual and want to be up to the minute in your wedding. Delicate pink and an icy blue white, as well as an oyster white are all variations of the pure or cream white shade.

Satin is first in fabrics with chiffon, crepe, taffeta, net, lace and tulle-over-taffeta running close in popular choice.

Shirley Deane wears a taffeta wedding gown in "The First Baby" which offers ideas for all of you. You can see it on page 66. There's a quaint charm about it such as there would be to one handed down by your grandmother. An unusual drape effect is given the upper sleeve by means of the tight shoulder shirring. And shirring is repeated across the bodice. The tulle ruche and the file of pearl buttons down the front are perfect accents to the tight fitting bodice. Shirley's veil is in two lengths of tulle with flowers outlining the cap. Her bouquet is unique, too, being a muff of gardenias and fern with gardenia-trimmed streamers.

Anita Louise wears a perfect bridesmaid's hat. Of finest straw, its wide brim and crown is crossed in the center by an open mesh veil which forms a chin band underneath. Flowers circling the crown, are repeated again in a small bunch under the brim.

Pat Paterson, another bride of a few years ago, wears a lace gown that could be a charming bridesmaid's costume. Mauve lace is the fabric, the top designed with an off-the-shoulder effect and puff sleeves, and the skirt slender through the hips but with godets introduced to give a smart flare below. A pink taffeta bow and pink shoulder straps are the only decorative details. Pat's flower trimming for her hair is an excellent suggestion for the wedding party that doesn't wear hats. These could be real flowers, echoing the bouquets the attendants carry.

And there's nothing like a very practical tip to close our bridal story. Both the bride and her bridesmaids can have colored gloves to match their costumes with no effort and hardly any expense.

Dye white fabric ones in the colors you want! It's so easy, all you need are some of the grand little dye wafers that are on the market. You can either use the colors these wafers come in—or you can combine several wafers to get the latest color scheme. For instance, here are two color recipes: To get a dusky rose shade, you combine a half wafer of tan with an eighth wafer of scarlet. And for a royal blue, combine a half wafer of dark blue with an eighth wafer of rose pink. If you would like more of these "Color Recipes," just fill in the coupon and I will send you the newest color schemes and how to make them.

Adelia Bird,
MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me your free booklet, "Color Recipes."

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She knows her MEN!

THE girl who gets the invitations is the girl who knows how to please the men!

She takes great pains to learn their likes and their dislikes.

One of the first things she learns is that nothing so quickly prejudices a man against a girl as the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her clothing and her person.

And so she runs no risk of this danger. For she knows how easy it is to avoid —with Mum!

Just half a minute is all you need to use this dainty deodorant cream. Then you're safe for the whole day!

Another thing you'll like—use Mum any time, *even after you're dressed.* For it's harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too—so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

Mum, you know, doesn't prevent natural perspiration. But it does prevent every trace of perspiration odor. And how important that is! Use Mum daily and you'll never be uninvited because of personal unpleasantness.

Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York.

MUM

ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS is on sanitary napkins. Use it for this and you'll never have to worry about this cause of unpleasantness.

takes the odor out of perspiration

Good Boy—Bad Boy

(*Continued from page 21*)

person, has acted as a demon chaperone, always with them on their dates.

BE that as it may, this is not a story of Ariel and Caliban. It is one of the two Barrymore boys who were pals long ago when they were young and who are still more affectionately disposed toward each other than many brothers. To Lionel, John is always "Young Feller" and to John, Lionel is invariably "Mike." These nicknames date back to the days when as lads they used to impersonate Weber and Fields for their own amusement. Those days when they were both "those young Barrymore devils," always getting into mischief, such as the time the two of them walked importantly into Delmonico's, gravely consulted the bill of fare and ordered French pastry. They gorged themselves. The waiter presented a bill, for five dollars.

"But, my man," said Lionel, "the bill of fare says pastry costs but twenty-five cents!"

The waiter admitted this truth, but he said vehemently, "You two have eaten twenty orders between you and you know it!"

And the boys stayed in hock at Delmonico's until their father, Maurice Barrymore, arrived to bail them out.

As they have grown up and gone about their trade of acting (they both frankly call it a trade), they have led totally different lives. John's has been colorful, spectacular, vivid, dramatic. He has always been the spoiled darling of the theatre and the movies. All he had to do to win the adulation of the fans was to turn that left profile.

Lionel, on the other hand, has ambled inconspicuously through the theatre and through more than a quarter of a century in pictures, every now and then getting highly praised for this performance or that, but never arousing more than momentary excitement. He is a finer and more serious creative artist than John. John never took motion pictures seriously until after Lionel's sustained success in characterization. He had been content with turning on the charm in romantic roles, and making facetious remarks about movie moguls, but Lionel's success aroused him. He did such things as "Topaze," "Reunion in Vienna" and "Bill of Divorcement," which could not be slid through on the strength of charm, but required good hard work.

WHILE John has been crashing headlines with his affairs of the heart, Lionel has gone quietly about his business. He was married to Doris McKee Rankin for seventeen years. When he was divorced some years ago, he married Irene Fenwick, the charming stage star, to whom he is still married.

When a friend asked him what he thought about John's attachment to the youthful Elaine Barrie, this is the remark attributed to him and it has the familiar Barrymore tang!

"Oh, I don't know," he drawled, "I never think about such things any more, seems to me that John would get to that age, too."

As you may or may not remember, Lionel is fifty-eight years old, and John is fifty-four.

John says that the crash of his marriage with Dolores Costello was all his fault, that "Mrs. Barrymore is a most charming woman." But his friends say that there are two sides to the question. After all, John probably was not easy to live with, but on the other hand Dolores Costello, too, may have her faults. Certainly, an impasse had been reached long before he went on the Havana cruise which brought the subsequent unpleasant publicity.

It is interesting that John's come-back is in a Shakespearian role. The one time you can get him to talk seriously and at length on acting is when he discusses the Bard of Avon. He likes this villain, Mercutio. He says he is a "mercurial sort of fellow, full of imagery sometimes flamboyant, sometimes whimsically tender. He has that quality the Irish describe as 'fey'—imagery and an inherent belief in the elves." In fact Mercutio sounds a trifle Barrymore from John's description, doesn't he?

Lionel also has been known to become violently worked up playing a role. In a recent picture he became so excited during an argument with the director that in pounding the table to emphasize a point, he actually broke a bone in his hand. The director wouldn't let him hear the last of it. Thereafter, he had a prop boy follow Mr. Barrymore around with a pillow so that he could bang the pillow instead of a table.

Bad Boy and Good Boy, they are two of the most interesting men of the theatre and pictures.

Sam Taylor, Modern Screen's Hollywood reporter, interviewed pretty Joan Marsh during one of his recent tri-weekly broadcasts. Tune in Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 7:15 p. m., Station WOR, and be informed on the latest Hollywood doings.

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Finds Way To Have Young Looking Skin at 35!

SMART, modern women no longer submit to the tragedy of "old skin" just because they are 30, 35, 40! A wonderful new creme, applied at night like cold cream, acts a scientific way to free the skin of that veil of semi-visible darkening particles which ordinary creams cannot remove after a certain age. So gentle and quick—often only 5 days is time enough to bring out a glorious rose petal softness and fineness and white, clear look of youth. And, the way it eliminates common surface blemishes—ugly pimples, blackheads, freckles—is a revelation! Ask for this creme—Golden Peacock Bleach Creme at all drug and department stores.

Luck Smiles on Ann

(*Continued from page 63*)

under contract by M-G-M. Day after day they had her pose for publicity pictures, but they never gave her a chance to act. She felt so low, it was a temptation just to mope around the house, but she pulled herself together and went to the party determined to show them that they were overlooking a good bet.

"Wasn't it lucky that I didn't get a part in pictures then? I didn't know anything about acting!"

Her luckiest break, she figures, was being born the daughter of Annette Yde, concert singer and voice coach, who gave her a love of music and the theatre, who taught her and encouraged her.

It was not financial necessity that drove Annette Yde out on a concert tour through forty-degree-below-zero North Dakota weather that January back in 1909 when Ann was born. It was her love of singing to those music-starved audiences. Ann is deeply grateful for her inherited love of the theatre, and for her mother's example of courage and love of living that made her take everything in her stride—career, love, marriage, babies.

Looking at Ann as our taxi jolted along spasmodically through the heavy traffic, it seemed to me that it was the most divine luck for her to have big blue-gray eyes that are as changeable as the weather—pert and fresh as lilacs one minute, impenetrable violet depths another. It was luck to be endowed with a complexion like thick cream and lips that are wide and tolerant and sensuous. It was luck that she had the sort of features that photograph well from every angle and hair that falls gracefully even when whipped by the wind. But Ann doesn't give that a thought. To her it is just a face that she is so accustomed to that it seems as commonplace as having ten fingers.

Our taxi jolted to a sudden stop, right across from a theatre where signs announced that Roger Pryor was about to open an engagement there in person.

"You'll be getting married soon, won't you?" I asked.

"But where did you hear that?" she blurted out as if taken by surprise. She was smiling radiantly, and trying hard not to.

"Everyone seems to be trying to make up our minds for us. It's disconcerting. Don't try to make me live in the future when I believe in making the most of the present. Remember, Roger has just obtained his final decree and I think he should try freedom for a while. He should not get married in a hurry. He has been tied down so long—"

Abruptly the taxi plunged forward again, and as we came to a sudden stop we glanced out and read the sign on the next theatre marquee.

"'You May Be Next,' with Ann Sothern," we read and then collapsed, giggling at the strange suggestion theatre signs flaunt to the world.

"Is it a good picture?" I asked. "Are you any good in it?"

"OH, no," she protested, "don't go to see it, please. Give me a chance to do better. I never like my work in pictures. While I am working, I am always hopeful, but when I see the result I detect a thousand and one places where

"CAN'T CHAFE"
means more than ever on active Summer days!

KOTEX CAN'T CHAFE

The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton to prevent chafing and irritation. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned — the center surface is free to absorb.

KOTEX CAN'T FAIL

Kotex has a special "Equalizer" center whose channels guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk — prevents twisting and roping. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 TIMES more absorbent than cotton.

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The rounded ends of Kotex are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no tell-tale lines or wrinkles.

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2. JUNIOR — IN THE GREEN BOX — Somewhat narrower — when less protection is needed.
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WONDERSOFT KOTEX A SANITARY NAPKIN *made from Cellucotton (not cotton)*

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WHAT ABOUT YOUR TALCUM POWDER?

Be as fussy about Talcum Powder as you are of any cosmetic. Insist on LANDER'S BLENDED TALCUM, *nothing purer!* Take your pick of our 5 Exclusive Double-Blends!

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FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

P. S. Get all the features of a dollar lipstick for 10c! Ask for the new LANDER'S PERMANENT TRIPLE INDELIBLE SWIVEL LIPSTICK..made with a cold cream base!

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To relieve soreness—hasten healing—help prevent infection—apply at once, mild, reliable
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Brush Away GRAY HAIR AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER

NOW, without any risk, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Prove it—by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair.

Used and approved—for over twenty-four years. BROWNATONE is safe. Guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as the new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Just brush or comb it in. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black" cover every need.

BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

I should have done better. I realize then the lack of expert little touches of characterization that an actress like Helen Hayes would have put in.

"It isn't the fault of the stories," she dismissed the neat little excuse I offered her. "An actress can give a great deal even to a feeble role if she explores it deeply enough. Maybe it has helped me not having awfully good pictures. Critics have got in the habit of saying that I deserve something better. The only part I have really liked was in 'Folies Bergere.' Maurice Chevalier was delightful to work with, so considerate and stimulating.

"He takes his work very seriously. No matter how much he has worked on the preparation of a scene, he is constantly puzzling out ways to do it better. He loves the theatre for itself."

"And for the money," I suggested, always one to nail flights of fancy down with a fact or two.

"Yes, I like the money, too," she chimed in without hesitation. "It means that I can have a comfortable home and nice clothes and the best tennis coach. My game's getting good and I'm very proud of it. It means that I can hop on a plane and come to New York when I have a few days away from the studio. But the money would not make life pleasant if I were not doing what I enjoy. The fascinating part about acting is that whatever you may do, you always feel that given another chance you might do more. The further you get the more you realize how much you have to learn.

"I was playing a lead on Broadway four years ago. My name was Harriet Lake then, you know. I may have looked like a success to everyone else, but I woke up to the fact that I didn't know anything, ANYTHING," she added emphatically. "I took a large part of my salary and paid it to a dramatic coach to teach me fundamentals.

"Out in Hollywood, I often sit alone evenings and study my lines the way we used to under her direction. I live alone, rattling around in a big house with just some servants and dogs. If it has been a bad day at the studio, I can always play and sing or read until I am all relaxed and gay again. Then I can pick up my lines for the next day and really try to give them some meaning."

Ann Sothern is one of those quiet, serene people who does things thoroughly. If she were a typist, she would be on hand every time a speed competition was held, matching her skill against the lightning fingers of the winners. If she were a hairdresser, she'd be the earnest, wide-eyed gal in the front row of every demonstration of a new method of giving permanent waves. But because she happens to be an actress, it is her voice and body and imagination, the tools of a player, that she works on.

In the interval between finishing her Columbia contract and starting at RKO she felt that she needed a rest and relaxation, so she went to Palm Springs. She was bored. She went to San Francisco and was even more bored. So she rushed to a plane and came to New York where there are two influences of inestimable value to her—the theatre and Mme. Frances.

Later on I will tell you how Ann goes to the same theatre day after day, seeing Helen Hayes or Katherine Cornell over and over again, taking the performances apart and trying to discover what makes them so good. But first let me tell you about Mme. Frances.

MME. FRANCES makes clothes, bewilderingly lovely and expensive clothes, designed especially for the people who wear them. They cannot be copied because, aside from her cunning, rare materials and fine sewing go into them. Ann just bought a regal, finger-tip sable cape from her. At the matinee she was wearing a prim black taffeta suit with silver fox swirling around her neck and down to her knees. But Mme. Frances is more than a designer to whom Ann entrusts the job of making her look elegant in a not too conspicuous way. She is a woman whose salty wisdom has for many years been the terror of phonies in the theatrical world and the joy of those few to whom she has offered her encouragement. Starting in a little hat shop on Broadway, Frances has become a power in the dress world, a big trader in Wall Street, and a Palm Beach hostess to whose annual charity ball all society flocks. Ann is one of the very few young actresses who can legitimately claim her as a close friend.

"If I ever become phoney in any way,

Leslie Howard, Norma Shearer, Mrs. William Gargan, and Mrs. Howard attend "The Great Ziegfeld" premiere together.

I'll know it when Frances looks at me. She demands a lot of people. She has known many of the great men and women of this generation, so she keeps you from getting cocky over some trifling success. But she is just as ready to bolster you up when you are low."

I have never seen Ann Sothern when she was low. I can't quite imagine it. For such an extravagantly lush, bland beauty, she seems to have a very even disposition and I've often wondered how she got it. Maybe it was the influence of her quietly reflective Scandinavian grandmother with whom she lived during her high-school years in Minneapolis. For three years in succession Ann won the prize at Central High School for the best original piano composition. Grandmother was pleased. It was all right for her to be a big fish in a small puddle as long as she was reminded that there were lakes and rivers and oceans for her to attempt later on.

If you have any doubts about Ann's level head, came back with me to intermission time at the Helen Hayes matinee. I was resigned to staying in the stuffy theatre, because it is too much to ask a motion-picture actress to go out to the lobby and battle with the autograph seekers. But Ann grabbed my arm and led me out. She does not act like a star who is afraid of being recognized. No black glasses, no furtive darting about. The usual manner of a star is just a shade less harassed than that of a fugitive from justice with the Canadian Mounted in hot pursuit. Ann Sothern gives in public a superb performance of Miss Nobody with the result that onlookers are puzzled. They are sure they have seen her somewhere, but she is so obviously unconscious of their staring that they are willing to grant it may be a mistake.

"It seems odd to be out front in this theatre," she told me. "I played on that stage for thirty-six weeks in 'America's Sweetheart.' I was still Harriet Lake then. Didn't change my name until Columbia scouts saw me in 'Of Thee I Sing' and gave me a contract. They didn't think the name suited me, so I took Ann from my mother's name and Sothern from E. H. Sothern, whose Memoirs I was just reading."

That intermission and the next flew by because there was so much to say about Helen Hayes' performance. From our vantage point in the front row where we practically chinned ourselves on the stage, Ann pointed out many details a non-professional would miss—the way uncertainty was expressed in her hands, her feet, her tremulous chin when Victoria first got up courage to defy her mother.

"Isn't it wonderful the way she made her voice so young," Ann pointed out. "Crystal-clear and high as if all experience had been sieved out of it. What a grand time she must have had reading all the books about Victoria when she studied the part."

QUEEN VICTORIA who treasured simple goodness more than glamorous greatness read the memoirs of the actress Fanny Kemble when she was a very young girl and set down in her diary that they were "pert and vulgar." Ann and I could not help being a little hilarious over what the good queen would have thought of present-day revelations in interviews with motion-picture actresses.

"How terrible for her to give way to her feelings like that," Ann sobbed when Victoria made a public spectacle of her jealousy of a pretty young woman at her court. "A woman shouldn't ever speak until her anger dies down, and preferably not then, should she? She'd win out much better if she stayed charming through weariness and anger—"

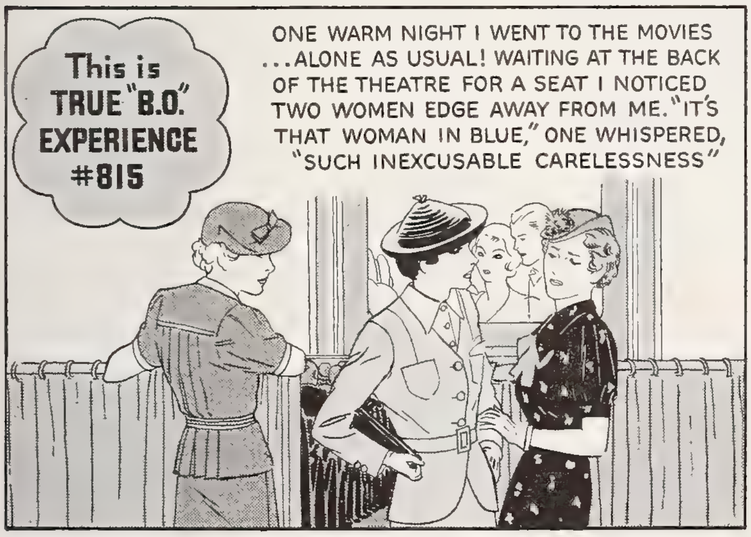
A few minutes later we were walking across Forty-fourth Street, peering down the narrow street that is known as Shubert Alley where many theatrical offices are, looking for the ghost of Harriet Lake. Only four years ago she was there, smiling bravely, trying to walk without betraying her trembling knees, begging for a chance to play good parts.

"One summer I came rushing out of that office up there. I was offered a good part in a fall production," the Ann Sothern who used to be Harriet Lake told me, "and I felt I needed a lot of coaching to be able to play it. I didn't have much money, but I went to a retired actress and asked her to work with me, offering to pay her as soon as the play started. Before that I had always paid her in advance, but she knew me well enough to know that I would surely pay her as soon as I could. She turned me down. I was frantically upset—afraid I would never be able to play the part—but I went to work by myself and got it all right. I've never quite forgiven her, though I suppose I should because she taught me not to expect others to be vitally concerned about my ambitions. Any girl who hopes to be an actress has to learn so many things—to gather the forces within herself to conquer disappointment, to avoid antagonizing people working with her, and most of all to enjoy studying her job.

"But forgive me," she broke off abruptly, "these old scenes have made me too serious. Come on, let's grab this taxi."

I doubt that she will ever need that lucky penny. She has a good head on her shoulders—inside as well as out.

"A CUTTING REMARK BROUGHT ME LASTING HAPPINESS!"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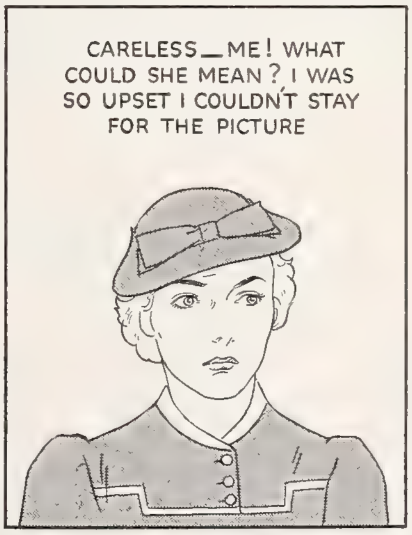
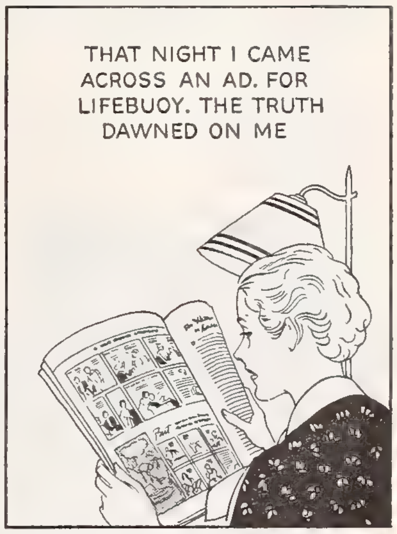

CARELESS — ME! WHAT COULD SHE MEAN? I WAS SO UPSET I COULDN'T STAY FOR THE PICTURE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124

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DON'T wait to be embarrassed—like the girl whose *true* story is illustrated! If you could read the *thousands* of letters we receive you'd realize "B.O." (*body odor*) is a cunning enemy—it betrays us when we least expect it! Be *safe!* Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy! Its abundant creamy lather purifies, stops "B. O." Its clean scent rinses away.

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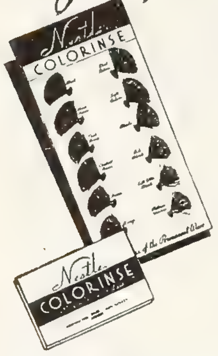

10c *for a package containing 2 rinses at all 5 and 10 cent store. Select your proper color from The Nestle Shade Selector prominently displayed on counters.*

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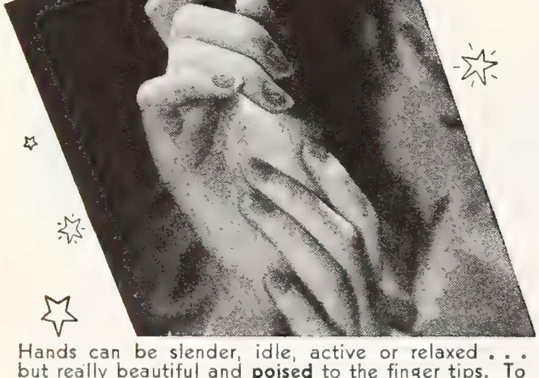

Hands can be slender, idle, active or relaxed . . . but really beautiful and **poised** to the finger tips. To keep them always poised, use Wigder Manicure Aids. Wigder Nail Files are specially Triple Cut with even, fast-cutting teeth for smooth and fast-filing so as not to jar the nails. The Improved Cleaner Point, a **Wigder** feature, conforms to the finger nails and enables you to clean easily and quickly. On sale at drug and 5 and 10 cent stores.

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quality costs no more
NAIL FILES • TWEEZERS • NAIL CLIPS • SCISSORS

In the Bad Old Summertime

(*Continued from page 61*)

phrase, no such thing.

4. Don't leave off your girdle if you have been wearing one and if your figure needs one. Nothing looks worse than a wobbly, lumpy body under a thin summer dress. There are plenty of lightweight foundation garments on the market to suit every need and every purse. A firm, snug-but-not-tight girdle, if you're fat. A porous foundation, if you're not.

5. Beware of all the junk sold along the roadside and at the beach. The hot-dogs, peanuts, popcorn, candy, ice cream cones and the magoo on a stick. If you're fat, it's a wicked shame to indulge in them. If you're thin, they won't build you up an ounce, and will give you various kinds of the pip besides.

I guess I don't need to tell you not to flop down in a chair or on a sofa after eating. It's a great temptation on a sultry evening to beat the rest of the family to the hammock, but you know how I feel on that score. Get up and move around. Dance, but not too strenuously right after eating, naturally.

DON'T loll in the bathtub, hot or cold. You'll feel hotter afterwards, not cooler. The refreshing shower is the thing. Use a body brush and get your circulation started. Take an all-over air bath—be a nudist for a little while every day. It gives your pores a chance to breathe.

About sports . . . I've never been an admirer of the belligerently athletic girl with the muscles bulging through her clothes, the hand-clasp like a man's and all that sort of thing. Females should be feminine, I say. Sports are fine—they're grand—if they are regarded as fun, if they help a girl to be more graceful and full of pep. As I said before, they are not substitutes for corrective exercises. With one exception, swimming—particularly the breast stroke—will help build up a thin girl. But it won't properly reduce a fat girl. I wish more attention were paid to correct form in swimming, tennis and golf. Properly performed, these are excellent developers of grace and coordination. Done in a slap-dash manner, they're of little benefit.

A caution about strenuous hikes and mountain climbing: if you are overweight and unaccustomed to violent exercise, please don't get all full of misdirected ambition and go barging up the side of a mountain. It's too much of a strain on the heart and much too great a developer of the calves and the front of the upper thighs.

While figures are my main concern, I will, at the drop of a hat, launch into a dissertation on skin and hair. Well, for goodness sake! My maid, Tilly, just dropped her hat. So-o-o-o . . .

Briefly, too much is expected of our complexions and our hair during the summer. And too much faith is placed in the beneficent effects of the sun. Take equal parts of sun, dust, wind and salt water, apply to the skin and hair daily, and what have you? You have a hide that looks like leather, and hair that is dry and lifeless, that won't keep a wave in it, and a scalp that is as tight as a drum and cheated out of its rightful possession—natural oil. It can all be summed up in that old business about moderation again, as follows:

Be moderate in your efforts to get a tan. One minute under the direct rays of the sun the first day. Two minutes the next. And so on. A red chiffon veil deflects the rays of the sun and keeps you from burning. Some skins bloom under the sun—others fry. Which kind of a skin have you? Don't let yourself get so dark that you look like Haile Selassie. He's got the right idea—notice the umbrella. An even, golden tan is a lovely thing on a brunette or a blonde who can take it. Redheads, almost universally have tissue-paper skins which freckle and burn and it's just plain dumb to inflict too much sun upon them.

Cleanse your skin, faithfully and regularly, just as you do in cool weather. Apply make-up carefully and fastidiously. Cleanse and make up oftener than you do in cool weather, that's the only difference. The reason should be obvious.

Your hair will increase in gloss and beauty under moderate sunning. It's nice to dry your hair in the open air after a shampoo. But to lie on a beach for hours with no hat or other hair protection results in the unhappy state of affairs I spoke about a minute ago. After a swim in salt water, try, whenever possible, to rinse the hair completely of stickiness. Before your shampoo, go through the massaging routine with warm olive oil. Not pleasant, on a hot day, but it pays dividends later on.

Now, darlings, here is a typical summer diet. Stick to this regime—plus your exercises and you will keep healthy and you won't be ashamed to get into your bathing suit.

Be smart to take advantage of the fact that fresh fruits are in season. They are so reasonably priced at this time that every one can afford to eat plenty of them.

Start the morning off with a glass of any kind of fresh fruit juice. Then just have your thin whole wheat toast, a tiny bit of butter and a little honey if you like. Then a nice cup of black coffee.

In the middle of the morning have a dish of fresh berries. Blackberries, strawberries, raspberries, etc. If you desire, you can drink a glass of skimmed milk with the berries.

For lunch. A crisp green salad with a little French dressing. You can have one slice of whole wheat toast with this. A cup-custard, no whipped cream. A glass of iced-tea with lemon.

In the middle of the afternoon you may have a piece of ice cold melon. Or if you prefer something to drink, you may have a glass of buttermilk or fresh fruit juice.

For dinner: Start with celery, two ripe olives. A cup of jellied consomme. Cucumber and tomato salad on lettuce. Fresh green asparagus (no butter or mayonnaise) or artichoke, brussels sprouts, or other green leafy vegetables. Any kind of meat except pork. Be sure it's broiled or boiled, not fried. Small baked potato, or a heaping tablespoonful of potato salad, but it must not be made with mayonnaise. For dessert, sherbet or fresh fruit in season. Black coffee.

And here is an exercise that I know will be helpful to nine out of ten girls and women, thin or fat, and helpful to many who are almost okay, too.

Haven't you noticed, on all but absolutely perfect figures, an unsightly bulge where the thigh joins the hip? The hip curves down and, whereas the line should go gracefully on, unbroken, right down the thigh, it bumps out again. It's a figure fault that isn't noticed at all on an otherwise good figure—until said figure is poured into a close-fitting evening gown or a bathing suit. Here's how to get rid of that bad line:

Get down on the floor on your hands and knees. Stretch the left leg out in back with the toe pointed. Now move forward by drawing the left leg forward (this will make the hips rise in the air) and place the left foot between your two hands. As you do this straighten out your right leg, toe pointed. Your weight is now on your left foot, and the upper part of your body is flat against the top of the upper left leg. Now continue to go forward until the left knee is on the floor, all the time drawing the right leg behind you. Pulling and stretching as you do so. You are really walking on your hands, feet and knees. Repeat now on the other side by drawing the right leg forward and continue in this manner, walking across the floor, back and forth several times. You will be a little sore at first, but never mind, it's good for you.

Now so long, children, for another month. I hope you have a grand time this summer. I hope you win popularity contests at your pet and particular summer resorts and I hope every man on the beach gets pop-eyed with admiration when you sally forth to take a swim.

Guess what I'm going to do next month? I'm going to take up the younger generation—the very young generation. No, angels, I'm not going to tell babies how to reduce, but I am going to give some simple exercises that make for proper development of very young limbs and muscles. Some easy dance routines, in case you have an embryo Shirley Temple in your home. I'm going on up through the awkward age and tell leggy young things how to overcome the difficulties of that perplexing period. Be seeing you!

P. S. I hope you will all forgive me if you don't get answers to your requests as soon as you expect them. But, gosh, you should see the thousands of letters that are stacked up before me. I'm doing my darndest, darlings, so just be a little patient, won't you? If you haven't sent for your chart yet, please do. You know, it's absolutely free if you send a stamped, self-addressed envelope. However, unless you do enclose the requested stamped, addressed envelope, we cannot answer your letters or send you the chart.

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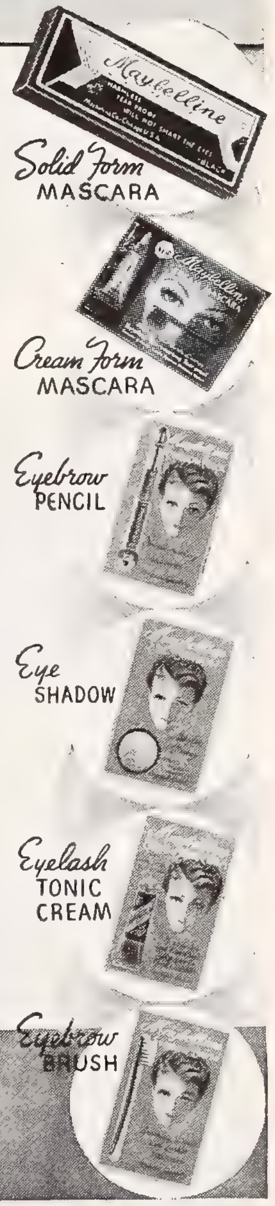

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More Reviews

(Continued from page 15)

to some degree, at least, in every town. But this fact does not detract from the excellent entertainment which is provided by the plot, and furthered by an exceptional cast. Top honors go to Josephine Hutchinson, as the young wife of the town doctor, who finds herself at the mercy of Main Street. She comes to her new home expecting the same generous coöperation as she is ready to give, but is met with suspicion and jealousy. This grows by leaps and bounds, particularly through her friendship with a farmer's son, Ross Alexander. Pat O'Brien, her husband, is torn between loyalty to his wife and loyalty to the townsfolk, who mean his bread and butter, and whom he understands through long years of association. As Dr. Kennicott, Pat O'Brien proves that he is a finer actor than you have ever suspected from his former hard-boiled, mush-hearted roles. Ross Alexander's characterization of the youth who longs to rise above his environment is faultless in its understanding. Louise Fazenda has her best bet in years as the Swedish cook and Ray Mayer is good as Bjornstam, whom she marries.

★★★ The Unguarded Hour (M-G-M)

Oh, so you want to see a murder mystery that is different? Then "The Unguarded Hour" is your meat. This picture very nearly sets a new high in this field, or any field, for that matter. It is one of the most provocative, intriguing and fascinating mystery films ever made, and in addition it is many other one-of-the-mosts—one of the most effective —of the Franchot Tone pictures; one of the most beautifully photographed pictures seen recently; it provides Roland Young with one of his most poignant roles; it has one of the most carefully chosen casts seen recently, and—well, anyway—you'd better go to see it. Franchot Tone is Sir Alan Dearden, a famous young barrister of London. Loretta Young is his wife. She is placed in a position where if she does testify in a sensational murder trial, she will jeopardize her husband's career and future, and if she does not testify an innocent man will be hung. While that is being more or less straightened out, her husband confesses to another murder which he did not commit in order to trap the man who is the real murderer and at the same time his wife's blackmailer. It sounds complicated, but the story is worked out with extreme dramatic cleverness and Sam Wood's direction has the touch of genius. Lewis Stone, Jessie Ralph, Dudley Digges and Henry Daniell, in the supporting cast.

Preview Postscript

Look carefully at the London street scene in this one. You'll be rewarded by seeing a couple of famous extras—namely, Leslie Howard and Robert Montgomery. Due to a dearth of English-made cars in Hollywood, Director Sam Wood stationed himself early one morning at the M-G-M gate. When Robert Montgomery drove up in his low-slung English roadster, Wood engaged him in conversation until Leslie Howard drew up in his swanky English coupe. The director asked Mr. M. to drive him down to the back lot and beckoned Mr. H. to follow. The cameramen were ready for them when they arrived. "Just follow the traffic down this street, Bob," said Wood. And no sooner said than done and all on film.

★★ Small Town Girl (M-G-M)

Janet Gaynor goes from rags to riches, but giving up her ginghams isn't such a surprise as finding Janet actually harboring dishonorable intentions. Sick of small town life, of working in a grocery store by day and stepping out with her steady, James Stewart, by night, Janet hops at the chance when a dashing young doctor, Robert Taylor, asks her for a ride. Under the influence of an extra quart of champagne, the Dr. suggests marriage; and under the influence of his sixteen-cylinder roadster, Janet agrees. Mr. Taylor's fiancée, Binnie Barnes, makes an appearance with his hang-over. A divorce, it is agreed, would ruin his career, so the newlyweds agree to stick it out for six months, then go their separate ways. Miss Gaynor's portrayal of the celluloid cinderella is well done and Robert Taylor gives an excellent account of himself. Lewis Stone and Nella Walker fit nicely into the fashionable background of Taylor's home, while Andy Devine, Isabel Jewell, Frank Craven and Elizabeth Patterson are perfectly set in the drab surroundings of Janet's home life.

Preview Postscript

Monterey Peninsula, said to be an exact replica of the Cape Cod shoreline, was found by studio scouts and photographed for the first time for the movies. . . . Though he gave up studying for a medical career when the movies got him, Robert Taylor has wielded the scalpel ever since—in celluloid, anyhow. First cast in "Society Doctor" he was so professional in appearance that the studio gave him a similar role in "Magnificent Obsession," and followed it with this one. Robert was once tennis champion at Pomona College, and in between winning matches sang over the radio, accompanying himself on the cello.

★★ Absolute Quiet (M-G-M)

This picture is a psychological study of ruthless selfishness, but don't let that keep you away. It is also extremely amusing and completely fascinating. The picture proves that there is something new under the celluloid sun. Lionel Atwill is the powerful, selfish head of an air line. A heart attack persuades his doctor to insist that he go to his ranch for awhile and have absolute quiet. Atwill takes with him his pretty office manager, Irene Hervey, promising that he will order her husband, Harvey Stephens, to fly that night to the ranch. Instead, wanting the girl to himself, he sends Stephens on to Los Angeles. The car in which two desperadoes, Jack and Judy (played by Wallace Ford and Bernardine Hayes) breaks down, and they take command of the ranch. Atwill has sent all the servants to town. Then a large air liner makes a forced landing on Atwill's private field and the house party is enlarged by the passengers who include a nincompoop governor, Raymond Walburn, his mouthpiece, Robert Gleckler, his publicity man, Stuart Erwin, a film star and his sweetheart. Jack and Judy are head guys, by virtue of their guns, but it is Atwill, with his incredible heartless selfishness, who really rules all the people. Wallace Ford and Bernardine Hayes almost steal this picture.

Preview Postscript

Director George Seitz spent two weeks of his own vacation scouting for a location suitable for this picture. He was looking for just one thing—a real ranch, where the cowboys were real cowboys. He looked over many a dude ranch or near-dude ranch in his travels around the state. Finally, about 200 miles from Hollywood, Mr. S. stumbled onto the ranch of his dreams—sturdy, rough buildings, and cowboys that matched. Elated, he signed up the place and the people, rushed home, rounded up his cast, and set out within two weeks for the location trip. On his arrival he was first puzzled and then dazed. In the intervening time, the ranch and all that went with it had gone completely Hollywood. Buildings had been given a quick but bright coat of paint, a lawn was sodded around the ranch-house, and every cowboy shone with fresh shaves and serge suits . . . Lionel Atwill agrees with his countryman, Freddie Bartholomew, that the greatest thing in America is chewing gum. If you see him without a jawful of gum, you can be sure it's not Mr. Atwill you're seeing.

★★ The Country Beyond
(20th Century-Fox)

Don't be misled by the prospect of another dull evening with the Mounties in the Frozen North, because there's not a dull moment in this whole picture, in spite of the fact that it's built on a thin story and stars Buck. Suspense is built up from the first reel, dialogue sparkles throughout, characterizations are well developed and convincing in every case, while the love story has a refreshingly new angle. Paul Kelly here not only gets his man, but gets his own type of role—an unsentimental, courageous sergeant in the service. Robert Kent is as likeable as any newcomer we've seen in a long time. He's a self-confident, genial corporal who sets out to annoy the sergeant and win Rochelle Hudson. The fact that she happens to be the daughter of a fur-smuggler whom he's out to get, too, lends a few complications. Alan Hale, her father, and Alan Dinehart, as big a crook as ever prowled the North Woods, give good performances, as does Miss Hudson. To add to the general enjoyment of the picture, the photography is excellent.

Preview Postscript

Location was at Truckee, California, in the High Sierras. Shooting snow scenes presented difficulties never encountered; snow ranged from three to six feet in spots, so all equipment was mounted on toboggans. Shadows from the mountains limited actual shooting periods to a few hours each day. The freezing weather made a deep crust on the snow and when crunched under foot it sounded like a bad thunderstorm through the microphones. But the company never had a better time than on this trip. Few knew how to skate and fewer yet were familiar with toboggan and ski technique, but all were experts by the time the three weeks were up . . . Buck and Prince are really deadly rivals off-screen, too. They are a constant worry to Jack Spitz who owns them both. It's a case of professional jealousy, since Prince was star boarder at the Spitz kennels until Buck made his sensational screen debut in "Call of the Wild." A series of hidden straps and wires prevented the dogs from hurting each other in the screen battle, and at home they are separated by barbed wire fences between their kennels. Both dogs have canine stand-ins, just like any other stars of

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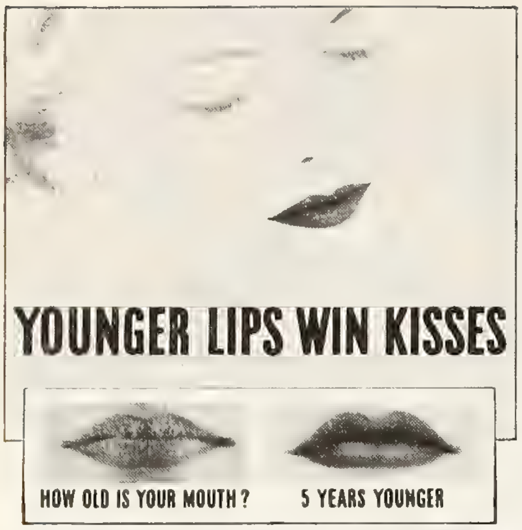

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★ The First Baby

(20th Century-Fox)

Mothers-in-law may be a joke to some, but to Johnny Downs, hero of this celluloider, the problem is anything but funny. Marjorie Gateson is the lady in question, who unfortunately happens to be the mother of Johnny's wife, Shirley Deane. That's the situation in a nutshell, but to properly appreciate it you should see it for yourself. Between the various in-laws at large you may get slightly dazed, but you'll always be entertained. There is the mother-in-law's husband, a poor thing, played with heart-rending understanding by Taylor Holmes. Then there is Jane Darwell, who portrays Johnny's wife's mother-in-law and Gene Lockhart who is her hen-pecked spouse, though Miss Darwell's intentions are the best in the world. That, as far as we can remember accounts for the in-laws. Then there is the First Baby, which provides new grounds for battle, and Dixie Dunbar who creates a little trouble on the side. There's as much chance for a plot as there is in a three-ring circus. But the characterizations are all good, particularly that of Johnny Downs, who handles a difficult role with exceptional ability.

Preview Postscript

The biggest production problem was 7-months-old Sandy Stone, who plays the title role. He seemingly had no respect for production schedules. If Sandy wanted to smile when he was supposed to cry that was just tough on the director. Or vice versa—it was still just tough on the director. Master Stone, in short, was the real boss of the production . . . Johnny Downs is the 21-year-old veteran of "Our Gang" pictures. In curls and Fauntleroy collars, he was the Gang's first hero . . . Shirley Deane began getting small roles a few months ago, after Darryl Zanuck decided to test the ability of his own "extras" for talent, instead of scouting New York, Paris and points east for possible prospects. Shirley came to Hollywood from a San Francisco night club review. . . . Dixie Dunbar has another name. She's really Christine Elizabeth Dunbar, and from Montgomery, Alabama, suh. This marks her first big chance to act with her face instead of her feet, and Dixie's hoping for more of the same.

★★ Big Brown Eyes

(Walter Wanger)

The eyes undoubtedly have "it" and they belong to the personable Joan Bennett. But to our mind the youngest Bennett is miscast in a role of modern miss who flips wisecracks and revolvers around with equal nonchalance. Eve Fallon, whom Joan portrays in this celluloider, is a manicurist in one of the better hotels, thereby meeting up with the better crooks in town. She happens to be deeply enamored of Cary Grant, a detective, but not a good enough one for Eve. So between manicures she sets out to show him how it's done. Cary thinks she's too pretty to be very bright, but another gentleman friend believes in the Bennett brains enough to give her a job on a newspaper. It's worth seeing the picture just to see what a girl can do in the newspaper world. Miss B. seems to be occupied solely with dictating scoops into a dictaphone, swinging on her swivel chair and accepting raises. Cary in the meantime has been hard at work on a gang of desperadoes composed of Walter Pidgeon, Lloyd Nolan and Alan Baxter, but finds himself beaten at every turn. That's when Miss Bennett steps in and prettily solves the whole situation in no time. The plot has its interesting angles and the actors have their good points, but it isn't very stimulating entertainment on the whole.

Preview Postscript

Cary Grant nursed a sore head for days, and Joan Bennett sent him a dozen roses every morning with her apologies. It all happened in a scene where Joan hit Cary over the head with a box full of tools. The director didn't think Miss Bennett was nearly realistic enough when she gently brought the tools down on Cary's head for the first "take." Neither did Cary—the first time. Cary Grant should be used to bumps on the head, having been a professional acrobat at one time in his career. He ran away from home at twelve and joined up with a circus until his father caught up with him. Really, that romantic name isn't his right one. The right one's even more romantic—to wit, Archibald Alexander Carlisle Leach. Born in Bristol, England, he was not destined to follow in the footsteps of his father, who was a clothing manufacturer, for Cary decided early to become an actor like his uncle, Percival Leach, prominent on the stage. Still believing the circus was a grand way to get stage experience, Cary ran away again a few years after the first trial, and joined a troupe that travelled farther from home. He stayed with it for a year, then went on the stage. He can still walk a tight rope like a professional and do flip-flops and body whirls faster than the eye can follow.

★★ The Law in Her Hands

(First National)

We don't exactly believe that woman's place is in the home, but we do believe that some lady lawyers wouldn't look so silly there. Not that anyone as lovely as Margaret Lindsay could look silly, but she certainly has appeared more comfortable than with the law in her hands. When Warren Hull, the district attorney lets on to Miss Lindsay that it's her beauty and not her brains that he so passionately admires, Miss L. becomes highly indignant.

She is so incensed that the picture immediately becomes quite boring, watching the heroine prove that she's much more brilliant than beautiful. Glenda Farrell has poor pickings, too, as another feminine brain-wave, in partnership with the vindictive Miss Lindsay. Lyle Talbot is convincing enough as one who has most of the city under his control and is plotting the downfall of the district attorney. Eddie Acuff, as the badly battered process server gets all the laughs.

Preview Postscript

A really good cutter is as important to a film as the director, actors or cameramen. Most pictures are taken without a thought of sequence; in fact, the general rule is to take the last scene first, then skip around to whatever sequence the director has in mind at the moment. When all the scenes are taken the cutter starts work. And work it is, assembling continuity, cutting out superfluous material, and suggesting additional takes. William Clemens, who directed this celluloider, was once an ace-cutter, then decided to give directing a trial and let someone else do the dirty work . . . Warren Hull was recruited from radio. He had ambitions to become a grand opera warbler, until the movie moguls lured him with lucre. Since coming to Hollywood, Hull has had a chance to sing only one song, and that a short one in "Freshman Love" and a far cry from operatic arias . . . . This is Eddie Acuff's second role in pictures. His first was in "Shipmates Forever," as the lad from the sticks. Eddie's been everything but a lad from the sticks in his career—a black face comedian in a medicine show, a barker for a river show boat, a chorus boy on Broadway, a ticket manager in a circus and a stoker on a ship or two.

★★ Sky Parade (Paramount)

It's consoling to realize there's a place for everything, but disheartening when some folks don't realize it. Jimmy Allen, f'rinstance. It would be impossible to fill his place on the radio to the satisfaction of some ten million juvenile fans, but we have an idea that even they will consider their hero pretty flat in celluloid. The story is as unconvincing as its hero, having to do with a trio of aviators who have met up during the World War and decide to stick together in the aviation business from then on. Bill Gargan, Kent Taylor and Robert Fiske comprise the trio, while Jimmy Allen goes in with them, several reels later. His primary interest in life is a robot plane. There's intrigue abroad due to foreign governments also having an interest in the new-fangled plane, but Jimmy thwarts all these goings-on in short order. Katherine DeMille is the heroine, and Grant Withers takes the heavy role. Nothing much can be said for any of the performances, but it is interesting to watch the progress of the airplane industry's importance from war days to the present.

Preview Postscript

Jimmy Allen will tell you that he thinks radio is lots more fun than movie work ever will be. He thinks it's just about one hundred per cent better to know that you're talking to an audience than to talk into a cold microphone—three times the salary notwithstanding . . . Grant Withers started as an extra—three dollars a day in the days before Central Casting had the say-so—Grant finally worked himself onto a regular studio pay-roll, working in minor roles. Then he began getting the picture plums, and was on the verge of stardom when that strange fate that overtakes many an actor in Hollywood caught up with him. Grant found himself on the skids and landed in short order at the bottom, with an occasional role from the independents. And now, for no apparent reason that Grant can see, he is again in the good graces of the studios and beginning to reap fan mail.

★ Florida Special
(Paramount)

"Florida Special" is a dull little number which has little plot, few bright moments, and not much reason for existence. Its action takes place on a train on which an ancient millionaire is bound for Miami with a load of jewels. Also aboard is a gang of thugs who mean the old gent no good. Frances Drake and Kent Taylor, the juvenile leads, are also on the passenger list and, fortunately, so is Jack Oakie, who provides the only spark of life in the picture. It will not startle you too much to advance the information that the old gentleman disguises himself to thwart the crooks, that the crooks get the diamonds, only to lose them again to the side of law and order. "Florida Special's" only assets are Jack Oakie's first-rate comedy and Jackie Heller's warbling of a song called, "It's You I'm Talking About." Otherwise, it's routine fare with nothing at all to recommend it.

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Preview Postscript

The biggest news, of course, on this picture, was the romance of Jack Oakie and Venita Varden. They had told no one of their plans, but the company knew it must be love when Venita went on location with the company to the Santa Fe Station and stood around all night in the fog to talk to Jack whenever he was not before the cameras. . . . Kent Taylor, known to many fem fans as THE handsomest Hollywoodian, had no aspirations about capitalizing on his profile. In fact, selling awnings was his chosen life work. One day Kent happened to be out at Paramount studios, selling the aforementioned awnings, when a frantic call came from a set for some "extras." Any kind would do, men, women, children—thin, fat or indifferent. Out of curiosity, Kent went out on the set, and after a few hours was amazed to find a ten-dollar bill thrust into his hands. If it was that easy, decided the bright young man, he might just as well come back the next day. Which he did and found himself rushed into a room where Claire Dodd was to take a screen test. Mr. Taylor was to be background for Claire, but when the picture was reviewed Claire didn't pass the test—Kent did. . . . J. Farrell MacDonald was the cause of some forty awed co-eds standing around the sets at various times watching the goins-on for this picture. Mr. MacD. was combining two jobs, for not only is he an actor in this movie, but teaches movie technique at the University of Southern California. In fact he started the motion picture department at that school, which has already had national recognition, being the only class of its kind in the country. At least it is the only college course which is actually taught by actors, and assisted by directors, producers, make-up experts, etc.

★★ Human Cargo

(20th Century-Fox)

A thousand-odd Mexican immigrants comprise the title role—Mexicans who have been smuggled across the lines, at $200 per head, then quietly dumped in a convenient river. This relieves the smugglers of any possible embarrassment, and provides a brand new racket for a moving picture. With Brian Donlevy as star reporter on one of San Francisco's leading papers and Claire Trevor a reporter on a rival paper, and both out to "scoop" the racketeers, you can bank on excitement. Some of the scenes in the newspaper office are hilarious and you'll meet such interesting people. Particularly, Alan Dinehart, the over-wrought city editor, who is kept busy having temper tantrums and stealing the picture. Brian Donlevy is good as a reckless gent of the fourth estate, while Claire Trevor is lovely to look at and satisfactory when not indulging in snappy comebacks, which unfortunately is a large percentage of the time. Rita Cansino, in the role of Mexican night-club entertainer, is very pretty but very flat in her moments dramatique. The plot has its weak spots, but you will probably be engrossed from the first reel right straight through to the last.

Preview Postscript

Helen Troy, the telephone operator, comes to the screen via radio, having been heard on the air by Allan Dwan, director of this picture, who immediately sent to San Francisco for her. Helen writes her own dialogue, and her wisecracks are considered so valuable that they are not included in the script for fear of wisecrack thieves getting them before the picture is produced. . . . Brian Donlevy can prove that name by his birth certificate which names Portadown, County Armagh, Ireland, as his former address. As a boy bugler Brian accompanied Pershing into Mexico with a National Guard unit. By adding four years to his age he got into the Lafayette Escadrille at the age of 14 and when the World War was over entered the Naval Academy. But seeing the world began to pall on him, so he quit and joined the theatre.

★★ Let's Sing Again

(Sol Lesser)

Sweetness and light, lilies and bluebirds, and a boy soprano are the main ingredients of this movie mixture. If you have heard Bobby Breen on the radio, we don't need to tell you how really beautiful his voice is. If you haven't heard him sing, and the radio's on the blink, then this picture is worth your while. The sagging plot has to do with the Breen boy running away from an orphanage and joining up with a circus. His mother has died after bringing him to America from Italy and his father (George Houston) is looking for him, now that he's in the money. Henry Armetta takes all the acting laurels as a has-been opera star, now playing the circus clown, who gives Bobby his chance, with music lessons thrown in. Grant Withers and Inez Courtney are the meanies, who threaten at times to spoil Bobby's luck, and give some point to the plot, but they are foiled in due course and everyone lives happily ever after.

Preview Postscript

Bobby Breen is familiar to some millions of air fans as Eddie Cantor's "Adopted Son." Cantor has not really adopted this eight-year-old, as many believe, for Bobby has a mother, a father, a sister, Sally, aged 19, a brother, Mickey, 21, and another sister, Gertrude, aged 23. And none of them have any idea of letting anyone, even his adored "Uncle Eddie" do any adopting. Bobby sings in French, Italian and Spanish as well as English. Operatic arias and classical songs are his favorites and he also plays the piano and violin. Bobby's professional debut was made in 1931 at the Silver Slipper Night Club in Toronto. For two years he appeared at least once a week in the club and gained his first radio experience broadcasting with the club orchestra. Later he played vaudeville and motion picture theatres around Toronto, then sister Sally, who was his accompanist, decided to take him to New York on speculation. Harry Richman, rehearsing for a musical comedy, needed a child actor for a comedy skit in the show. He interviewed Bobby and immediately hired him. The reception accorded Master Breen on the opening night caused Richman to declare that "Bobby Breen is a second Harry Richman!" . . . Henry Armetta came to America from his native Italy at the age of 14, when he stowed away on a provision ship sailing from the docks where he played every day. America really proved the land of opportunity, and he drifted happily from the barber-shop profession onto the stage and into movies. Now he's married and happily settled down in Hollywood, which looks more like Italy than Italy, according to Armetta.

★★ Till We Meet Again

(Paramount)

Here we have espionage, sabotage, Herbert Marshall and Gertrude Michael in a revealment of World War Intelligence Office methods. It's pretty good entertainment, competently handled, if you like spy-revelation stories, and who doesn't? Old-time cinema addicts will delight in seeing their silent film favorites Rod La Rocque and Guy Bates Post do well by themselves in it. As Fraülein Elsa, Spy Gertrude Michael of the Triple Entente is a 1914 London stage favorite. She loves, and leaves, Herbert Marshall, in the role of an English actor, when war is declared and she is given no choice but to report for German espionage duty. Marshall is assigned to Britain's spy web, is reported "killed in action," insinuates himself into Germany as a shell-shocked soldier (a nice bit of work), and gives the Germans plenty of trouble, committing sabotage in a munitions plant. Spy Michael is sent to locate the troublemaker, finds her love alive (German Intelligence Head, Lionel Atwill, in love with Elsa, tells her of Marshall's reported death), and attempts a dash into neutral Holland with Marshall. Their escape, plus the nobility of monocle-wearing Atwill, bring the film to a fast-paced, dramatic climax.

Preview Postscript

Genuine spies showed the celluloid spies how to act in this film. Several of Europe's leading spies during the World War were employed as technical advisers during the filming. Gui Ignon, a French snooper, was one of them. Major G. T. Bagley supervised the British sequences, while Captain C. J. Cook handled the German spy-system details. Men, these authorities say, are prompted to join the Secret Service because of patriotism, but women enter because of the excitement, adventure and money. . . . One of the most interesting "props" used on the set, was a map procured from the French war department showing the bombardment of Paris by mammoth German guns. The map covered an entire wall of a set and showed how the two big guns, stationed in the Forest of St. Gobain, dropped shells on the French capital one hundred miles away, taking hundreds of lives. . . . Guy Bates Post, famed stage star, appears in his first "talkie." When he came on the set for work the first day, Post turned to Director Robert Florey, saying there was something dimly familiar about his surroundings. Come to find out, it was the same stage on which he had made "The Masquerader" in 1923, his last screen appearance.

★ The Big Noise
(Warners)

If you like the Kibbee brand of humor, you'll go for this picture in a big way. The role of unwillingly retired businessman gives him a grand chance to air all his tricks, and win your sympathy besides. Having been pushed out of business which has meant his life to him because of younger men and snappier ideas, Mr. Kibbee decides to go into business unbeknownst to his family. With Warren Hull he sets up a clothes cleaning business, and finds himself running up against more business than he had bargained for—namely, racketeers—not one gang, but two rival outfits, who have both spotted Kibbee as a sucker. How the old gentleman stands by and lets them destroy each other when they meet in the shop is as funny as anything you'll see for a long time. Besides this scene, there's Marie Wilson to make the goings-on worth your money. As the beauty, if not brains, of the establishment, she gets a chance to philosophize more frequently than in any picture she's had. The romantic interest is taken care of by Warren Hull and Alma Lloyd, though it looks for a time as though Warren is going to be outwitted by Dick Foran who considers himself pretty much of a big shot.

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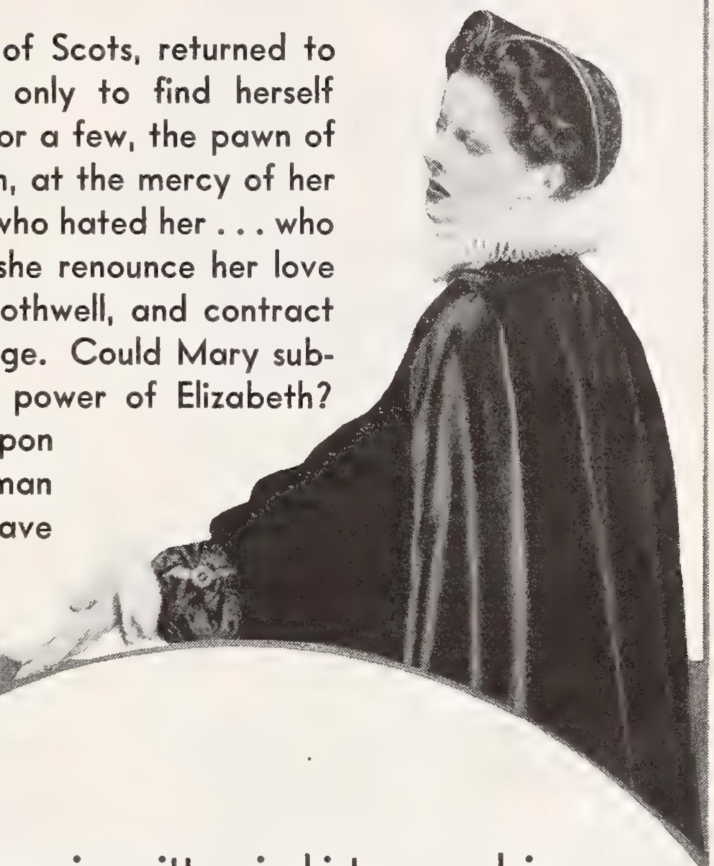
Mary, Queen of Scots, returned to her native land only to find herself friendless, save for a few, the pawn of political ambition, at the mercy of her cousin Elizabeth who hated her . . . who demanded that she renounce her love for the Earl of Bothwell, and contract a loveless marriage. Could Mary submit to the cruel power of Elizabeth? Or did she call upon Bothwell, the man she loved, to save her?



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RUBY KEELER CONTEST WINNERS—Page 17

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Preview Postscript

Guy Kibbee celebrated his fiftieth birthday while working on this film. A dime collection was taken up from cast, crew and other studio workers and Guy was presented with an elegant assortment of toys, everything from tops to tricycles. In due time Guy, Jr. aged 11 months will fall heir to them. The other Kibbee heir is Shirley Anne, five years old. Some thirty years back, the senior Kibbee was a leading man on the Broadway stage. Though rotund in those days, too, Guy had a certain dash, marred only by a bald spot on the crown of his head. All went well for a time, with Guy carefully combing the side hair over this spot until one day, while stooping over on the stage, a loud voice was heard from the audience, "Hot stuff, Baldy!" The manager met him in the wings with one week's salary in advance. Since then he's been a character actor, and glad of it. . . . Warren Hull thinks every actor or actress should first star in radio. With nothing but your voice to get you over, he says, you'll develop the old vocal tones to an amazing degree, which will stand you in good stead in the movies. . . . Now Alma Lloyd's father is Frank Lloyd, director par excellence at M-G-M. As a business asset Mr. Lloyd has been a total loss to her. Alma had deep yearnings since a child to be in the movies, but having a director father puts a cramp in that, popular opinion notwithstanding. The family and friends thought it was cute of Alma to have such aspirations, but that was ar far as it went. Finally, in desperation, she went to New York, appeared in small roles in Broadway plays, and was finally "discovered" by a Paramount sleuth. . . . Marie Wilson never ignores a cream-puff or a codliver oil tablet. Her two aims in life are to gain fifteen pounds and be a black-face comedienne on the Al Jolson type. She says there are enough blondes in pictures now, anyway.

★★★ Sons O' Guns
(Warners)

Given more pictures like "Sons O' Guns," Joe E. Brown won't have any difficulty in keeping his place as one of the ten most popular stars in pictures. The story, based on the Broadway play, is a perfect vehicle for the versatile comedian, whose talents seem to be unlimited. Audiences may well rub their eyes in surprise to see a Warner picture without Guy Kibbee or Hugh Herbert in the cast but their places are neatly filled by Eric Blore, who has never been funnier, first as Brown's valet and later as his stern top sergeant. Not a little credit for the success of the picture may be given to Joan Blondell, who looks lovely, sings and dances delightfully and employs a charming accent as the little French barmaid. Other ingredients that go to make this Joe E. Brown's best picture to date are the presence of Beverly Roberts, war scenes that don't look like the ones you've seen before, and nice musical numbers. To make himself a hero in the eyes of a girl, Joe, a Broadway actor, dons his doughboy uniform and dashes into the street just as a military parade is passing. No one is more surprised than he to find himself in the army, and from then on his misdirected efforts to get out furnish one laugh after another. These amusing situations come to an hilarious climax when, single handed, he captures the entire German army who, like Joe, prefer not to fight any longer because they are not "mad at anyone." If you're a Joe E. Brown fan, and even if you aren't, it's swell entertainment.

★★★ Forgotten Faces
(Paramount)

Here is as stark tragedy as you'll witness in many a movie moon. Herbert Marshall is the husband of Gertrude Michael, and the murderer, in the second reel, of her lover. He goes to prison, she goes to burlesque, and their daughter is adopted by a good family, through the efforts of Marshall's pal, James Burke. Time marches on, seventeen years of it, and Gertrude makes up her fiendish mind to locate her daughter, and through blackmail obtain enough cash to hold the affections of her current boy-friend. Marshall obtains a parole from prison, determined to thwart her plans at any cost, so that their daughter will never suspect her origin. He accomplishes this by means of a cleverly laid plan which mounts in suspense to as bitter an ending as you've ever imagined in fact or fiction. Jane Rhodes, as the daughter, Robert Cummings as her youthful fiancé, and James Burke give competent performances.

Preview Postscript

James Burke can tell you plenty about suffering for art's sake on this picture. Reporting at nine o'clock one morning, after a good breakfast of ham and eggs, Burke found himself confronted with a table bending under platters of corned beef and cabbage. Seven rehearsals and eleven "takes" followed before the director was through with him, and poor Mr. B. was through with the cabbage. Several wives and sweethearts in Hollywood were startled the other day to receive gorgeous bouquets of flowers, seemingly out of a clear sky. But they were really from the Paramount studio, following the wreckage of a set used in this picture, of a flower shop.

★★ One Rainy Afternoon
(Pickford-Lasky)

First production under the newly unfurled banner of Mary Pickford and Jesse Lasky, "One Rainy Afternoon," is a fairly amusing light comedy done in what was probably intended to be the Continental manner. Its plot is one of those feathery things which requires a Rene Clair or a Lubitsch to keep it from bordering too much on inanity. Unfortunately, neither of these good screen doctors happened to be about in this case. The story, then, gets under way because of the innocent assumption of Francis Lederer that the young lady seated next to him in a darkened movie theatre is a rather intimate friend of his. He kisses her, and discovers she is a total stranger. She is, in fact, Ida Lupino, and she's the fiancée of Erik Rhodes. What follows is a slightly mad confusion of courtroom scenes, jailings, irate fiances and high-powered newspaper publicity. Lederer's boyish exuberance will delight the ladies of his audiences, and Miss Lupino, who photographs beautifully, proves she's no mere ingenue. Erik Rhodes, Joseph Cawthorn and Roland Young are effective comedians, but top honors in that department go to Hugh Herbert, whose screen idiots are a constant delight.

Preview Postscript

For the first time "silent ice," latest technical achievement, was used. The invention makes possible large indoor skating sequences which heretofore had been unsuccessful due to the squeak caused by steel-runners on the glazed surface which the "mike" picked up and amplified . . . Countess de Maigret makes her cinema debut in this film. A famous Continental socialite, she was discovered by Maurice Chevalier, while performing in a charity theatrical. Born in Norway, her idea of paradise is a pair of skiis and a ten-mile hill.

A Deep Secret About Nelson Eddy

(*Continued from page 25*)

box offices to turn in their tickets. I couldn't pay off that kind of a debt, could I? I couldn't have lived with myself if I had done it. I have lost thousands of dollars by my insistence in keeping to my concert tour. But I have not, I think, lost the same number of friends."

Dr. Edouard Lippe, voice teacher of Nelson Eddy and one of his most intimate friends, came into the dressing-room as Nelson and I were talking. And as Dr. Lippe listened, a gentle smile on his slender spiritual face he said, suddenly, "How you live is how you sing. The tone of the voice is only as beautiful as the spirit animating that voice."

And I think I knew, then, what he meant.

For, with those illuminating words, Dr. Lippe turned a spotlight on Nelson Eddy in the reflected rays of which he stood revealed and explained as he had not been explained before.

FOR with one single picture, "Naughty Marietta," this tall, silver blond young man leapt on such a flying trapeze as the movies have never known to the very forefront of the great god, Box Office. An achievement absolutely without precedent. Within a few weeks of that spectacular vaulting of the cinema heavens three thousand fan letters weekly began to deluge the young baritone.

None of the other great box office stars ever achieved so spectacular a success with one film step. They at least had to learn to creep before they walked.

You may be saying, as you read, "Well, why not?" He is a fine looking young man with a magnificent voice! But even these qualifications are not in themselves sufficient to explain the one-picture miracle. And Nelson told me himself that nobody had any idea that he was destined to break the bank of the box office as he did.

And so, as we talked in Nelson's dressing-room, I realized that Nelson has, in his way, the great good quality which Will Rogers had in his. In these two so-different men is the same warm, wide-spreading quality of kindness. Even as Nelson Eddy counted his friends more important than dollars, so would Will Rogers have done. Even as Nelson gave thought to the trudging feet of disappointed thousands, so would Will Rogers have given thought. And if I didn't fully realize all of this with Dr. Lippe's first remark, I did before he was done with me.

"Nelson is so kind," Dr. Lippe said. "Not in a soft sentimental way at all. He realizes that there is ingratitude. He isn't in the least blurry with soft illusions. He doesn't exactly believe in Santa Claus. He even likes to appear to be hard. But I can begin with myself and tell you how kind he has been to me. I . . ."

"You lit into me and laid me low," laughed Nelson, fumbling with his smoked glasses in the way all nice men fumble with something when they are embarrassed. "You told me that I had a voice, but wouldn't have it long if I didn't quit singing in four-a-day movie houses and churches and bath-tubs! If I didn't quit taking correspondence courses. You said it plain and you said it plenty and because you did I'm here in Hollywood today, in-

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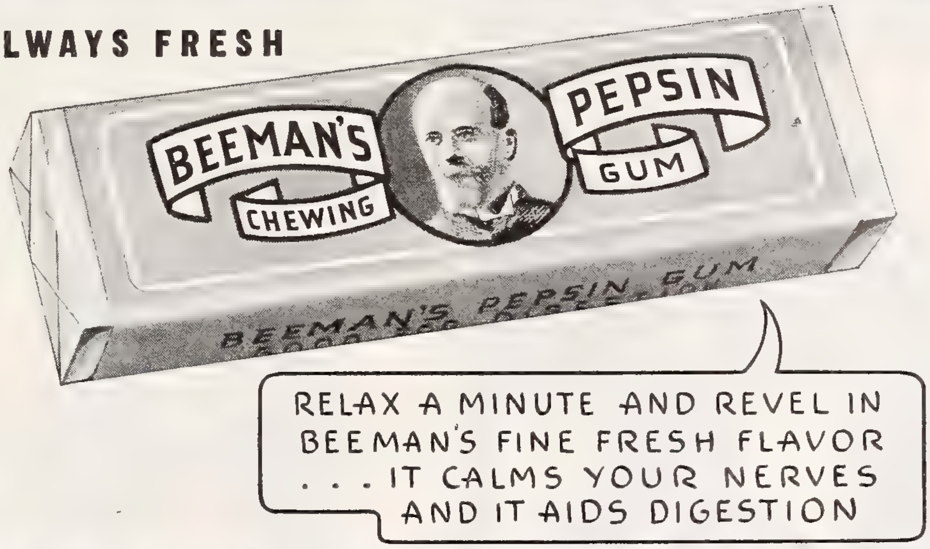
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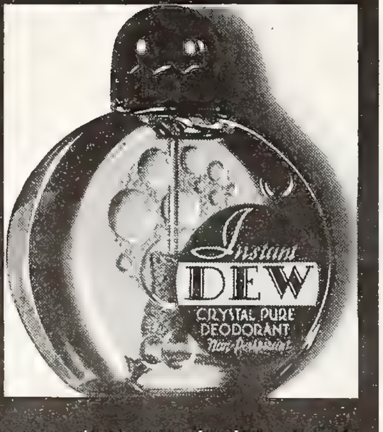

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stead of croaking like a frog in some remote swamp."

"I said it very plainly," smiled Dr. Lippe, "and many a young man would have resented it. I meant what I said kindly and from my heart but I was not tactful. But Nelson, I think, divines kindness where kindness is meant. And so, after the success of 'Naughty Marietta,' Nelson brought me to Hollywood. He recommended me everywhere. And he is responsible for a new career for me. That is kindness."

"Pshaw!" said Nelson, affectionately.

I REMEMBER," said Dr. Lippe, "when we both heard a young negro baritone in Philadelphia. Nelson was so enthusiastic about this negro's voice that he worked with him, gave him some of his own songs to sing, advised him, was as interested in him as he was in himself. And on one occasion, when Nelson was to sing in a certain church back home, he pretended to be ill so that the young negro could sing in his place. Which he did.

"He is always like this with young singers. Few people know it, but more than one promising young voice is being trained today, thanks to Nelson. It is so, Nelson, and I intend to say it, so don't look at me like that. And not only that, but he gives them his time and personal attention, too, which is a more real kindness than check book kindness."

"Well, kindness pays its dividends always," muttered Nelson, "that's true enough. Take a certain surgeon back in Philadelphia. Some years ago, I had to have my tonsils out. I had no money, I went to this man and explained the situation—how badly I needed the operation because of my voice, how important it was to me that it be perfectly done. I told him that if he did, he would have to gamble with me on futures. Doctors are unhappily wise to this sort of proposition. But he did it. He operated—beautifully. He gave me treatments for months. Not one cent did he get."

"Until a short time ago," said Dr. Lippe, "when you paid him in full. I know, because the shock nearly killed him. He told me so. He said it was the first experience of the kind he'd ever had. And your check came during the depression when people were not having their tonsils out."

"Here is one very touching case in point," said Nelson. "Once, not long ago, a little old lady who was crippled asked me if I would sing for her. I went to her house and sang several songs. When I left, she asked me if I would sing at her funeral. I did, of course. I sang 'Open the Gates of the Temple.' And when her will was read, I was one of the beneficiaries. Some of the dividends kindness pays," said Nelson, his blue eyes a trifle blurred, "are sort of—divine."

"And even that kindness was trebly retroactive," Dr. Lippe murmured, "for this dear little old lady had a son who was, and is, in the insurance business. Nelson once promised him that if the day ever came when he could take out a substantial policy, he would take it from him. Just the other day he took out such a policy, here in Los Angeles, and he insisted that the local agent split the commission with the little old lady's son back East."

"Will you get out of here," roared Nelson, "before I slug you?"

"No, I will not," laughed Dr. Lippe, "not until I have had my say. I've been waiting a long while for just this opportunity.

NELSON," continued the little doctor, "has never broken his word as long as I have known him. He is temperamental, of course, as all artists are, but he does not use that temperament as an excuse to escape his obligations or his conscience.

"He has sung, not only to kid-gloved audiences who pay, but in sanitoriums and hospitals, in jails, in humble homes where shut-ins live, hungry for music. He has fed people the beautiful bread of kindliness and now that bread is coming back to him, three-fold, on the waters of his Fame.

"And this," said the Doctor, "is why Nelson became famous with one picture. Not his looks, not his voice alone—for I repeat that a voice is only as beautiful as the spirit animating that voice. No, it is the warm spirit back of that voice which, whether they know it or not, draws in the multitudes who made him a star."

"And now," said Nelson, with a here-endeth-the-first-lesson air, rising to his impressive height and buckling his lanyard onto his revolver "and now pin another medal on Dr. Lippe's little boy, Nelson, and let me go forth to hunt my man!"

But even as he jested, he gave the intensely serious, sensitively appreciative little man a warm touch on the shoulder. And as he left, he cleared his throat two or three times.

The True Love Story of a Famous Movie Star

(*Continued from page 33*)

"Bill, you're such a good-natured old darling! My faithful standby!" And all my resolutions would vanish into thin air.

ON one such night I asked her to marry me. I said, "I know I haven't much; but, oh, darling, I'd love you so! I'd try so hard to make you happy! And the future would be all ours. Think of it! Together, we could conquer Broadway."

We were dancing in the Sky Garden of the St. Moritz, thirty stories above the greenery of Central Park. It was Spring. The end of the Broadway season, almost. I hadn't much money. I hadn't even any right to choose such an expensive place for dinner, except that I knew it was what Mary wanted.

The music was playing a soft, dreamy waltz tune. Mary, all lost in its rhythm, was light and warm and yielding in my arms. Against her hair, I whispered, "How about it? Answer me, darling! Why not? I'd be so good to you you'd never be sorry . . ."

She laughed at me. "Honey," she called everyone honey, "what do I want with marriage? I'm having too much fun! And what do I want with conquering Broadway? So long as it pays for my hotel room it's all I am asking!"

That wasn't strictly true, and I knew it. It was just a gay, gallant line she used to pull. She always said that if she could get parts that kept her in room rent and breakfast money and hose, she'd be satisfied. For the rest, she could have clothes sent from home, and there were always plenty of people ready and willing to provide two meals a day.

I got suddenly angry. I cried, "That isn't true! You can't fool me. You're the most ambitious girl I know! You work as hard as I do to make a success of yourself! Now quit stalling! You know perfectly well you're stalling!"

She was still laughing. "What if I am? It's a good line, isn't it?" Then suddenly, unaccountably, she became serious. "Now listen to me, Bill. I'd make a rotten wife to any man. So don't ever ask me again, do you hear?" She added, "I'm warning you, because some day you might ask me when the moon was out, and roses blooming and—I mightn't be so honest with you as today. I might take you up. And honest, Bill, that would be a mean trick to play on an old standby like you."

Later, bitterly, I was to remember those words. But I wasn't bitter that night. I was strangely touched. I said, "You little square-shooter!" and my arms tightened around her.

More than ever, Mary had me in her power . . .

When you're intent on a real career on the stage, the best way to spend your summers is playing stock. Mary and I both realized it. We both got very busy looking around for summer jobs. By what seemed to me then a supreme stroke of good luck, we both landed in the same stock company.

You all know, you must all have read, about the way stock companies operate. The whole troupe lives and eats and plays together. They sleep in a rooming house or a farm. They wear the kind of disreputable clothes one saves for the country—slacks or bathing suits or overalls—and rehearse a play a week in some old red barn.

It's hard work. Your reward is a chance to do parts you've always been crazy to do, under expert direction. In our case it was going to mean even more. For our troupe was locating in a fashionable social and artistic colony, not two hours away from New York, and people who mattered—managers and critics and talent scouts—would be sure to drop in.

Naturally, I was thrilled. It was, so far, the best break I had ever had. But more than a working break, it meant I would be seeing Mary daily. Rehearsing with her. Perhaps even making ardent love to her—on the stage.

That's what I hoped for. Oh, the summer was going to be fun! But that first month out in the country wasn't much fun. Mary let me get no closer to her than I'd been in New York. The little ingenue of the troupe, she was always the center of an admiring group of men.

As for me, no one paid any particular attention to me except the elderly character actresses, who thought me a sweet boy! Once one of them, a motherly soul, said gravely, "Bill White, what do you want with that flibberty-gibberty little Lee girl, anyway? She's a born flirt; a wild one. The sooner you forget her the better off you'll be."

In my mind, I knew that woman was right. But in my heart, I knew her advice was useless. It wasn't that I *wanted* to be in love with Mary. It was that I couldn't help it. What use is mind against the overwhelming passion of the heart?

That was July. In the first week of August, something happened. Our director became suddenly very busy with plans for a big fall production. He rushed into town for conferences. He called the company together, and handed us our parts for the next week's play, and announced that an important producer and a backer would come to the opening night.

Naturally, we were thrilled. But pretty soon we were stumped as well. The di-

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rector was so busy grooming the principals that he had little time to give to coaching us small-timers. So we had to learn our lines as best we could, and iron out major difficulties in rehearsal.

Mary and I went into a huddle. "Gee Bill," she told me, "I'm so peeved I could scream. I'm driving myself nuts, making my speeches to the back porch posts. And how am I to know how responsive they are?"

I had a hunch. "Suppose," I suggested, "you try your lines on me. I'm better than a post."

"You, Bill? But you've got your own part to slave over!"

I said, "Well, we can hear each other, act our scenes. Let's try it, anyway." Without another word she handed me her script. Grimly, we went to work. All morning, we rehearsed her part.

Later, we ran through mine, and then rehearsed the scenes we had together. It was so sweet! Sweet to have her all to myself awhile.

There were some love scenes—not my own, alas! I criticized, I made suggestions, until Mary said, a bit surprised. "Gee Bill, you're a big help!" And it was the greatest reward she could give me.

After that, I remember saying, "No, Mary, you're not doing this right! Remember, you're *in love*. You're yielding! Now let's see you yield!" And, just as the script called, I took her into my arms. She looked up and smiled. But she didn't say the lines her part called for.

Instead, she said, "Still the same old Bill! Still the good old standby!" Teasingly, gayly, she held up her lips.

It wasn't the first time we had kissed. Just the same, I couldn't sleep all night, for thinking of that kiss. The next morning, I could hardly get through breakfast fast enough.

Our reward came at dress rehearsal. Mary was swell. I remember that director saying, "Hey, Lee, who you been working with to be that good?" I felt strangely proud and happy, happier than if I'd scored in my own part.

Dress rehearsal had been in the afternoon, and the opening was scheduled for that night. In the meantime, we had about three hours to kill. I asked Mary to have dinner with me in a grill down the road.

We got into the rickety roadster I'd bought for the summer. I drove slowly, keenly aware of the beauty of the sunset.

Mary said, "Bill, go pick me some of those tiger lilies. I want them for my hair."

Obediently, I stopped the car and got out. When I came back, Mary's delicate beauty against the vivid blossoms suddenly drove me wild.

I gathered her in my arms, there in the crazy old car. I whispered, "Darling, darling, oh, I love you so! Mary, do you remember that night on a roof last Spring? Do you remember what I asked you—the things I planned for us?"

She did not answer. I went on, "Mary, listen, Mary! Marry me!

"Today has shown us what we can do together! There'd be no holding us! We'll be another Lunt and Fontanne some day! Another Kit Cornell and MacClintic! Oh, darling, please say you will marry me!"

FRESH mown hay and the heady fragrance of tiger lilies. The memory of love scenes warm and vibrant between us. Play-acting scenes, but so real and tender none the less. This time, Mary did not warn me she'd make me a bad wife . . .

She simply smiled. "Why not, Bill? It might be such fun, getting married to you!"

At first, I could hardly believe I had heard right. I stammered, "D-do you really mean that? You're not just kidding?"

She laughed. "No silly! Tell you what! I'll marry you tonight right after the show."

"You'll . . ." I still couldn't believe it. Then suddenly, "Not after the show, darling! Before! I wouldn't dare wait—you might change your mind!" With a jerk, I started the car and doubled back to our house.

We picked up the first two persons we could find for witnesses. We tore off to the marriage license bureau. It was all done in the spirit of a dare. Before it was time to dress for the show, Mary and I were man and wife.

Perhaps you will say that was no way to contract a marriage. But if you had told me so that day, I'd have said you were crazy. I'd have said I had won the most wonderful girl in the world, and all I asked was to be worthy of her.

Oh, I believed that! Especially when the show went on, and I could watch my wife. For right in the first act Mary stole the show. Her youth, her grace and her freshness, the excitement of the day's happenings, the lilting sureness with which she spoke her lines, made her stand out from the rest of the cast.

As she took curtain calls, I knew that she was made. Later, the Broadway manager rushed up and pumped her hand. He hinted at a part in his production in the fall. That night, we knew Mary's big break had come. What a beginning to our married life!

Those weeks in the country—carefree, happy-go-lucky, easy-going days. The happiest, perhaps the only truly happy days I have lived. Never again was I to know a time like this.

I shall not speak of it, for it belongs with memories too sacred and too poignant to be touched. But it left me with a hunger for happiness that has never slackened. It made the loneliness that was to come later all the more terrible to bear. For, of course, my marriage did not pan out at all. No sooner were we back in town than I began losing Mary.

Early in the fall, she got that part of the ingenue in a comedy that became a famous Broadway hit. It meant, in the first place, that she was set for the season. In the second, that she had found a definite niche for herself among the promising young generation of stars.

We had not begun to dream of Hollywood, yet. But her success drew us as much apart as if she were spending her time in Hollywood already. For while she was definitely a success, I was still the hopeful boy trying to make good. I was still playing small parts, plodding through weeks of rehearsal without pay, opening in second rate shows and watching them close again

That was, you remember, at the worst of the depression. Any play which wasn't a smash hit simply did not last. I was eternally low in funds while Mary drew a good income. It got so I could no longer squire my own wife around!

That did not seem to bother her. She just took up her own life where she had left off last spring. I was one of the boy friends, not really her husband. She was more popular than ever, always running around, and, of course, she was meeting too many important people for me to object.

She used to say, "Oh, for heaven's sake, Bill, I can't put on the home-wife act, and you know it! I'd be through in no time if I tried to do that. And anyway," she added airily, "who wants to be stuffy?"

Oh, no one, no one! I let her do exactly as she pleased. Or so I said. Actually, I knew that if I didn't let her, she'd do it anyway. I thought that by being a sport, at least I could keep her friendship. For I couldn't keep her love—I had never had that!

When, in the spring, her company went on the road, we were both relieved. I hoped I might work out my problems better alone. As I took her to the station, I said, "Things will be different when you come back, my sweet! Perhaps by that time I will have made a smash hit, too."

She smiled at me over her rich corsage of orchids, which didn't come from me. "Sure, why not? Won't that be nice, Bill?" But even as she said it, I knew, with a terrible sureness, that Mary didn't really care whether I ever made good.

AFTER she was gone I attacked the producers' offices with double energy. I had nothing to do but work—or try to work. I lived quietly. I wrote long, passionate letters to my wife. From her manager I got the exact itinerary of the road company she was with and used to telegraph flowers to her hotel rooms and dressing-rooms on opening nights.

All I got in return were sketchy notes, picture post cards. After a while I got no news at all. I'd go wild, telephone her across half a continent, only to hear her laugh at me coolly.

"Don't be silly, Bill. Don't bother me. I'm much too busy to write!"

Then suddenly, when she was playing in Chicago, came a large business-like envelope from her by registered mail. I stared at it, unbelieving. That fat letter—from Mary! What could she be saying? I opened it. It was an official notice that she had divorced me!

She must have sued me by publication. The bitterness of that blow! For a long time I sat on my bed with that paper in my hands, stunned. How could she be so thoughtless, so cruel? Or perhaps she did not even know she was being cruel.

Life went on. Broadway went on. I spent another summer in stock, learning to act.

I told myself, "I'm going to make good! I'll get so far, make such a success, that I'll dazzle her! No wonder she had no use for a failure like me. But I'll win her back!"

Even when news broke in the papers that she had got her first Hollywood offer, I didn't give up. Rather, I put so much of my hopes and my ardors into my work that suddenly, incredibly, I was given an important part in an important show. My break, too, had come! I was catching up!

We opened on Broadway. I made a personal hit. The critics all noticed me. For the first time in months I felt high. "Who is this young newcomer, Bill White? Where has he been until now? I wished passionately Mary could be there.

Next morning, I woke up feeling I had conquered the world. I would write Mary at the Coast! Surely she would be glad to hear my news! I phoned for all the morning papers—I'd send her clippings. At last I would show her real proof.

But when I picked up the papers my spirits vanished. For there, smiling up at me from the printed page, was Mary. "Youthful Mary Lee, glamorous Hollywood find, in surprise elopement with Stanley Grey, her director."

No use climbing to heights in hopes of winning her, now. No use in living. Suddenly, darkly, the world around me crumbled. At the time of our divorce I hadn't really believed that I had lost her. But now, irrevocably, she belonged to another man.

Something happened to me that day. I think that my youth died. I think despair

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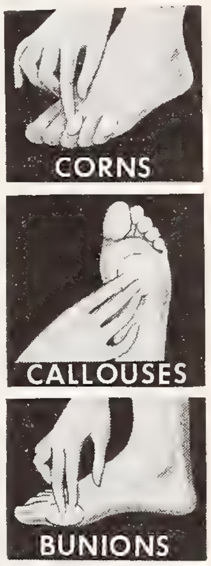

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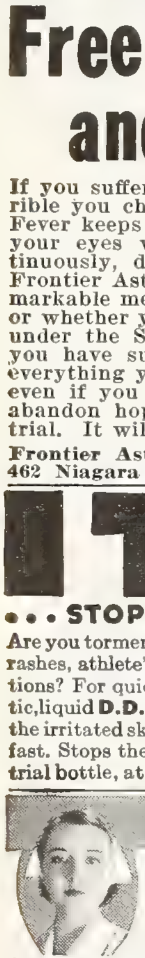

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must have made a different man of me. For, all at once, I seemed empty of all feeling. I could have sworn I could never feel anything again.

The show went on. My success went on. Almost, I began to hope my love for Mary was dead. When her first picture came to town, I permitted myself the exquisite torture of seeing it. I watched her, lovely and glamorous on the screen, and thought, this is the girl I once held in my arms. But it was like watching a beloved ghost. Mary no longer existed for me.

ANOTHER year slipped by. I, too, got my offer to go to the Coast. Well, Hollywood is a big place, I told myself. There'll be room there for both Mary and me. I started out, grimly determined to steer clear of Mary.

And at first I succeeded. My first picture part was that of a young country boy in an old fashioned setting. I loved that part. Moreover, I was playing with some of the screen's finest stars. It was so exciting, such hard work, so engrossing, that for weeks I hardly stepped off the lot. The only people I really got to know were those with whom I was working.

Among them was a charming and beautiful "starlet" whom I shall call Sybil Fane. She was a simple, clean-cut child, and we got very chummy. Now and then, I used to take her out.

One night, we decided to make it a gala evening. We got into evening clothes and went to the Brown Derby. And there, for the first time in almost two years, I caught a glimpse of my former wife.

She was the center of a gay, brilliant group. As in the old days, she was the life of the party. She hadn't changed that way. The only thing that was changed about her was that she wore exquisite clothes, and had acquired that sleek, perfect grooming which Hollywood always gives its stars.

She waved to me, and I smiled. But I asked the headwaiter for a table for two. I did not accept Mary's invitation to join her party. Give me credit for that!

Well, perhaps Mary was peeved because I didn't. Perhaps just bored. Anyway, several times, on the beach in Santa Monica, at the Santa Anita race track, at the Cocoanut Grove, Mary's path and mine crossed. At the same time, rumors of a rift between her and her director-husband started. And calmly Mary let it be known that she would not mind a date or two with her first "ex."

But it wasn't until the preview of my own picture that she made a definite gesture in my direction. It was such an easy and natural opportunity! What could be simpler than a meeting on such a night?

Well, before the showing was half over, I was a big-name-in-the-making, too. I knew it, with that instant sensing of audience reaction. Sybil, in the seat beside me, knew it. I had clicked.

Suddenly, as we came out into the lobby again, I was a celebrity. Sybil was more thrilled than I. Lights flashed around us as news cameramen got busy. People congratulated me. Shook my hand. And all at once, Mary was standing beside me.

She put her hand on my arm, as in the old days. "You've made it, Bill! I always knew you would!"

I managed to keep my head. I answered, "Did you, Mary? Oh, by the way, I want you to meet Sybil Fane."

The two girls smiled and after that Mary left us. Nothing more happened. Yet, oddly, Sybil asked on the way home, "You're still in love with your former wife, aren't you? Oh, God, couldn't she leave you alone tonight of all nights?"

I was shaken. It seemed strange that this young girl, with all the deep warmth of a true woman's heart, should be concerned over my old wound that had been freshly opened. That she should be seeing me, not as the hour's new idol, but as the boy who today was no different from other days. . . .

I SMILED down at her as best I could. I said, "No, I don't really love her. Not any more. And she can't help herself. She reaches out for every new toy that glitters. I'm an attractive toy now. But that's over and done with for me."

We were driving slowly through the magic California night. This time, my car was a glittering streamlined affair. It should have been a happy night.

It wasn't. Sybil, wiser than I, said doubtfully, "I hope it is over, Bill. Look, if there's anything I can do . . ."

"There is," I told her. "Let's be playmates for a while. Let's have such a good time no one else will matter."

I felt so sure that with her gallant help everything would turn out well! Besides, as I said, we worked on the same lot. It was so easy and natural that we should be together.

It wasn't long before the gossip columnists and fan writers picked up the drift of what was between us. And in that bizarre way in which things work out in the movie colony, two items appeared one day in a syndicated column that's read all over the country.

The first was this: "Despite persistent denials of a rift in the marital bliss of Mary (Southern Belle) Lee and Director Stanley Grey, the lady in the case is taking up Mexican residence." And, not more than an inch further down the printed page: "They say Bill White who is Mary's first ex, and Sybil Fane are that way about each other."

I read that column and so did Sybil. She was upset, of course. But I admitted frankly I was glad it had come to that. For weeks now, I had suspected that our playing was more in earnest than we dared admit.

We were having lunch, when we saw those items. I said suddenly, "How about making it more than a rumor? Sybil dear, let's slip down-town and pick you out a ring? Gee, it might have taken me weeks to figure this out by myself!"

She was sipping a glass of milk. I was munching a sandwich. It was as casual as that. Half a dozen of our friends on the lot could have heard us had they cared to eavesdrop. I know now that was no way to propose.

For suddenly I saw Sybil's young face grow serious. "Not—not yet, Bill. Bill, don't make this a spite marriage! Wait a while! There's always time to buy a ring. I want to be sure. And I want you to be sure."

I tried to speak lightly. "Not worried because Mary is free now, are you, dear? I told you before that's over and done with."

I said, "I want to take care of you. Just as any man wants to take care of his wife. The way I could never have taken care of Mary. She didn't need me. But you. . . Oh Sybil, don't you see, we need each other!"

Her lovely eyes were moist when she answered me. "Yes, I need you, Bill, oh, more than you know! But you see, I always will. I won't change. So there's no need of pledges and rings."

She made me drop it. Today, I wonder what would have happened to all of us if I had insisted. If Sybil and I had become formally engaged. Would it have made any difference in the course of our lives? Would we have bucked Fate? Who can tell the answer?

ANYWAY, for a few weeks nothing happened. Even when Mary came back from Mexico a free woman, I swore that wasn't going to disturb Sybil and me.

But I had counted without Fate—or Mary. Who will ever know exactly what happened? Did Mary prod Fate a bit to have her own way?

I am not saying that is actually what took place. It might have been just coincidence, after all. Anyway, one day I was informed that I was being "loaned" for a picture another company was making. That I was being co-starred with my former wife!

How shall I describe my reaction to the news? I was aghast—but at the same time strangely thrilled. I told myself this was just curiosity. That I was pleased because it was one way to show her many things.

Yet once more I felt like the youngster of four years back, taking a blonde elusive girl on a date. Once more, my heart beat wildly, my hands weren't quite steady. I tried to tell Sybil this was just a natural reaction, but I didn't convince her—I didn't even convince myself!

She said quietly, the day before I was to start work on the other lot, "Bill, remember—whenever you need me, I'm here."

And I took her cold little hands in mine and pressed them hard. "Of course you're here! I don't for a moment intend to let you get away!"

It was false cheerfulness. Just as mine was a false security. The moment Mary and I faced each other, on the new set, I knew that. Suddenly, Sybil's tragic young eyes became dim in my memory. It was Mary who was real—Mary, smiling at me out of beckoning eyes.

I tried to be formal with her. I said, "Well, this is certainly a pleasure." But you can't be formal with Mary when she doesn't want you to be. She can disarm a stronger man than I've ever been.

That day, she simply said, "Come on, old standby, get off your high horse! You and I will be making picture-history together!" She linked her arm in mine and dragged me off to her bungalow. She said, "I want to talk to you. I've wanted for ages to have a talk with you."

I broke then. All the bitterness and the suffering in my heart welled up. "Oh, how could you have done the things you did?" I cried. "That divorce! Mary, Mary, how could you have acted that way? I was your friend as well as your husband!"

She put both hands on my arms. "Forgive me, Bill. I was thoughtless. We all make mistakes. Let's forget the past."

I thought of Sybil. "If ever you need me, Bill . . ." Oh, I needed her! Yet it was Mary in my blood. In the days that followed, as we rehearsed together, as we went through love scenes, I went mad with the heady warmth of her nearness.

I knew I was a fool. I knew I was playing with fire. Each night, I should have gone to Sybil.

I did not do it. The new picture progressed, and all the time I was seeing less and less of Sybil—and more of Mary.

Until, one night, I heard myself saying passionately, "Mary, do you think—some day—we may try again? Oh, Mary, Mary, I could love you so much. . . ."

She did not say yes and she did not say no. A little gleam of triumph shone in her wide eyes. "Perhaps we might, Bill . . ." She did not send me away.

That's how things stand now. Mary would marry me again, now that I'm somebody, because it would be fun being married, or so she thinks today. Tomorrow, she might change her mind.

For Mary will never change. Deep in my own heart, I know it, I call myself a fool. And I no longer know what it is I must do.

What should I do? Should I gamble on love, take what I want so desperately, and hope that perhaps Mary will stay true? Or should I go back to faithful, loyal Sybil, who really loves me, force myself to forget the woman who has brought me so much sorrow?

Please write to me and tell me! Little Sybil, who deserves better, is waiting. Mary is waiting—playing a slow game of cat and mouse. And I'm going through torture. I'm at the end of my rope. Perhaps your letters will end that torture, one way or the other.

More Good News

(*Continued from page 29*)

much fun. Too bad, for Joan Bennett, the hostess this time, worked hard to make the party a success.

■ ■ ■

Early arrivers at the **"One Rainy Afternoon"** preview saw Frank Fay, sitting alone, watching the picture which preceded the preview showing. It happened to be "A Message to Garcia," which features a little lady named Barbara Stanwyck. Question: Did Frank attend the theatre to watch Barbara's performance, or did he merely arrive too early for the preview?

■ ■ ■

An unusual treat was handed the fans who waited outside Grauman's Chinese for a glimpse of the celebrities leaving "One Rainy Afternoon." Across the street at the Roosevelt Hotel, the picture's sponsors tossed a party for the stars and the press. No invitation was required, so almost a hundred fans followed their favorite screen sirens into the Roosevelt and on into the party, where they clicked elbows with the elect.

It was a golf holiday recently for the Otto Krugers and the Ralph Morgans. On a two weeks' tour of nearby golf courses, they played 36 holes a day, at the end of which the losers (the Krugers) entertained the victors at a dinner party.

■ ■ ■

Hollywood is noted for the bizarre manner in which its male citizens attire themselves, but the prize for the loudest coat-of-many-colors goes to Jackie Coogan. A few evenings after his return from a personal appearance tour with Betty Grable, Jackie stepped into the Brown Derby wearing the garment. Women swooned, and ordinary checkered-suited guys still have spots before their eyes.

■ ■ ■

Fred Stone is a firm believer in the family circle, and to support his belief he has just bought a 6-acre ranch on which he will build a home for himself and Mrs. Stone, and one for each of his daughters. The daughters, however, don't get their homes until they're married. Which means

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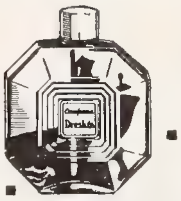

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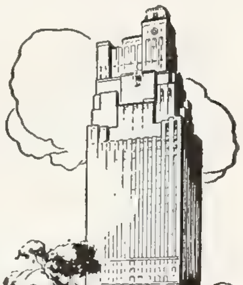

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Personal Direction: S. Gregory Taylor

that Dorothy, who is Mrs. Charles Collins, can move right in, but Paula and Carol may have to wait around for awhile.

■ ■ ■

Frances Drake and Howard Hughes must have reached the one-and-only stage, for just before one of his recent trips to New York they both agreed to a moratorium on dates until he returned to the hills of Hollywood. We know that Frances kept her end of the bargain, but our New York spies weren't able to keep track of Mr. H. New York is a big town, they say.

■ ■ ■

Lola Lane and her director husband, Al Hall, have gone rural on a grand scale. Their ranch boasts a 40-acre walnut grove, and the Lane-Hall hens turn out 400 eggs per day, which Lola sells to Hollywood restaurants. They call the place Hall's Nut Farm, and they like it so well they hate to come to town. Al had to put on his store clothes recently, though, to direct George Raft's new picture, "Yours For the Asking." First day behind the cameras he received a wire from Hall's Nut Farm saying: "We hope all this egg-laying will have no influence on the picture."

■ ■ ■

The tops in dressing-rooms is the one Columbia studios have just finished for Grace Moore. It's completely done in aquamarine and attar of roses (studio words for pink and blue), and it will remain locked until August, when Gracie—Columbia firmly trusts—returns to the Hollywood she's been denouncing to the press for the past several months.

■ ■ ■

Paul Cavanagh, making a picture in England, writes that a new drink has practically taken London by storm. It's called Black Velvet, and it's half champagne and half stout. Not being in the champagne class, we haven't tried it, so we'll have to take Paul's word for it. Paul also reports that London has definitely gone Hollywood. The other night in one restaurant he picked out Constance Bennett, Clive Brook, Nils Asther, Charles Laughton and Richard Arlen. And the final Hollywood touch is that London is beginning to call a first-night performance a "pre-meer."

■ ■ ■

The Show Must Go On, that hoary old tradition of stage and screen, was dusted off and polished up considerably by W. C. Fields. Fields, back on the Paramount lot after a several months' rest cure to star in "Poppy," was ill during most of the production schedule. He went through his scenes, but he had to spend in-between periods relaxing in an easy chair. By the time the picture was completed Bill was so tired of relaxing that he sent a note to the director demanding a sit-in for his next one.

■ ■ ■

Came across an old woman smoking a cigar on the M-G-M lot recently. Stopped for a second look and it turned out to be Lionel Barrymore, all made up for the title role in "The Witch of Timbuctu." The cigar wasn't part of the make-up; it was merely part of Lionel's between-scenes relaxation. Just before a crowd gathered someone told him he looked the picture of his sister, Ethel. For some reason or other the statement didn't seem to please him one bit.

■ ■ ■

On the same day, Margaret Sullavan (who's still carrying her broken arm in a sling) divided her time between ex-husbands. She arrived at the tennis club with Henry Fonda, ex-husband Number One, and spent the afternoon with him. Later Willie Wyler, ex-husband Number Two, arrived, and took Margaret off to a preview. The pair saw "The Ex-Mrs. Bradford."

■ ■ ■

Newest gathering spot for movie celebrities is the West Side Tennis Club, which debuted to a group which included practically all of Hollywood a few Sundays ago. In addition to tennis courts, the club has a swimming pool, dance floor and a bar. If you can't get to Palm Springs, join the West Side Tennis Club (advt.)

■ ■ ■

Anita Louise's romance with Ross Alexander was nipped in the bud when Anita's Mama packed up her trunks and her daughter and tripped off to Europe, leaving a disconsolate young man back home in Hollywood. But Anita will soon be back, and there may be developments. We'll keep you posted.

■ ■ ■

Jean Harlow is all set for the Academy Award for 1936. She has it all doped out, and she told us about it on the set of "Suzy," which she's doing with Franchot Tone and Cary Grant. "Bette Davis got the statuette for making 'Dangerous' with Franchot. 'Suzy' is the third picture I've done with him. I'm a cinch." Simple, isn't it?

■ ■ ■

Kitty Carlisle, who sang a couple of swell operatic numbers in "A Night at the Opera," really means it when she says she's studying for a debut at the Metropolitan. Right now she's in New York in serious pursuit of voice training. Also, in New York, composer George Gershwin is in very serious pursuit of one Miss Carlisle.

■ ■ ■

'Way out in the wilds of a Hollywood suburb is Ken Maynard's Diamond K Ranch. Ken, being one of the most solvent cowboys in these parts, recently bought himself a circus and installed it on the ranch. A few weeks ago he invited a number of his friends out to look things over and sample a portion or two of barbecued buffalo. Ken introduced a touch of the old west when he appeared for a brief session of trick riding with his horse, Tarzan. A couple of elephants named Sally and Queen did things we didn't think elephants could do, and a band of Indians in full regalia, plus sun glasses, stepped off a war dance. Then everyone tried the barbecued buffalo. Barbecued buffalo, in our opinion, will never replace the horse.

■ ■ ■

Onslow Stevens and his wife, the former Ann Buchanan, wanted to move out of Onslow's home in Pasadena and into Hollywood, but they couldn't decide which apartment house they preferred. So they're spending a week-end at every available place in town. When they finish the list they'll settle down in the place they liked best.

(Continued on page 114)

Guarantee of Satisfaction

The publishers of MODERN SCREEN guarantee that you will be satisfied with your purchase of every packaged product advertised in this magazine. If for any reason you are dissatisfied, MODERN SCREEN will replace the product or, if you prefer, refund your purchase price. In either case all you have to do is to send us the unused portion, accompanied by a letter outlining your complaint. This guarantee also applies if the product, in your opinion does not justify the claims made in its advertising in MODERN SCREEN

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Anne Shirley, left, and Marsha Hunt, right, show that young charmer, Marcia Mae Jones of "These Three" fame, the tennis matches.

A quartet at the new West Side Tennis Club, left to right, Henry Fonda, Virginia Bruce, Betty Furness, and newcomer James Stewart.

more good news

(*Continued from page 112*)

A Hollywood cab driver owes his recent marriage to Allen Jenkins. Coming out of a restaurant one night, Allen hailed the cab and when the driver asked his destination he said, "Ensenada." Ensenada happens to be in Mexico, practically a sleeper jump from Hollywood, but the cabbie drove on without batting an eye. After a quick look at old Mexico Allen ordered his man to return to Hollywood. The tariff was terrific, and so the driver got married.

■ ■ ■

During the shooting of "The Great Ziegfeld," everyone wondered how Billie Burke would feel about being portrayed on the screen by another actress. After the premiere a newspaper man asked Myrna Loy if Miss Burke had commented on her work in the picture. Myrna showed him a photograph of Billie Burke taken when she first knew Ziegfeld. On it was inscribed: "To Myrna—when I was you . . . Billie Burke."

■ ■ ■

Betty Furness is a fiend for auctions, but she never found anything really valuable until last month when she bought an old trunk for ten dollars. The trunk once belonged to a former burlesque queen and it contained, among other things, eight letters written by Marie Dressler, who was a good friend of the dancer. Since then Betty has been offered $100 for one of the letters, but she is refusing all offers. The Dressler letters are going to remain in Betty's possession.

■ ■ ■

Gene Raymond has had so much success with his song, "Will You?", that he's decided to go in for musical composition on a larger scale. Singing "Will You?" on his personal appearance tour skyrocketed the sales of the song, and Gene has a profit of over $5,000 on it to date. So now he's working on some new songs with his brother, Robert Marlowe, who is in Hollywood hoping to become an orchestra leader. Since Gene's going musical, perhaps he can coax a voice lesson or two out of Jeanette MacDonald.

■ ■ ■

Do you wonder what papa and mama Dionne thought of "The Country Doctor"? We talked to a newspaper woman who sat with them while the picture was unreeled. Mrs. Dionne liked only the brief part in which the quints appeared. Excited, she pointed them out to her friends and called each by name. Papa Dionne was incensed at his screen character, for which one can hardly blame him. When the picture ended the Dionnes shook their heads sadly and said, "What will the neighbors think?"

■ ■ ■

Basil Rathbone, who probably has been about the meanest of the screen's arch-villains, has had a change of heart. Called upon to poison a dog in a scene for "Private Number" at 20th Century-Fox, Basil refused, and the script was rewritten so that someone else drew the assignment. "I'll menace the heroine and I'll torture the hero," said Basil, "but black as I am, I won't poison a dog."

■ ■ ■

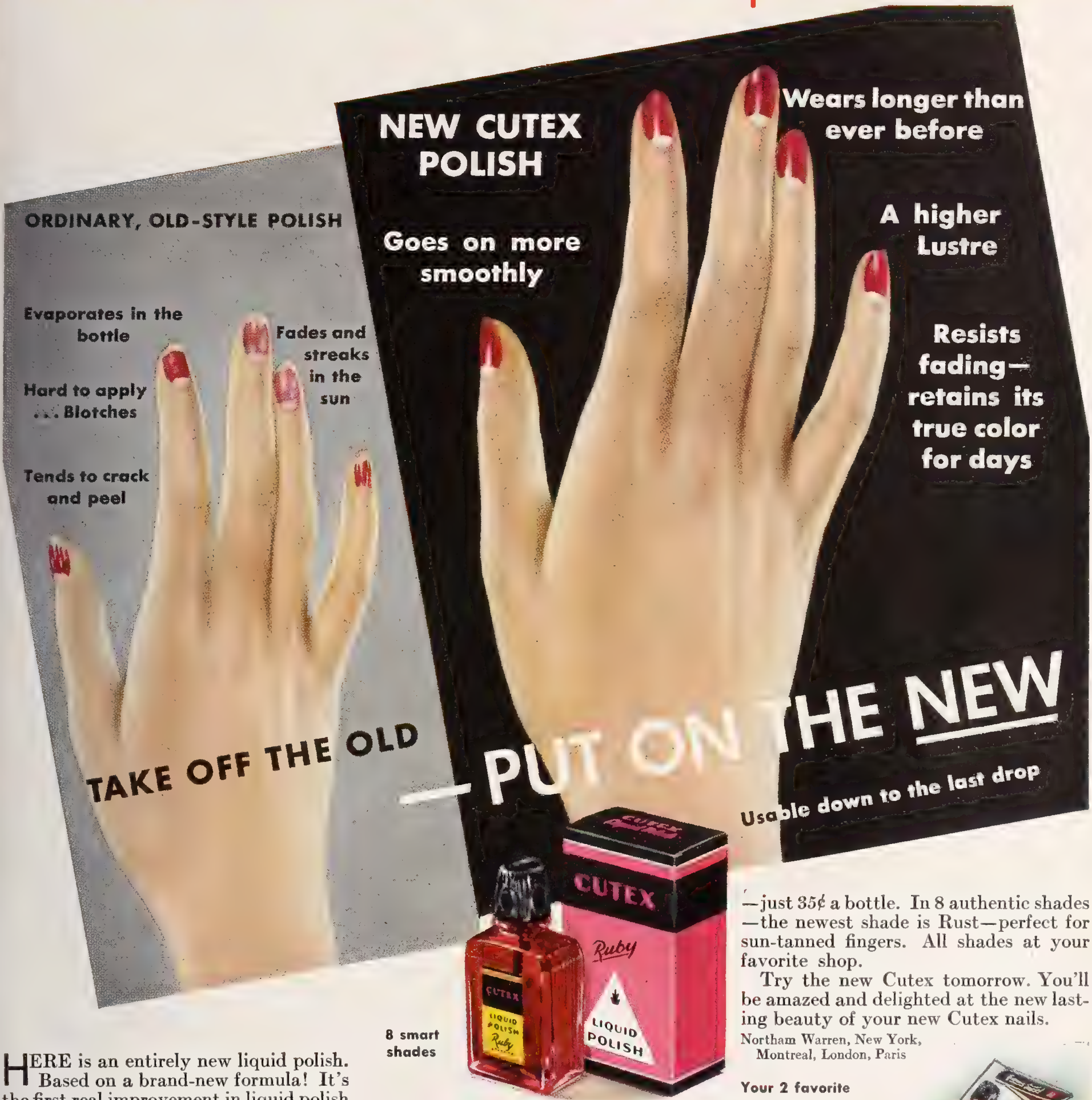
Bette Davis is just completing a long vacation, and she claims the whole thing was merely to rest up from the excitement of the Academy Award. As part of her vacation she packed up her gold statuette and sailed to Hawaii. Harmon Nelson, her husband, waved a sad goodbye, for he couldn't make the trip. He's playing the piano and doing a bit of vocal entertaining at a Hollywood night club.

Top to bottom: Ann Sothern and Rosalind Russell show off some new finery. However, in Miss R's case, the outfit is a little surprising. The hat's a bit Charlie Chan, dontcha think? Ralph Forbes with Heather Angel (Mrs. F.).

Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

CUTEX PRESENTS

A Wonderful New Liquid Polish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Hard to apply . . . Blotches
Tends to crack and peel
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NEW CUTEX POLISH
Goes on more smoothly
Wears longer than ever before
A higher Lustre
Resists fading—retains its true color for days
TAKE OFF THE OLD
—PUT ON THE NEW
Usable down to the last drop
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LIQUID POLISH
8 smart shades

HERE is an entirely new liquid polish. Based on a brand-new formula! It's the first real improvement in liquid polish in 10 years, and we're proud of it. It's the polish women have been waiting for!

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Your 2 favorite shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, Polish Remover and sample of Lipstick for 14¢

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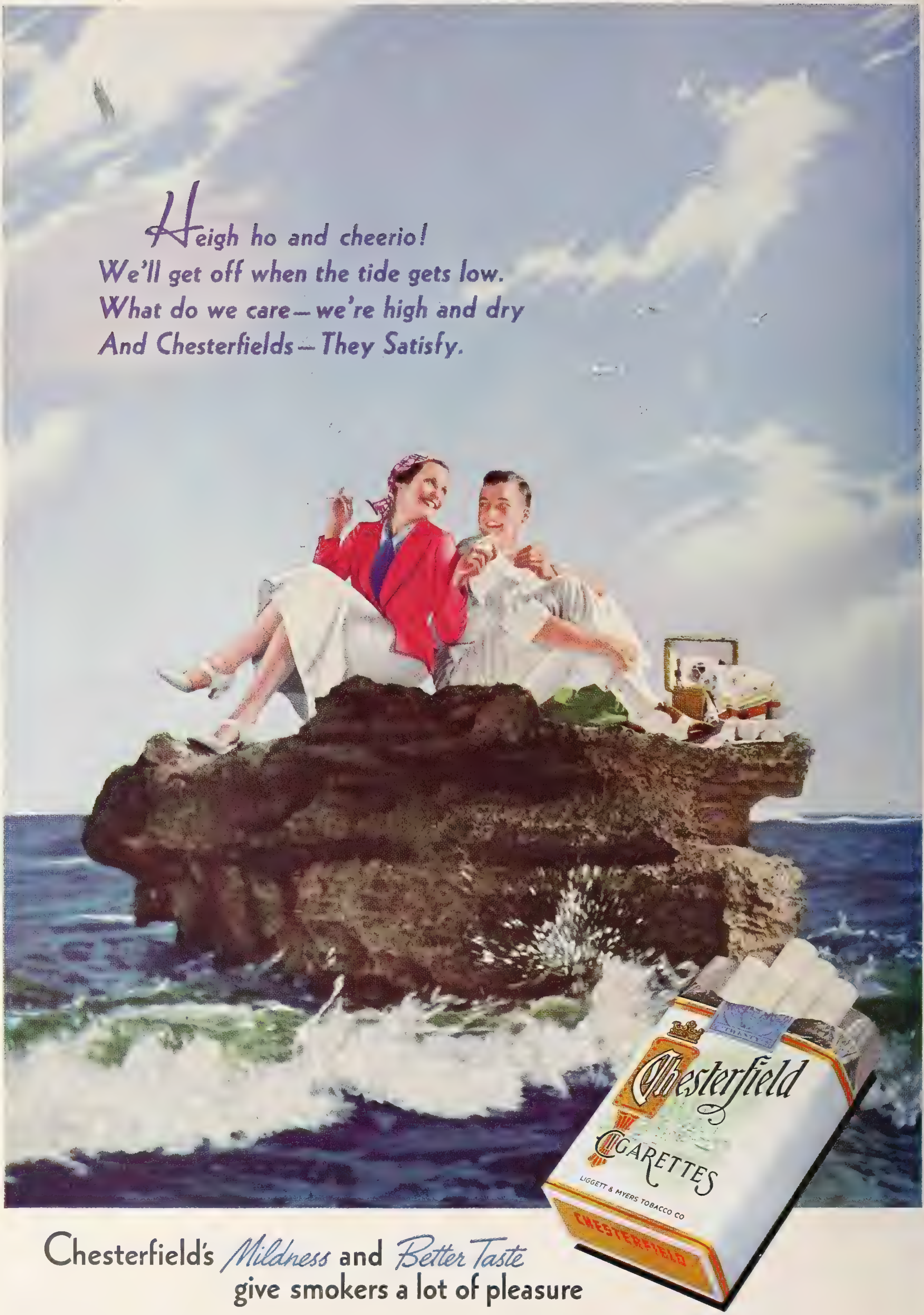
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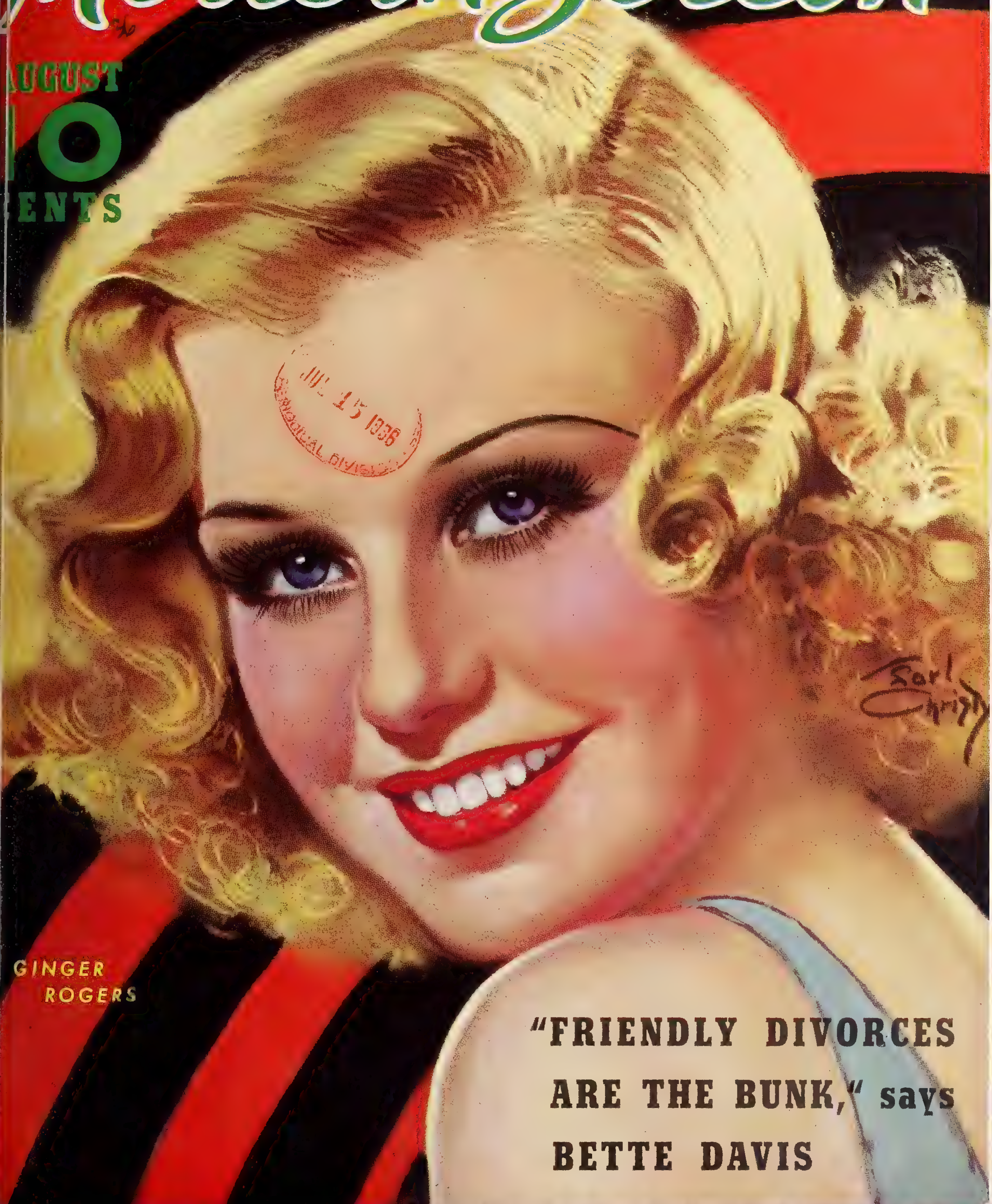

GINGER ROGERS

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JUL 15 1936
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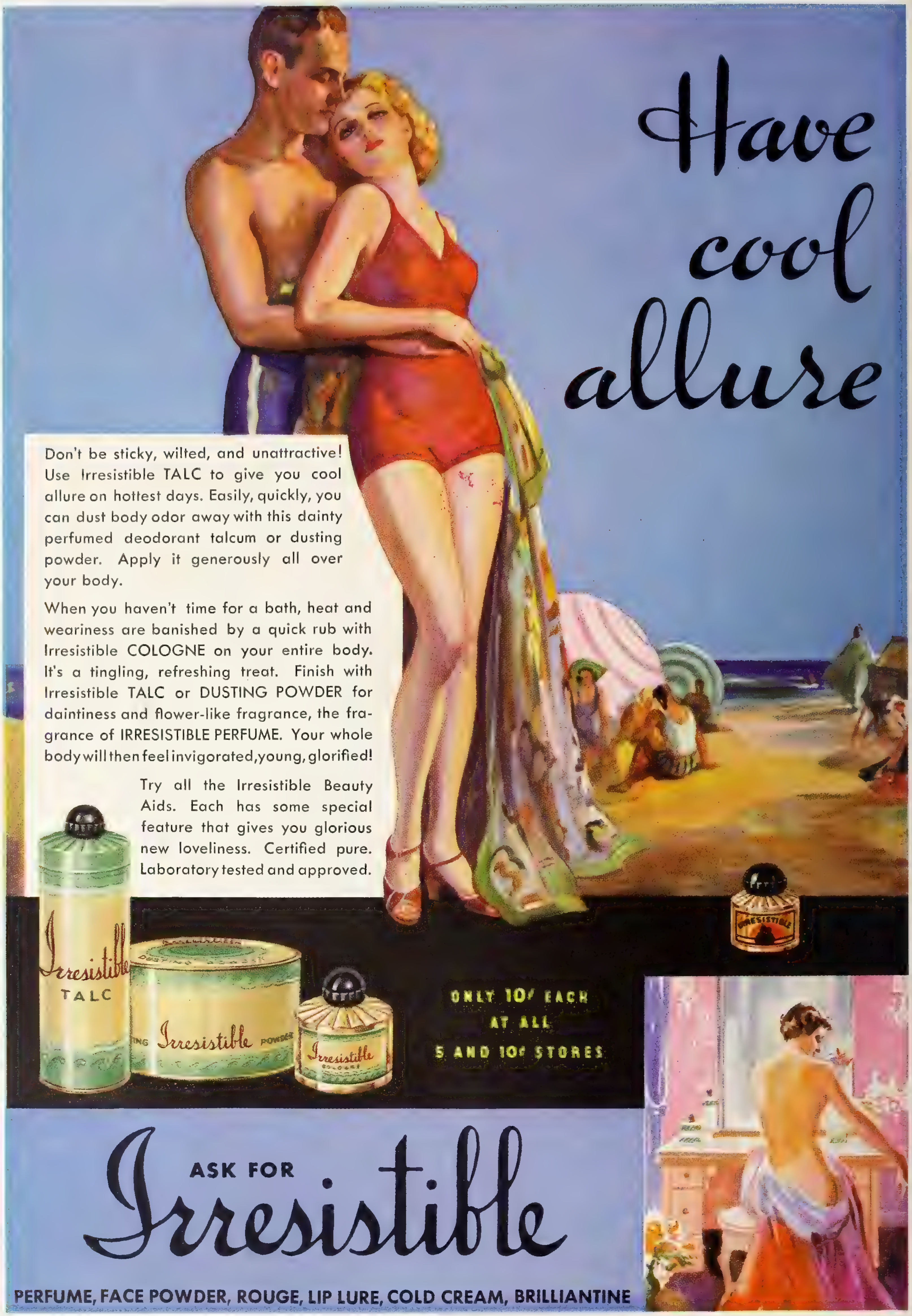

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SAYS HOSTESS

SAYS DENTIST

(But the civilized way to build firm gums is IPANA and MASSAGE)

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Check up on your own menu, and you will see the dentist's point. The modern menu is a soft-food menu. It deprives teeth and gums of the work and exercise and stimulation they need. No wonder gums grow weak and tender—no wonder "pink tooth brush" is such a common warning.

"Pink Tooth Brush" is serious

The first sign of that tinge of "pink" calls for a visit to your dentist. You may be in for serious trouble. But he is far more likely to tell you to take better care of your gums, to give them more stimulation, more exercise. And he may tell you—he usually does—to switch to Ipana Tooth Paste and massage. *Follow his advice.* Rub a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth! For Ipana is especially designed to help your gums *as well* as clean your teeth. You'll soon notice an improvement in the health of your gums. New circulation wakens lazy tissues. Gums grow stronger. They feel firmer. They look better.

So switch to Ipana today. The first ten days of Ipana and massage will show an improvement. And thirty days will convince you that you should have changed to this modern, sensible health measure long ago.

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS
NEW YORK
IPANA plus massage is the dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums.

JUN 27 1936
©CIB 305636

a Floral Bouquet for You
PARFUM BLUE WALTZ
BLUE WALTZ

Rhapsody in flowers. That is **Blue Waltz** Perfume. Not just the fragrance of one flower, but a myriad of flowers . . . not of one mood, but many moods. Its blended bouquet adapts itself to you and your personality. Use it to be gay, alluring, utterly feminine! Wear it for the one you love best.

BLUE WALTZ

PERFUME • FACE POWDER
LIPSTICK • BRILLIANTINE
COLD CREAM • TALCUM
10¢ at 5 & 10¢ Stores

MODERN SCREEN

Now Showing

ONE OF THE BIGGIES .... Philip K. Scheuer 10
Introducing Lionel Stander
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REGINA CANNON, Editor
ADELIA BIRD, Associate Editor
ABRIL LAMARQUE, Art Editor
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THEY PLAY THRILLING ROLES IN M-G-M'S DRAMATIC ROMANCE "Suzy"

JEAN HARLOW

"I'm Suzy. I loved that guy and when they shot him I fled to France. Sure, I gave my lips to Andre—but I never knew...."

BENITA HUME

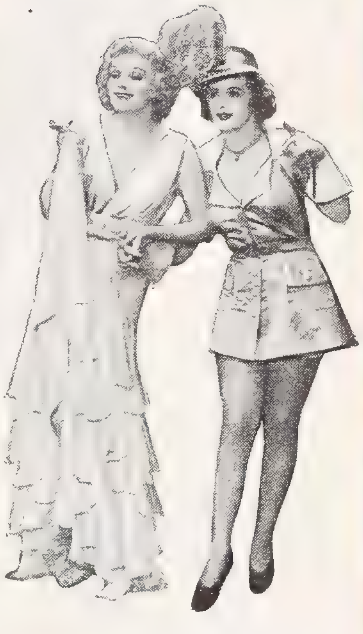
"I'm Madame de Chabris. I get around. The spy racket is a cinch when you've got a figure like mine...."

CARY GRANT

"I'm Andre. Yes, I was weak. I loved that girl but somehow the night life of Paris got me—and those secret plans! That's how it happened!"

FRANCHOT TONE

"I'm Terry. I should have known that slinky dame spelled DANGER. And then Suzy walked out on me, too..."



JEAN HARLOW
IN
Suzy
FRANCHOT TONE · CARY GRANT
LEWIS STONE · BENITA HUME
Directed by George Fitzmaurice
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

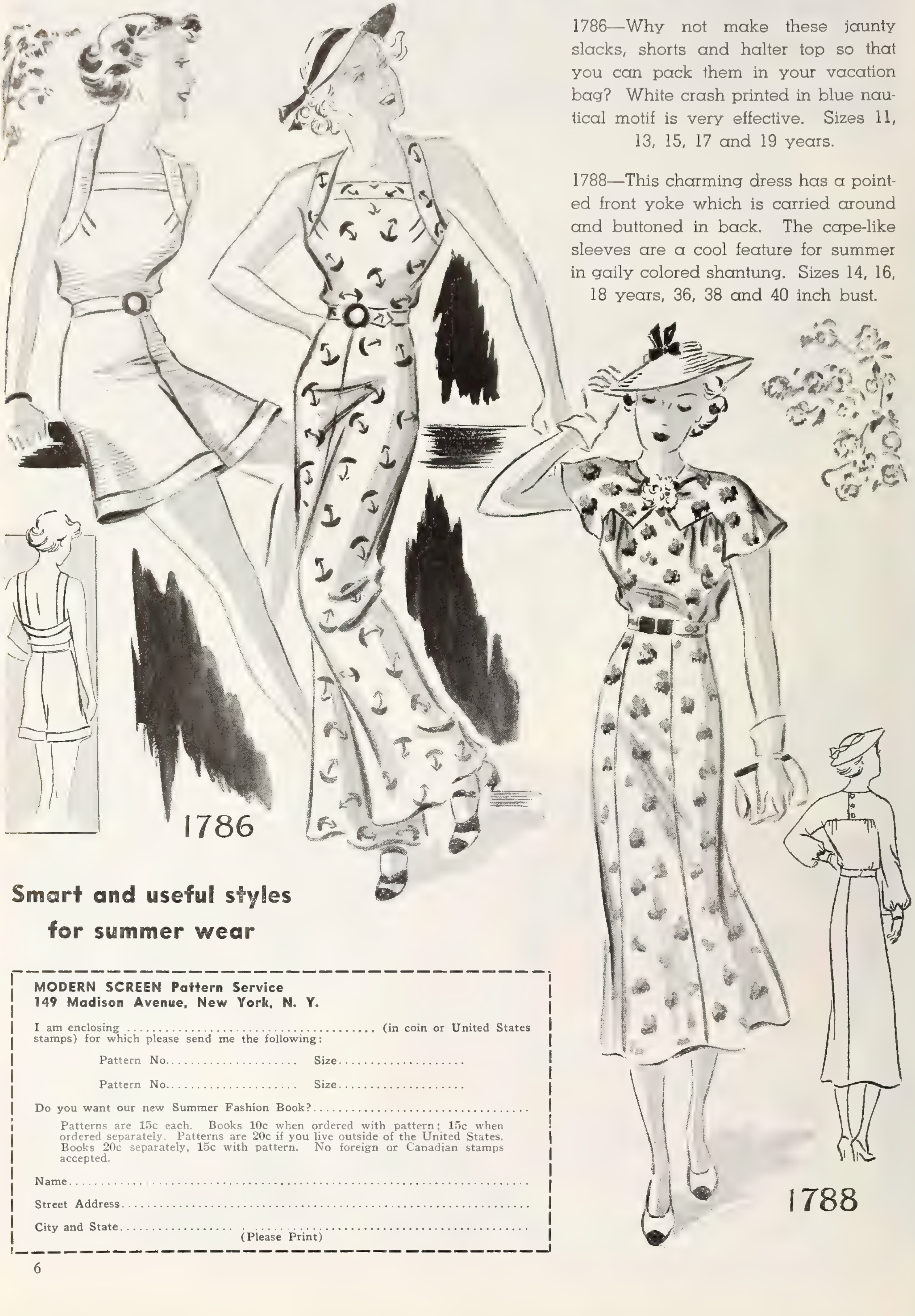
"Did I Remember?"

Here Jean is singing the tune that's sweeping the country. Incidentally, watch for the Parisian cabaret scenes where Suzy struggles to earn a living.

MODERN SCREEN PATTERNS

1786—Why not make these jaunty slacks, shorts and halter top so that you can pack them in your vacation bag? White crash printed in blue nautical motif is very effective. Sizes 11, 13, 15, 17 and 19 years.

1788—This charming dress has a pointed front yoke which is carried around and buttoned in back. The cape-like sleeves are a cool feature for summer in gaily colored shantung. Sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust.



1786

1788

Smart and useful styles for summer wear

MODERN SCREEN Pattern Service
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

I am enclosing .... (in coin or United States stamps) for which please send me the following:

Pattern No.................... Size...................

Pattern No.................... Size...................

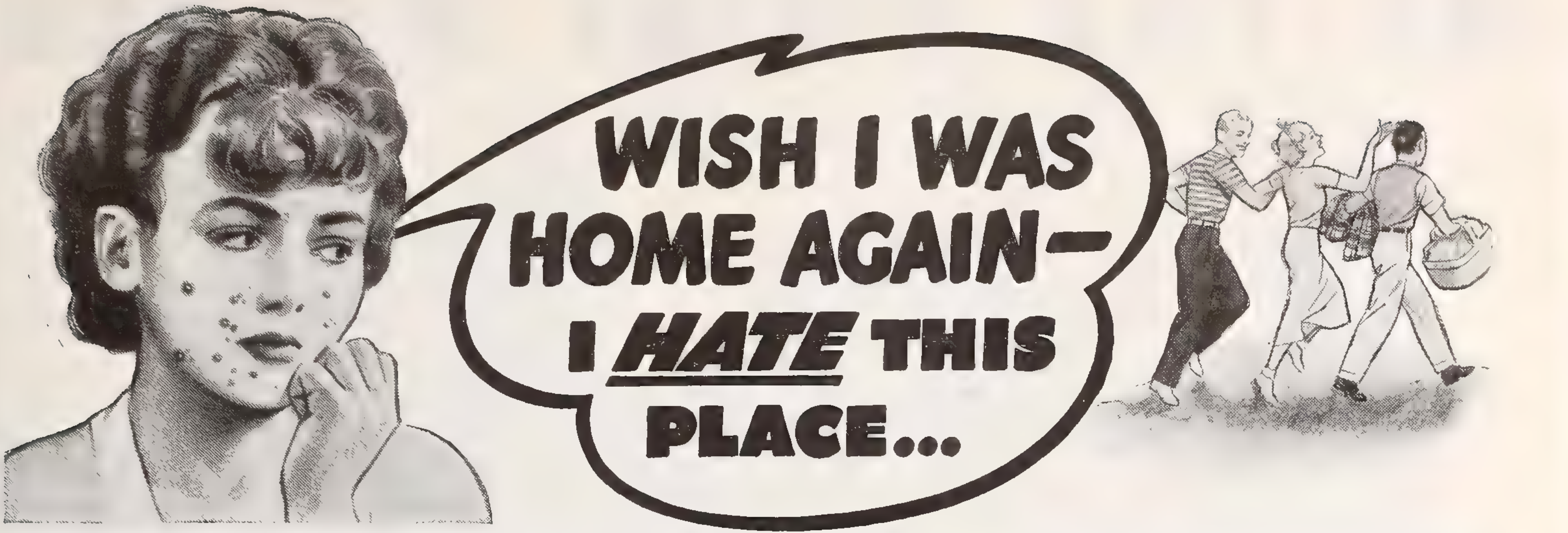
Do you want our new Summer Fashion Book?.................................

Patterns are 15c each. Books 10c when ordered with pattern; 15c when ordered separately. Patterns are 20c if you live outside of the United States. Books 20c separately, 15c with pattern. No foreign or Canadian stamps accepted.

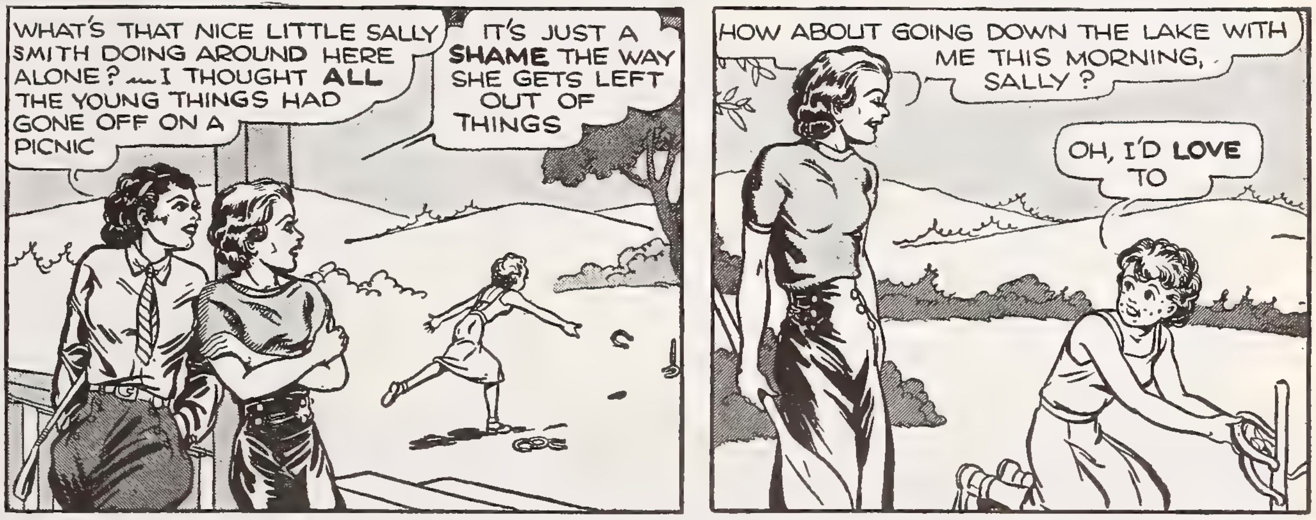
Name...

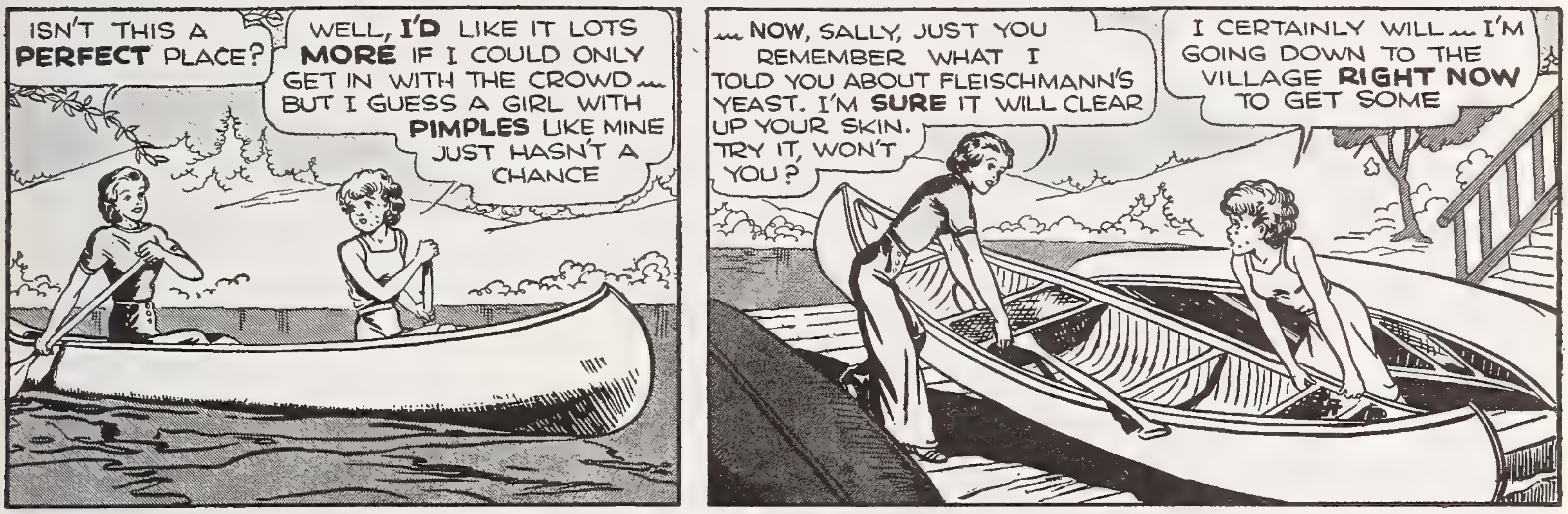
Street Address...

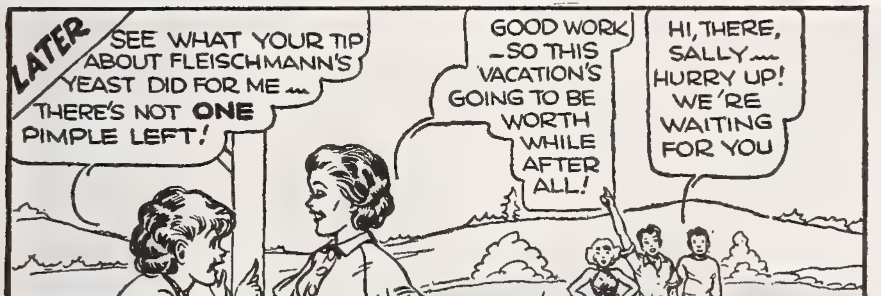
City and State...
(Please Print)


WISH I WAS HOME AGAIN— I *HATE* THIS PLACE...

SALLY'S BAD SKIN NEARLY QUEERED HER WHOLE SUMMER


WHAT'S THAT NICE LITTLE SALLY SMITH DOING AROUND HERE ALONE? ... I THOUGHT ALL THE YOUNG THINGS HAD GONE OFF ON A PICNIC
IT'S JUST A SHAME THE WAY SHE GETS LEFT OUT OF THINGS
HOW ABOUT GOING DOWN THE LAKE WITH ME THIS MORNING, SALLY?
OH, I'D LOVE TO


ISN'T THIS A PERFECT PLACE?
WELL, I'D LIKE IT LOTS MORE IF I COULD ONLY GET IN WITH THE CROWD ... BUT I GUESS A GIRL WITH PIMPLES LIKE MINE JUST HASN'T A CHANCE
... NOW, SALLY, JUST YOU REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU ABOUT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST. I'M SURE IT WILL CLEAR UP YOUR SKIN. TRY IT, WON'T YOU?
I CERTAINLY WILL ... I'M GOING DOWN TO THE VILLAGE RIGHT NOW TO GET SOME


LATER
SEE WHAT YOUR TIP ABOUT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST DID FOR ME ... THERE'S NOT ONE PIMPLE LEFT!
GOOD WORK — SO THIS VACATION'S GOING TO BE WORTH WHILE AFTER ALL!
HI, THERE, SALLY ... HURRY UP! WE'RE WAITING FOR YOU

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated

Don't let adolescent pimples keep YOU from making friends

GOOD TIMES can be sadly hampered by a pimply skin. Yet many young people have to fight this trouble after the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or even longer.

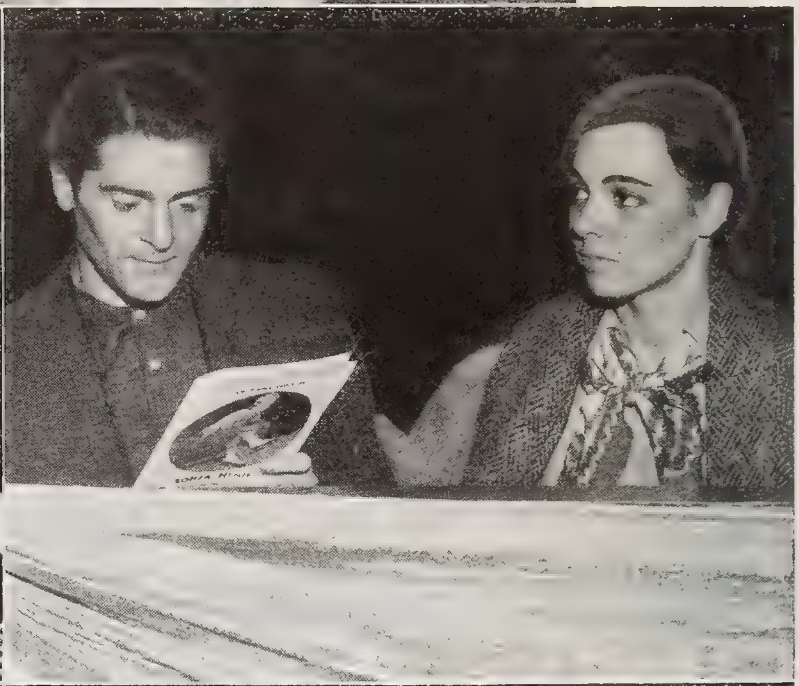
During this period, important glands develop and final growth takes place. The entire system is disturbed. The skin, in particular, gets extremely sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin and unsightly pimples break out.

But these adolescent pimples can be corrected. Fleischmann's fresh Yeast clears the skin irritants out of the blood. Then, the pimples go!

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast *daily*—one cake about ½ hour before each meal. Eat it plain, or dissolved in a little water until your skin clears. Start today!

At The Polar Palace

All the who's—whosisis turned out for Sonja Henie's California skating debut. At the right, you see the cute ice-skating champion with an arm about Ruby Keeler. 'Tis said Miss Henie's price for making a picture startled even the gents who talk in colossal terms! Below, left to right is the enthusiastic star audience. Ann Sothern spikes the rumors by appearing with Roger Pryor instead of Norman Krasna. And Francis Lederer reads his program while his best gal, Mary Anita Loos, looks on. Next row below: Kay Francis and her steady, Delmar Daves, beam on Scotty. And last, Hollywood's most talked about duo, Gene Raymond with Jeanette MacDonald.



"I didn't deserve their pity"

...CONFESSES A TRUTHFUL EX-WIFE

"If I'd known about "Lysol" sooner, our happiness might have been saved"

"When my divorce was granted my friends pitied me, and blamed my husband, as people so often do. But I know now that I was really the one at fault. I had become irritable, cold, unresponsive...actually afraid to be happy. Fear and worries had preyed on my nerves till I was a different woman from the bride my husband loved. I wish I'd learned about "Lysol" sooner."

How stupid that we should let blind, *reckless* ignorance like this go on wrecking countless marriages! Millions of women know that the simplest and best method of antiseptic feminine hygiene is the "Lysol" method. For nearly 50 years "Lysol" has had the world-wide endorsement of leading doctors and hospitals. Used as directed, "Lysol" is so gentle to sensitive tissues that it is commonly used in the delicate operation of childbirth.

"Lysol" in antiseptic marriage hygiene has special effectiveness. It has a *spreading* quality which enables it to search out hidden spots where other antiseptics fail to reach. And "Lysol" destroys germs *even in the presence of organic matter* (such as mucus, serum, etc.) . . . when many other preparations *don't work.*

To every wife who has been the victim of needless worry—accurate, authentic information about antiseptic marriage hygiene is now offered, in a *free* brochure called "Lysol vs. Germs". It tells how to use "Lysol" for this and many other germicidal needs. Just send the coupon.

Lysol
Disinfectant

The 6 Special Features of "Lysol"

1. Safety..."Lysol" is gentle and reliable. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.
2. Effectiveness..."Lysol" is a *true germicide,* which means that it kills germs under practical conditions...even in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.). Some other preparations don't work when they meet with these conditions.
3. Penetration..."Lysol" solutions, because of their low surface tension, spread into hidden folds of the skin, and thus virtually *search out* germs.
4. Economy..."Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.
5. Odor...The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears *immediately* after use.
6. Stability..."Lysol" keeps its *full* strength, no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.

•

New! Lysol Hygienic Soap for bath, hands and complexion. Cleansing and deodorant.

FACTS MARRIED WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

Lehn & Fink Products Corp Bloomfield, N. J.
Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant Dept. MS8
Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS", with facts about Feminine Hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

*Name*____________________

*Street*____________________

*City*__________ *State*__________

© 1936, Lehn & Fink, Inc.

One of the "BIGGIES"

Lionel Stander is sitting pretty now—and nobody's more surprised than he

AS SOON as his contract was cinched, Lionel Stander bought a house and remodeled it. The first piece of furniture was a bed. It was the only piece of furniture in the house for weeks, and eventually everybody, whether occupant or visitor, gravitated toward it. There was no other place to sit down.

Stander heard of a good cook—they're scarce in Hollywood—and hired her pronto. Then he realized he had no stove. It took him three weeks to get the one he wanted. During that time the cook called up every day to ask how things were coming. That was all she had to do. Stander wasn't taking any chances on losing her.

Then he bought a bridge table, a pool table, and after that, bit by bit, specially-made tables and chairs. These were all very simple, very modern, and very serviceable. Stander helped the architect design them.

Pretty soon the house was a home and, like its owner, unique.

It was typical, too, of the way Stander does things. A non-conformist in domestic affairs, he is regarded in the only-slightly-wider circle that is Hollywood as nothing less than an iconoclast. "Lionel Stander?" people say. "Oh, you mean that one-man revolution."

And he revels in it—revels in being different. When he's not working—which happens less and less often—you'll find him sprawled on a ledge atop the hill at the end of North LaBrea, blinking down at the film city and croaking his defiance of it and the rest of the universe in that bullfrog voice which has brought him fame and fortune.

By Philip K. Scheuer

SO TODAY I'm one of the biggies," he'll say, his tone guttural and harsh, his head wagging from side to side. "One of the biggies. Me, a guy with a grotesque voice and a grotesque pan, up in the big money! Tomorrow—

"What do they want to know about me?" he'll bark, then; and, without waiting for an answer, "Tell them about the quick, surprised expression on my puss when I reach into my pocket and pull out a quarter. Tell them about the eleven people, relatives and what-not, I'm supporting—me, a guy who never held a job more than six months in his life!"

Stander had acted in five pictures in Hollywood before "The Scoundrel" hit the town. It wasn't until then that they really began to appreciate what a gold mine they had in this dark, homely, immensely magnetic six-footer with the tousled

Lionel Stander and Jean Arthur during a tense moment in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town."

hair, the mismatched eyes—one brown, one gray—and the scrapy vocal cords.

"The Scoundrel," you will recall, was Hecht and MacArthur's fantastic melodrama about New York's decadent literati, with Noel Coward as the publisher who played dead.

After it was released, Stander sensed a new respect for his abilities among studio executives. He played Harold Lloyd's trainer in "The Milky Way," and was in "If You Could Only Cook" and "The Music Goes 'Round." Somewhere along about here he found time to go back and do another stretch for Hecht and MacArthur at their Long Island studio, interpreting "the world's only true radical" in "Soak the Rich." More recently he has been seen as Gary Cooper's distraught press agent in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town." In "Meet Nero Wolfe," his latest, he's a dumb detective.

STANDER, who's known to his intimates as Jay (his middle name), started off in Hollywood as a "dialect comedian."

"But I don't hold it too much against 'em," he grins. "I'd been a dialect comedian for so long on the radio that people forgot I had ever done anything else."

Jay was on nine air programs, off and on. He faked Rubinoff's voice on *(Continued on page 91)*

NEW
GLARE-PROOF
POWDER SHADES

The full glare of the summer sun throws a hard light on your skin.

New "Sunlight" shades catch only the sun's softest rays—flatter you!

POND'S

SUNLIGHT Shades flatter your skin in the Hardest Light

NOW you can defy the full glare of the sun! Go out into it hatless! . . . Confident your skin has only the soft sunny glow of early spring sunshine! Pond's "Sunlight" shades are away from the old "sun-tan" powders. Totally new in effect. Glare-proof! They catch only the softest rays of the sun . . . Soften your face in hardest light! Becoming with every stage of tan.

POND'S
FACE POWDER
POND'S
FACE POWDER

MONEY-BACK TRIAL—Try Pond's Sunlight shade (Light or Dark). If you do not find it more flattering than ordinary sun-tan shades, send us back the box and we will refund purchase price plus postage. Pond's, Clinton, Conn.

2 *Sunlight Shades—Light, Dark. Low Prices—Glass jars,* **35¢, 70¢.** *New big boxes,* **10¢, 20¢.**

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Picnics are Fun

and Jean Parker's edible outing suggestions, simply swell

By Marjorie Deen

Courtesy Bond Bread Bakers

Here are the three sandwiches which may be included in your next picnic basket — hearty, dainty, tempting.

WHAT DO I really think of picnics?" replied Jean Parker in answer to a question I put to her recently on "The Texas Rangers" set. "Why, picnics are fun!" and she wrinkled up her retroussé little nose as though she could already smell the sea.

For Jean, I discovered from our conversation, is essentially a beach picnic enthusiast. The combination of a long swim in the salty waves (Jean is an expert swimmer), preceding a restful sunning on the sands and followed by a perfectly scrumptious picnic lunch, is just about the ideal way to spend a summer's day, to her way of thinking.

But those of us who may not have a beach within a cool thousand miles (or a far-too-hot hundred leagues) can picnic quite as enthusiastically, given the right refreshments, in the woods, on the rock-faced side of a mountain, in the shade of a tree, in the city park (police permitting!), in the corner of our own porch or backyard or even at the kitchen table! For picnics, after all, are dependent rather upon a state of mind than upon locality.

Of course, as I've already suggested, foods also play an important part in making a day's picnic outing successful. And on this subject I found Jean Parker most helpful.

"Oh, my, yes, I have very definite ideas on picnic foods," she assured me, "for I think eating is half the fun of going off for the day. Picnic foods, in my opinion, should comply with the following three rules: variety, quantity and easy "packability," if I may coin a word. But there are limitations to each one of these three es-

Jean Parker, an avid picnicker, has some excellent tips on the subject.

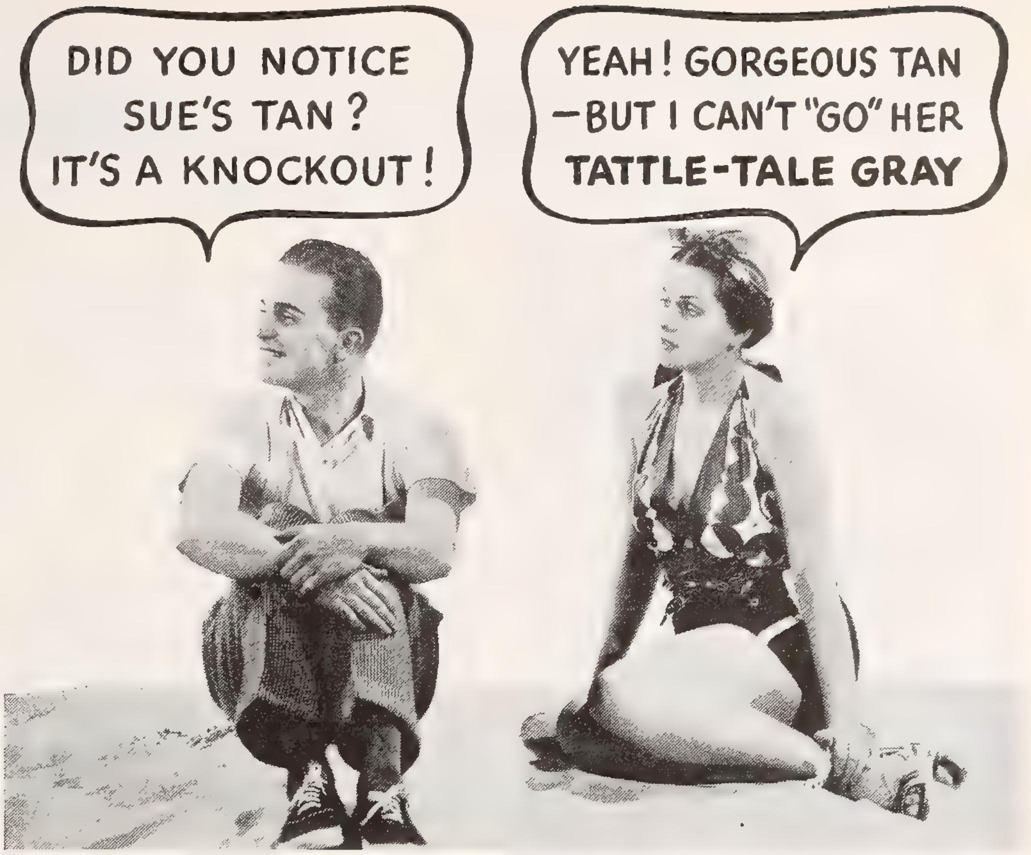
sentials. Variety, for instance, doesn't mean being fancy and involved. And quantity does not mean taking along too much stuff, later to discard it recklessly along the way without regard for scenery or subsequent visitors. The third requirement, that of easy packing, can be met both by the correct packing equipment and the right type of foods to take along. Of course, this packing business is not very important if you plan to eat within the confines of your own place. But even so if the food is not the sort that could be packed easily, then it isn't the kind that suggests a picnic meal in the first place!"

BRIEFLY, then, what would you consider an ideal menu for a picnic?" I asked and hastened to add, "although I do think the term 'menu' is rather a formal way to describe such essentially informal foods. Perhaps 'eats' would be better."

"'Eats' it is," replied Jean with that charming smile that has won her such a devoted fan following and an attractive husband. "Of course, the easiest of all to pack and carry are sandwiches," she went on, helpfully. "You could talk about sandwiches for picnics for an hour and there would still be some novel sandwich spread you had forgotten or never even heard of. One of my favorite sandwich fillings is a combination of home-made ham loaf and chopped sweet pickles. This loaf is tasty, slices well and is bound to be popular with everyone.

"My ideal picnic menu would also include a salad. I tasted one the other evening at a buffet supper party that was so good that I intend to take this special type of Potato Salad with us the very next time we go picnicking. Many buffet supper refreshments would make marvelous picnic fare and the other way 'round," Jean observed sagely. "This particular salad would be just as good afield as at home—equally tasty whether served from a large wooden salad bowl onto dainty china or from a Mason jar or thermos container onto a paper plate! It has a most surprising and delicious assortment of ingredients, though not one of them is unusual in itself. It's just the combination that is intriguingly new." (I have the recipe for this Combination Potato

(*Continued on page 71*)


DID YOU NOTICE SUE'S TAN? IT'S A KNOCKOUT!
YEAH! GORGEOUS TAN —BUT I CAN'T "GO" HER TATTLE-TALE GRAY

"Oh, you cat! Why don't you tell Sue how to get rid of tattle-tale gray instead of meowing behind her back?"
"Don't worry, darling. I *will* tell her, first time I catch her alone."

"I'm sorry if I've hurt your feelings, Sue—but your clothes *do* tattle about you. It's not your fault. I know you aren't careless. But that lazy soap you use doesn't wash clean, and the clothes say so."

"Now you just change to my standby, Fels-Naptha. That *richer, golden soap* is *so packed with naptha* dirt practically flies out. Try it for stockings and undies, too—it's wonderfully gentle. And it's easier on hands because every bar holds glycerine."

"P-s-s-st, it's Sue. She wants us for dinner so we can see how perfectly grand her linens and things look now."
"Boy, one of *her* **dinners** is something. You'd better go tipping off *all* your friends to change to Fels-Naptha Soap!"

© FELS & CO., 1936

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"
with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

MOD SCR

Remember one little thing

...or this

may not come true!

ON your vacation you want to be at the top of your stride. You want to be at the peak of your form.

But it isn't always easy. For, as you know, a vacation means a change of diet, change of water, travel . . . and you'll often find that you need a laxative.

Now, just remember this one thing—don't let a harsh, over-acting cathartic spoil things for you. Strong purgatives are apt to throw your whole system out of rhythm ... upsetting your digestion, causing stomach pains—even nausea.

WHY A CORRECTLY TIMED LAXATIVE IS PREFERABLE

When you choose Ex-Lax you are choosing a laxative that works g-r-a-d-u-a-l-l-y . . . that takes 6 to 8 hours to be effective. In other words, a laxative that's *correctly timed.* Its action is thorough. Yet Ex-Lax is so mild and so gentle that it won't cause you even a moment's uneasiness. There'll be no shock to your system, no pain or disturbance of any kind.

DELICIOUS CHOCOLATE FLAVOR

And here's another nice thing about Ex-Lax . . . it tastes just like delicious, creamy chocolate. Buy Ex-Lax at any drug store. Tuck it in your traveling bag. There's a 10c size, and a still more economical size at 25c.

When Nature forgets — remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

INFORMATION DESK

Find Inside Facts About Your Favorites

NOTE: The following biographies are printed by popular demand. They are the ones most frequently requested during the last month by readers who have sent in the coupon at the end of the article. Each coupon has been tabulated, so if you have requested any of these, kindly consider yours automatically responsible.

HENRY FONDA: According to this department's readers, young Mr. Fonda must have "what it takes" and plenty to spare. In short, this poor old Desk is literally sagging with requests for his biography, and hastens to relieve itself of the burden here and now. On a certain May 16, Henry was born in Grand Island, Neb., of non-professional parents. William Brace Fonda, his father, packed his family off to live in Omaha when Hank was a mere youngster. There he attended public and high schools with a writing career in view. He worked his way through the University of Minnesota by serving as athletic instructor and general coach at a nearby settlement house, and studied Journalism along with various other writing courses. Upon graduating he tried in vain to get a newspaper job and finally became interested in the Omaha Community Playhouse. There Henry played his first dramatic role but took more of a liking to the technical end of the stage, remaining there for 3 years as scene designer and painter. In the summer of 1928 he journeyed New Yorkward, found work at the Cape Playhouse at Dennis, Mass., and then accepted an engagement at a summer theatre in Falmouth, Mass. Came Fall and an engagement with the Theatre Guild as extra and understudy. In one of these minor roles he was noticed by June Walker, selected to play the lead in "The Farmer Takes a Wife." Through her he was introduced to Marc Connolly and given the male lead. Soon after, Walter Wanger signed Henry to a contract, loaned him to Fox for "The Farmer Takes a Wife" and "Way Down East," to RKO for Lily Pons' "I Dream Too Much," and finally used him in "Trail of the Lonesome Pine" and "The Moon's Our Home." Right now he is working in Mr. Wanger's "Spendthrift" with Pat Paterson. As you probably know, Margaret Sullavan was at one time Mrs. Henry Fonda, and rumor has it that since the making of "The Moon's Our Home" in which they were co-starred, their romance has been renewed. Henry is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 170 pounds and has black hair and blue eyes. Write him at Walter Wanger Productions, 1040 N. Las Palmas, Hollywood, Calif.

LOURDES, Holyoke, Mass.—Charlie Chan's son in those most excellent film stories is not Warner Oland's real son. His name is Keye Luke, he was born near Canton, China, educated in the United States and is a very talented artist. He will play with Mr. Oland again in "Charlie Chan at the Race Track" and also in "The Good Earth." By the way, Warner Oland is Swedish by birth, not Chinese.

JOHN HOWARD: Here's another young man whose star has risen apace during the past year. His real name is John Cox and he was born in Cleveland, Ohio, on April 14, 1913. Educated in the public schools of East Cleveland, he was an excellent student and won a scholarship to Western Reserve University, where he achieved more honors than you would believe possible. He was president of the University Players and the Student Council; senior manager of the basketball team; member of the National Collegiate Players, of the Y.M.C.A. Cabinet, the University Choir and the Thalian Club; won a Phi Beta Kappa Key, a W.R.U. Honor Key, a scholarship for work in English and a couple of essay prizes. Moreover, he was chosen as the most outstanding man in the Senior Class. The rest of his school activities were divided between dramatics and sports, and he managed to find time to sing and play the piano over radio station WHK. In the spring of 1934 a Paramount talent scout spotted young Cox in a campus show and offered him a chance to go to Hollywood. Amazingly enough, he refused. This was because, among all the other honors, he had won a scholarship to the graduate school and without that training he could not become the professor of English on which he had set his heart. But hard luck—if you can call it that—stepped in, and John found that it would be financially impossible for him to take this course. So, he reconsidered the screen offer and his first test was successful. In September, 1934, Mr. Cox reported at the Paramount Studio in Hollywood and proceeded to spend his first three months studying motion picture acting and technique. His first picture was "Car 99," the second was "Four Hours to Kill" and then he became John Howard and made a big hit in "Annapolis Farewell." Followed "Millions in the Air," "Soak the Rich" and "Border Flight." His most recent film is "Lost Horizon." Howard's hobbies are drawing and painting. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 150 pounds and has blue eyes and brown hair. He is not married. Write him at the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Los Angeles, Calif.

FRANK MONTGOMERY, Baltimore, Md.—Leave it to a man to ask for statistics! Yes, "The Great Ziegfeld" was an expensive-plus production. The picture is 20 reels long and the production costs amounted to about $2,000,000. It is said that one musical sequence alone set the studio back $245,000. And that's somepin'.

GENE RAYMOND: You'd hardly believe that Gene is of French extraction but his real name, Raymond Guion, is proof enough. Born in New York City on August 13, 1908, he made his stage debut at the tender age of 5 years. New York public and private schools gave him his education and a chance to take occasional stage roles between times. From 1922 to 1931 Gene's name was well known on Broadway and his last play, "Young Sinners," was such a success that it ran from 1929 to 1931. A motion picture contract resulted and he made his first film with Nancy Carroll in "Personal Maid." Since that time he has made pictures for nearly every major studio. Horseback riding, tennis and golf are Mr. Raymond's favorite pastimes. A thick juicy steak is his pet delicacy and he's an expert at preparing bacon and eggs. An excellent pianist, he also enjoys travel and likes to spend any leisure hours on the desert. Jeanette MacDonald and Gene are seen together consistently and 'tis said that there's romance in the air. This blue-eyed, curly-haired blonde is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 150 pounds. He has an actor brother who calls himself Robert Marlowe. You'll see Mr. Raymond next in "Marry the Girl," with Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Young. RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif., is his address.

FILOMENA LA SALLE, New York, N. Y.—Yes, Charles Farrell and Greta Nissen played together in "Fazil." It was a Fox picture released in 1928.

RUBY KEELER: She may be Irish but she hails from Nova Scotia. Born in Halifax on August 25, 1909, Ruby remained a resident there for only three years, after which time the Keeler family moved to New York and Ruby began her education in the public schools. Later she joined the Professional Children's School and at the age of 13 made her stage debut. Also, while still attending school, she appeared in the choruses of several Broadway shows. Texas Guinan's floor show first brought Ruby to the public's notice, and Ziegfeld signed her as chief tap dancer in "Whoopee." 1928 brought Al Jolson and Ruby together and they were married, after which she was starred in "Show Girl." Her first movie was "42nd Street" and she made such a hit that she's been tops at Warners ever since. Off the screen Ruby is very much Mrs. Jolson, shy and retiring, a modest dresser and a swell mother to their young, adopted son, Albert. A good wife, she likes to play golf, ride horseback and fish with her husband. A typical Irish beauty is Ruby—brown wavy hair and blue eyes. Her weight is 105 pounds and she stands 5 feet 4 inches tall. At present Ruby is taking a little vacation from the screen but she'll be back shortly. Write her meanwhile at the Warner Brothers Studios, Burbank, Calif.

DORIS DOYLE, Orlando, Fla.; BARBEE HILL, Brookline, Mass.; KATHRINE PARKER, Englewood, N. J.—In "First a Girl" Griffith Jones was the young man who won Jessie Matthews. He also played opposite Elisabeth Bergner in "Escape Me Never." This attractive Englishman started out originally to be a lawyer but was sidetracked by the drama. When in New York playing in the legitimate production of "Escape Me Never" he was offered a movie contract but preferred to return to England and the stage.

ROSS ALEXANDER: A kindergarten production started this lad on his acting career. At least, that's what he says. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., on July 27, 1907, young Alexander made his stage debut at the age of 4, and from that day to the present has devoted his major time to acting. While still a student—education was a duty and secondary interest—Ross joined a group of young players studying and acting under Hugh William Towne in his Little Theatre in Rochester, N. Y. After two years he returned to New York to continue his dramatic

If you would like to see a brief synopsis of your favorite's life in this department, fill in and send us the coupon on page 15. General questions, of course, will also be answered here. Those asked most frequently and the most interesting ones receive first preference. And not too many at a time, please. Address: The Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

training at the Packard Theatrical Agency. A lot happened on his graduation day. He became 18 years old and was assigned the juvenile lead in Blanche Yurka's "Enter Madame." That marked the beginning of a series of hit shows for him, ending with "After Tomorrow," at which time he was signed to a screen contract and sent to Hollywood. His first picture was "The Wiser Sex" opposite Claudette Colbert in 1932. 1934 brought bigger and better roles and now Warners are grooming him for stardom. His wife, Aleta Freel, died most tragically a few months ago. Ross is 6 feet 1¼ inches tall, weighs 160 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. His hobbies are the theatre, swimming, and soccer football. "Hot Money" with Beverly Roberts is his next picture, to be followed by "China Clipper" and "Shrinking Violet." Warner Brothers Studios, Burbank, Calif., are keeping him busy.

BRIAN DONLEVY: Here is a man with a past so exciting that it reads almost like a story book. In the first place, Donlevy was born in Portadown, County Armagh, Ireland, on February 9th. His father was a whiskey manufacturer who gave up that business when Brian was 10 months old to come to America and enter the woolen business. He died in 1933. His mother lives in Sheboygan Falls, Wis. Educated there and also at Beaver Dam, Cleveland, and St. John's Military Academy, Brian went to Annapolis as well. Before he was 13 he ran away to become bugler in Pershing's Mexican Punitive Expedition, and on his return 9 months later he was sent to St. John's. When he was 14 he joined the Lafayette Escadrille and went to France. There he learned to fly and became a sergeant-pilot. During 3 years of active duty he was wounded twice and after the war returned home. Brian then finished 4 years' work in 2, and received an appointment to Annapolis. During the year he remained there, he engaged in Academy theatricals, then decided to come to New York to try his luck on the stage. It was pretty bad at first, but through influential acquaintances he was given an opportunity to pose for an illustrator and finally landed the role of corporal in "What Price Glory." From that moment his steps led upward and he went from one successful show to another—from dramas to musical comedies—for 12 successful years. He went to Hollywood originally to play in "The Milky Way," but due to a delayed starting, he was cast in "Barbary Coast." Since then he has appeared in "Mary Burns, Fugitive," "Another Face," "Strike Me Pink," "13 Hours by Air," "Human Cargo" and "Half Angel." "High Tension" and "White Fang" are his latest. Brian is nearly 6 feet tall but, because of his breadth and thickness, doesn't look it. He weighs 190 pounds, has light brown hair and gray-green eyes. His middle name is Waldo, but don't let him know you know. He is not married. Write him at 20th Century-Fox Studios, Box 900, Beverly Hills, Calif.

L. M. K., Bronx, N. Y.—Yes, Franchot Tone and Loretta Young played together in "Midnight Mary," which was released in 1933. No, Ginger Rogers has never had any children.

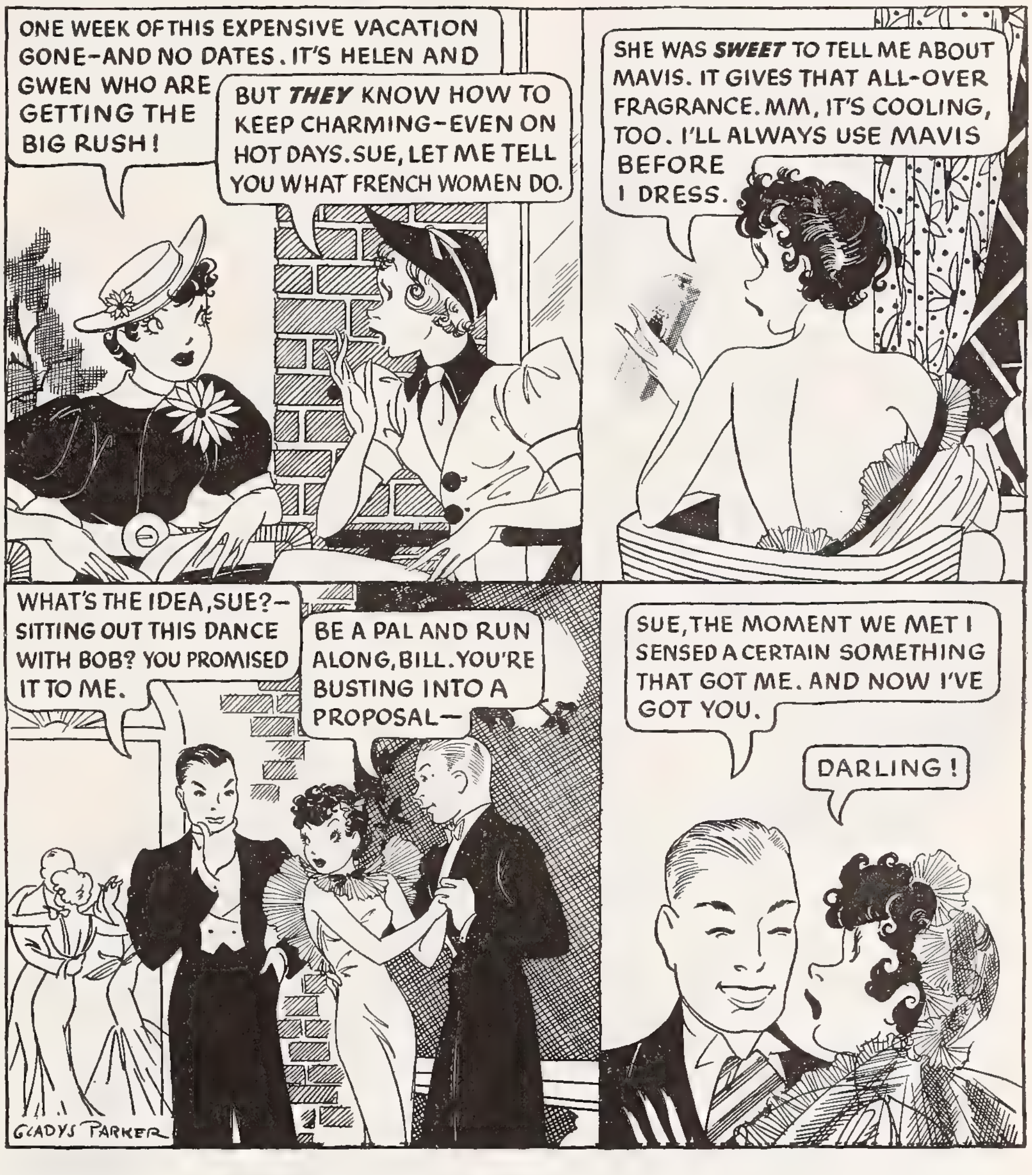
ROSALIND RUSSELL: Daughter of a prosperous attorney, James E. Russell, Rosalind was born in Waterbury, Conn., on a certain June 4th. She attended primary school near there and later went to Marymount, a private school at Tarrytown, N. Y. As a child she was able to travel through Europe, South America and all over the United States, during which period she wanted to be a writer and theologian. She also wanted to be independent and earn her own money, so she finally chose the stage. Stock company experience, first in small roles, then in large, eventually brought Miss Russell to Broadway and two successful shows. Following the run of the last, "The Second Man," she was signed by M-G-M and made "Evelyn Prentice" as her first movie. Since then she has appeared in "The Night Is Young," "The President Vanishes," "Forsaking All Others," "Reckless," "China Seas," "Rendezvous," and "Under Two Flags." "Trouble for Two" with Robert Montgomery is her most recent. Tallish, slender, brunette, with sparkling black eyes, she excels in riding and swimming. Her pet aversion is gossips, and she is determined to succeed. Rosalind is not married, but, needless to say, she is plenty popular with the male Hollywoodites. Write her at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

JAMES STEWART: He's certainly not good looking, he's almost too thin and his hair is most unruly—but he's on his way to the top, and in record time at that. The son of a hardware merchant, Jimmy was born in Indiana, Pa., and attended the Prep School at Mercersburg Academy. Then he went to Princeton and excelled at track, high jump and hurdle. He also studied architecture diligently and assisted a magician during the summers. When he graduated and could find no job, he was persuaded by friends to join them at the Falmouth Stock Company, on Cape Cod. Thus, Jimmy Stewart of the Princeton Triangle shows, made his debut in "Goodbye Again" and had the good fortune of opening with it in New York. Came the next summer and a job as stage manager in Boston for "Camille" with Jane Cowl. Followed "Spring in Autumn" and several others, with a summer of stock thrown in, and finally back to Broadway and a screen contract. A bit in "Murder Man" introduced him to the movie public, then came "Rose Marie," "Next Time We Love," "Wife vs. Secretary" and "Speed." His next will be "The Gorgeous Hussy." Also, he will be with Eleanor Powell in "Easy to Love." Jimmy plays the accordion, of all things, but does himself proud with it, as with everything else. As we mentioned before, Mr. Stewart and Mr. Fonda are pals of long standing. They and several other young men go "dutch treat" on a house in Hollywood and your imagination will probably tell you that there's never a dull minute in it. You may write to this gentleman at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please print a brief life story of
....
in your department.
Name..
City..................State...................

Want to find "HIM" this vacation?


ONE WEEK OF THIS EXPENSIVE VACATION GONE—AND NO DATES. IT'S HELEN AND GWEN WHO ARE GETTING THE BIG RUSH!
BUT THEY KNOW HOW TO KEEP CHARMING—EVEN ON HOT DAYS. SUE, LET ME TELL YOU WHAT FRENCH WOMEN DO.
SHE WAS SWEET TO TELL ME ABOUT MAVIS. IT GIVES THAT ALL-OVER FRAGRANCE. MM, IT'S COOLING, TOO. I'LL ALWAYS USE MAVIS BEFORE I DRESS.
WHAT'S THE IDEA, SUE?—SITTING OUT THIS DANCE WITH BOB? YOU PROMISED IT TO ME.
BE A PAL AND RUN ALONG, BILL. YOU'RE BUSTING INTO A PROPOSAL—
SUE, THE MOMENT WE MET I SENSED A CERTAIN SOMETHING THAT GOT ME. AND NOW I'VE GOT YOU.
DARLING!
GLADYS PARKER

FEMININE ADORABLE YOU!—when you use MAVIS' all-over fragrance before you dress!

Men sense it, adore it—Mavis' flower-garden freshness lingering about you! . . . Adopt this secret of French women's charm. A caressing cloud of delicately scented Mavis Talcum all over—after you bathe, before you dress. . . . Mavis does more than surround you with an aura of allure. It absorbs body moisture, lowers skin temperature, helps you keep cool. And Mavis actually *protects* the youthful softness of your skin. So soothing! . . . Add fresh new loveliness to your charm—with Mavis. Its all-over fragrance lasts and lasts! Try Mavis today!

Mavis Talcum in 25¢, 50¢ and $1 sizes at drug and department stores—convenient 10¢ size at 5-and-10¢ stores. White or flesh. We invite you to try Mavis—use coupon.

MAVIS
Genuine Mavis Talcum
IN THE RED CONTAINER

V. VIVAUDOU, INC.
580 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

I enclose 10c. Please send by return mail the convenient size of Mavis Talcum (white . . . flesh . . .)—so I can try its fragrant loveliness.

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New GLAZO

puts old-type nail polishes in the discard

You've never seen a polish so lovely, so perfect to use

GLORIOUS news for lovely hands! A new Glazo, so amazingly enhanced in beauty, so perfected in every manicuring virtue, that you must change your whole idea of what a fine nail polish should be.

This new Glazo formula dries to a satiny surface that doesn't chip or peel, that wears for several *extra* days. Here is a polish that disdains streaking, that flows on with perfect ease and evenness. And so completely has evaporation been eliminated that the polish is usable to the last brushful.

For the newest, smartest note in fingertip charm, ask for Glazo Suntan, Russet and Poppy Red. They're exclusive "misty-red" colors, and the latest additions to Glazo's wide range of authentic, fashion-approved shades. Glazo manicure preparations are now only 20 cents each.

It's new it's perfect

GLAZO

20 CENTS

(25 cents in Canada)

GLAZO
Liquid Polish
RUSSET

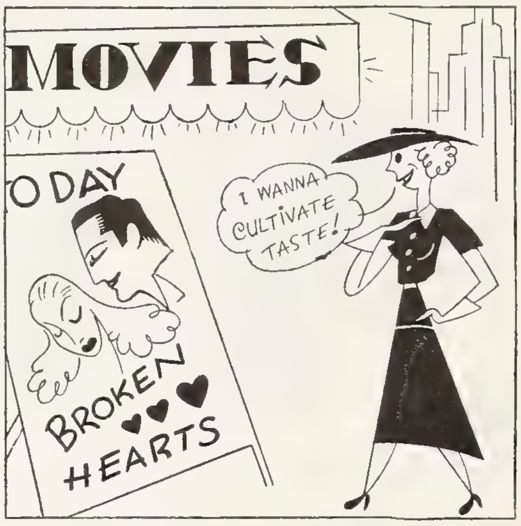
BETWEEN YOU

Write a letter—win a prize! It's as easy as that and so much fun. Get busy, folks!

$5 PRIZE LETTER
The Movies' Worth

Has it ever occurred to the legion of screen censors just what a great part these much maligned movies are playing in the lives of many thousands of people? First, the obvious part they play in spreading understanding of many types of lives beyond the ordinary knowledge; bringing romance to thousands of starved hearts completely lacking it in their drab, daily lives. Think what motion pictures mean to those people bound by circumstances to a narrow, limited environment! The world and its ways are theirs to actually look upon and to absorb, making them more intelligent people.

Then there is the second end gained—the effect on the actors and actresses themselves. Most of us can recall dozens of very ordinary young people starting out on a career, ordinary in appearance, thought and outlook. I've lived in Hollywood and I've seen it happen over and over again. I've seen those average young persons sacrifice, slave and plan to better their appearance, their knowledge of the niceties of living, their speech. It seems to me any profession that demands constant betterment of oneself is never to be scorned.—Dorothy Loop, Berkeley, Calif.



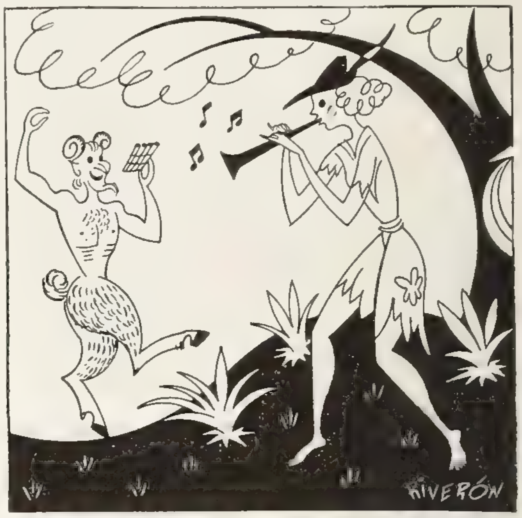
A Berkeley, California, gal gives her reasons for voting the movies a boon to mankind.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
In Valentino's Footsteps?

The immortal Rudolph Valentino has been dead a decade. Yet, why have the movie producers failed to "talkerize" the former Valentino screen hits? Are they afraid of the long and faithful memories of the legion of Valentino fans? Do they believe it would desecrate our late idol's memory by having able actors give their interpretations of his roles?

A new generation of movie-goers has arisen since Valentino flashed to fame in "The Four Horsemen." Therefore, it would be safe to "talkerize" all of his photoplays, with small resentment shown on the part of the still avid Rudy fans.

Why not Charles Boyer in "The Sheik," Robert Taylor in "The Four Horsemen," Fredric March in "Monsieur Beaucaire," Robert Donat in "Blood and Sand" and Franchot Tone in "Cobra"?—George A. Abbate, Utica, N. Y.



From Kenosha, Wisconsin, comes a suggestion to cast Jean Parker in "Peter Pan." What do you think?

$1 PRIZE LETTER
Claudette Tops Them All

The excellence of Claudette Colbert's histrionic ability has been emphasized by every motion picture in which she has appeared for some time back. Somehow I have felt that she was best adapted to unemotional roles, that she scintillated especially in parts which gave scope to her talents as a comedienne.

As Cigarette in that epic of the Foreign Legion, "Under Two Flags," she demonstrates that my impressions have been erroneous. Warm, impetuous, tempestuous, lovable and loyal, she rises to great dramatic heights. Clearly she carries away top honors. This is particularly noteworthy inasmuch as she is cast with such outstanding stars as Ronald Colman and Victor McLaglen.—S. L. Anrud, Denver, Colorado.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
Peter Pan Parker

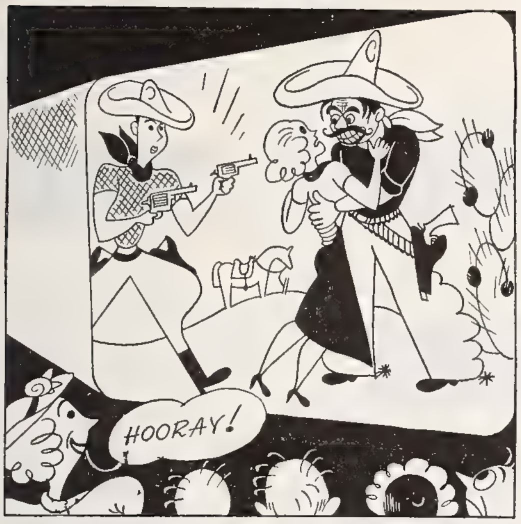
I would like to offer a bouquet of fragile pink roses to the most exquisite vision of girlhood ever to grace the screen. Meaning, of course, delightful little Jean Parker, the beautiful Cin-

'n' ME..

What should you write about? Anything at all—the stars as you see them, why you like certain stars and dislike others, double-bills, shorts, current trends in pictures, the latest picture you've seen and why you enjoyed it, the newest movie rave in your community—male and female. Get busy, for ten dollars in prizes are awarded each month for the six most interesting letters submitted—1st prize, $5; five 2nd prizes of $1 each. Be sure to send your full name and address. Modern Screen reserves the right to publish letters in whole or in part. Address: Between You and Me, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. Write your letter now!

derella who, from poverty and unhappiness, rose to stardom, and who, on that difficult climb, stole scenes from every famous star whose pictures she appeared in.

In my memory, always, there will ever linger one Jean, a lovely elflike child, of sweet, inspiring girlishness, with haunting eyes, misty dark curls and a bewitching pixie smile. And because of her rare elfin quality and fine ability, I suggest that Jean Parker be given "Peter Pan." For only Jean could play, with fantastic beauty and real perfection, the boy who never grew up.—Grace Agnes Horning, Kenosha, Wis.



Good old Westerns are enjoying a return engagement to the delight of fans, young and old.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

But Westerns Are Here to Stay

Recently I saw one of those "Hopalong Cassidy" epics, top-spotting, to my huge delight, platinum-haired, smiling, drawling Bill Boyd, one of the pet movie raves of my high school days. Ably assisting Bill was newcomer Jimmy Ellison. What it takes in the way of looks, build, smile and voice to satisfactorily answer any maiden's prayer, this lad has in large quantities. In fact, I'm much surprised that with all this hullabaloo for new faces going on that Jimmy has been al-

(*Continued on page 19*)

"*Fascinating!*"

. . . Men Say of These Three Stars

. . . wouldn't you like to have others say this about you?

DISCOVER how you, too, can have appealing loveliness with color harmony make-up created by Max Factor . . . Hollywood's make-up genius.

Rochelle Hudson's Powder Secret... "Your skin will look radiant, satin-smooth, if you use Max Factor's Powder in your color harmony shade," says Rochelle Hudson, "because the color is created to dramatize your type, and the texture is so perfect that it appears flawless even in a camera close-up." Max Factor's Powder $1.

Alice Faye Reveals Rouge Magic... "Your cheeks will have a lasting, lifelike color if you use your color harmony shade of Max Factor's Rouge," says Alice Faye, "its creamy-smooth texture blends evenly, clings for hours." . . . Max Factor's Rouge 50c.

Claire Trevor's New Lip Make-Up... "Your lips will have an alluring color," says Claire Trevor, "if you use Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick in the color harmony shade for your type. Being moisture-proof, it may be applied to the inner as well as the outer surface of the lips, giving them an even, lasting color." Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, $1.

See the magic of Max Factor's Make-Up in these 20th Century-Fox Productions:

ROCHELLE HUDSON in "The Country Beyond"

ALICE FAYE in "The Poor Little Rich Girl"

CLAIRE TREVOR in "Human Cargo"

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood: Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"* . . . FREE.
24-8-6

NAME__________

STREET__________

CITY__________ STATE__________

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐ Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here ☐

WARNING!

to the girl who's in Love

YOU spend long hours making yourself attractive for him to look at. Hair, skin, eyes, lips, fingernails, clothes . . . you want him to approve of every least detail.

But don't forget—one ugly thing can undo in a minute all the care you've taken with your looks. *The unpleasant odor of underarm perspiration.*

Nothing so quickly and surely disillusions a man about a lovely looking girl as this.

Don't run the risk. Give your underarms necessary daily care, just as you give your face.

There's a quick, easy way to do it. Mum!

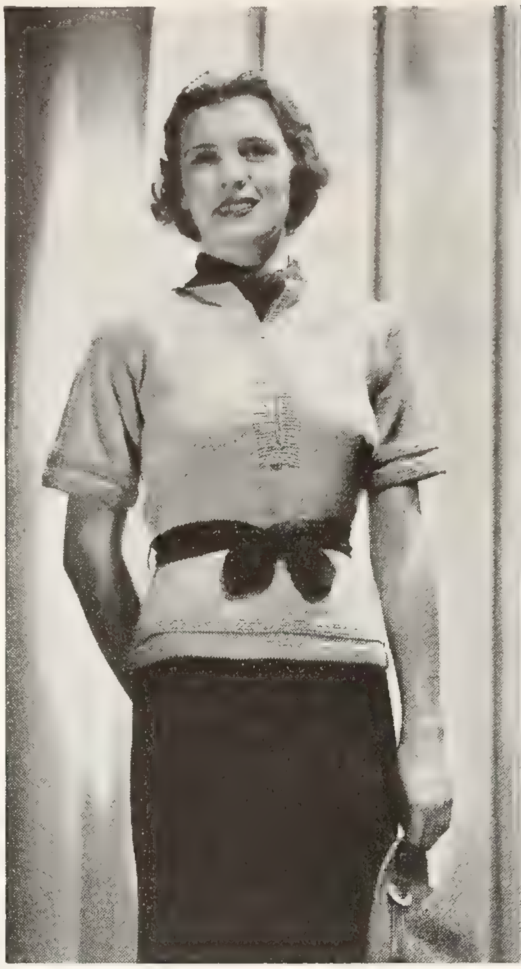
It takes just half a minute to use Mum. And you can use it any time, before dressing or after. For Mum is harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too. You can use it right after shaving the underarms.

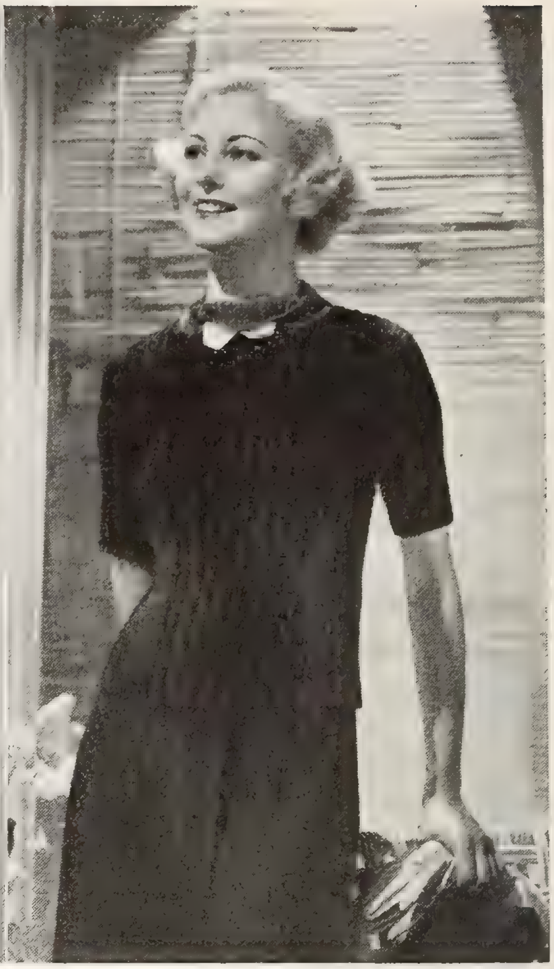
Remember, Mum doesn't prevent the perspiration itself — just its horrid odor. Depend upon it to keep you safe from this danger to your happiness. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ON SANITARY NAPKINS Mum protects you from another ever-threatening danger of unpleasantness.



1b—White, short-sleeved model with zipper closing and navy blue scarf and tie belt. Smart in other color combinations.



2c—Pull-on sweater in clever ribbed design which stresses a high waistline. In navy wool with turnover collar and white tie.

Easy to Knit and Wear

Two good-looking sweaters to make in your leisure time this summer

YOU, who are looking forward to school, will want to start knitting these two charming and youthful sweaters to pack in your trunk. Knit them in light or bright shades, according to your costume needs and wear them now and all year 'round. They make stunning costumes when combined with skirts and jackets.

Fill out the coupon and both patterns will be sent to you free of charge. Don't forget to send along a large, self-addressed, stamped envelope for the instructions.

Adelia Bird
MODERN SCREEN
149 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Enclosed please find stamped, self-addressed envelope for knitting directions:

Pattern 1b
Pattern 2c

NAME..............................
STREET..............................
CITY..............................
STATE... ....
Check one or both patterns desired

Between You 'n' Me

(*Continued from page 17*)

lowed to drift along in the obscurity of Westerns. He can make Gene Raymond, Robert Taylor, Dick Powell and Company look like the graduating class of a young ladies' seminary.

Although I know that anyone past voting age might as well confess to opium eating as to a fondness for Westerns, Messrs. Boyd and Ellison made their modest offering so entertaining that I sat through it twice.—Irene Kelly, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

New Partner for Nelson!

Please put the film companies wise to the fact that we want someone opposite Nelson Eddy besides Jeanette MacDonald in future pictures.

We are very, very strong MacDonald fans, but we do think that Lily Pons or Gladys Swarthout would make much better partners for him. The picture doesn't necessarily have to be opera, but what if it were! I think it would be a grand and glorious change from the general love story and spooky thriller. We should cultivate our tastes beyond them sometimes.—Kathryn L. Nicholas, Fredericksburg, Va.

Honorable Mention

What Say, Jean?

Jean Harlow's platinum hair was dazzling. Dazzling does not necessarily imply cheap. Tin and platinum are both dazzling, one is cheap, the other is not. There is very little in life to dazzle us, and we love it!

The softening of Jean's face, attributed to the change in her hair, is desirable. But it is accomplished by the more delicate lines of her mouth and eyebrows, as she now has them. The new hair is dull, ordinary, and unbecoming. Let's go back to the platinum standard.—"Wonder."

Just a Tip

I would like to voice a protest against the diction of some of the stars. My hearing is slightly impaired, so instead of relaxing during some pictures, I find myself straining to hear every word and phrase. I know it is partly due to the acoustics and equipment of the theatre, but I do believe if the players would improve their voices, we who are slightly hard of hearing would get more joy out of movies.

In my opinion, William Powell's diction is perfect, so, naturally, I make a special effort to see all of his pictures.—Mabel Gaulden, Roanoke, Ala.

Gloom Chaser

During the now famous—or infamous—days of the depression, there were times when it seemed that this old world was not worth staying in and while the old chin stayed up all right, it was helped to that proper rigidity by never missing a picture in which that splendid comedian, Edward Everett Horton, appeared. Therefore, I want to express my sincere appreciation of his ability to make me forget my worries and leave the theatre with a lift in my heart, after having had many good laughs during the picture. Besides being an excellent actor in any part, his facial expressions are so screamingly funny and change so suddenly that one's mind never wanders to things around for fear one second of the sequence might be missed.—G. Erskine, Seattle, Washington.

THIS LETTER from a Linit enthusiast will interest every fastidious girl and woman in America:

"Frequently I am faced with the problem of going out to evening social functions with little time to rest beforehand. However, I usually allow myself an hour in which to bathe and dress and so I decide to indulge in a little rejuvenating beauty treatment, in which Linit plays a dual role. First, I make a thin paste of Linit, mixed with orange water. This is generously spread over the face, neck and shoulders. Meanwhile, the bath water is running and to this I add a half package or more of Linit. While I lie in the soothing bath of milky Linit water, I feel the beauty masque of Linit slowly lift the tired facial muscles. Then, a cool shower removes the masque easily and I step out of the tub refreshed and eager to face the long evening."

LINIT
FOR THE BATH
LINIT FOR THE BATH
Makes Your Skin Feel Soft and Smooth

FOR FINE LAUNDERING

Don't overlook the directions on the Linit package...recommending Linit for starching. Linit makes even ordinary cotton fabrics look and feel like linen.

GOOD NEWS

CONTRACT
RUSSELL PATTERSON

Romantic ups-and-downs vie with social doings for top

The expected break-up of Mr. and Mrs. Lew Ayres finally arrived and now Mrs. Ayres, known on the screen as Ginger Rogers, has moved out. Hundreds of reasons for the parting have been voiced about. Some say Lew wouldn't take the little wife out evenings, and others blame it on Ginger's recent screen prominence. The real reason, and the simplest of all, is that they turned out to be a couple of people who couldn't get along. We first noticed it six months ago, at Grace Bradley's hay ride party. Ginger spent most of the evening dancing with other men and Lew spent all of it walking around looking sullen. A couple of weeks before they announced the separation, they squabbled in a Hollywood cafe and Ginger walked out. Things like that happen, they say, even outside our little Hollywood movie colony.

And now that Ginger is a free woman again and has no dishes to wash or whatever it is wives have to do, she's been seen about much more in the town's night life. Her most frequent escort is Jimmy Stewart, and their favorite companions are Margaret Sullavan and Jimmy's roommate, Henry Fonda.

■ ■ ■

Now the rumor is about that Jean Harlow will become Mrs. William Powell some time this fall. At any rate, the Harlow mansion has been sold, and a girl has to live somewhere, doesn't she? And Mr. P's home is no shack—almost anyone could be comfortable there. Among other things, it has the fanciest phone number in town. If any of you gals have the urge to cut in on Jean just dial MY-MY-MY, and the guy who answers is Bill Powell.

The private and personal Cupid who hangs around Gloria Swanson and Herbert Marshall wears a worried look these days, for there seems to be trouble brewing in that vicinity. Marshall, who once was quite happy about being photographed with Miss Swanson, now shoos cameramen away on the infrequent occasions when he and Gloria are together. And that's usually a tip-off to a busted romance.

■ ■ ■

Although rumor has it that she can afford a chauffeur, Shirley Temple has a brand new car which she drives herself. It's a diminutive sports roadster, presented to her by Bill Robinson, one of her favorite men. It works just like a full-sized model, except that its speed limit is eight miles an hour, and Shirley

Shirley Temple entertains Ginette Marboeuf-Hoyet, the little French girl who won a contest for looking most like little Miss T.

What, no escorts for these cinema beauties? Ann Harding, Claudette Colbert and Virginia Bruce watch the ice skating exhibition.

Hollywood movie billing this month

By Leo Townsend

wheels it all over the Fox studio. When she goes riding the cops blow their whistles and all traffic stops while the queen of the lot whizzes—if you can call eight miles an hour whizzing—by.

■ ■ ■

Incidentally, there's a new ruling at her studio that Shirley is not to be photographed in a room unless the room has overstuffed furniture. Seems Shirley is becoming a very big girl, and, with ordinary furniture, her bosses fear she may look too much like an ingenue. They say she's on a diet, too, hoping to get back that figure. After all, a woman of seven has to be pretty careful.

■ ■ ■

Quite a commotion when M-G-M loaned Clark Gable to Warners to play a prizefighter in "Cain and Mabel" opposite Marion Davies. First of all, the Warner Brothers wanted the Gable moustache shaved. M-G-M said Gable with a moustache or no Gable at all. Warners and the barbers finally won out, and Clark went to work. To get in trim for his role, he had to go through a two-hour daily workout, for which a ring and everything was set up on the lot. Being new at Warners, Mr. G.'s workouts came under the head of Special Added Attraction to countless stenographers in near-by offices, who spent so much time admiring the Gable contours that the brothers Warner strung up a large canvas around the ring. And the gals went sadly back to their typewriters.

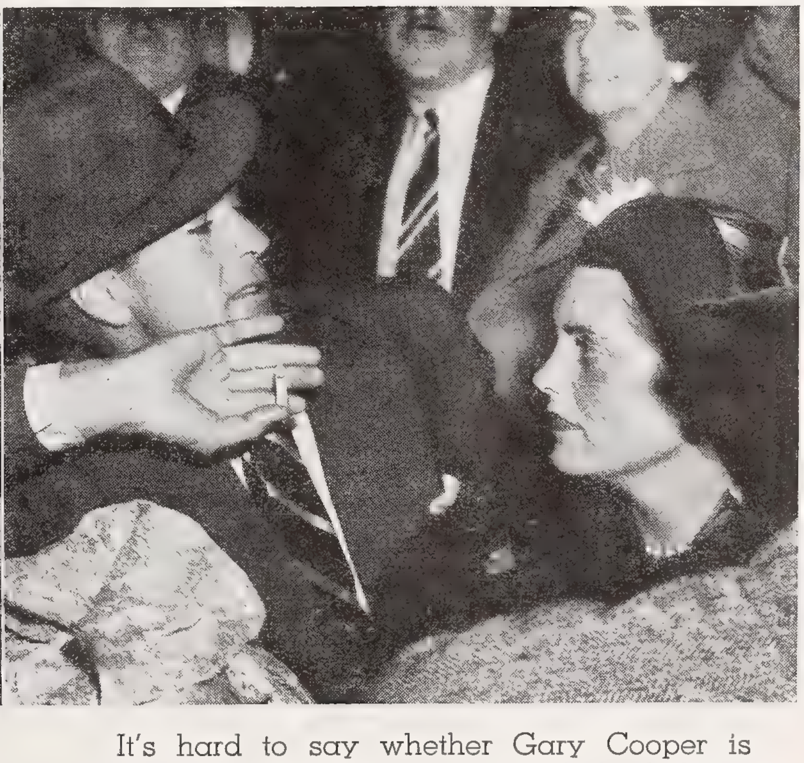
■ ■ ■

Errol Flynn's prize fan letter is a recent ten-page missive in almost indecipherable longhand. After wading through the ten pages, Errol arrived at the postscript, which said, "Please excuse the poor handwriting. I'm suffering with smallpox."

■ ■ ■

Always a patron of the lively arts, Marlene Dietrich has lately divided her extra-curricular moments between director Fritz Lang and scenarist Willis Goldbeck. It must have been something of a problem one night shortly after her return from a location trip for "The Garden of Allah." The night we saw her she came into the Brown Derby, looking slightly more than beautiful in a red fox cape, with Herr Lang. Between cocktails and the first course, she left his table to commune a while with Goldbeck, who was seated across the room. Try that on your local eaterie sometime.

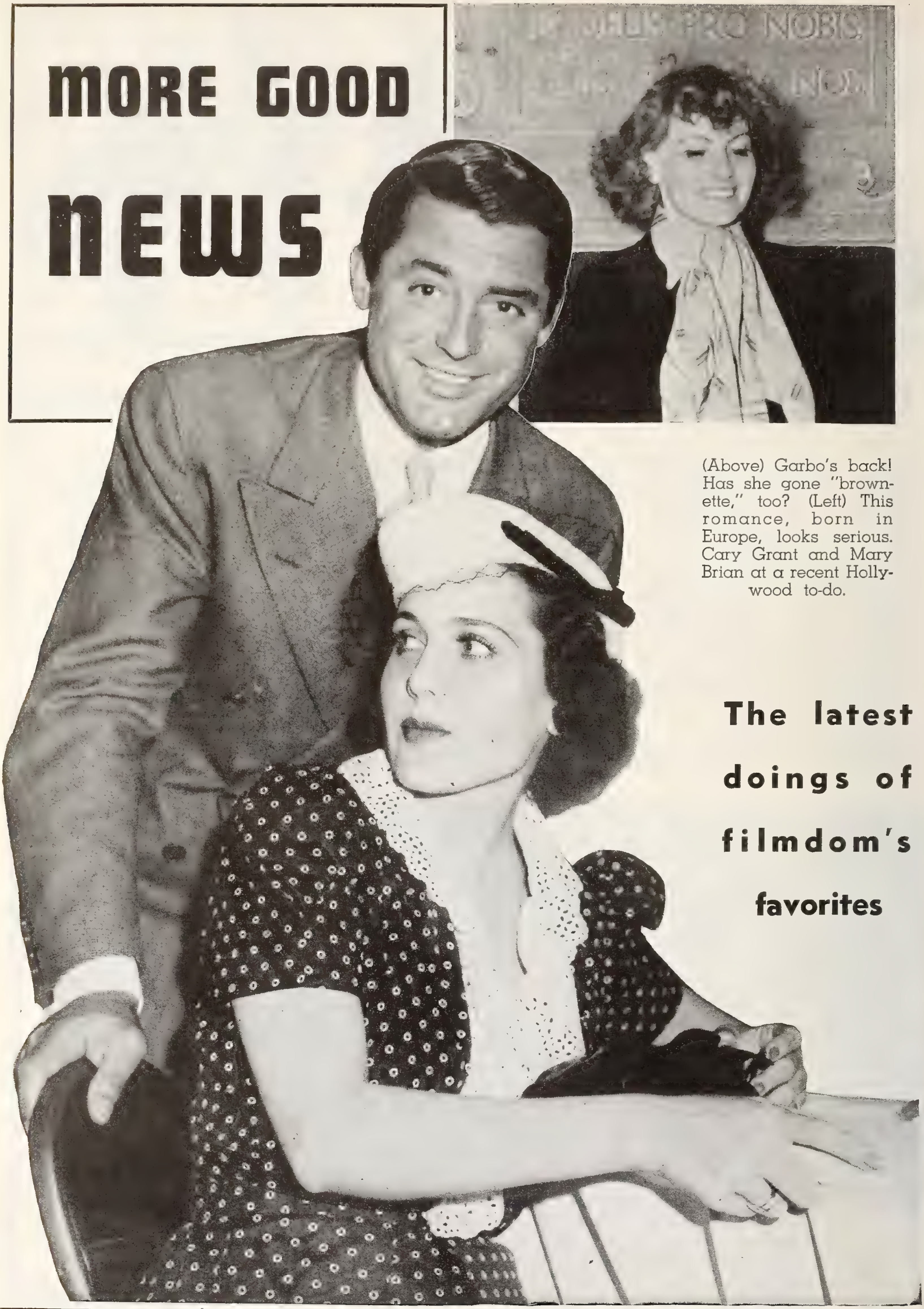
The newly wedded George McDonalds are chaperoning Mr. Robert Taylor, bachelor. Mrs. McDonald is Jean Parker, need we add?



It's hard to say whether Gary Cooper is doing a "handy" or whether he's dodging Scotty. Mrs. Cooper looks veddy aloof indeed.

Photos by Scotty

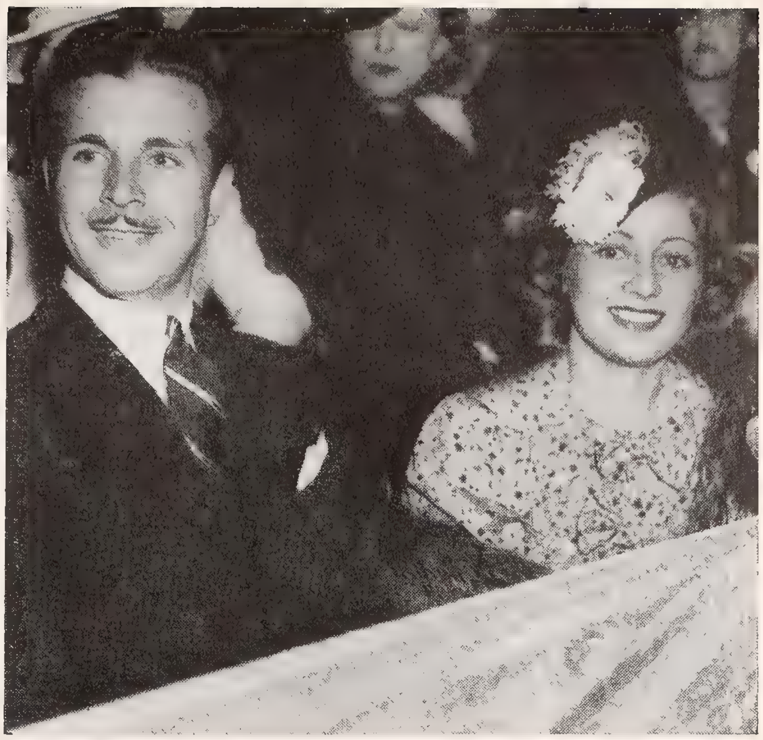
MORE GOOD NEWS



(Above) Garbo's back! Has she gone "brownette," too? (Left) This romance, born in Europe, looks serious. Cary Grant and Mary Brian at a recent Hollywood to-do.

The latest doings of filmdom's favorites

Carole Lombard and Clark Gable are still stepping out together. Here they're seen arriving at the premiere of "The Princess Comes Across." How do you like Mr. G.'s sporty garb?



That's Dick Powell hiding behind the newly acquired spinach. He and the still-current Joan Blondell seem delighted with Sonja Henie's skating prowess. Miss B. looks ravishing these days.

At the Carthay Circle Theatre, where "The Great Ziegfeld" recently held forth, a radio, during intermission, broadcast the acclaim of the paying customers. It was one of those "candid microphone" affairs, with the announcer buttonholing patrons in the lobby to get their opinion of the picture. Following a chorus of "terrific," "colossal" and "superb" statements one evening, the announcer made the mistake of collaring Groucho Marx. "How do you like the picture?" he asked. "Greatest intermission I ever enjoyed," said Groucho.

■ ■ ■

It isn't so hard for a girl to explain a black-and-blue jaw when her husband is in town, but when he happens to be off at a medical convention things are a little complicated. Anyway, here's how Claudette Colbert explained hers: She visited a dentist who, by error, injected novocaine in a muscle instead of a nerve. Even if it weren't true, it's much better than the old bumped-into-a-door alibi.

■ ■ ■

The Bing Crosbys have just moved into their brand new chateau on Toluca Lake, and they find it mighty pleasant. It's only twenty rooms—but it's home. The fanciest of all the twenty rooms is the one in which the Crosby twins reside. Everything in it comes in pairs—twin beds, twin desks, and, of all things, twin baths.

■ ■ ■

Betty Furness still wears the weirdest hats in Hollywood. One night she turned up at the Trocadero with a little number decorated with carrots and a few other garden vegetables. After other diners recovered from the shock, Betty waved at Ginger Rogers and asked her over to her table. Ginger shrieked back, "I'll bring a steak and be right over."

■ ■ ■

While we're in the startling chapeaux department, it might be well to record the fact that Clark Gable arrived at the preview of "The Princess Comes Across" with Carole Lombard and a beret. He took a terrific razzing from a gang of youngsters on the sidewalk and went in to view the picture, which contains a funny sequence about a he-man type of guy wearing a beret. On the way out the beret was stuffed in the Gable pocket.

Agricultural Note: Perhaps you didn't know that Francis Lederer is a gentleman farmer. He owns a ranch (they call farms ranches out here) which produces more vegetables than you can find on Betty Furness' hat. A few weeks ago, out of the goodness of his heart, Francis sent to every member of the local press a sack containing two heads of cabbage, together with a note promising us we'd hear from the apricots and the prunes as soon as they are large enough to leave home. Anybody want two heads of unused, but slightly wilted, cabbage?

■ ■ ■

Looks like Margaret Sullavan and Henry Fonda are planning another try at marriage. The last one didn't work out so well, mostly because Margaret was a star and Henry wasn't, but this time they can march to the altar with equal billing. In the meantime, the former Mrs. F. continues to be one of the most bizarre young ladies in these parts. Last time we saw her, at a skating exhibition, she arrived with an unidentified young man, and they both had an arm in a sling. La Sullavan, of course, was recovering from a broken arm, but why the guy was done up in similar style no one seemed to know, unless he was just being awfully, awfully gallant.

■ ■ ■

Dick Powell's throat infection cleared up sufficiently to allow him to go to work in "Stage Struck," much to the joy of the assembled Warner Brothers and a multitude of Dick's admirers. The studio is still worried about the future of the Powell vocal chords—worried enough to sign Rudy Vallee to a long-term contract. After all, two crooners are better than none at all—or don't you think so?

■ ■ ■

The Pat O'Briens hauled out the plush carpet and the best silver recently to celebrate the birthday of their daughter, Mavourneen. Mavourneen, one of the fanciest blondes in this section, has just turned two, but all her friends tell her she doesn't look a day over one and a half. All the neighbors' kids joined in on the party, which was almost spoiled when Frank McHugh's offspring toppled into the pool. Eloise O'Brien jumped in, pulled out the sinking McHugh heir, dried him off and made him promise to lay off the Grade A for awhile, at least.

(Continued on page 97)

REVIEWS .. A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES

You won't be disappointed if you let Modern Screen be your picture guide

By Leo Townsend

See Modern Screen Movie Scoreboard on page 62

★★★ Dancing Pirate (Pioneer-RKO)

Here is the latest of the color pictures and, in our opinion, the best. In the first place, the story is a fantasy, and color serves to heighten the illusion. Added to that is the fact that Robert Edmond Jones, probably realizing his errors in "Becky Sharp," manages to keep his color schemes subdued until the final scene, when he splashed it on for gorgeous effect. Briefly, "Dancing Pirate" is the story of a young dancing master who is shanghaied aboard a pirate ship. He escapes off the coast of old California and enters a village to find the natives armed to the teeth to protect their community from what they regard as a public enemy. On the gallows he gains a temporary reprieve by proving his dancing ability, much to the pleasure of the mayor's daughter and the rest of the young ladies of the town. The whole thing is travesty, heightened by the presence of Frank Morgan in his best comedy role, Steffi Duna and Charles Collins. In the title role, young Mr. Collins and his dancing add much to the general entertainment, but the picture and the majority of the high spots belong to Frank Morgan.

Preview Postscript

"Dancing Pirate" makes its debut as the first dancing, musical comedy romance in the new full-color technicolor. This is kind of a big brother to "La Cucaracha," that two-reel picture of two years ago, for it is produced by the same studio, directed by Lloyd Corrigan again, designed in color by Robert Edmond Jones and features Steffi Duna. The largest set used for this film was that of the old California Spanish village on the Pacific shores. This palatial place occupied more than an acre of ground on the studio lot and included thirty-two buildings, each structure authenticated by months of research. Coloring for the picture's settings were toned down as much as possible, with blue, green and dull browns predominating . . . Gabriel Cansino is the one who swirls that cape around with such success in one dance number. Cansino was formerly a command dancer and entertainer for the ex-King and Queen of Spain and was as famous in Spain as the favorite bullfighters . . . Charles Collins is the husband of Dorothy Stone. He is well known on the Broadway and London stages . . . Although the new color medium presents a host of new problems to producers, directors and actors, it is a boon to make-up departments. Make-up is practically a missing ingredient on the set when a color film is in the making. Grease paint, lip rouge and eye-shadow are out entirely. A light dusting of face powder is used just to kill highlights on bad features.

(Above) A love scene from "Private Number," co-starring Loretta Young and Robert Taylor. (Left) Dancing Charles Collins and vivacious Steffi Duna in the latest full-color musical romance, "Dancing Pirate."

★★★ Anthony Adverse (Warners)

Hervey Allen's prodigious tome, which has given thousands of citizens round shoulders merely from holding it, emerges on the screen a competent, well-made and not too exciting drama. It is the story of Anthony's life up to the time he leaves France for America. It is excellent as far as settings and general production are concerned, but it lacks fire and the lusty characterization which should have been given the role of Anthony. In the book, according to some of

our more literate friends, Anthony Adverse was a vigorous gentleman who lived life to the full, but on the screen, due partly to censorship and partly to Fredric March's routine portrayal, he is a rather dull guy. However, the picture is well worth seeing, and will satisfy almost any audience. Of the supporting players, Gale Sondergaard, Edmund Gwenn and Claude Rains stand out in a cast which includes Olivia de Havilland, Donald Woods, Anita Louise, Steffi Duna, Ralph Morgan and Louis Hayward.

Preview Postscript

The settings used for this picture are more diversified than those used in several ordinary films. There are 131 in all, ranging in period from 1775 to 1801, which gave the studio technicians something to think about. As evidence of that million dollars which the Brothers Warner are reputed to have sunk in this film venture the elaborate sets are still to be seen on the studio lot, too elaborate to be relegated to the studio junk men. Among them are an Italian town complete with cathedrals, waterfront, streets, warehouses, villas, etc., a French chateau, a Tyrolean chalet, several plantation sets, and a three-block-long set depicting Africa's gold coast. The exteriors presenting the largest problems were snow-covered Alpine roads, dense African jungles, and scenes of the Italian countryside, which were difficult to duplicate around the Hollywood countryside . . . The costume department, however, claimed the right to the biggest headaches on the lot. The story is laid in an epoch during which the world was seething with changes, which influenced fashions to a marked degree. The French Revolution, for instance, which banished differences in rank, banished many distinctions in dress. All costumes worn for the earlier sequences were practically useless for the later ones, due to drastic changes not only in style, cut, material and trimming, but to all the lesser details of not only women's but men's clothing—such as night caps, cloaks, boots, stockings, buckles, jewels, linen, swords, fob ribbons, snuff boxes, etc. Costuming was further involved on account of the many walks of life represented in the film—peasants, seamen, laborers, churchmen, doctors, merchants, servants, noblemen and princes. 1600 players in all were employed to take part in the picture . . . "Props" are generally regarded in the light of smaller problems for any set, generally running to ash trays, flowers, etc., but not on this picture. The researchers spent months on the prop problem. All the coaches had to be built, and the periods required no less than eight types of coaches, including Post Chaises, Berlins, Cabriolets and a luxurious one of Don Luis', with a V-shaped body, perch springs, hand-painted panels and upholstered in rose velvet with the ceilings and walls of quilted peach satin. Many of the props were copied from old wood-cuts, such as the fiber baskets of the peasants, yokes for the slaves, wheelbarrows, hand carved furnishings, etc.

(Above) Fredric March and Olivia de Havilland in the stirring drama, "Anthony Adverse." (Left) There's unusual screenfare in "Fury," with Spencer Tracy and Sylvia Sidney in the leads.

★★★ Private Number (20th Century-Fox)

For pure, unadulterated romance you'll look far before finding anything to beat the new team of Loretta Young and Robert Taylor. Breathes there a man with soul so dead, anyhow, who wouldn't revive at the sight of Loretta, while Robert is capable of making any woman's ticket worth at least twice the price. The story is redolent with gallantry and undying love, made plausible and sympathetic by the attractive stars. Loretta is hired as personal maid to Robert Taylor's mother, Marjorie Gateson. Though mama is fond of Loretta as her maid, it is doubtful if she would be so affectionate towards her as a daughter-in-law, so the situation is solved simply by a secret wedding. But there are a couple of things the lovers fail to take into consideration—namely the old blackguard of a butler, Basil Rathbone, who has evil designs on the fair young maid; Monroe Owsley, who once felt the same way; and the Facts of Life. So when scandal rears its ugly head, Loretta runs away rather than have Robert suffer on her account. He suffers, she suffers, they all suffer before Robert, his wife and child are finally united. In the excellent supporting cast are Patsy Kelly and Joe Lewis, who provide good comedy; Jane Darwell as the indomitable family cook, John Miljan, and Prince, a beautiful and intelligent Great Dane.

Preview Postscript

Lake Arrowhead, in the San Bernadino mountains some sixty miles from Hollywood, was the location site originally planned for the resort scenes on this film. But due to Loretta Young's recent illness it was decided the waters of the lake would be too chilly for her swim, hence the "lake" is little more than a glorified ditch on the studio lot. The gardens were photographed at the Graves estate in Pasadena—an estate belonging to old Californians, which is frequently rented out to the movies. Loretta had ten-dollar bets up with Director Roy Del Ruth and Cameraman Peverell Marley that she could swim under water for a quarter of a mile. Losing after some ten feet, she promised to be a good sport and come across with the ten bucks apiece. The next morning Director Del Roy was presented with a canvas bag containing 1000 pennies, while Marley received a long legal document, signed by twenty witnesses, which he had to sign in receipt of ten brand-new one-dollar bills beautifully framed fanwise under glass.

★★★ Fury (M-G-M)

Mob psychology and mob violence is looked into with considerable effect in this powerful drama directed by Fritz Lang, who is responsible for "M" and other notable European successes. The story, briefly, is this: Spencer Tracy, driving West to marry his financée, Sylvia Sidney, is picked up by a small-town sheriff and landed in jail because of his resemblance to a suspect in a (*Continued on page 92*)

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"Will I Be More Popular Tonight?"

YOUR mirror tells you the truth. And here's how to make *your* mirror say, "YES!"

Lovely young women everywhere tell us they are more popular with soft lustrous hair. Radiant hair alone quickly gives them a new, lovely fresh bright appearance. Now you, too, can gain this popularity. Have sunny hair friends admire! Blonde or Brunette, rinse brilliant lustre into your hair with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

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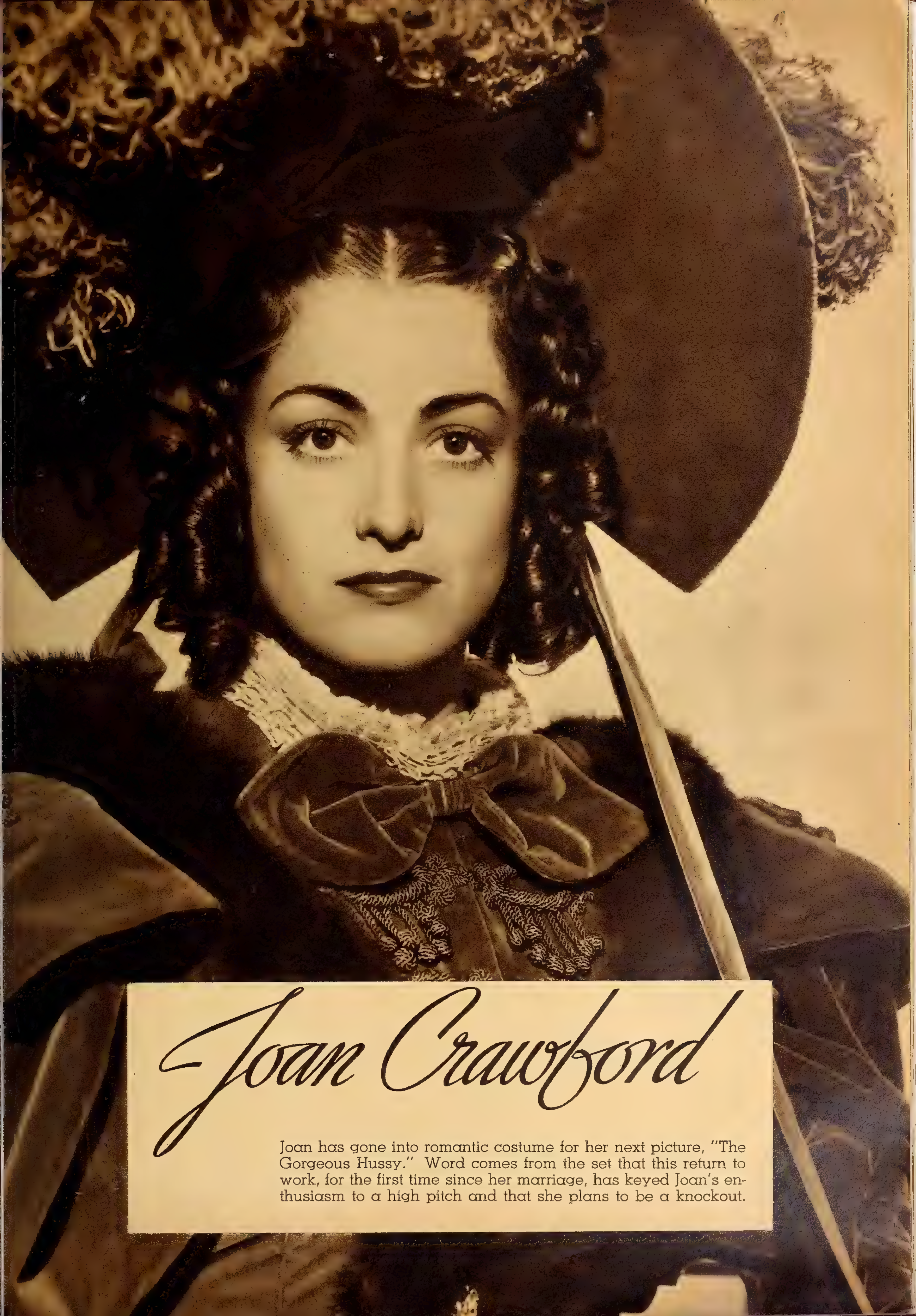


Joan Crawford

Joan has gone into romantic costume for her next picture, "The Gorgeous Hussy." Word comes from the set that this return to work, for the first time since her marriage, has keyed Joan's enthusiasm to a high pitch and that she plans to be a knockout.

Charles Boyer
Jean Harlow

You would have to search hard to find two more intriguing screen personalities than Boyer and Harlow. Charles is lending all his French charm and rare talent to "The Garden of Allah," a film that should be perfect for him. As for Jean, she and Franchot Tone are a new screen twosome in "Suzy." Isn't this a grand picture of her? The brownette locks look a shade lighter and much more becoming.

Clark Gable

Marion Davies is the latest lucky winner of Mr. G. for a picture, namely, "Cain and Mabel."

June Lang

Here's a talented and lovely young actress who's on her way. She's in "Road to Glory" next.

New tenors and glamor boys don't make a dent on the Dix fans! And to prove it, there's loud acclaim for Richard in his G-Man "Special Investigator."

Richard Dix

Gai Patrick

Gail wasn't one of those sudden screen sensations. Instead she quietly has made herself an important player by dint of good work. She's in "Early to Bed."

Bette with her husband, Harmon Nelson.

Bette Davis tells why she has contempt for the modern viewpoint that two divorced people should pretend compatibility

By Ruth Rankin

FRIENDLY DIVORCES ARE THE BUNK

A DIVORCE is a public admission of defeat," said the girl in green, twisting a Daiquiri cocktail, "so why put on an act about it?"

We, who are about to interview, have come to anticipate a round with Bette Davis as a rare delight. She is regarded, fearfully, by her sister actresses as the family problem-child who is apt to break out any minute with the most shockingly frank revelations about their sacred-cows. . . .

She treads where angels fear, looking like an angelic school-miss with a "Cause" and possibly a dainty pearl revolver in her stocking.

"What I mean is," Bette flashed her eyes at us like a landing-field beacon, "this business about 'we're still friends.' A divorce implies conclusively: two persons, married, can no longer bear each other's company. The two say, in effect, 'We are sick and tired and disgusted and *through*. We hate each other. Give us, we pray and beseech, a decree of divorce that we may be free to begin our adult lives again, to seek solace and contentment elsewhere.'

"That last part of it is in the lap of the gods. Maybe they are so washed up with the whole business they don't want to seek. But the primary motive is freedom from a bond no longer endurable. If it is at all endurable, then they have no business asking for the divorce.

"But look what happens now in this, our Hollywood. After they have made their public declaration, what occurs? This. They go to the Trocadero that night and in a dim corner you find them all wrapped up like a pretzel, avec photographers. A columnist, the next day, declares it is the dawn of a new understanding, the 'birth of a beautiful friendship'!

"Sure, I know. It's all supposed to be very new and modern—twentieth century sophistication. They are being civilized. And it is not indigenous to Hollywood, it goes on all over the country—the world. In a lesser way.

BUT YOU can't tell me that any woman who has ever loved a man, really loved him, or any man who has loved a woman, can be friends again after a divorce. No two persons who have had that can be friends, ever again, whether they were married or not. It isn't in the cards. There are too many visions of the past to haunt them, too many wounds that can be healed only by years and then leave scars.

"They can't be casual, and mean it, if they have honest human emotions. The whole thing is a forced, unnatural attitude and many a woman is dying a little inside while hundreds of morbidly curious eyes are trained on her to see how she is taking it.

"There is a wide-open spot for some woman with the courage and the confidence to be simply honest. Some one who refuses to compromise with this syrupy ridiculous sophistication. Divorce is a serious business which wrecks innumerable lives—look at the suicide and homicide statistics.

"Kidding about it is like tying a pink ribbon on a machine gun.

"You can't tell me people wouldn't respect the woman who said, 'I hate the guy. He made my life miserable. I don't want anything further to do with him, any more than I would with any other (*Continued on page 68*)

Bette Davis, who has the courage of her convictions, will be seen next in "Mountain Justice."

THOSE GOOD LUCK PALS

Hank, left, owed a lot to Jim, above. So, when he got the chance, he put Stewart on the track to Hollywood success. Both are among the town's most eligible swains.

By Virginia T. Lane

Left, James gabs with Jeanette MacDonald, whose brother he played in "Rose Marie." And above, rumor says that "The Moon's Our Home" reunion with his former wife, Margaret Sullavan, spells real romance again for Fonda.

Henry Fonda and James Stewart, buddies for years, are real horseshoes for each other when it comes to jobs

THEY'RE like a four leaf clover to each other. Their story is like nothing you've ever heard before. It runs the scale from a two-by-four flat surrounded by New York's ace gunmen to a California estate surrounded by luxury . . . from milk toast (slightly scorched) to their colored cook's famous dinners . . . from walk-on parts to stardom. We mean, of course, the story of Henry Fonda and James Stewart.

Twice Jimmy has stepped into Hank's shoes, and twice they've carried him to success. The first time was in the Falmouth, Massachusetts, stock company. The second time was when he replaced Hank in the part opposite Margaret Sullavan in "Next Time We Love," and Hollywood and half America became Stewart-conscious overnight.

"And was he good in it! He transcended acting and pictures and everything in that play!" That was Henry Fonda speaking. But don't get the idea this is one of those back-patting pal stories. It goes so much deeper than that you begin to wonder if you actually appreciated before the fine essence that can go into a man's friendship.

They met backstage when Jimmy was doing his first one-line act on Broadway in "Good-bye Again." Said Hank, "I hear you're a better iceman than I am!"

"Yeah?" said Jimmy. They grinned. They might have been cut from the same pattern, those two. Long, lean, eminently likable. They went out arm in arm to get a bowl of chile.

THE TRUTH IS, if it hadn't been for that comedy role of the iceman in "It's a Wise Child," Jim Stewart never would have gone on the stage. You see, he had a diploma from Princeton that said he was an architect. He also had a letter from the bank which said he was broke. It was the gang from the Triangle Club that shunted him into the Falmouth stock company to replace a chap by the name of Fonda who had just left for New York. The company had been pretty fond of this Fonda and thought he was a swell actor to get the laughs he did as the iceman. But it wasn't long before some of the old Falmouth crowd down in New York began kidding the life out of Hank. "Don't think you're the only man who can melt ice behind a footlight! This Stewart's doing all right!"

So it was only natural that when Jim drifted onto Broadway he and Hank should hold an icemen's convention. It wound up with them

(*Continued on page 75*)

SHE KNEW WHAT SHE WANTED

Norma Shearer's the captain of her destiny, with ambition still driving her fearlessly on

By Rilla Page Palmborg

NORMA SHEARER'S first child *would be* a boy," said Hollywood, when the news was broadcast that the first born of Mr. and Mrs. Irving Thalberg was a son and heir. "Norma always gets what she wants."

That same statement was reiterated a few months ago when Norma's second child was a girl. And when the announcement was made that Norma had been chosen to play "Juliet," that coveted role in "Romeo and Juliet," Hollywood again nodded, "I told you so."

Looking back over Norma's career it does seem as though she always got about everything she set her heart on. But the successful Miss Shearer will tell you that she found many a twist and turn and steep grade up the Hollywood trail. There are those who have watched her transition from a plump, shy ingenue to a daring, glamorous sophisticate and then gracefully into roles of sweet virginity, who declare that only "the spirit of Shearer" could have carried one over the seemingly insurmountable obstacles and opposition that blocked her climb to the heights.

The spirit of Shearer asserted itself the first day she arrived in Hollywood, when with only four weeks guarantee of work and scarcely enough money to tide her over until pay day, Norma led her mother into what, at that time, was the smartest hostelry in the film capital, the Hollywood Hotel.

A few weeks later, when she found her small salary would not permit such luxurious quarters, that same spirit unhesitatingly led her to a tiny bungalow at the rear of a modest court where she and her mother lived for the next two years.

Said Norma, "I had to make good after I had been brought out here from New York. Failure would have meant disgrace. When I realized the hard struggle that stretched ahead of me I decided it was up to me to come down to earth."

"I had to make good," was Norma's challenge to life all along her fight to the top. Even now that she has reached the heights she does not feel secure.

"To me each picture that I make is a test," she said. I feel that I stand or fall upon my last efforts.

"As an actress gains a reputation there is so much more to live up to. No matter how successful you have been you fail unless you top your last effort; either that or people start whispering, 'She is slipping.' "

On the "Romeo and Juliet" sets the spirit of Shearer repeatedly asserted itself when Norma would insist on retaking a scene, even after director George Cukor had okayed it.

"I think I can do that better," she would say. The next "take" would prove that she was correct.

KNOWING WHAT she wants and not being afraid to go after it is one of the keynotes of the Shearer spirit. As she has often said, "The first five years of my career held nothing of importance to me except to become a star." To that end, she let nothing stand in the way.

Norma smiled when she told me how she fell in love with Irving Thalberg the first time she laid eyes on him. Frankly she confessed that she played a waiting game of two years to get the man she loved.

"Ever since the first day, when I went out to the studio to report to the Mr. Thalberg who had brought me to Hollywood, Irving has been wrapped up in my life every inch of the way," she said.

"The minute I met him his goose was cooked, although he didn't know it."

Norma chuckled, as she has a way of doing just as though she is laughing at herself, as she settled back on the divan. We were sitting in her bright, cheery ivory and green living-room in her Santa Monica home, that opens out on the broad expanse of the blue Pacific.

"It took me over two years before I was able to make Irving realize that I was on earth," she went on. "However, I bided my time. He was working hard. And besides he was engaged. So I kept hands off, but my eyes on. I worked in mysterious ways."

Norma admits she played a waiting game to finally win Irving Thalberg for a husband. The two, above, on a recent social evening.

Do not imagine that during those years Norma was spending her evenings alone pining for Mr. Thalberg. No indeed. An attractive girl like Norma had plenty of beaux. Life had always been an adventure to her and she looked upon Hollywood as the greatest adventure of all. By this I do not mean to infer that Norma ever burned the candle at both ends. When working there never were or never have been late hours for her. And never (*Continued on page 90*)

He's Married Again

Edmund Lowe vowed he wouldn't, but something made him change his mind

By Julia Shawell

(Left) Eddie with Mrs. Lowe, the former Rita Kaufman, who possesses many of the late Lilyan Tashman's (above) inspiring qualities.

A YOUNG BACHELOR film player with a contract that runs longer than six months is a gift from Heaven to the Hollywood ingenues. A star with a Reno decree is like a mile-long trellis of honeysuckle to the hopeful unattached or semi-detached beebees. But a widower with a successful marriage of several years behind him that only the grim reaper could have terminated, the kind of widower who can say "no" to two of three major companies on the matter of long-term agreement and stellar billing, well, he's like a blue ribbon at the county fair, a cool wind in an August Bermuda, sunshine in an Eskimo's night life—he's tops!

And so when a grief-stricken Edmund Lowe, wearing his badge of mourning after Lilyan Tashman's funeral said, "I shall never marry again," I knew he meant what he said then. But I also knew that the variegated cinema beauties would in no time at all make a state highway out of the isolated ox-trail that led past his emotional seclusion. I wasn't wrong. Before the bitter first poignant grief of his unexpected bereavement had lifted its shadows from under the Lowe orbs, there were sweet little things who wanted to be sympathetic.

ALSO THERE were onlookers who said, "Well, Eddie's not twenty-one any more and those girls really are gorgeous and anyhow nobody's more than human." It's true, in due time Mr. Lowe was reported escorting the three-months-option blondes to film openings. He was spoken of as having said "hello" to the prettiest of them; and in Hollywood "hello" just begins the gossip. Then he was called to England to turn Americanly British for "Doomed Cargo" and those who had known him a long, long time remarked hopefully:

"Well, this will be it. She'll be tall and blonde with one of those Devonshire peaches-and-cream complexions and she'll wear French clothes in the English manner that will remind him of Lilyan and she'll not talk so much that he can't tell her M-G-M wants his name on the dotted line. And, of course, he'll come home a bridegroom."

Eddie Lowe went to London. He was dined and feted and photographed. He saw the beautiful English girls, and a few of our American protégées who are doing well for themselves before the English cameras. He had a good time, for a few weeks, and then one night he awoke before sunrise and he missed a certain girl. He kept on missing her so much that he cabled and ran up quite a transatlantic telephone bill and he couldn't wait to get back to her. The girl he missed happened to be Rita Kaufman whose perfect make-up never brightened one of your screen hours,

(*Continued on page 79*)

Alas, She's The Type!

What seems to be Anita Louise's greatest asset is her biggest handicap

By Martha Kerr

SUPPOSE THAT you were five-foot-three with golden hair, violet eyes, peaches-and-cream complexion, slim figure and just nineteen, that wherever you went, people turned and stared, wondering if they had seen aright on beholding such loveliness. How would you like it?

"Oh," says you, "don't be sil! What's the catch?"

You're quite right. There *is* a catch. For, in order to complete the picture of Anita Louise, you'll have to be full of ambition—full to the point of overflowing. Wanting to act more than anything else, wanting real roles that required experience and skill and knowledge of interpretation. And, because of hair, eyes, complexion, et al, you couldn't get a chance to do anything really important, your beauty handicapping instead of helping you in your chosen work.

"Now isn't that just too bad?" queries the cynic. "Tch, tch! Life must surely be tough for that gal, hitched as she is to a long-term contract in a glamorous profession, with plenty of parties and beaux to escort her to them."

Well, life; that is, movie life, *isn't* all it's cracked up to be to this beauteous actress. In fact, on many an occasion, it gets her down. When she sees the picture plums being passed to the less talented because they're less beautiful, she does a silent nip-up, realizing that if she only had a chance, what she could do with such-and-such a characterization.

ANITA LOUISE is neither naïve nor sophisticated, which facts you must take into consideration when you hear her remark, "My looks have hindered my picture progress."

Truly, there wasn't an atom of conceit shining through that bland statement. It was said simply and honestly as one might say, "I should never wear yellow. My complexion just won't stand it."

"There was the time," remarked Anita ruefully, "when I played a small role in 'The Firebird.' It was definitely 'character' and, according to the critics, I handled it well. Now, I thought, I'll surely be taken seriously. No more girly-girly stuff for me. But it didn't take long for me to realize the extent of my optimism. No, indeed. I just sat and sat and sat, waiting for the studio to cast me in another role into which I could sink my teeth. None came. That is, none of that sort. Next time I played, I was just a bit sweeter—if possible—than ever. Oh, gosh!"

Anita as Maria in "Anthony Adverse."

Let it be (*Continued on page 72*)

Myrna likes surprises to keep things lively—and she's a bit of a surprise herself!

By Hilary Lynn

UNMASKING Myrna Loy

Above, a threesome from "To Mary With Love." Left to right, Ian Hunter, Myrna Loy, Warner Baxter.

At a Hollywood premiere with her favorite escort, Arthur Hornblow. She likes obscure night spots best.

The shrinking violet act is Myrna's little joke, for actually she's an adventurous soul with amazing foibles

HOLLYWOOD'S MOST charming wife is still unmarried.

A paradox? Yes, but so is this lady who recently was described, in one of our more sophisticated magazines as one "who cowers shyly behind her enormous success—like a mouse with an inferiority phobia"—in a Beverly Hills house, "where she collects sculpture and freckles."

Nothing could have been farther from the truth. Except, perhaps, the part about collecting. But what Myrna likes to collect more than anything else is sensations! Yes, she is by way of actually being a sensationalist! Why, Myrna, that's a bit of a shock!

"Nonsense," said Myrna. "I wouldn't be able to survive a routine existence. I'd be bored to extinction. That's why I spend hours planning ways to surprise myself. The more sensational the surprises, the better I like them. That's why I wake up every morning saying to myself, 'Today must be fun. Today must be different from yesterday. What surprise can I think up that will make it better?' And each surprise is like a novel seasoning that transforms an everyday wish into something special." For instance, Myrna insists on beginning each day with a different kind of soap for her shower, and won't allow her maid to tell her what kind it will be, because she wants it to be a surprise. However, her favorite scent is heliotrope, and that's almost impossible to obtain unless ordered from abroad. Next best, she likes pine or balsam. Says it reminds her of a certain day she spent last summer in the Bavarian Alps.

Surprise No. 2 comes with breakfast—and not having to worry about her girth, each day's breakfast menu contains something different, even though it only amounts to a new flavor of jam or jelly. And about this trifling surprise she also must be unaware until breakfast is served. But she likes kippered herrings so much that, whenever they appear on the table, she counts it as a very special conspiracy to make her day less humdrum.

And what she says about seasoning can be taken literally. She likes paprika on her vanilla ice cream!

NOW, JUST because Myrna isn't seen in the popular night spots of Hollywood doesn't mean that she isn't getting about. It simply means, as she'll willingly admit, that she doesn't like to do the regular things, live the conventional life of a conventional movie star.

If anyone wanted to be a real sleuth and shadow our Miss Loy of an evening, he'd more than likely find her with her fiance, Producer Arthur Hornblow, in some dim cafe in Los Angeles' Chinatown, near the railroad tracks, around colorful Main Street. Or down on Central Avenue, the Harlem of Los Angeles, in a barn-like second floor interior—formerly Club Araby, now The Apex—unknown except to a few of the more curious, adventure-seeking souls in Hollywood, frequented by few white people, it's the picturesque spot where the city's dark-skinned folk disport themselves in their own spontaneous manner, and not for the benefit of gawking spectators.

A whole evening at The Apex—including a Southern fried chicken dinner, torch singing and syncopation that goes to town in a manner not much inferior to Cab Calloway—sets a patron back no more than a medium-priced ticket for the theatre.

"Compared to The Apex, Harlem's much-vaunted Cotton Club bores me with its grandstand play to the customers. It's so much more fun to sit in that funny, badly lighted cafe on Central Avenue and watch those clusters of interesting, dark faces all about. And their wonderful unselfconscious abandon to a good time! How I envy it. Besides, whenever I'm there," Myrna smiled reminiscently, "the torch singer always (*Continued on page 70*)

Above, Frances Dee McCrea returned to the screen recently in "Half Angel," and Joel has just finished "Two in a Crowd."

Frances and Joel aren't smug about their marriage, but they've found a happy career-and-home combination

THESE TWO—they are something outside of this world, Frances and Joel.

The other day a man who shall be nameless, because one is convinced he is a fool in spite of his high position in picture circles, said: "It is a shame Frances Dee married and had two children. That sort of thing hasn't any glamor."

Late the same afternoon, I sat talking with this girl who is so supremely happy that her radiance is diffused throughout the house in which she lives and even reaches out gently to touch all who come within its range. Frances has a glamor so rare and authentic there is no standard for comparison with it in Hollywood. This uniquely standardized village of ready-made labels has no label it can apply to her. In the same category with young women, bent on making themselves appear to be something rare, exotic and expensive, it somehow is ridiculous to mention Frances Dee's name.

If you believe at all in civilization, she has a glamor that outranks them all. She has achieved the perfect marriage with the man for whom she must have been created, she has two sons, and she has unassailable security. Since this combination is the aim and yearned-for goal, admitted or unadmitted, of every girl in her right mind since time began, how can there be the slightest doubt that Frances Dee has the most enviable kind of glamor?

As if this were not enough, she is considerably this side of thirty, she has a delicate, warm natural beauty—and she is one of the finest portrayers of poignant emotional roles on the screen, the kind that tear your heart out but give it back to you in better shape than it ever was.

An inner radiance, to be very poetic about it—and Frances is unalterably allied with poetry—conveys something of itself to all who see her on the screen. I think no one who has ever come in contact with it could be entirely immune, however unimpressionable. And yet Frances is the most unassertive girl possible to imagine. A most completely feminine woman, in its best sense, she makes no attempts to prove it with tricks of speech, or clothes, or attitude. She doesn't even know it. She just is.

TO THOUGHTFUL observers, one of the most stimulating modern trends is this aroused interest in happy marriage as a theme for pictures and novels. Two most spectacularly successful pictures have been "The Thin Man" and "Wife versus Secretary." It seems as if the world, weary with its divorces and marital maladjustments, is turning to the thought of the really compatible marriage as the highest form of romance.

This paragraph is a build-up for the statement that

THE *Magic* McCREAS

By Caroline Somers Hoyt

Joel and Frances are an infinitely more interesting pair than they were in the days of their early adolescent attraction. They are so beautiful together. I do not believe Jesse Lasky is unduly a sentimental man, but he was there when Joel arrived home, and we looked at each other through a perfectly frank mist at the greeting between Joel and Frances—simple and tender and touched with living magic.

We had a long talk before that time, Frances and I.

She told me she did not expect any more of her marriage when she made it, than any other girl expects. There was no electrical current touched off which fused them into one and made happiness inevitable.

In fact, at the very first, when they met while playing in a picture together, Frances didn't even like him! She thought Joel must be painfully (*Continued on page 64*)

Right, the McCreas spend every off-screen moment at their ranch which they actually farm. They have two small sons.

Tumbling TO THE TOP!

Joe E. Brown, having arrived, knows it's harder to stay there than to get there

By Franc Dillon

Mr. and Mrs. Joe E. Brown and "chillun."

IF JOE E. BROWN'S mother hadn't decided to do her annual housecleaning early one spring about thirty years ago, we might have no Joe E. Brown pictures on the screen today. And isn't that a dismal idea? If you don't think so, ask the first child you see.

Did you ever attend a children's matinee when one of Joe's pictures was the attraction? If not, you have something to look forward to. You won't hear any dialogue because it will be lost in the din—the din of the shouting, stomping, screaming, laughing, joy-mad children. They yell encouragement when Joe gets into difficulties; they hiss the villain with the greatest enthusiasm and they whistle, scream and clap hands when he comes out on top.

You'll forget your financial problems, for your chief worry will be to get out of the theatre with two whole ear drums. If you are able to do that, you'll believe in Santa Claus and Joe Brown.

His popularity with juvenile audiences is one reason that for the past five years he has never been lower than fourteenth on the list of the most popular stars on the screen.

BUT TO GO BACK thirty years, Mrs. Brown, as we said, was cleaning house and everything was turned upside down. Furniture was piled in vacant corners and a huge leather couch was moved onto the side porch while the cleaning went on.

Little Joe was just nine years old. It was nearing time for the annual visit of the circus and his heart was set on mastering a trick he had seen a clown do the year before. Of course, when the couch was in the house neither Joe nor any one of his six sisters and brothers was allowed to put a foot on it, but outside was different. At least Mrs. Brown couldn't be everywhere at once and the couch made a perfect practice ground.

By standing at the high end of the couch and making full use of the springs, Joe, after a few days' practice, learned to do a flip-flap. Eager to display his skill before the kids at school, he attempted it one recess time on the cinder path outside his schoolroom. He chose that particular spot because the teacher he was "in love with" at the time was looking out the window.

He took a deep breath, leaped high in the air and came down head first in the cinders. The teacher dug ashes out of his hair and his circus ambitions went into a decline—only temporarily, however, for time mended his head and the circus was still coming to town.

THROUGH THE little Jones boy next door, Joe met a Mr. Ash, who was organizing an acrobatic troupe, which he hoped would be taken on by the circus. Because he was quite small for his age, agile and eager to try the stunts, Joe was hired as the smallest member of the company. A contract was drawn, which his entire family read with much interest and signed with great enthusiasm. Joe's salary, of $1.50 a week, was to be sent home to help support the family, and Joe's career was begun as a member of the "Five Marvelous Ashtons."

He soon learned that his experiments on the old leather couch hadn't exactly prepared him for the tricks he was called upon to do as a professional. To make matters worse, the troupe was signed up sooner than Mr. Ash had hoped and Joe had to make his first appearance without a rehearsal. It might have ended disastrously but it didn't, and Joe managed to stick it out, making up in courage and determination what he lacked in training; enduring the hardships, the beatings and the loneliness as a part of the game. It never occurred to him to give up, to return home and admit he had been a failure.

He was repaid a hundred times and all his troubles forgotten in the great thrill he experienced the day he returned home with the circus! The triumph of being a full-fledged circus performer in his own home town! He admits today with all his good fortune and success that life has never since offered him a thrill like that.

HE CONTINUED with the circus, arriving home each fall a little late for the opening of school and leaving in the spring before summer vacation began. But he managed, somehow, to finish grammar school. The circus led to vaudeville engagements and, finally, after nearly twenty years, he achieved the goal of every actor—he played on Broadway!

For several seasons he was featured in Broadway hits, and when he came to Hollywood with a show, he was immediately offered a picture contract. Before starting the picture, in which he was to be starred, he asked to play a small part in another film so that he could size up his job.

It was agreed and he played a small part in which he died in "Crooks Can't Win." He died so effectively that he was asked, a few days later, to die in another picture.

"I was so good in death scenes," Joe recounts, "that in each picture they killed me off a little earlier. I finally remonstrated. I didn't want to be typed as a corpse, after all!"

(*Continued on page 67*)

Standing, Joe, Jr., Donald and Mary Elizabeth. "Seated," Kathryn Frances.

Joe with June Travis in "Earthworm Tractors."

Decorations by Hamilton Greene

Some stars have nifty secret ambitions you'd never guess

Taking it BIG

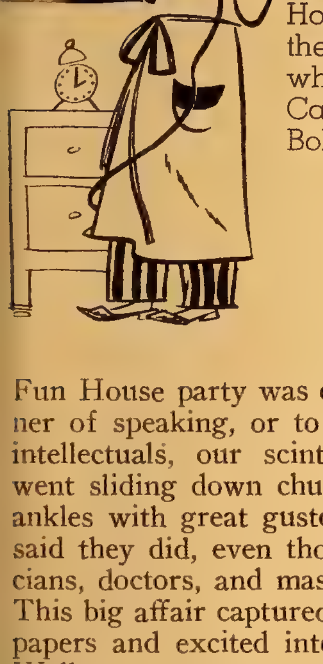
AND NOW there's another epidemic of "Taking It Big" in Hollywood. Just when we thought our movie belles had quieted down and gone demure in a manner to delight a prim Sunday school heart! Just when we had made up our minds that showing off and temperament all belonged to the dear dead-and-gone era when Pola Negri, Clara Bow, and Gloria Swanson made things lively around the movie lots!

But, dear me, no, those days haven't passed! The town's all broken out in a brand new rash of taking it big. I don't suppose the current cases are any more serious than little Willie's spring dose of the measles or Susie's annual tilt with tonsilitis, which grandma used to cure with a good old-fashioned dose of sulphur and molasses. But what movie belle would take sulphur and molasses? You're right!

Our epidemic is here. The signs are unmistakable. Not one or two, but a whole raft of our best people have succumbed to the germ. Lemme see, now, there's Carole Lombard.

Carole has been bitten by that ol' davvil, the Social Bug. Yessum, our Carole, the gal what has wisecracked her way through more Hollywood brawls and soirees than you can count, has suddenly become society conscious.

I think it all started with, of all things, the Venice Fun House party. Up to that time, whenever she wanted to give a party, Lombard just gathered a few hundred souls around for laughs. Once she took the chairs out of her dining-room, threw a little hay down, and had the guests sitting on the floor drinking champagne out of tin cups. That was a howling success as a dinner party, but it was intimate and confined to her best friends. The Venice



Hollywoodites get funny complexes they'd hate to admit. Read what whimsies dominate (left to right) Carole Lombard, George Raft, Bob Montgomery, Ginger Rogers and Joan Crawford.

By Jean Blake

Fun House party was open to the public, in a manner of speaking, or to all the movie big shots, the intellectuals, our scintillating stars, all of whom went sliding down chutes and spraining wrists and ankles with great gusto. They loved the party, or said they did, even though they paid X-ray technicians, doctors, and masseuses, for weeks afterward. This big affair captured reams of space in the newspapers and excited international comment. Stanley Walker even wrote about it in his book, "Mrs. Astor's Horse." Mebbe I'm wrong, but up until this time I don't think Carole had given much thought to social success.

Came the Mayfair Ball which Carole ran. Ho, hum! Footmen in white satin pants, all the gals told they had to wear white, (*Continued on page 84*)

From Gangster To Model Citizen

Chester and Mrs. Morris take Brooks and Cynthia for a whirl at the circus.

Mr. M.'s a T-Man in his new Columbia picture, "Counterfeit." He's glad to be a law-abiding film citizen again after so many "bad man" roles.

Chester Morris, movie tough guy, is Hollywood's mildest gent

TURNING OVER a new leaf isn't as easy as it sounds, but it can be done. Chester Morris says so and he should know what he is talking about, for he has accomplished the feat himself.

From a hard-boiled fellow, who has been looking up from under his eyebrows and ordering everybody about in a high-handed manner, he suddenly has turned into a hard-boiled fellow, who still looks up from under his eyebrows and orders everybody about. But there is a lot of difference between the fellow he was, and the fellow he is now.

In the beginning, Chester had a long row of pictures in which he played a crooked hero. However, crime doesn't pay—not even in the movies. So Chester has reformed. He is on the right side of the fence now, and whatever villainy he practices, is in the cause of justice. Instead of glorifying gangsters and their nefarious schemes, he is glorifying the nation's defenders of the law.

I had a long talk with Chester on the set of "Counterfeit" where he was portraying the life and trials of a T-Man. In case you don't know what a T-Man is, he sleuths for the Treasury to find counterfeiting plants and planters. Chester was quite happy about the story. He said he thinks it is even better than "Public Hero Number 1." It will be a world-beater if it is, for "Public Hero" gave him a new lease on life and a grand contract.

"I can't figure out why people think I am hard-boiled in my private life," Chester said, "but everybody does. I get the strangest letters from my fans and even from my relatives. I have never met Sue's cousins back (*Continued on page 77*)

By Mary Sharon

With Fingers Crossed

Isabel Jewell hopes the jinx that's dogged her so long is beaten at last

By Ben Maddox

Isabel has high hopes for her work in "Lost Horizon."

SOME GIRLS have such a tough time. For the life of you, you can't figure it out. They have what it takes to click. They try so darned hard, and their efforts are wholly sincere.

Breaks, long-deserved, finally come. And then, inexplicably, the follow-up is bad luck and setbacks that are soul-wrenching.

I think you must have a friend who is one of these persons. If so I know you'll be better able to understand the most extraordinary case in Hollywood.

Today they are loudly declaring that Isabel Jewell is finally coming into her own. That in "Lost Horizon," under Frank Capra's superb direction, her performance is a dramatic gem. As the lying, embittered cynic who is accidentally re-born into the radiant young woman she should have been all along, Isabel is unquestionably triumphant. But is this truly the turning-point? A few of us who are close to her certainly hope so.

In the flamboyant movie colony, where progress is garish and where you're either a hit or you aren't, she is a mystery. Not really Isabel herself, but her fate. The question you keep asking is *why?* Why has she had to fight so fiercely for everything?

So far, although critics and fans have unanimously pointed to her as one of the best actresses on the screen, she's been amazingly unfortunate—in her career, in love, even, recently, at home.

Isabel is actually the last girl who ought to be in the spot she has been in. She is bright as well as attractively blonde. She comes from fine family stock. Obviously she's talented. And if she hasn't found permanent success and happiness it isn't because she couldn't handle her opportunities.

That's the queerest slant on her struggles. She has fully capitalized on each chance and has been rewarded with an immediate pat on the back. For awhile she's apparently headed for the heights—in Hollywood, and so far as personal fulfillment as a woman goes. She's thought that, surely, having played a role so satisfactorily, there'll be plenty of work. That, having proved how deeply she loves, there'll be an end to loneliness.

BUT AGAIN and again she's bumped into the blank wall of nothingness.

There is no less impressive acting to cancel her good impression. There are no violent quarrels to spoil what has had all indications of developing into an ideal marriage. There's been just—a lull.

The same agonizing thing has repeated itself, patternlike. The battle to obtain a job, the intense concentration to make her characterization matter, and then not a single call from the studios while the applause is still lingering in the public's mind. The meeting with the man, and when she's completely, *(Continued on page 86)*

It isn't the hand-embroidered French dresses, the expensive toys and all the other money-bought delights that make the Misses (reading from left to right) Virginia Weidler, Jane Withers, Cora Sue Collins, Shirley Temple and Sybil Jason the fine youngsters they are.

I'M DOING THIS FOR

Your child can easily compare with these starlets in glowing health and beauty

NOW WHAT, you may be asking, has inspired me to turn my critical eye toward the younger generation? I'll tell you in one seven-letter word: Letters. Pathetic letters from unhappy adolescents. Letters from anxious mothers who are at their wit's end over little Patsy's refusal to eat anything but banana splits and chocolate cake, over Josephine's complexion or Annabelle's figure, not to mention Mary Louise's inability to enter a room without tripping over the rug, stumbling against the Chippendale, and busting the best tea set to smithereens.

Mothers sometimes resent outsiders giving advice to or about their children. They think they know best. And some of them do. But, on the other hand, some of them don't. Often the tendency is not to bother and just say, "My child will outgrow her bad skin. And she's

adeleine thinks Hollywood is a woman's Paradise. With George Brent in "The Case Against Mrs. Ames."

British Importation

By Ted Shane

MISS CARROLL," I began, after we were settled in the Spanish comfort of her Beverly Hills home, "you have just returned to this country and I have been delegated to take you apart, see what makes you tick, learn about the real Madeleine Carroll!"

She looked startled. "You're not going to do anything violent are you? If so, I shall have to call for help."

There was a laugh, and into the room walked an Englishman who didn't wear tweeds or smoke a pipe! "I couldn't help hearing what you said. I think I had better sit in and protect you from my wife. You see, she knows perfectly well what you mean—she's twigging you, pulling your leg—aren't you, darling?"

Madeleine looked very bland. "I'm sure I don't know what you mean. This gentleman sounded distinctly violent."

The Englishman took her hands in his and said, "You know you're being shy of publicity again, dear, and you know you never come to any good end thereby. You had better talk to him or he will go away and say you have a skin like a Chinese monster—and eat your young!"

Madeleine's face resumed its mock serious look. "Oh, is he an interviewer from the press? Why didn't he say so? Why did he have to sound like a medical student?

"Well," sighed Hollywood's latest import from London who has been alliteratively described as very blonde, very British, and very beautiful. "I suppose I must do a great tragedienne and 'tell all'." She flung her hands over her head in an exaggerated gesture. "But first I want you to meet my husband—Captain Philip Astley. As you can tell from the way he barged into this room his manners are atrocious."

The Captain grinned as we (*Continued on page 88*)

Lovely Madeleine Carroll hopes she's back to stay

YOU CAN put on a marvelous outdoor act this summer without having to crash through with a single swimming cup or even a horseshoe pitching record! All you have to do is to dress the part of an outdoor fan and then just relax in a convenient sunny spot while the more virile souls do the work. Of course, if you like good strenuous play, so much the better. With shop windows running over with the grandest suggestions for every sort of sport, anyone is going to feel like a shut-in, who doesn't go in for at least one action sports outfit this summer.

You can garden in a smock and overalls, play in shorts, ride a bicycle in culottes, scurry about in slacks and haunt the beaches in suits of exceeding brevity or decorative modesty. In fact, you can have the time of your life just letting yourself go a bit native. Don't be afraid to let old Sol take a good burning look at you!

Recently, the new West Side Tennis Club in Hollywood had a swank official opening—all the sports enthusiasts of the cinema crowd turned out and good looking clothes were in abundance. In the grandstand, Virginia Bruce looked especially smart in a pastel light wool dress topped by a plaid sports coat, fox trimmed. Her broad-brimmed straw hat had an amusing fluted ribbon trim around the outer edge of the brim. Her shoes were the classic brown and white combination with broad straps of the brown leather.

BETTY FURNESS, another good looking spectator, wore one of those giddy hats for which she's justly famous. Giddy but practical because it was one of those washable affairs that looks like a Puritan bonnet and is actually only a wide piece of material which snaps at the back of the head. The front can be turned back into a narrow brim and the back shows the hair. For washing it just becomes an oblong and wide piece of material. And so inexpensive that you

Wear clothes designed for playing out-of-doors

By Adelia Bird

Left, Claire Trevor plays tennis in a red and white polka dotted play suit with trick box pleated shorts. June Lang's beach ensemble is a three-piece affair of tie silk. The skirt doubles as a cape. And above, Madge Evans sticks to the popular shirt and slacks duo for beach and general sports.

Sunning or

Anita Louise relaxes in her garden, soda in hand, wearing pale blue sharkskin shorts with a flower print shirt as topper. The gay shirt gives her outfit a very feminine twist and is a nice idea.

No form of trousers for Maureen O'Sullivan! Her pet beach costume is a navy blue organdy. Note the cute hobo bandana beach bag.

Culottes are the newest action sports garb. Miss June Lang wears one in fine navy jersey with white scarf and sash dotted in navy blue embroidery.

can have any number to match different dresses. Nearly all the department stores have these and it's a simple trick to buy one and make the extras, using the original as a pattern. If you can't find one in your local store, write in and I will tell you where you can order one by mail.

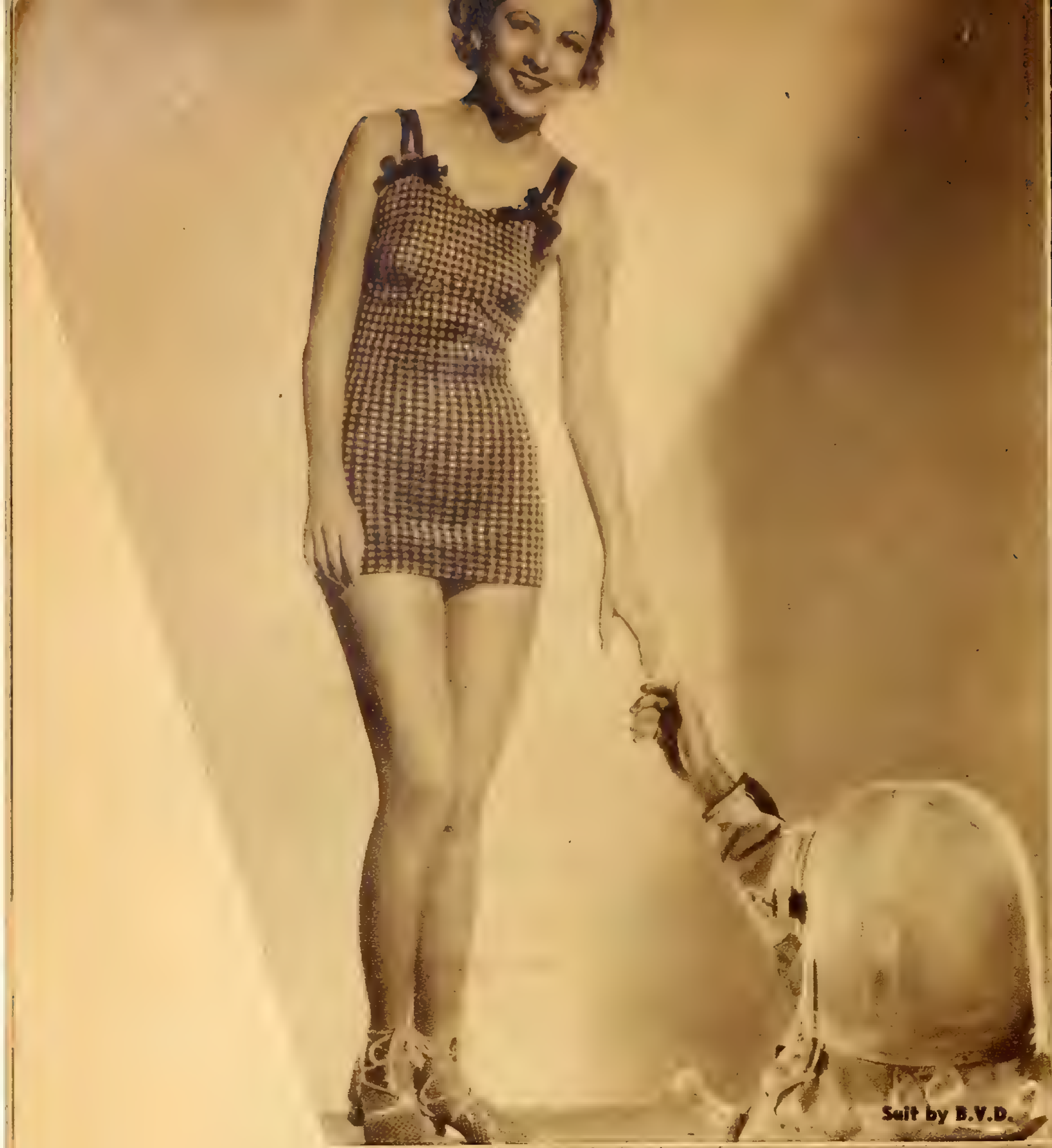
The rest of Betty's costume, which I almost skipped in my enthusiasm for her hat, consisted of a very smart tailored white dress topped by a bright woolen coat. And her shoes were different, too, being white pumps with broad white bows for trimming—very much like the patent leather pumps we used to wear to dancing class!

Out on the courts, Lili Damita wore tailored white shorts and shirt with white socks and navy blue sneakers (these are much newer than the all-white sneaker). Heather Angel, who played with husband Ralph Forbes, arrived in a long white polo coat over her tennis shorts. A bright scarf was the only touch of color, even her hair was caught back by a narrow white ribbon. Shorts and shirts with socks and sneakers were definitely the feminine choice for active play.

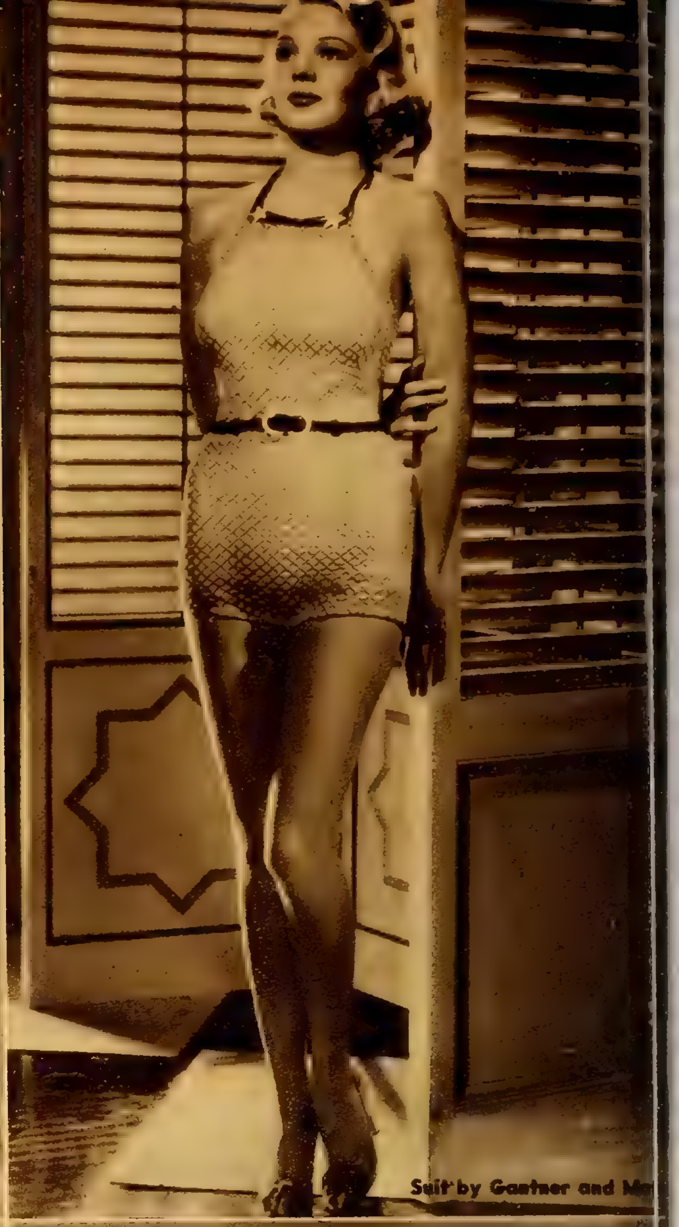
I have snooped out

(*Continued on page 74*)

Swimming?



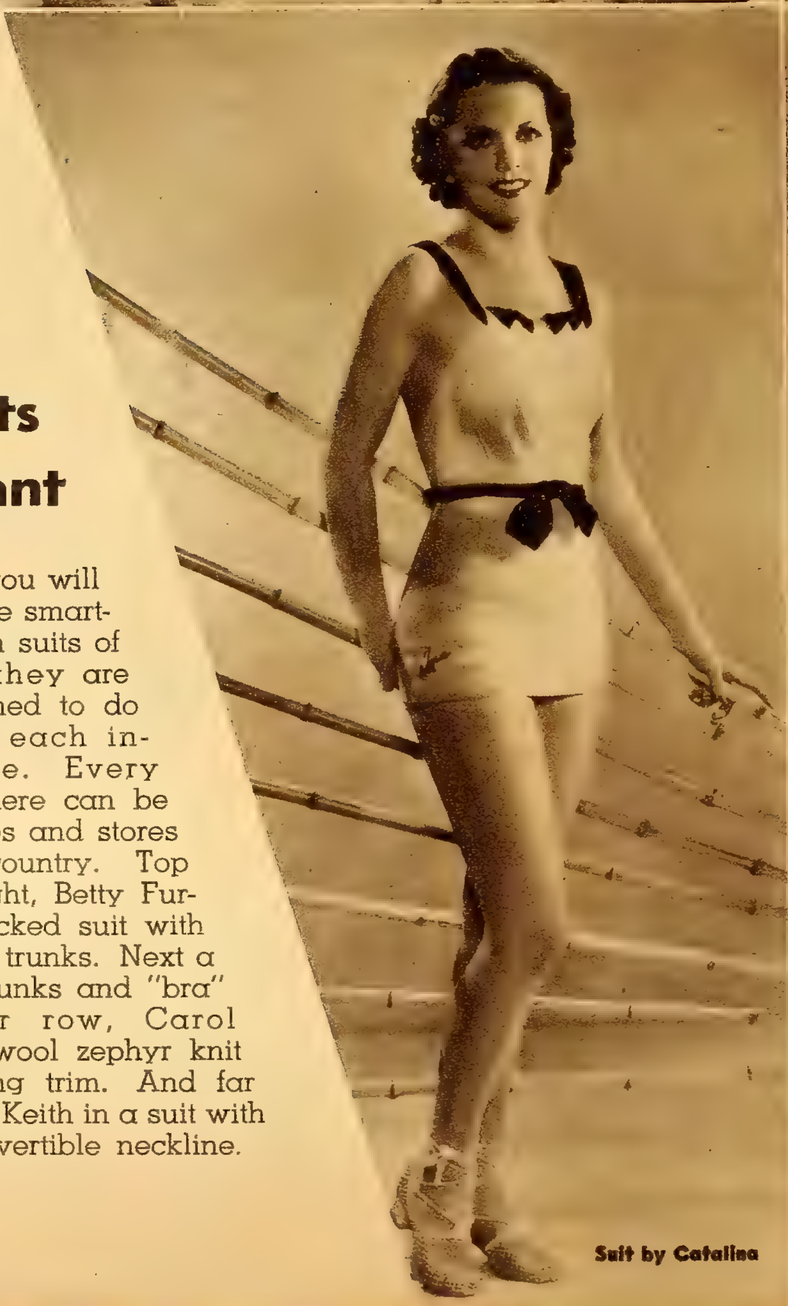
Suit by B.V.D.



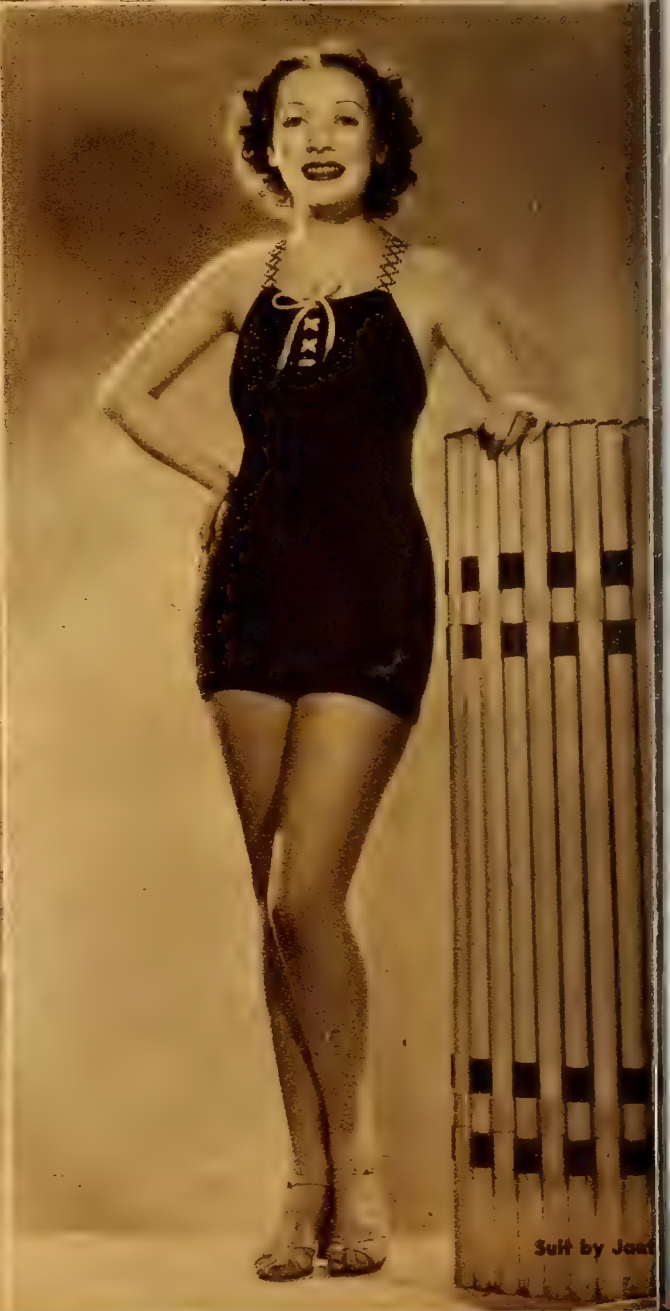
Suit by Gantner and Ma

Star swim suits you'll want

On this page you will find some of the smartest action swim suits of the season—they are cleverly designed to do the most for each individual figure. Every suit pictured here can be bought at shops and stores all over the country. Top row, left to right, Betty Furness in a checked suit with brief skirt over trunks. Next a novelty knit trunks and "bra" style. Lower row, Carol Hughes in a wool zephyr knit with contrasting trim. And far right, Rosalind Keith in a suit with laced, convertible neckline.

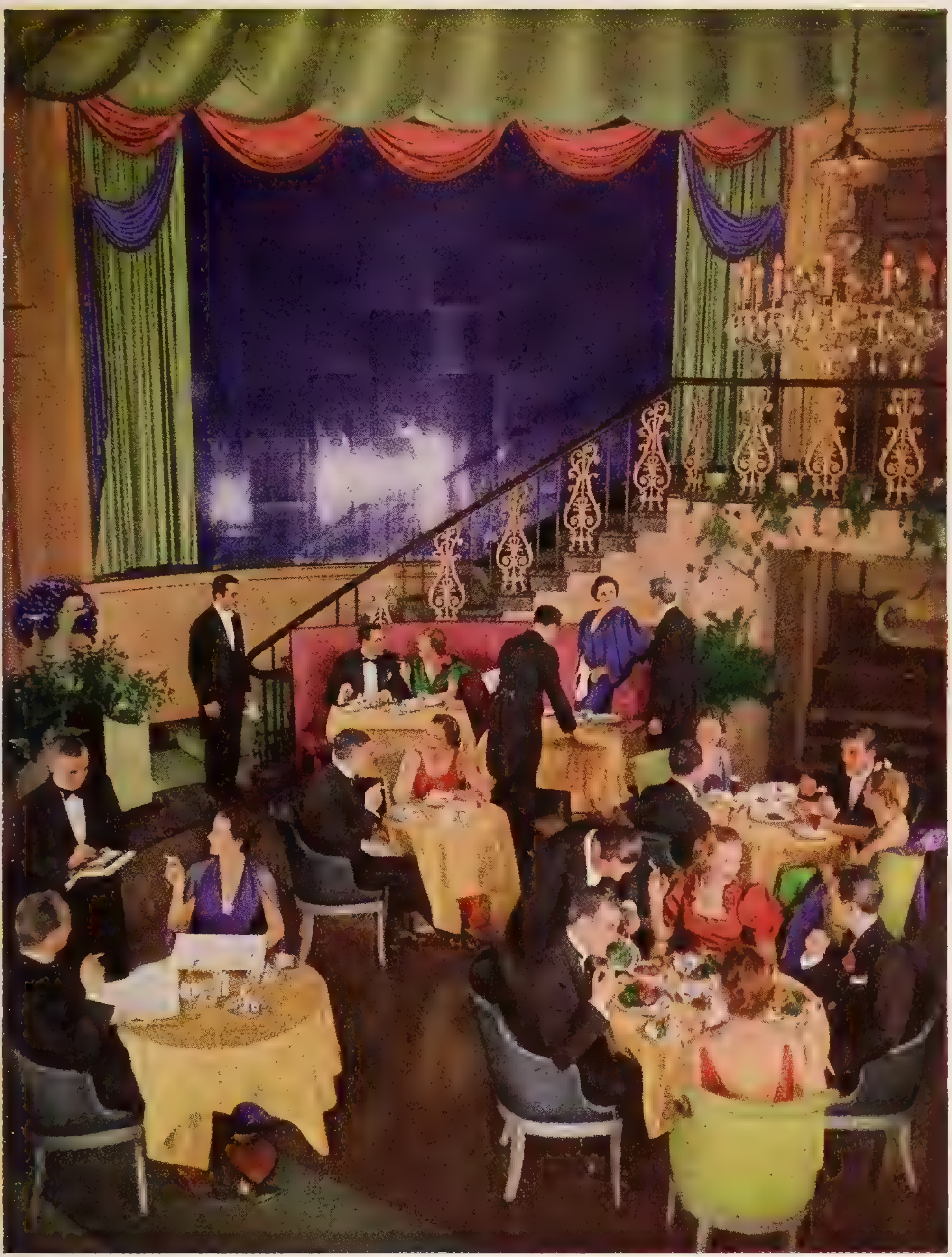


Suit by Catalina



Suit by Ja

...AND GOOD DIGESTION TOO!



© 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

An experience: *dîner de luxe* at the Pierre. *Feuille Norvégienne,* perhaps. Then *Borsch Polonaise,* followed, if your Russian mood continues, by *Suprême* of Halibut *à la Russe.* Then Braised Lettuce, String Beans *au Gratin.* Then a Camel, a crisp salad, a Camel again... and an ice with *demi-tasse* and—Camels. "Camels are by far the most popular cigarette here," says M. Bonaudi, banquet manager.

The delicate flavor of Camels is a natural complement to fine foods. For it is a matter of scientific proof and common experience that smoking Camels promotes good digestion. Enjoy Camels with meals and between meals—for their mildness and flavor—their comforting "lift"—their aid to digestion. Camels set you right! And no matter how steadily you smoke—Camels never jangle your nerves.

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

Miss Lucy Saunders,
of New York and Newport.

SHE LIKES:

Smart sports clothes... Palm Beach... the young crowd at the Virginia hunts ...badminton...the new dances, including the *son*...the strenuous New York season... Bailey's Beach... lunching on *Filet Mignon, Bouquetière,* at Pierre's ...Camels...dashing off to late parties... Lobster *Thermidor*...and always... Camels. "Camels are delightful when dining," she says. "They make food taste better...bring a cheering 'lift.' And they're so nice and mild."

Among the many distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, *Philadelphia*
MISS MARY BYRD, *Richmond*
MRS. POWELL CABOT, *Boston*
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., *New York*
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II, *Boston*
MRS. ERNEST du PONT, JR., *Wilmington*
MRS. HENRY FIELD, *Chicago*
MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGHORNE, *Virginia*
MRS. JASPER MORGAN, *New York*
MRS. LANGDON POST, *New York*
MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN RENSSELAER, *New York*
MISS ROSE WINSLOW, *New York*

Costlier Tobaccos

...Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS —*Turkish and Domestic*— than any other popular brand

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE—SMOKE CAMELS

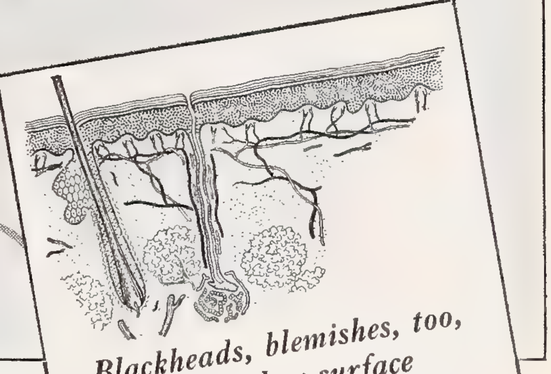
Fun in the '80's

Such enthusiastic demonstrations of affection might have been looked upon with a raised eyebrow in the days of "Poppy," but Rochelle Hudson and Richard Cromwell are getting a huge kick out of it. These two talented youngsters support W. C. Fields in this story of an old rogue who tries to perpetrate a great hoax. Everyone is cheering Bill Fields' screen return.

Stretched Pores SPOIL THE PRETTIEST FACE

CAUSED
BY
CLOGGINGS
UNDERNEATH

Miss Mary McHale, popular New York society girl, says: "Pond's Cold Cream keeps my skin smooth and fine."



Blackheads, blemishes, too, start below surface

Cross-section showing tiny underskin glands, nerves, blood vessels which make your outer skin what it is—good or bad. When oil glands function poorly, pores clog . . . blackheads, blemishes follow. Read below how to treat them.

See faults go—
with UNDER SKIN *Treatment*

THE three commonest skin faults usually follow one another!

Once a girl allows blackheads to dot her skin, she's sure to be bothered with blemishes, too. And, blackheads and blemishes sooner or later mean—*stretched pores* . . . hardest of all to get rid of . . . hardest to bear!

It's easy to understand, once you know how they start.

All three come from clogging just under the pore opening—the result of a faulty underskin.

The little diagram above explains—When the underskin slows up, and glands get out of order, pores get clogged with their own oils. Dirt settles in . . . a blackhead! Unless you remove that blackhead, it develops into a blemish. Meantime, all that clogging keeps stretching and stretching your pores.

Rousing underskin treatment fights them off

You can avoid them all—keep them from spoiling your looks—by the steady use of Pond's rousing underskin treatment.

Mrs. Rodman Wanamaker II
of the prominent Philadelphia family, says: "I'll never have blackheads or blemishes—using Pond's Cold Cream. It makes my pores finer. I use it night and morning."

Just day and night—a thorough rousing and cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream . . . and soon your sluggish underskin is functioning freely again. Pores keep clear. Blackheads, blemishes stop coming. Pores actually reduce!

For Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils which go deep into the pores . . . clear them of dirt, make-up, skin secretions. Then you pat in more cream—briskly . . . Rouse that faulty underskin. Feel your skin tingle with new vigor!

Do this daily for quick results

Every night, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. As it brings out the dirt, make-up, skin secretions—wipe off. Apply more cream. Pat in hard—to get at that neglected underskin!

Every morning, and during the day, repeat treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin comes softer every time. Powder goes on beautifully.

Keep up these Pond's patting treatments. As blackheads soften, press them right out. Now blemishes stop coming. And the places where pores showed largest will be finer textured!

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE
and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. H-50, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name______________________________

Street______________________________

City____________________ State________

Copyright, 1936 Pond's Extract Company

Modern Screen Movie Scoreboard

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Abdul the Damned (Columbia)	2½★
Absolute Quiet (M-G-M)	2★
Ah, Wilderness (M-G-M)	4★
The Amateur Gentleman (United Artists)	2½★
And So They Were Married (Columbia)	2★
Annie Oakley (RKO)	4★
*Anthony Adverse (Warners)	3★
Anything Goes (Paramount)	3★
Bad Boy (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Barbary Coast (United Artists)	3★
Big Brown Eyes (Walter Wanger)	2½★
*The Big Noise (Warners)	1★
The Bishop Misbehaves (M-G-M)	3★
The Bohemian Girl (M-G-M)	2½★
Boulder Dam (Warners)	1★
The Bride Comes Home (Paramount)	3★
Brides Are Like That (First National)	2½★
Broadway Hostess (First National)	1★
Broadway Melody of 1936 (M-G-M)	4★
Bullets or Ballots (First National)	3★
*Bunker Bean (RKO)	1★
The Calling of Dan Matthews (Columbia)	1★
Captain Blood (Warners)	4★
Captain January (20th Century-Fox)	3★
The Case Against Mrs. Ames (Walter Wanger)	3★
Ceiling Zero (Warners)	4★
Champagne Charlie (20th Century-Fox)	1½★
Charlie Chan at the Circus (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Charlie Chan in Shanghai (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Charlie Chan's Secret (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Chatterbox (RKO)	2★
Colleen (Warners)	3★
Collegiate (Paramount)	2½★
Coronado (Paramount)	1★
The Country Beyond (20th Century-Fox)	2★
The Country Doctor (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Crime and Punishment (Columbia)	3★
Dancing Feet (Republic)	2★
*Dancing Pirate (Pioneer-RKO)	3★
Dangerous (Warners)	3½★
Dangerous Waters (Universal)	2★
Desire (Paramount)	4★
Devil's Squadron (Columbia)	2½★
Don't Bet on Blondes (Warners)	2★
Don't Gamble with Love (Columbia)	1½★
Don't Get Personal (Universal)	1★
Dracula's Daughter (Universal)	3★
Drift Fence (Paramount)	2★
Dr. Socrates (Warners)	2★
*Early to Bed (Paramount)	1★
East of Java (Universal)	2★
Everybody's Old Man (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Every Saturday Night (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Exclusive Story (M-G-M)	2½★
The Ex-Mrs. Bradford (RKO)	3½★
Fang and Claw (RKO)	2★
The Farmer in the Dell (RKO)	1½★
*Fatal Lady (Paramount)	3★
A Feather in Her Hat (Columbia)	2★
First a Girl (GB)	2½★
The First Baby (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Florida Special (Paramount)	2½★
F-Man (Paramount)	1½★
Follow the Fleet (RKO)	4★
*Forgotten Faces (Paramount)	3★
Freshman Love (Warners)	2★
Frisco Kid (Warners)	3★
*Fury (M-G-M)	3★
The Garden Murder Case (M-G-M)	2½★
Gentle Julia (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
The Ghost Goes West (United Artists)	4★
Give Us This Night (Paramount)	1½★
The Golden Arrow (Warners)	2½★
Goose and the Gander (First National)	2★
Grand Exit (Columbia)	1★
The Great Impersonation (Universal)	2★
The Great Ziegfeld (M-G-M)	4★
*The Green Pastures (Warners)	5★
Half Angel (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Hands Across the Table (Paramount)	3★
Hell Ship Morgan (Columbia)	2★
Here's to Romance (20th Century Fox)	2★
The House of a Thousand Candles (Republic)	2★
Human Cargo (20th Century-Fox)	2★
I Dream Too Much (RKO)	3★
I Found Stella Parish (First National)	2★
If You Could Only Cook (Columbia)	4★
I Live My Life (M-G-M)	2★
I Married a Doctor (Warners)	3★
In Person (RKO)	2★
The Invisible Ray (Universal)	1½★
It Had to Happen (20th Century-Fox)	2★
It's in the Air (M-G-M)	2★
It's Love Again (GB)	3★
*Jailbreak (Warners)	2★
King of Burlesque (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
King of the Damned (GB)	1½★
The King Steps Out (Columbia)	3★
Klondike Annie (Paramount)	1★
The Lady Consents (RKO)	2★
Lady of Secrets (Columbia)	1★
The Last Days of Pompeii (RKO)	4★
Last of the Pagans (M-G-M)	2★
*The Last Outlaw (RKO)	2★
The Last Outpost (Paramount)	2★
Laughing Irish Eyes (Republic)	1½★
*The Law in Her Hands (First National)	2★
The Leathernecks Have Landed (Republic)	3★
The Leavenworth Case (Republic)	2★
Let's Sing Again (RKO)	2★
The Littlest Rebel (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Little Lord Fauntleroy (United Artists)	4★
*Little Miss Nobody (20th Century-Fox)	3★
The Lone Wolf Returns (Columbia)	2★
Love Before Breakfast (Universal)	2½★
*Love Begins at 20 (Warners)	1★
Love on a Bet (RKO)	1½★
Magnificent Obsession (Universal)	2½★
Man Hunt (Warners)	2★
The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo (20th Century Fox)	2½★
Mary Burns, Fugitive (Paramount)	3★
The Melody Lingers On (United Artists)	2★
A Message to Garcia (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Metropolitan (20th Century-Fox)	4★
A Midsummer Night's Dream (Warners)	5★
The Milky Way (Paramount)	4★
Millions in the Air (Paramount)	1★
Miss Pacific Fleet (Warners)	1½★
Mr. Deeds Goes to Town (Columbia)	4★
Mister Hobo (GB)	2★
Modern Times (United Artists)	4★
Moonlight Murder (M-G-M)	2½★
The Moon's Our Home (Walter Wanger)	3★
The Morals of Marcus (GB)	1★
*Murder by an Aristocrat (Warners)	1★
The Murder of Dr. Harrigan (First National)	2★
Murder on the Bridle Path (RKO)	2★
The Music Goes 'Round (Columbia)	2★
Music Is Magic (20th Century-Fox)	1½★
Muss 'Em Up (RKO)	2★
Mutiny on the Bounty (M-G-M)	4★
Navy Wife (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Next Time We Love (Universal)	3★
A Night at the Opera (M-G-M)	4★
*Nobody's Fool (Universal)	2★
O'Malley of the Mounted (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
$1000 a Minute (Republic)	2★
One Rainy Afternoon	2★
One Way Ticket (Columbia)	2½★
Paddy O'Day (20th Century-Fox)	1½★
*Palm Springs (Paramount)	1★
Panic on the Air (Columbia)	2★
The Passing of the Third Floor Back (GB)	3★
Peg of Old Drury (Paramount)	3★
Personal Maid's Secret (Warners)	2★
Peter Ibbetson (Paramount)	3★
The Petrified Forest (Warners)	4★
Petticoat Fever (M-G-M)	3★
The Preview Murder Mystery (Paramount)	3★
Pride of the Marines (Columbia)	1★
*The Princess Comes Across (Paramount)	2★
Prisoner of Shark Island (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
*Private Number (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Professional Soldier (20th Century-Fox)	3★
The Rainmakers (RKO)	1★
Remember Last Night? (Universal)	2★
Rendezvous (M-G-M)	3★
Rhodes, the Diamond Master (GB)	3★
Riffraff (M-G-M)	2½★
Road Gang (First National)	2½★
Roaming Lady (Columbia)	2★
Robin Hood of El Dorado (M-G-M)	2½★
Rose Marie (M-G-M)	4★
Rose of the Rancho (Paramount)	2★
Seven Keys to Baldpate (RKO)	2★
She Couldn't Take It (Columbia)	2½★
She Married Her Boss (Columbia)	4★
Shipmates Forever (First National)	3★
Show Boat (Universal)	4★
Show Them No Mercy (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Silly Billies (RKO)	2★
The Singing Kid (Warners)	3★
Sky Parade (Paramount)	2★
Small Town Girl (M-G-M)	3★
Snowed Under (First National)	2★
Soak the Rich (Paramount)	2½★
Song and Dance Man (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Song of the Saddle (First National)	2★
Sons O'Guns (Warners)	3★
So Red the Rose (Paramount)	3★
Special Investigator (RKO)	2★
Speed (M-G-M)	1½★
Splendor (Samuel Goldwyn)	2★
The Story of Louis Pasteur (Warners)	4★
Strike Me Pink (Samuel Goldwyn)	3★
Sutter's Gold (Universal)	2½★
Sylvia Scarlett (RKO)	2½★
A Tale of Two Cities (M-G-M)	5★
Thanks a Million (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
These Three (Samuel Goldwyn)	4★
Things to Come (United Artists)	3★
13 Hours by Air (Paramount)	3★
This is the Life (20th Century-Fox)	2★
The Three Godfathers (M-G-M)	2★
Three Kids and a Queen (Universal)	2★
Three Live Ghosts (M-G-M)	2★
The Three Musketeers (RKO)	3★
Three on the Trail (Paramount)	2½★
Three Wise Guys (M-G-M)	2½★
Till We Meet Again (Paramount)	3★
Times Square Playboy (Warners)	1★
To Beat the Band (RKO)	2★
Too Tough to Kill (Columbia)	1★
Tough Guy (M-G-M)	2½★
The Trail of the Lonesome Pine (Paramount)	2½★
Transatlantic Tunnel (GB)	3★
Trouble for Two (M-G-M)	2★
Two in Revolt (RKO)	2½★
Two in the Dark (RKO)	2½★
Under Two Flags (20th Century-Fox)	3★
The Unguarded Hour (M-G-M)	3★
The Voice of Bugle Ann (M-G-M)	2½★
The Walking Dead (Warners)	2★
Way Down East (20th Century-Fox)	2★
We're Only Human (RKO)	2★
Whipsaw (M-G-M)	2½★
The Widow from Monte Carlo (Warners)	2★
Wife vs. Secretary (M-G-M)	3★
The Witness Chair (RKO)	2★
Woman Trap (Paramount)	1½★
Your Uncle Dudley (20th Century-Fox)	2★

You'll find this chart simple to follow and a valuable guide in choosing film entertainment. Instead of giving you the individual ratings of Modern Screen and authoritative newspaper movie critics all over the country, we have struck an average of their ratings. You'll find this average under General Rating, beside each picture. 5★, extraordinary; 4★, very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. Asterisk denotes that Modern Screen ratings only are given on films not reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

— the snapshot
brings back the best
day of the summer,
the most wonderful
day of my life.
makes me think we'll
look pretty swell,
darling, when we
go walking up
the aisle together.

IT'S the snapshots you don't take that you regret. Snapshots help you to live happy times over again —keep certain days, certain feelings always fresh and clear in your memory. Make snapshots now, before the opportunity has slipped away forever. And don't take chances—load your camera with Kodak Verichrome Film. This double-coated film gets the picture where ordinary films fail. Your snapshots come out clearer, truer, more lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome—use it always . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow—
you must take Today

KODAK FILM
VERICHROME
Kodak
VERICHROME FILM
8 EX.
2¼ x 3¼ IN.
KODAK
VERICHROME
FILM
V 620

Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box.

Lyle Talbot
PICKS MOST
APPEALING LIPS
IN INTERESTING TEST

HERE ARE THE LIPS LYLE TALBOT SAW
UNTOUCHED
PAINTED
TANGEE

Here's the reason Tangee lips won with Mr. Talbot

• Lyle Talbot makes the test between scenes of his newest Warner Brothers Picture "The Law in Her Hands".

● "I may be old-fashioned," said Lyle Talbot, "but I like a girl's lips to have a fresh, dewy look. That's why I don't like paint." And millions of men must feel the same way. For more and more girls now have natural-looking lips . . . Tangee lips.

Tangee is an amazing lipstick that gives your lips color *without* painting them. It contains a magic color principle that changes on your lips to a warm shade of blush rose. If you prefer more color for evening wear, use Tangee Theatrical. There are two sizes: $1.10 and 39c. Or for a quick trial send 10c and coupon for the 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

This Summer USE TANGEE CREME ROUGE
WATERPROOF! ITS NATURAL BLUSH-ROSE COLOR NEVER FADES OR STREAKS EVEN IN SWIMMING

★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET
THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY MM86
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.
Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel
Name________________
Please Print
Address________________
City________________ State________

The Magic McCreas

(*Continued from page 45*)

spoiled, he was too good-looking not to be.

"I was most unhappy, giddy, going through that trying time when I didn't know what I wanted and knew I wouldn't like it if it was presented on a gold platter. All girls go through that, I guess, and it's pretty terrible. I looked at Joel and thought no man could be that good-looking and have any depth. Things were so easy for him, he was so popular with women. I thought he was just another of the good-time boys, and told myself, sternly, 'Be careful and don't have your heart broken.' It was so hard to believe that anyone as sweet and considerate as he seemed to be, could actually *be* that way all the time, even at home, as he is.

"We go through a severely skeptical age, too, with flashes of lightning clarity at the same time, you know. Probably it's one of the provisions of nature to make us examine everything presented during our most formative period, to help us avoid the wrong thing. Well, I couldn't find any foundation for my skepticism—and by that time I was too in love to care."

Frances sailed off on a sea of blissful reflection.

"You know I was almost militantly independent (now honestly, can you imagine that?) long enough to find out how empty it is. I guess that's why I now cling to my family so hard. Also, when one has a bit of the solitary nature, a family seems more of a miracle.

"Whatever faculty I have for happiness has been developed through Joel. You cannot think how Joel can bring out qualities you never suspected you had. I think he is the most appreciative human being I have ever known in my life. He is always so genuinely grateful for what he has.

"For instance, he loves to ride. When I first knew him, he went riding on a rented horse and had a marvelous time—he was delighted to be able to pay the hire. When he owned his very first horse, he went to an auction and bought one nobody else wanted. A year later, everybody wanted it. I actually think he gave pride to the horse, he enjoyed and appreciated the animal so much. He does the same thing with land—he makes the most of everything he has by enjoying it so deeply. Joel is not casual with anybody or anything which has his interest and allegiance.

"Most people can't get enough cars and horses, power, money and fame. If only they could learn to enjoy and make the most of what they have, the way Joel does. I suppose, in a way, he is sort of an 'applesaucer,' he likes to make everybody feel good." Frances smiled as if applesaucing agreed with her.

I ASKED about her picture work—how Joel felt about it.

"Joel never has asked me to give it up, unless I want to. He knows I wouldn't be completely happy without it. You see, I am not at all a social person who likes bridge and parties. Oh, I did, once, but they merely filled a gap in life. I guess I just outgrew them. Frankly, I go to things now mainly to be obliging." Frances looked around kind of scared, as if she hoped the wrong persons hadn't heard that. "But there's no use pretending. I am not a mingler. Oh, I have friends, love them, and want to see them often. But working in pictures is like being at a party all day long. It is a peculiar work in that it is so social and makes so many social demands. But, my goodness, you can't go to a party *all* the time, and that is exactly what it amounts to if you keep right on after returning from the studio. The need for that sort of recreation has been filed before I get home.

"Every woman has an overflow of emotion, something for which she needs an outlet, and she can't express all of it at home or she would wear out her family.

"I—well, I have a desire to act; there is something I want to and must express, something I have to release, somehow. And mercy, wouldn't it be awful if I put on performances for my husband all the time?

"Some women can express themselves in clothes, in club work, organizations of various kinds, in business and in entertaining, outside of their family life. If they keep it balanced, it seems to me a very good thing; it should make their families more serene, because it helps to overcome a tendency to be too possessive. I am inclined to be rather possessive—pity poor Joel if I didn't have an acting safety valve!

"Joel is right—he's always so right, without rubbing it in—not asking me to give it up." Frances smiled shyly. "He's really so much more than just a nice boy. But I don't imagine people think of him so much any more *just* as a nice boy, do you? He has such grown-up determination never to do anything petty that you simply can't stand being petty yourself.

"Oh I don't mean we haven't had our difficulties, our small jealousies, possessiveness—but never anything really important. Joel has a faculty, one which I think is quite rare in a man, the gift for bringing back illusions and making everything new again. He never refers to an unpleasantness, once it is over.

"If anything ever came between Joel and me, it would be my fault."

Young Joley entered into the picture at this point and carried on quite a conversation, although he neglected to let us in on what he was talking about. His mother will undoubtedly resent that; she stoutly maintains a perfect comprehension of every word he says, if you can call it a word. At any rate, we got around to the subject of glamor. Frances sat back looking like a very young boarding-school girl trying to look like Frances Dee trying to look glamorous.

I asked, "Joley, how do you feel about it? Do you think your mother has glamor?"

Joley surveyed her with due solemnity. Frances struck a pose. We waited. But we will never know what astute and sagacious wisdom his year-and-eight-months was about to provide, because just at that moment, Frances happened to reach her hand between the davenport cushions and brought out, to her complete astonishment—a pair of rubber baby pants!

Well, it ruined the act. The glamorous movie queen languishes in her parlor, waving her eyelashes and telling all to the avid press—and with a graceful gesture of her alabaster hand, she produces—baby pants.

Ah, Frances, you rare and utterly delightful woman. It's okay with thousands and thousands of us that you leave the phony glamor to the built-up glitter girls, and give us one genuine enchantment: the tenderness and the happiness that looks out of your eyes

Romantic Grace Moore is practical, too

● *Casual playtime clothes get the same professional care Grace Moore's screen Luxables do*

● *Glamorous screen costumes get safe Lux care at Columbia Studios. This one (right) was designed by Kalloch for Miss Moore to wear in "The King Steps Out."*

She adores Luxables —*insists* on Lux care

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(Below)
● *Golden-voiced Grace Moore relaxes in Luxables! "For cottons, linens, washable silks and rayons, Lux has no equal," says this Columbia star.*

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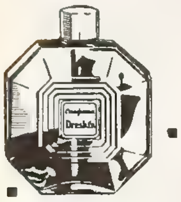

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Jack Looks Out for Oakie

(*Continued from page 54*)

possible. That's why when they got to Balboa for an all-day stop, one of the musicians told Oakie that the boat wouldn't leave until midnight—which was a lie if ever there was one, 'cause everybody knew that the boat sailed at eight. Still Oakie accepted the advice in good faith, and when sailing time came he was still out doing the town. The musician heaved a sigh of relief.

But the Captain could not sail without all his passengers. So Balboa was combed and Oakie was found and the mastering of ceremonies continued, far, far on into the Pacific.

Still his undying exuberance is the thing that has made him famous. Not only to all the world, but he's about the best known person in the movie colony. Garbo and Dietrich may never have met, ditto Hepburn and Colman, but everybody knows Oakie. And while everybody pretends that Oakie gets under their skin, in their hair, and under their feet, nobody would really have it otherwise. Not long ago when there was some talk of Oakie buying a house in Toluca Lake—the popular star-colony out Burbank way—his pals ganged together, visited a sign painter and before long all the roads in that section bore the brilliant warning, "Keep Poison Oakie out of Toluca Lake." But it was just a gag, and nobody knew it better than Oakie.

He used to be Hollywood's Delightful Date until he met Venita Varden just about eight months ago, and he's been her delightful date ever since. Right from the beginning he told everyone that this girl was different. And on Sunday, March 22, they were married.

Venita, unlike most of Oakie's girls in the past—Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Toby Wing, all eleven of the "Murder at the Vanities" chorus, Mary Brian, and countless others—is best described as quiet, demure and domestic. She was born in Georgia, and educated at Sweet Briar College and also at Washington Seminary. She wanted to be a decorator, but became a model and a show girl instead. She's been around the world three times. In Paris she modeled for the famous Patou. In New York she was the original Russell Patterson Girl, and she was also in several of the "Follies." It was while she was working in one of them that she first saw Oakie. Harry Richman on the stage spotted him in the audience and in typical Richman fashion stopped the show to say "Hello." One glance at that homely, good-natured mug and Venita had a feeling she was falling. But she didn't meet him then. Not until she was brought to Hollywood eight months ago to be further glorified in "The Great Ziegfeld."

But even Venita, with Oakie practically in the palm of her hand, has found him difficult to cope with at times.

There was the time recently when he said to her, "Now, Pidgeon, I have a great treat in store for you. I'm going to introduce you to High Society, get you in with the right people, on account of how you and I really should surround ourselves with class. You're the type, and I'm going to do right by you. So fix yourself up pretty Saturday night, and I'll be seeing you at eight."

Venita took him at his word. She bought a new dress, a new hat, and the latest shade of nail polish, and dilly-dallied at her dressing table for three whole hours. "Gee, will you knock 'em dead," said Oakie on beholding her.

Venita expected to meet a title and Oakie didn't disappoint her. They went to a party at Man Mountain Dean's! Venita was the only girl there and the rest of the guests were all wrestlers!

But when Oakie told me about it, he wanted me also to understand that very often he does go out in Real Society—as often, he says, as he can stand it. "But there was that red and white party at Countess di Frasso's that wasn't half bad," he informed me. "They had a good gag there. They had microphones under all the chairs. Of course, they didn't make a record of anything I said, 'cause I was tipped off, but you should have heard some of the stuff that was picked up! Boy, was it hot!" (Funny thing, that Oakie was tipped off! Well, you put two and three together yourself!)

What Oakie says kiddingly is the truth, if you can judge by the clamoring, among stars and prop boys alike, that goes on when there's a chance to work in an Oakie picture. There was actually a lot of bribing and begging, especially among the crew workers recently when Oakie made "Florida Special." Why? Because working is always fun when Oakie's around. He strolls on the set in the morning, fingers an imaginary mustache and striking a John Barrymore pose says in a deep, rumbling voice, "Tell me, my friends, what is the play? And what is my part?"

Of course, Oakie is an awful scene stealer, but he's such a grand guy that his fellow stars don't seem to mind it very much. There was only one whom Oakie remembers who wouldn't let him get away with it, and that was Victor McLaglen.

"It was while we were making 'Murder at the Vanities,'" Oakie recalled. "At the end of one important scene we both had to go out the same door. Well, as anyone knows the last actor out of the scene usually gets the scene, because after he's left alone in front of the camera he can do most anything he likes on his exit—make faces, give 'em this, give 'em that—you know what I mean. Well, in the rehearsals, I always fenagled it so Vic had to go out of the door first, and for a while I didn't think he was noticing how I was pushing him a little. But then came the take, and that big brute gave me such a push that I went right through a brick wall, through the sound proofing and all, and landed right on the street.

"Not that I use any tricks that shouldn't be used—be sure to get me straight! At least not when I'm working with someone who doesn't try them on me. But an old-timer like Vic knows tricks, too, don't forget. He's a smart guy and okay."

And Oakie does look out for Oakie all right! Like the comic who gets in your hair, he believes it pays to advertise, too! On the door of his dressing-room, there is a large photograph of the large Oakie head—in color, mind you. And since Oakie's dressing-room is first on the left after you pass the studio entrance, nobody entering or leaving the lot has ever been able to avoid it. Nor have persons with itching fingers and handy pencils seldom been able to resist it! Once when I saw it not long ago the Oakie mug was adorned with Valentino sideburns. But that was soon replaced with a fresh reproduction of the original. Again the Oakie eyes peered out from under a row of Jean Parker bangs. But nothing discourages him. The banged Oakie too was whisked away and replaced by the pure Oakie visage. More recently when I visited him in his dressing-room, he was busy erasing Harold Lloyd spectacles.

"Of course, it's worth the trouble," he told me in answer to my query. "'Cause you know what? Why the other night at a party I met Governor Lehman of New York. He'd been through the studio the day before and I asked him what sets he liked best. And you know what he said? He said, 'I don't remember any sets. There's only one thing I remember . . . can't seem to get it off my mind . . . the picture on your dressing-room door.' And what did I say? Well, I didn't want to sound too conceited, so I said, 'Funny thing, horror pictures always affect me like that, too.'"

"Gee," he said. "The blight in my life shows a tendency to self-portraits, too."

"Don't let it worry you honey," said Oakie. "All comics do! If Oakie doesn't look out for Oakie, then who else will?"

I thought I saw what he meant.

If the comic in your life didn't look out for himself—would you?

Tumbling to the Top

(Continued from page 47)

He then made "Hit of the Show," which was a big success, and his motion picture career was launched. His popularity has increased steadily and last year, for the third time, he was voted one of the ten biggest money-makers on the screen. That's not bad when you consider that some of your favorites are way down the line in box office appeal. Garbo, for instance, was forty-fourth last year.

But, according to the comedian, getting to the top is not nearly as difficult as staying there once you have arrived. A majority of ranking stars will agree with him that their worries on the way up were nothing compared to the responsibilities that come with fame.

It cannot be denied that there are many advantages. A star who can attract money to the box office can just about write his own ticket. In Joe's case, he has a salary that satisfies him and also everything he could think of written into his contract. Many things were put in for a laugh, but one paragraph stipulates that his manager may come into the studio to see him at any time. As it is well-known that his manager, Mike Levee, isn't on speaking terms with his employers, there was an obvious reason for that clause.

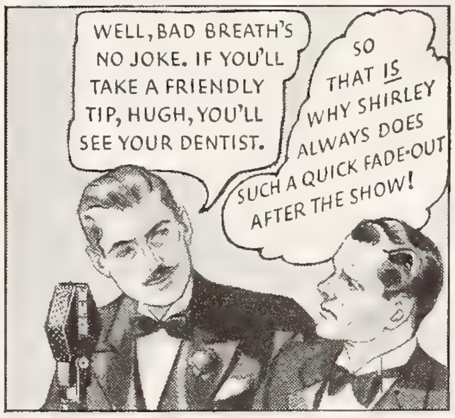
There are the advantages of a salary that permits you to live like a king; to own a string of race horses, if your tastes run that way; to sponsor athletics whenever they need a helping hand; to give liberally to charity; to do, in fact, almost anything you would like to do.

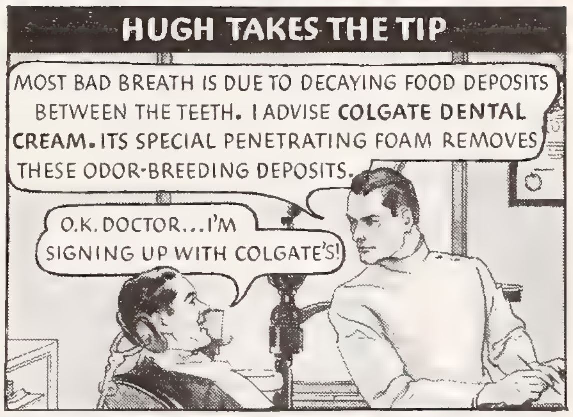
But where there is a large salary there are always taxes and regardless of the compensations of stardom there is always the worry for fear the new picture won't be a little better than the last one. "Just as good" pictures don't keep a star on top.

Joe E. Brown's recipe for keeping his place is to keep his fans laughing. "As long as I can keep on making them laugh, I'll be happy," he says. "People go to the theatre to escape problems and cares, not to weigh themselves down with new ones. They want to be amused and if I can do that, it's all I want."

Joe doesn't take himself too seriously. He doesn't think that life wouldn't go right on if he stopped making pictures tomorrow, although many of his admirers

IT WAS JUST A
Radio Romance-
UNTIL...
GOOD THING YOUR RADIO AUDIENCE CAN'T SEE HOW YOUR "SWEETHEART" TREATS YOU OFF THE AIR!
DON'T I KNOW IT! YOU'D THINK I HAD BAD BREATH OR SOMETHING!


WELL, BAD BREATH'S NO JOKE. IF YOU'LL TAKE A FRIENDLY TIP, HUGH, YOU'LL SEE YOUR DENTIST.
SO THAT IS WHY SHIRLEY ALWAYS DOES SUCH A QUICK FADE-OUT AFTER THE SHOW!


HUGH TAKES THE TIP
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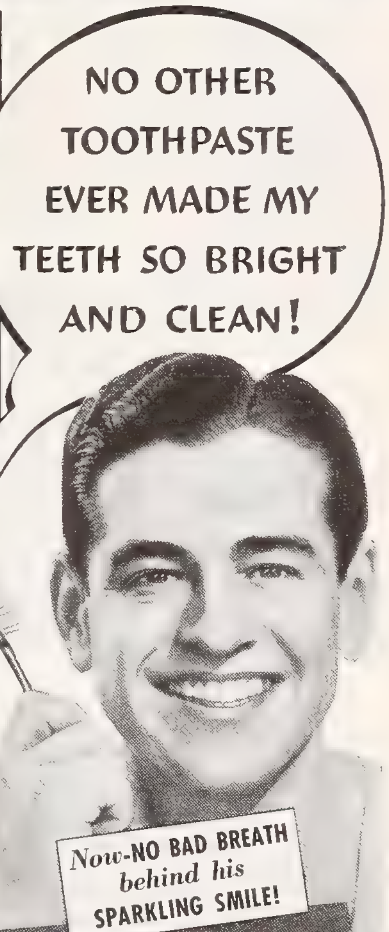
O.K. DOCTOR...I'M SIGNING UP WITH COLGATE'S!

AFTER THEIR NEXT BROADCAST
WHY DON'T YOU COME UP TO MY HOUSE TO REHEARSE NEXT WEEK'S SONGS, HUGH?
GOOD IDEA!
AND WHAT A GOOD IDEA THAT SWITCH TO COLGATE'S WAS!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Now-NO BAD BREATH behind his SPARKLING SMILE!

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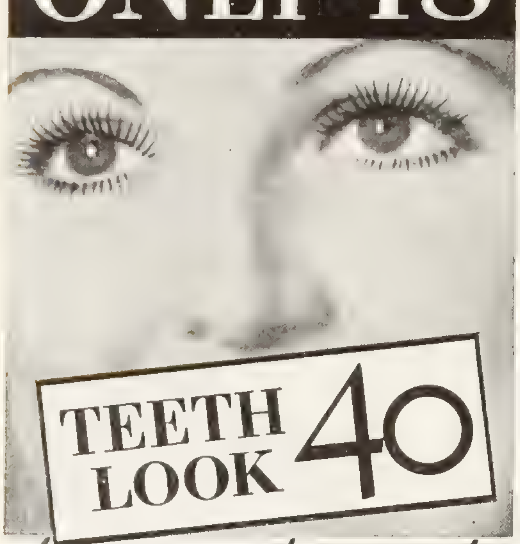

because she used a HALF WAY *tooth paste*

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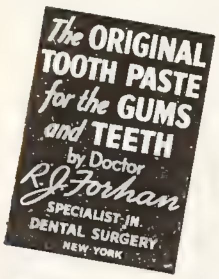
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disagree on that point. But he does believe that a comedian has a definite mission in life.

"It's serious business," he says, "working from nine to five trying to think of ways to amuse people."

Strictly speaking, Joe is a serious person. Occasionally he surprises the company, as he did one day when he made his appearance on the set walking on his hands. Again one day when he decided life was a little dull, he livened things up a bit by holding a lighted match under the canvas chair in which the director was sitting.

"Oh, we have lots of fun," he quips. "We took eighteen days to make a six-day bicycle race."

THE country bumpkin, which he usually plays in some form or other, was designed primarily to appeal to children, knowing, as Joe does, that if he makes Johnnie laugh, Johnnie's mother and father will laugh, too. He feels a great responsibility toward children.

"I've never had any dirt in one of my pictures," he says, "and I never will. A comedian who relies on dirt to get laughs isn't worthy of the name."

Apparently audiences agree with him, and especially mothers who, aware of his reputation for making clean pictures, send their children to the theatre without a worry when he is advertised as the attraction.

I happened on the set when he was making a song-and-dance number for "Sons O' Guns," and listened shamelessly when I overheard an argument.

"But, Joe, it would be funny," said Bobby Connolly, the dance director.

"Well, not funny enough," protested Joe.

Back and forth went the argument. Judging by the feeling displayed on both sides, I thought it could concern nothing less important than whether or not they should continue with the picture. Finally Joe gave in. "All right," he said, "but get me those mentholated ones." And I learned that the whole disagreement had been because Bobby wanted Joe to do a funny bit of business with a cigarette. He never smokes or drinks in a picture because he doesn't think it is a good example for young people.

It was with many misgivings that he decided to depart from his usual type of picture and make "Bright Lights" some months ago. In this picture he had a serious romance in addition to his usual comedy antics, and he was doubtful if his youthful admirers would accept him as a romantic figure. He knew that the greatest sin a star can commit is to become dull or old-fashioned; he knew he must keep his pictures up-to-date and he decided to take a chance.

He attended the preview of the picture fearfully. He sneaked into the theatre after the lights were out and sat in an obscure corner. When the time came for him to kiss his sweetheart (Ann Dvorak, remember?), he strongly considered crawling under the seat he was so sure he would hear some youngster yell, "Raspberries!"

Nothing like that happened. The children liked it; his other fans liked it and it was a hit on Broadway, where Joe E. Brown pictures had not been considered big money-makers. It marked another milestone in his career.

He's never the life of the party. In fact, he seldom attends parties, finding his greatest pleasure in his home and family.

"The only thing I have to sell is humor," he explains when asked to be funny at every public appearance. "I have to save it for my pictures."

But he never refuses to appear for a worthy charity, especially if that charity is for children.

"Aw, I try out my humor on them," he explains sheepishly. "If they laugh at my gags I know they'll do for a picture."

MOST of his public appearances are attending sports events, which he loves. He exercises constantly and instead of resting between pictures, plays baseball for recreation. He never has to diet, being slightly on the thin side, and his favorite drink is an ice-cream soda "with plenty of whipped cream."

From a window in his beautiful Beverly Hills home he can look over a huge lawn which contains flowers, tennis courts for the boys, slides and swings for the younger children.

"I get more kick out of all this than the kids do," he said thoughtfully, as the memory of his half-starved childhood flashed through his mind. "You can't fully appreciate having everything you want unless you've gone through long periods of not having anything you want."

In the house, where everything is designed for the comfort and happiness of every member of the family, he points with pride to a small soda fountain. He is its steadiest patron.

He reads everything—newspapers, fiction, biographies—but says his favorite book is the Bible. He is known as a man who always keeps his promises. Two years ago he took his wife to the Orient because he had promised her he would take her there on a honeymoon at the time of their marriage twenty years ago.

"A guy can't be a piker about his wedding trip forever," he quipped.

Friendly Divorces Are the Bunk

(*Continued from page 34*)

person who failed me. I refuse to go through with this ironic pretense for the sake of appearances. Whose appearances, for heaven's sake? I've put him out of my life, and I want him to stay put!' And the same applies for the men."

Bette pushed her hat off her forehead and warmed to her subject.

"Fine talk, fine theories!" we declared, fanning the flame. "But would you carry through, in a similiar spot?"

"Would I! Look—I never had a divorce and I never intend to get one, with any luck and the wind on our side. Barring an act of God or the public enemy, Ham is my husband for life. That was our intention when we married, and it remains so. But if anything happened to us—a long if—I would hate him doubly for having once been fond of him. He would have to let me down terribly, which I cannot imagine him doing, and it would disappoint me so bitterly, I wouldn't even want to hear his name again, as long as I lived.

"A divorce is no disgrace nor is a broken heart. But putting up a lying front to honest emotions, is.

"Why all the smoke screen? What is there to cover up? Two people have appeared in an open court for all the world to see, hear, and know that they wish to be rid of a hateful tie. The reasons advanced are devious and mainly puerile, but easily penetrated. So the public knows, beyond any question of doubt, exactly what they think of each other.

"So then, why the glad greeting when they meet? Whom are they impressing? The publicity is over—they couldn't escape it with the divorce, if they wanted to. I say *if*. They have taken a stand about each other—why not stick to it? What are they being brave about? The time to be brave was before the divorce—brave enough not to get it.

"Another thing. I do wish somebody would take a week off and define 'mental cruelty' for me. The other day I saw where a woman said it was mental cruelty because her husband called her 'a little squirt!' I thought to myself, 'Baby, you should hear some of the things *I've* been called. And for good and sufficient reason, too. Then that old jealousy line is one that never fails to get me down. The little woman lisps, 'Judge, he wouldn't even let me dance with other men.' The time for complaint, lady, is when he doesn't give a continental.

IN order to apply for a divorce, it seems only logical that you should have a real reason in the first place. In England, where they take these things a mite more seriously and give them some time and thought, you have to go into the English courts and tell all. It makes absolutely no difference whether you are Duchess, Lord, or bar-maid. You present reason and show proof, and go to it hammer and tongs, while a lot of profound gentlemen in long black robes and curled wigs sit in judgment—and tolerate no nonsense on the subject.

"Probably it makes the English deliberate a while before they get around to it, and so a lot of them never do divorce. The persons who want to be divorced badly enough to go through this ordeal seem to go right on living afterwards even though most of their private linen has been aired. There is a place where gallantry ceases to be gallant, and it strikes me that when a person whom you have taken in sacred matrimony is messing up your life sufficiently to make you wish to cancel your vows, gallantry is as superfluous as a third leg.

"It is definitely sadistic to expect a new wife or husband to accept the old one as a member of the family. At least it is decadent and contrary to the laws of Nature, and an awful strain on somebody, no matter how noble a front they may put up.

"Of course, in a small town like Hollywood, ex's are always running into each other. And no matter how horrible the divorce was, at the time, no doubt they have to adopt some protective measure or coloration or whatever. Nobody wants public scenes or a frantic scrambling of one out of the back door as the other enters the front. They can be civil, if necessary, but this new intimacy is nauseating!

"It is really terrible when there are children. I feel so strongly about divorce because my mother and father were divorced when I was ten; they hated each other then and they still do. If they had striven to keep up a pretty-pretty front for my sister and me, I couldn't have had the least respect for them. My reasoning would be: if you can do that much, then why did you have to go to the extreme length of breaking up our family and getting divorced at all?

"Out here in Hollywood a lot of angles enter, which do not apply to the rest of the world. Two persons with screen careers, married, wish to part. They feel, or are persuaded, that they must 'keep it clean' for the sake of the other person's career. But you find careers beginning to slip just as often after a 'clean' divorce, a frank divorce—or any divorce at all. Especially among those who have been married over five years. People grow to be dependent upon each other in ways they do not realize until they are separated." Bette paused, and we thought of a dozen illustrations to this point, but silently.

"You know, honestly, I used to have the weirdest ideas about marriage. I thought in order to be a good wife you were expected to be dull. That antagonized me, so I tried going to the other extreme. The first two years I was married, Ham was away in the East most of the time. So I dashed about merrily and threw the challenge in their teeth. I, a dull, stodgy, stay-at-home Frau? Never! I thought it was terribly smart to show up some place with four men, to give the gossips a good run for their money.

"Then Ham came out, and one day he remarked in that slow, sensible New England way of his, 'If you ever stop to realize marriage is marriage, you'll be a lot happier.'

"You see, I thought marriage was giving up your rights. Now I know it isn't. It's getting 'em!

"Of course, no woman on earth is so difficult to live with as an actress—or any independent woman. Men have developed almost an entirely new approach to cope with them. Personally, I think the old one is still the best: the one who assumes man is the head of the household and woman is a weak, helpless creature who is better off with her neck under the conquering foot. She is, too, a darn sight.

WE are brought up to be self-sufficient and independent—then we have to do an about-face and let a man run us. And believe me, any woman who doesn't is a fool. No woman with any brains at all allows her man to think he is other than complete master of his household.

"When I get uppity, Ham calls me 'Queen Bess.' That fixes that.

"The other night I overheard Ham and his sister, who is visiting us, in a discussion of marriage and divorce. Ham said, 'Marriage is completely up to a woman. She is never a success at it unless she has lots of give-inny.'

"And after you've put in eight years of give-inny with one man, will you please tell me how you can go into a public court-room admitting you were a failure, or he was a failure—then turn around and go to a theatre opening with him that same night?

"But you can never tell. Maybe I'll turn yellow and do the same thing, should I ever be faced with it." Bette thought it over. "But I don't think so."

She pushed down her hat, pulled on her coat, of some nondescript fur, and started home.

"What, no mink?" said I.

"Nope, no mink," said Bette. "My idea of a failure is a woman whose idea of success is a mink coat—even if she has to buy it for herself. My husband can't afford one."

It gave me added pleasure to state that the best young actress in Hollywood does not own a mink coat, but did win the Academy Award.

Which has nothing to do with the story except to give you a further idea of the one actress in Hollywood who does not play run-sheep-run. The only one who has the courage and confidence of her convictions to come right out and say what none of the pseudo-sophisticates have had the intestinal fortitude to say that she is bored with the absurd "We're Still Friends" pretenders, sees through them with disarming clarity and feels terribly sorry for them.

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Unmasking Myrna Loy

(*Continued from page 43*)

sings my favorite song, 'Paris in Spring.'"

Noticing the question in my eyes, she laughed.

"No," she answered, "Paris has no special sentimental meaning for me—and I've never been there in the spring. What I saw of Paris was mostly at night, in late summer. And most of it all in one night, when the late Prince Alexis Mdivani escorted me and some friends to every unusual and bizarre night spot in Montparnasse and Montmartre. They were all places I'd never heard of. He raced us about till dawn, which we watched from the hill of the Sacre Coeur—in that ill-fated, specially-built car that was later to carry him to his death.

Speaking of sensational surprises—I've never had as many as I had that one purple-patched night, except perhaps, at my first bullfight!" This from our little stay-at-home Loy!

IS it a surprise to you, gentle reader, that Myrna goes in for bullfights? So much so that anything which reminds her of them sends her into an ecstasy. The day I lunched with her in her very perky dressing-room (white and chartreuse and blue it is, with brief offsetting tones of magenta in the flowers and in the colored prints on the walls), she was having one of those mild ecstasies over a new bonnet. It was an audacious bit of cerise velvet, like a round bun, with an impetuous orchid velvet pompom on each side—a matador's hat.

"I like it most," she said, surveying herself in the full-length mirror, "because it reminds me of my first bullfight.

"It was in a little hill town near San Sebastian, Spain—and I was very squeamish. I'd read Hemingway and convinced myself that to be a smart cosmopolite, one had to see at least one bullfight. So, armed with ammonia tablets and aspirin, I trailed after the kind friends who were going to give me the thrill of a lifetime.

"They *did*. And that's what's convinced me that I must be something of a sensationalist—although all those stories I'd read about myself in fan magazines had nearly hypnotized me into believing that I must be a very subdued and shrinking violet. Just interested in my work and my porcelain, my pewter, my books and my music. A quiet home girl!" The brows over those green eyes, with their Oriental slant, lifted ever so slightly.

At that moment our lunch arrived. While she ate a healthy portion of chicken a la king, peas, rye bread toast and coffee, Myrna continued to extol the skin-prickling virtues of the greatest of all sports—a bullfight.

"The spectators must have thought me mentally unbalanced. At each gesture of the matador, each furl of the cloak a little closer to the bull, I let out a blood-curdling shriek and reached for my bottle of ammonia tablets."

"Were there any horses?" I asked tremulously, beginning to feel a little chartreuse around the gills.

"There were," she said, "pitiful, scrawny things. It was when the bull charged at them that I couldn't bear to look. But I discovered something I'd never known before. Critics of bullfights are unjust when they say that the use of horses is meaningless cruelty. The horses are necessary because only a man on horseback, a picador, can strike at the bull in his vital spot, the neck. It's these thrusts with the small pic (or spear) of the picador which weakens the neck of the bull."

"And if he misses?" I gulped a glass of water quickly.

The sensationalist across the table smiled brightly.

"I'll admit it's a gory subject to discuss at lunch but if you've ever seen a real bullfight, you'd understand when I say that it's the most dangerous and romantic of all sports. Even though I nearly passed out of the picture when the first bull charged.

"And those bullfighters!" Her eyes had a distant look. "They're far more glamorous than film stars. When they move it's like a dance. Truly marvelous! I missed my opportunity to meet the current hero, and now I'm sorry I did."

"So the lady has gone back on the romantic prizefighter!" I teased.

SHE laughed a very Loy-ish laugh. "If you're referring to that picture 'The Prizefighter and the Lady' in which I played with Max Baer, I shall have to disillusion you. That particular fascination, attributed to famous prizefighters, has never made me want to do foolish or reckless things. Perhaps, because during the filming of my picture with the great Maxie, he adopted me as a big sister. I was his confidante. He came to me with the tales of all his heartaches and heart throbs. I suppose being a big sister takes the romantic edge off things."

She mused. "Maxie's really an unsophisticated baby at heart. When he drops that armor of cocksureness and naïve boasting, he's as unprotected against life as a . . . as a . . . " she searched for the right word, ". . . as a white rabbit!"

"Max once told me that he hated to fight because he was so mortally afraid of dealing a knockout blow and killing a man. When he was a little boy, he said he used to run away when another boy tried to start a fight with him. They called him a coward, and he let it go at that rather than use his fists. Because he was afraid of his own strength. When he hit, he knew he'd hit so hard that he didn't dare face the consequences.

"And to think that he had to give up so easily in that fight with Joe Louis! I wanted to shut off the radio when the report started coming over the air. It made my heart ache for him. Yes, I suspect that Maxie does need a 'big sister' or mother to lean on when things begin to get tough!"

To those of you who have been picturing Myrna as cool, remote and not overburdened with sentimental feeling, this last remark of hers might come as something of a surprise. Myrna has a heart after all—and a good-sized one!

Speaking of surprises, one of Myrna's greatest was to discover that she had English fans. Rather violent, too, in their demonstration of affection. As it happened, her first taste of the Old World was in an unbelievable, centuries-old, miniature house, "Thyme Cottage," in Sussex—she was the guest of Sir Guy Bolton. Here she fondly believed she was living incognito, even though her first day brought forth an invitation to tea with an unknown Earl and his Lady who lived in the ancestral castle on the hill, an invitation delivered by the traditional footman in knee breeches. But surely no one among the hundred smocked villagers in

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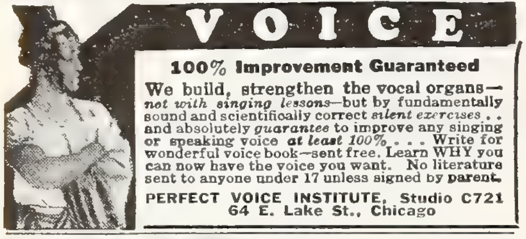
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that strange little hamlet with its thatched roofs and its doorways, so low that you had to stoop almost double to enter the house, would recognize a screen star!

Then one fine summer morning a battalion of reporters and an army of fans descended like a swarm of hungry locusts on the idyllic peace of the Sussex Downs. They nearly tore down the tiny cottage to get at "Miss Loy."

"I always had thought that English people were very reserved; never showed any demonstration of emotion about anything," said Myrna. "Then to have them following me everywhere on those funny bicycles, hanging on to the sides of my car in the thickest traffic (they actually followed me back to London)! I was terrified every moment that they would be knocked off and killed! It seemed so strange—this adulation of theirs—because no one ever recognizes me in America."

Which is true. This girl with the sleek figure, the slant green eyes and her expression of aristocratic almost-disdain manages to get about unmolested by her ardent American fans and without benefit of dark glasses. Also, she manages her private life about as cleverly and discreetly as any ordinary citizen. Which is one reason why she's perpetually amused by the opinions people harbor about her.

The following story is a typical example. Not so long ago Myrna attended a Hollywood cocktail party, and was somewhat confused and disturbed to find two strange men hovering near her, wherever she moved in her host's drawing-room.

"I wondered whether I was being shadowed, and for what reason," she said, relating the incident. "I noticed that they observed me very closely, especially every time the cocktails were passed. Naturally, I grew more nervous every moment.

"Suddenly, one of the men addressed me in a tone of deep disappointment: 'What a frost you've turned out to be, Miss Loy! Why, everybody's been telling us that you were really like the "Thin Man's" wife! But the "Thin Man's" wife knew how to drink. We've been watching you all afternoon now, and you've had only two cocktails. Why you're just an amateur!'"

How that Myrna Loy goes around fooling people.

Picnics Are Fun!

(*Continued from page 13*)

Salad for you, if you would like to have it.)

"No picnic worthy of the name would be complete without hard-boiled eggs, either," continued petite Miss Parker. "But I've always thought plain hard-cooked eggs a bit dull, especially if you forget to bring the salt! And the usual halved and stuffed eggs are so hard to pack, don't you think?"

"Indeed I do," I replied. "I can remember, when I was a kid, wrapping countless dozens of stuffed eggs in waxed paper but I can't recall a single one ever getting to our destination in its original condition!"

"I think I have a grand solution for this," Jean assured me brightly and then went on to outline her idea while I copied down her suggestions with speed and pleasure. You'll find a careful and easy-to-follow description of her method as well as her filling for making Savory Stuffed Eggs in this month's recipe leaflet. And you can get one of these leaflets, of course, just by sending in for it. It's as free as the air you'll breathe on your very next excursion to the country.

There are two other recipes in the Jean Parker leaflet that you will also want to have. These give you directions for making Special Pound Cake and Pack-Well Cookies. No picnic is complete without at least one sweet, you know, and Jean thinks this particular cake and these chewy, butterscotch-flavored cooky-squares are ideal for such occasions.

"I heartily disapprove of fancy pastries or sticky, runny frostings for picnics, they just don't stand heat or packing," she declared emphatically. "But you really should have something with you to satisfy the old sweet-tooth that we all possess, especially on picnics! Fruits and crackers are a big help in that direction, but the picnic hostess who supplies a real home-made sweet is going to find that her catering reputation has risen to the skies!"

Well, gals, here's your chance to prove the truth of Jean Parker's statement by planning to have the same foods she suggests on your very next picnic. Just send in the coupon (pasting it on a penny postal will do the trick), and I promise you some swell recipes by return mail! Even if you are not the picnic type . . . if you hate the great outdoors . . . loathe the woods . . . detest the sand and echo the thoughts about the ocean expressed in Fred Astaire's song, "The Atlantic isn't romantic and the Pacific isn't terrific," nevertheless here's your chance to learn about some easy summer dishes. Why not get some fun out of eating (even if it is hot!) by trying out something new? Why not add novelty to the dinner hour by serving your meal "picnic style"—with a paper cloth, paper napkins, paper plates and even paper cups and forks?

An especially nice feature about the Hostess Recipes this month is that all the foods can be prepared well in advance. Your Jean Parker supper would include Ham Loaf with Combination Potato Salad and Savory Stuffed Eggs, followed by Special Pound Cake or Pack-Well Cookies, or both! Add a beverage, make plain or fancy sandwiches, and I guarantee that such a meal would be a picnic wherever it was eaten!

And now there's just room enough left to give you honest-to-goodness outdoor folks some picnic pointers and packing suggestions of my own.

There seems to be a growing interest in having a hot food on a day's outing of late. This has been brought about, no doubt, by the many state camping sites with their facilities for camp cooking. Thus, having once discovered how good a sizzling piece of bacon or charcoal-broiled steak tastes on such occasions, many people now tote along a frying pan and even one of the new camp stoves which are sold in chain stores for less-than-you-would-think. When it comes to supplies for actual cooking, here is where you will find that canned goods provide the most easily transported treats. The list of possibilities would include cooking oil (which does not scorch as easily over an open fire), corned beef hash, canned fish chowders, canned soups, spaghetti, baked beans and chili concarne, to name only a few. Even the baby can go on a picnic these days and be assured of a balanced, digestible meal because you can take along

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Here are a few suggestions that will surely help in transporting your meal to your destination in fine condition and in eating it with a certain degree of comfort. First check your supplies carefully. Be sure you have the prepared mustard, lump sugar and container of salt and pepper combined. (Easy on the pepper, however, some people don't like it!) Have plenty of paper plates, cups, napkins, forks and spoons. Don't make the mistake of planning on only one of each for each person. It won't begin to be enough! Be sure you have a can opener and an anchor bottle opener. Be equally certain that you have a good, sharp knife. Take along at least one long-handled fork if you are doing any camp cooking. The old "forked stick" idea may be rustic but it isn't nearly as practical. Take along fruits that have a protecting outer skin, such as oranges and bananas. They peel easily and don't require washing.

ADD vegetable parchment to your picnic packing equipment. By using this splendid insoluble paper you can take along a whole head of lettuce or a really moist, mixed salad with plenty of dressing on it, with no fear of having it leak all over the rest of the things. It's splendid for wrapping butter and also makes for a lot lighter picnic basket if you use it for pickles and olives instead of leaving them in their original glass containers. Take along an extra sheet of parchment paper to use as a tablecloth, too. Then when you are through with it as a cloth you can moisten it and use it to wipe off cutlery, bottles and even sticky hands! Ideal also for wrapping wet bathing suits. So you see parchment paper is a picnic "must."

There just doesn't seem to be the space, here, to go into the fascinating subject of sandwiches except to suggest that you look at the picture at the beginning of this article because it illustrates the three types of sandwiches which you should know about. The first is the hearty type of sandwich which does not have the crust removed and which goes in for meats and other sturdy fillings between generously thick slices of bread. The second is the thinner, daintier sandwich which is more likely to appeal to the womenfolk on the picnic. (The children will think it's "sissy"!) It is advisable to make these with bread that you slice yourself instead of buying the ready sliced loaves. The third type of sandwich is the fancy variety which deserves the attention only of stay-at-home picnickers. Admittedly, "pinwheels," "cornucopias," "loaf" and "ribbon" sandwiches make an appetizing display, but don't try to pack them.

With these suggestions and Jean Parker's recipes you ought to be able to go in for "bigger and better picnics" this summer. And remember, picnics or no picnics, you'll enjoy the Combination Potato Salad, Savory Stuffed Eggs, Picnic Ham Loaf, Special Pound Cake and Pack-Well Cookies that the following coupon will bring you, post haste, and absolutely free!

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Alas, She's the Type!

(*Continued from page 41*)

said that Anita didn't actually say, "Oh, gosh!" What she did say wasn't very bad, but right along in the spirit of her studio, we're gonna keep on making her out to be a little golden princess. You know, it sort of gets to be a habit.

"I know the theatre. Lots about it. You see, I've worked for fourteen years—ever since I've been five," remarked little Miss L., "which has been a heck of a long time. I played in the Broadway production of 'Peter Ibbetson' as my first theatrical venture, with John Barrymore taking the title role. He must have been magnificent in it, but I was scared as the devil of his booming voice. You see, I was Mimsey-as-a-child and I can imagine Mr. Barrymore could have done very well without Mimsey-as-a-child. Perhaps he wasn't wrong either, although to be fair, the critics favorably mentioned itsy-bitsy Mimsey."

Miss Louise evidently regards some of her childhood performances with slight dismay. You see, she's long on candor and short on praise of herself. She rated almost any role for which she tried out in those very youthful days of her career, for she had the face of an angel and a disposition to go with it. Even as a young student at the Professional Children's School near Broadway, Anita was always at the head of the class in lessons and deportment, which was a bit discouraging to young Tom Brown who sat a couple of seats behind her and was never able to "catch up."

Later in life Mr. Brown attempted to catch up sentimentally, but Miss Louise still proved to be as elusive as were her excellent marks in the not so long ago, which has this same Tom pretty disconsolate at this writing. In fact the story goes, that one reason Anita's mother took her to Europe recently was to get her away from quite another pursuing male, who was said to be "not the type for an ingenue," nor for that matter, sophisticate either. However, if Anita was blue about the prospective long separation, she didn't show it. And she didn't shy at the marriage questions either.

I WANT to be married," she said quite frankly. "Of course, I'm not on the lookout especially, but if someone comes along who is right; well, I wouldn't hesitate a moment. He's merely got to be honest and square and ambitious. That's not asking much, is it? No big star, no banker, no anyone who is 'in the money.' That stuff doesn't make you happy.

"Mother and I just have a little house, a little car and a little dog named Wee Thistle, who, by the way, can play Juliet.

"Yep, we say, Thistle you're an actress.

And Thistle runs up the stairs, pokes her head through the bannister, sticks her paws out and barks very softly. That's the balcony scene, in case you're slow at grasping things. But, to get back to men, I can be happy on very little worldly goods for I've often had to do it. I don't have much fear of the future.

"As a matter of fact, I have only one fear," continued Anita, "and that is when anyone puts his hands on my neck. When I was a kid, I got caught in a revolving door and if I hadn't been wearing a thick, muskrat collar, I'd have been strangled. Even today, I can't put a dress on over my head. Always have to step into it and pull it up.

"So you can imagine poor Claude Rains' chagrin when he pretended to choke me during a scene in 'Anthony Adverse' and I let out a war whoop that could be heard all over the studio, and then fell trembling into a real St. Vitus Dance routine. Gosh, the poor man almost died. But, after the shakes left, I explained, and I hope he feels that there is a limit to 'realism in art' now."

Anita is not superstitious, but she admits she owns a good luck charm. It is a hat ornament made from the tuft of a gemser.

"And," she added hastily, "in case you don't know what a gemser is, it's a member of the reindeer family—say third or fourth cousin or sumpin'—living in the Alps. I wore the ornament on a hat when I landed a job I didn't expect to get, and since then I have a very special feeling for it.

INCIDENTALLY, I don't worry about getting the roles I set my heart on as much as I used to. I guess I've turned philosopher or something. Wasn't it a smart man who once said, in very flowery language, of course, 'Be careful what you want, you'll get it'? Well, that happened to me twice. I had bent every effort, pulled every string, to land two parts—at different times, of course. Well, I got them. And when the pictures were released, the coveted roles just didn't mean a thing.

"I believe that you should work like mad for what you want and speak up for it—not in the prissy, school-girl manner in which I *used* to—and then if you don't get it, forget it. It just wasn't to be. No, I'm not trying to be a fatalist—merely to be sensible."

And that's the keynote to the Louise character. Good sense. She's a trouper, too. Having been acting for fourteen years, she's "professional," as Ina Claire would say. In other words, she can take it on the chin—the disappointment and hard knocks, of which her profession boasts more than any other career in the world. For, all that glitters is not glamor. It is apt to be just a big Cooper Hewitt light, which makes a painted backdrop look like real English countryside to the gentleman who has just paid his quarter at the box office to see it.

Anita Louise isn't complaining, for she knows her chance for what Merton of the Movies called "bigger and better things" will eventually come. She's convinced, however, that somebody will suddenly have to drop out of a cast in order to permit opportunity to knock at her door, for she doesn't think that the studio will ever allow anyone who *looks* like she does, *act* like she wants to.

BETWEEN YOU AND ME
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9 out of 10 girls should make this "Armhole Odor" Test

Tonight, when you take off your dress, smell the fabric at the armhole—that is the way you smell to others!

THE most scrupulous care cannot protect you, charming as you are, from the daily unpleasantness of perspiration odor *if you deodorize only*. You can test it quite easily for yourself tonight. When you take off your dress, simply smell the fabric under the arm.

If you have been deodorizing only, the chances are 9 out of 10 that you'll discover a musty, stale "armhole odor" in your dress. That odor is what other people notice when you are near them!

It is easy to explain. Unless you keep your underarm *dry*, as well as sweet, it is inevitable that some perspiration will collect and dry on the armhole of your dress.

This need happen only once, yet every time you put that dress on, the warmth of your body will bring out the odor of stale perspiration. Fastidiously fresh though *you* are, that unpleasant "armhole odor" gives the impression of unforgivable carelessness!

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Women who seriously value their charm willingly spend the few extra moments required to use Liquid Odorono, because it is *sure*. With Odorono, your underarm is not only odorless, but absolutely dry. Your dresses will never collect those little drops of moisture which can undo all the other measures you take for flawless loveliness.

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Sunning or Swimming?

(*Continued from page 57*)

some other very good active sports fashions for you which represent different phases of the sports picture as worn by your Hollywood favorites. These are illustrated on pages 56 to 58. Look at them closely, for they are the sort of sports clothes you will want to wear and will be able to find in your own shops—variations of these, of course.

STILL on the tennis theme, there's Claire Trevor's version of the popular tennis shorts costume. Hers is red and white polka dotted cotton, made very much like a child's play suit and in one piece. The blouse has a white yoke extending down each brief sleeve like a stripe. Tucks just below the bust give a high-waisted suggestion and a round monogram is a smart detail. The shorts are box pleated to give plenty of room for active play. White and red buckskin for her shoes and white socks.

Anita Louise gives you a less strenuous view of the shorts and shirt situation! In fact, she's the picture of summer ease, posed in her garden with a soda clutched in one hand. Her shorts are without fullness and are made of pale blue sharkskin—a gaily printed linen blouse forms the topper.

Madge Evans likes slacks or pajamas. She wears a very simple, man-tailored pair of slacks in a waffle weave knit and a trim white shirt. This particular slacks costume, Madge told me, is made by the same well-known firm that turns out her swim suits. They come in all sorts of colors.

Maureen O'Sullivan likes her beach clothes to look both feminine and colorful. That's why she likes a beach dress best of all—and you can't blame her when the effect of the one she is pictured wearing is so swell. Starched navy blue organdy, specially processed to be waterproof, is made with a voluminous skirt. A bright red zipper with a sea horse for its ornament is matched in color by a wide patent leather belt. There's nothing but a brim and braided band to the daffy red straw beach hat, giving the sun a good whack at Maureen's dark pate. That hobo bandana bag is a trick all of you can copy with any good bandana 'kerchief you have handy. All you do is to knot the top and sling it over your arm or a walking stick with all your beach gadgets packed inside. Under Maureen's dress is a skin-tight, one-piece navy satin suit. And red and white linen with blue kid for the beach shoes. Slick beach ensemble, isn't it?

You, who like a bathing outfit that combines both the practical with the decorative, must look at June Lang's attractive printed tie silk affair. It is made in three pieces, yellow with a bright red figure. The top is a very modest "bra" with halter neck—jersey lined matching shorts combine with this for active swimming. But for sunning, the trick beach skirt, which wraps around and ties, makes it a complete ensemble. This skirt is often worn as a cape, too, and is perfect for anyone who doesn't care to tan.

June also is one of the many Hollywood culotte fans. These new divided skirt costumes are running the shorts and slacks a close race for general sports popularity. Since cycling has become such a rage all over the country, the culotte has taken a big spurt in smart acceptance and is being shown in the stores in all fabrics, from cottons to the thin jersey which makes this navy blue one of June's. Culottes are seen both in one-piece and two-piece versions. June's is two-piece with the top a simple polo shirt. The sash and scarf of white wool embroidered in navy dots gives a nice accent. Be sure to notice her sandals, which are made of white ribbed pique with navy lacings and cork soles.

Bette Davis wears a smart bathing costume in "The Golden Arrow." The suit looks like a short dress and is made of a smart dark background print. The neckline is deep and square. Over this goes a print wrap lined in white toweling. For a cap Betty ties a bandana of the matching print over a rubber diving cap.

HOWEVER, you, who take your swimming and diving seriously, will not trifle with the dressmaker style of suits. You will want a workman-like knitted suit designed for strenuous water activities. The nationally advertised swim suits are just what you want and they offer you an amazing variety of unusual styles, weaves and colors. I have selected several this month that are the pet styles of some of Hollywood's best swimmers.

Rosalind Keith's trim suit on page 58 is a perfect Jekyl and Hyde arrangement. It can be worn with the square neck and laced-up "bra" bodice, as photographed, or the bodice may be unlaced to give a deep V neckline. Still another dodge is to unfasten the contrasting crocheted straps at back and make a halter neck effect. Tricky, what? The concealed brassiere construction is simply slick, because it gives you the perfect sort of figure control without any extra garments beneath. This suit has a smart, closely woven texture and comes in stunning colors.

A clever version of the "bra" and shorts type of suit is the novelty knit worn by a young Hollywood extra. The brassiere top has an extension at front which fastens to the tightly fitted short pants. A halter strap is made of contrasting cord held by star buttons and the shorts are belted with the same cord. This is a grand style for the girl with a slender, youthful figure.

For the girl or woman who needs a slightly less figure revealing style, Betty Furness' suit is the answer. It has a brief skirt over the under trunks, but gives the appearance of a one-piece. The gay check design is very new and the straps tying in bows above the brassiere bodice are nice details. All these suits have the deep sun-tan back design. Notice Betty's bathing shoes—they're a fishnet and cork combination with Ghillie lacings.

Carol Hughes wears a good looking and snug fitting dusty pink and brown suit. Like Betty, she likes a short skirt style and the uplift brassiere top is given a slight accent with tucks. The square neckline is stressed smartly by the color contrast of the straps and lacing. You'll notice that her beach shoes are the same as Betty's—these are great favorites with all the stars.

All these suits are featured in your shops and stores all over the country and in many more designs besides. Knitted suits have achieved the tops in excellent design this season, because they not only give you the newest styles and textures but they are made to set each type of figure off to the best advantage.

When I come across a perfectly swell gadget that simplifies dressing, I have to pass it on to you. My latest discovery is a pair of metal shoulder strap holders. Why some smart person didn't think of them long ago is more than I can fathom, because they eliminate all that tedious business of sewing fabric straps into every garment you buy.

These holders, of a fine metal, sew into the shoulder seams of your costume and have a cleverly designed loop with a little opening through which you pass your lingerie straps. They look very much like the eye half of a hook and the loop is the width of an average lingerie strap. They're entirely rust-proof, so that you can leave them attached to all your washable summer dresses when they go to the laundry. These tricky gadgets come in nickel, gold or black finish and can be bought in two sizes.

And now for a treat; if you will fill in the coupon below, I will send you a pair of these new metal shoulder strap holders as a gift. Once you have a pair you will go out to your local shop or store and buy them by the dozen.

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Please send me, free of charge, a sample pair of metal shoulder strap holders.

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Those Good Luck Pals

(Continued from page 37)

taking a flat together with two other fellows from the old crowd, Josh Logan—now a stage director—and Myron McCormick. Hank was the one who found the flat, a block off Central Park on 63rd Street and surprisingly cheap. Later they discovered why . . .

"When we moved in," Jim explained, "two of us weren't working and the other two averaged about a nickel a day. So we ate home a lot. Hank did the cooking, he's good at it. Mexican rice and meat balls was the famous dish—not much money and it fills you up. I couldn't coax an egg to fry, so it was up to me to do the dishes. Once we gave a 'dinner party.' (We were in the money that night. Had twenty dollars between us.) About thirty ex-Falmouth players gathered around, and Hank and I went and bought out the Five-and-Ten. Afterwards we didn't know what to do with all the dirty plates. Towards the end of our stay, the cooking department dwindled down to a big bowl of milk toast every night. It was easy to make and easy to wash the bowl . . ."

THERE was another big celebration the night both Jim and Hank got parts in "All Good Americans." It was Hank's first featured role on Broadway after eight years of plugging. Jim himself was more or less atmospheric in the part of a banjo player, and with his salary he made a down payment on an accordion. "That," he says in that laconic drawl of his which would keep an undertaker chuckling, "is the kind of banjo player I was."

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In the midst of the celebration that night, the accordion going full blast, there was a pounding on the door. "The landlord!" said Hank. But it wasn't. It was a pasty-faced individual with a red smear on his shirt sleeve. He had, he told them, fallen and cut himself. Did they have any iodine? They did. But he refused to let them help fix the arm. Instead he took the bottle and disappeared. Even at that they didn't tumble.

It wasn't until they had lived in the flat seven months that they learned they were in the center of the most notorious gang in New York.

One morning they read that a front-page gunman had been killed on their doorstep an hour before they got home the night before. "Gosh," said Hank, "we'll have to get home earlier!" The boys went into a huddle. It was time, they decided, to move out to the summer stock companies for their health.

In the fall things happened. Not bullets, but billings. Jim opened with Judith Anderson in "Divided by Three" and two weeks later Hank blazed spectacularly across Broadway in "The Farmer Takes a Wife." To occupy their own time between shows they bought the most involved airplane model they could find, with retractable landing gear, machine guns, everything. Often they stayed up until dawn working on the drat' thing, then they had to step around the pieces to get to bed. It was almost complete when Hank signed a contract to appear opposite Janet Gaynor in the screen version of "The Farmer Takes a Wife" and left for Hollywood.

That was in February. By May M-G-M had annexed Jimmy Stewart. Hank let out a howl of glee and wired, "Don't forget to bring the airplane with you, mug."

Tenderly Jimmy carted the thing (wing spread, three feet) to his family abode in Pennsylvania. He stayed there long enough to make a traveling box for it in the shape of a T and painted it black. Passengers on the west-bound train took one look at it and edged sharply away. Tsk, tsk, these gangsters were getting bolder every day!

In the station at Pasadena Jimmy pushed the box into Hank's arms. "You carry it for a while," he suggested. An hour later they were trying the plane out in the front yard of a majestic Hollywood apartment building. It swooped. It curved. Before they could count four it crashed in a hundred pieces.

"So much for the law of gravity," said Hank gravely and he went in to unpack Jim's ties. He'd been missing that blue one!

As a matter of fact, they're both born aviators. They have that sense of balance and quick timing so essential to cloud hurdling. Hank had already started flying lessons over at the Glendale airport and Jim followed suit. The sky's the limit with a pair like that.

"It was pretty fine, having Hank out here first so he could show me the Hollywood ropes," Jim tells you. "He's done more for me than any other person on earth."

And Fonda says simply, "I wouldn't be able to live out here except for him."

JIM is his balance wheel, a steadying influence in the slightly cock-eyed world of Hollywood. Somehow they've managed to form a humorously sane little circle that's quite apart from the jamboree side of the movies. It's made up mostly of former University Players and the old Falmouth crowd. Almost any Sunday you can discover them at the "ranch" the boys have rented. It's a Holmby Hills estate done in Mexican style with a rambling adobe house, tennis and badminton courts, pingpong tables, twelve cats, two dogs and a monkey cage filled with eight finches. The cats were there when they came—seven had just been born in a flower pot. The two dogs, "Boy," a Scotty, and "Son," a police dog, were the reasons they moved to the "ranch." Son, abetted by Boy, had ruined all the furniture in the apartment. "It was either a case of buying the apartment or moving," observes Jim, "so we moved."

Cassie's dinners are really what keeps them home nights. On Thursday, her day off, Hank gets a waffle supper. "Not," explains young Mr. Stewart, "that I can give him much credit for that. His sister sent him a waffle iron that does everything but speak and he uses a prepared batter!" Sometimes they go to the roller-skating rink afterwards, but more often they go to a movie. They're ardent movie fans. Hank has a 16 mm. color camera and he's writing and directing a picture in which Jim plays all the parts. First you see him as a Mexican bandit, then as the kind-hearted peon; you see his reactions to himself being shot by himself while shaving. Jim Stewart is probably the only man who ever played sixteen parts in a movie and got away with it! But then, Hank calls him a "natural" as an actor.

From the start Fonda has swept on from one success to another. "Way Down East," "I Dream Too Much," "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." It seemed kind of snorty that as good an actor as Jim should go on playing minor roles. Then Hank saw a chance to do something about it.

IN the Vendome one day, while he was lunching with his manager, Leland Hayward, he saw a slim, very attractive girl come in. The girl who had once been his wife, whom he had worshipped in the way only men of the Fonda type can. Jim had been his mainstay during the stagnant weeks following the announcement of their divorce three years previously. Well, here was where he could do something for Jim. He sauntered over to her table. "Hello, Sullavan." Margaret Sullavan looked up, smiled. "Hello, Hank! Too bad that contract of yours couldn't be rearranged so we could play together in this next picture. The studio's looking all over for someone."

"That's what I wanted to see you about," said Hank. And he "sold" Jim for the role that made him famous in "Next Time We Love."

Afterwards Hank did play opposite Sullavan, as he calls her, in "The Moon's Our Home." Now they're saying the romance is on again. Margaret is divorced from her second husband, William Wyler, and it isn't an unusual sight to see her at the "ranch" playing tennis and staying on for waffles. Hank seems happier now than at any time since he's been in pictures.

"Changed? Yes, of course he's changed since he came here," Jim Stewart drawled slowly. "He's more mature. Has more responsibility, yet he's more relaxed. He was sort of a kid when he arrived. You wouldn't call him that now. He's grown, but not in the Hollywood way. Hank is just as natural as ever!"

And over at the Walter Wanger studio where we cornered Hank, he grinned widely. "People have to be pretty normal to get along together as long as Jim and I have. Maybe we keep each other kind of down-to-earth."

Maybe they do. . . .

From Gangster to Model Citizen

(*Continued from page 50*)

in Connecticut and they write her the most peculiar letters marked 'personal' and 'private' about me. They ask her if I am as tough in real life as I am on the screen. Am I brutal with her and all that sort of thing."

"And are you?" I wanted to know.

Chester waxed eloquent.

"I'm so far lacking in brutality, if you must know the truth, I would side-step if I saw a cockroach skidding under my feet."

I had to concede that this was the quintessence of kindness. "I've often wondered how I happened to play gangster and crook roles in the first place," he went on, "for it's the farthest thing from my real self. I haven't the slightest streak of adventure in my make-up. Sometimes, I think I should have been a bank clerk or something quite secure. I never take chances on anything, whether it be financial, physical or moral. I never gamble on the stock market, so I never lose. Never go in for hazardous adventures or hobbies, so I don't get hurt. I don't get high blood pressure every time a beautiful girl comes along, so Sue and I manage to be happy together. No. It is the safe and sane that appeals to me."

"Do you mean you have never in your life gone through a 'Diamond Dick' outlaw-worshipping stage? Never imagined yourself chasing a flock of Indians or sinking a river-boat full of pirates?"

The thing was incredible, but Chester shook his head at my question.

NEVER in my life. As long as I'm telling the truth, I'll go all the way and confess that I don't care for anything that is the least bit hazardous. I don't like to play polo because you can never depend on what a horse is going to do. I don't care for aviation because planes are just as uncertain as horses. I am not crazy about the sea. I don't like to hunt. Name any kind of dangerous or hazardous sport and you can say I'm against it."

"It doesn't make sense," I murmured. "If you don't like anything resembling danger, you must have been on the spot pretending to be tough, then. What was the hardest thing you had to do in gangster pictures?"

"I'll tell you," he leaned forward and partially closed his eyes in approved "menace" style. "It was learning how to fire a gun without closing my eyes. I hate the sound of gun-fire and every time one of the darned things went off in my hands, I just naturally jumped and shut both eyes. I finally mastered the trick, but it was a real job."

I told myself that there must be a reason for his phobia. And then, without trying, I found it.

When he was about fourteen years old, his chum Fred Martin was given a shotgun for a birthday present and the two boys went on several enjoyable outings together. Then, quite suddenly, tragedy struck them. Even now, Chester doesn't quite understand how. They were rowing up a little stream in a canoe together with the gun in the bottom of the boat. Suddenly, there was a report, sharp but not very loud, and water began filling the canoe.

"Oh, I've shot through the boat," Fred exclaimed. Then bewildered, "No. I've

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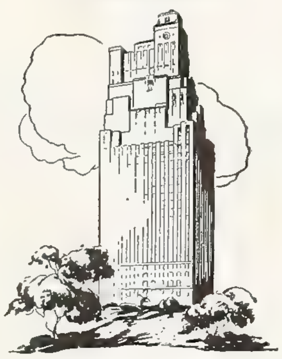

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shot myself!" And he had. In moving his foot, he had discharged the gun and a bullet had struck a nerve in his foot, paralyzing it.

Chester succeeded in getting him out on the bank and went for help to a nearby farmhouse. It was hours before they finally reached home and had the wound dressed properly. The accident occurred during "dog days" and although the injury was not very deep, blood-poisoning resulted. The boy's leg was amputated in an effort to save his life, but the operation was not successful. He died a few days later and, from that day, Chester has had a natural horror of firearms.

After he told me, haltingly, about the accident, I could understand. Then, he told me about his experience with horses and planes.

"I started to learn horseback riding three years ago," he reminisced. "Bob Montgomery gave me a polo pony when he sold his string of ponies. I enjoyed my morning rides after that for several weeks. Then, one morning, I was riding along the Beverly Hills bridle path when a noisy ice-cream wagon came along. The kind that are found only in California. It gave a loud ring-a-ling and the horse must have thought it was the chukker. Anyway, it did absolutely everything except what I wanted it to do. Finally, it landed me up on some strange millionaire's doorstep, after tearing chunks out of the lawn, for which I, of course, agreed to pay. At last, I climbed back on and gave him his head and told him to go any place he wished to go, or do what he wanted to do. After he got polo out of his mind, he ambled back home with me, and I decided I would never go horseback riding again.

"Last summer, when we were making 'Three Godfathers,' I had a lot of riding to do in the picture and I made up my mind I would do it myself, because I don't like the idea of using a double for things like that. After a few early morning rides across the desert, I found I was beginning to enjoy it. In no time, I learned how to ride properly, and I found there was a lot of difference between horses and polo ponies. I'm not an expert horseman, by any means, but I have learned how to ride pretty good.

"Bob Montgomery used to get a kick out of my aversion to horses. He says he feels like he is missing something now, when he sees me riding comfortably along. To tell the truth, while I'm not exactly afraid of horses any more, if I never rode again it wouldn't hurt me too much."

CHESTER told me then about his plane phobia.

"I went up in a plane, one sunny afternoon," he told me, "and I enjoyed every minute of my first flight. I felt as if a new world were opening before me. I told Sue all about my pleasant reactions when I got home and insisted that she would love to fly, too. I arranged to take the family out to the airport for a short flight the following Sunday afternoon. We were given a capable and experienced pilot and we spent an enjoyable hour in the air. All of us were properly thrilled. However, when we landed, something went wrong. The plane all but tipped over. The pilot was white-faced when he helped us out and said:

"'I can't understand. This has never happened before.'

"I understood plainly one thing. That was, that I had no right to jeopardize my family or the rights of my family for any experience, however pleasant. I have the sense of restriction that any normal family man has. I love my wife and I adore my youngsters and I do not intend to do anything that will hurt them in any way. So I have sworn off flying or allowing my family to fly."

I pondered this. I remembered when I had gone up in a plane ride with George Brent. I hadn't wanted to, either, but since George had been kind enough to ask me, I went. I told Chester about it, and that I had expected to be frightened out of my wits and although I really enjoyed the flight, I was so weak and sick that I almost fainted when we got up a mile high.

"That was a dumb thing to do," Chester assured me when I told him about it. "Why on earth did you go up in the first place, when you were sick?"

"Because I wanted to merit George's good opinion," I explained. "I was afraid if I told him I was sick, he would think I was afraid to go up."

With the freedom of friendship, Chester scolded me then.

"Now, that's what I call plain cowardice. You were afraid George might think you were afraid, so you took a chance on becoming unconscious and perhaps jeopardizing both your life and George's. I would have told him the truth. For heaven's sake, don't ever be afraid to do what you think is right."

Suddenly, a real truth dawned upon me, and I saw what he meant. A man can be the bravest sort of fellow and never lift a finger in physical combat.

Chester Morris has the highest type of courage. He will stand or fall for what he thinks is right. He risked a fall several years ago, when the man who held his contract gave him his choice of making a series of bad pictures for a nice sum of money "or else." Chester told him quietly that, as far as he was concerned, it would be "or else." And so, because he had the right to do so and wanted to break Chester's will, the fellow kept him off the screen for over a year. For other people that would have been the end of the world, but Chester's fans remained loyal to him.

Actors like to work with Chester because he is good luck for them. It is becoming one of Hollywood's best legends. I don't think it is entirely a matter of luck, but rather that he likes to help beginners get a good start.

He helped Robert Taylor, at his own expense, in "Society Doctor," because he liked Robert and believed he had personality and ability and needed only a chance to prove it. When he accepted the story, the studio offered to cut the dialogue and scenes in which Robert appeared, but Chester would not hear of it. I doubt if Robert himself has heard of the generous gesture, for Chester has a way of minimizing the kind things he does for others.

His own luck in pictures has not been the best in the world, for he has been handed any number of poor roles. However, regardless of the story, he always manages to turn in a good performance. He liked his role in "Three Godfathers" and he is excited about his new T-man picture, "Counterfeit."

"I'm glad producers have quit casting me in gangster roles," he told me in parting. "Crime has never appealed to me. It always has seemed such a dumb thing for anybody to be at odds with organized society. Nobody can get away with it for long. I hope I'll get some more roles like this one."

He probably will, for directors have a way of remembering good performances and casting actors in similar roles. I hope he does, anyway. I like Chester as an upholder of the law and a model citizen for a change.

He's Married Again

(*Continued from page 40*)

because while the cinema starlets were making publicity stills she was creating Beverly Hills hats, chapeaux that Lilyan Tashman would like to have worn.

No sooner had the newspaper photographers snapped him sprinting down the gangplank and the customs inspectors okayed his declaration, which included four new suits and dozens of Bond Street shirts, than he was rushing off to put his signature on the little paper that says you mean matrimonial business and in case California is your legal address, it's sort of hard on the husband financially if it doesn't work out right.

The newly merged Edmund Lowes were feted so fast and furiously in the environs of Park and Fifth Avenues that Eddie got no chance at all to see his bride, until he conceived the brilliant idea of a Detroit stopover en route to Los Angeles. In the meantime, while he was still in the throes of that sensation, "I have to buy the bride a present on four wheels" and super-salesmen of the leading motor car companies were parked in front of his hotel door, we had orange juice and a pear salad.

I said to him, "Eddie, you told me not so terribly long ago that you'd never marry again. What changed your mind?"

Mr. Lowe replied, "Love."

I continued the probing with a question that would have puzzled anybody, except George Bernard Shaw.

EDDIE, what is love?" and that's where the rapid-fire question and answer business began. Mr. Lowe, in the process of our spilling phrases and sentences, got to repeating Greek suffixes he had learned in his Jesuit college, which isn't so far afield as you would imagine. Because it would appear that as long back as the parsing of his first Latin verb, Edmund Lowe, the actor-that-was-to-be, learned self-reliance, found out just what he wanted from life and was grooming himself in the "accept no unsatisfactory substitutes" manner.

Lilyan Tashman and her marriage with him represented the fullest years in his professional and social life. While he was rising to stardom she set a background standard for him—a social calendar that was perfectly satisfactory and yet made no unfair demands on his working schedule. It wasn't always completely peaceful and yet it was more important than any phlegmatic tranquility would be now.

That's why he fell in love with Rita Kaufman and the younger beauties lost out. The new bride represented the kind of life which had become a habit. Subconsciously, he was seeking the marital partner who would continue the Tashman type of existence and, to his way of thinking, Rita Kaufman would fit into his well-ordered scheme in a manner that would cause no disruption in those domestic and social habits that the years had made.

Eventually, Mr. Lowe got around to telling me that love, after your adolescence, is still important to a successful marriage. But, also, that when you've grown up, mentally and professionally, learned what life is about in the hardest way, you adopt a certain philosophy that extends to the marital relationship. Rita Kaufman represented those things he had learned to want out of a well-filled life of varying cycles.

The most beautiful compliment that Edmund Lowe could have paid a person

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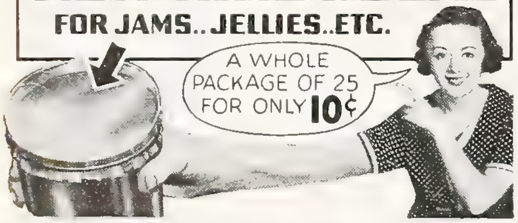

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like Miss Kaufman was to ask her to step into the role that had been held for such a long run by Lilyan Tashman.

When Edmund Lowe first married Miss Tashman, he was in the formative stage of his screen career. She set him so steadfastly on the path that marked the final goal of all his earthly endeavors, it was inconceivable to him that he could take another permanent partner who wouldn't see the same "finish," who wouldn't recognize all the road signs and traffic lights en route.

While we thrashed out all this, Mr. Lowe, in a uniquely confiding mood, told me what was really at the back of his mind when he started telephoning Rita from London.

HE said, "Love of course is absolutely essential to any happy marriage. But love, at my age, is predicted on a number of things—companionship, mutual interests, a certain integrity about recognizing each other's personal rights."

I broke in, "Eddie, I think it's swell; you've found what you sought. So many people thought you would fall for one of those terribly young things in Hollywood, because certainly within this past year the line to your heart formed on the right, and in double column."

He answered, "Don't be silly. The world is filled with youthful beauty, and it's a grand asset when you have it, but it's not enough. A man my age meets somebody young and lovely and the appeal is purely physical. You get your fill of that, but you know it won't last. Then along comes somebody like Rita. She's attractive, adult, a grand companion and she's loyal. We have so may interests in common. What more can you ask?"

But I wasn't finished yet. Before Mr. Lowe went to England there had been reports that he and Rita Kaufman were that way about each other. She was out in Hollywood on a purely business mission but mingled with the stars. She was smart, sophisticated and a success after her own fashion. She was a lot like Lilyan Tashman. But compared to some of the budding, blue-linen-shorts brigade of the Hollywood junior school, she was a counterpart of the Tashman tradition.

I said, a little hesitantly to Mr. Lowe while he was nibbling on his last lettuce leaf, "In a way, your bride is quite a tribute to Lilyan. Clothes are important to her, a career after its fashion seems important to her, but from what I gathered you're the one.

And Eddie said, "You're right. I didn't realize it," which is a diplomatic answer in any language.

Then with my inquisitive mind I had to ask him, "Did you intend to marry her when you left for London?"

QUICK as a flash he said "no." Then going on, "Of course, I had seen a lot of her on the Coast. She was lovely, well-groomed and a good companion. I enjoyed being with her. But I didn't know it was really love until there was an ocean between us. It's funny a separation like that will either finish things so when you meet the other person later you say hello quite casually and wonder what it ever was that attracted you in the first place. Or else you endure the first few days far away in tranquillity, you meet other people and you wonder what's wrong with you. The realization may come to you in the middle of a walk down a side street, or it wakes you before dawn, or you're talking to a lot of beautiful women and suddenly you ask yourself, Why aren't they like her? You can't wait to get back because you know there's something to share besides glamor and spotlights and parties. She becomes the person you'd like to talk to when things go wrong with your work or you're tired, and you know she'd understand. That's what Rita seemed like to me, when I decided she was *the one.*"

Thereupon it was my turn and I managed a weak interruption, "Aren't you lucky she felt the same way?"

Eddie mumbled, "Heavens, the bride will be sore. I'm half an hour late and you can't keep a bride waiting that long."

So Edmund Lowe rushed off to choose a town car for the bride, and this summer they're living in the beach house that Lilyan Tashman decorated for the last year of her Hollywood triumph. It's all red and white—real crimson and sparkling, pristine white. Mr. Lowe sold the house on Runyon Drive which he and Lilyan had occupied for so long as a town residence, but he kept the silver, and linens and statues he had bought her and now he's purchased a piece of property in Brentwood where he will build the residence Mrs. Lowe wants to have, and somehow it seems as if Lilyan Tashman would be satisfied by the choice her husband made this time.

I'm Doing This for the Kiddies

(*Continued from page 53*)

be fun—you'll make it fun, if you're smart. Do this for example:

Stand erect. Feet about a foot apart. Toes slightly turned in. Raise arms high above the head. Stretch for all you're worth. Stiffen the knees. Now bend the body forward and down. Don't let those knees bend! Keep going forward and down until you are touching the floor between your heels with the backs of your hands. Raise the body to the first position and repeat, at least twenty times. Neither of you may be able to go down as far at first as you should, but keep trying. Make your child do the exercise properly and praise her when she does. Don't be afraid to stretch and pull. It will make your own middle flat and firm and keep your child from having a fat tummy later.

And you can also do this: Stand your child facing the wall. Tell her to get up on her tip-toes (shoes off) and reach as high up the wall with the palms of her hands as she can. Be sure she's standing as close to the wall as possible. Now tell her to stretch, stretch—as if she were trying to reach something too high for her. You hold her wrists, keeping her in position. The trick is for her to try to put her heels down on the floor by stretching her body down—the back, hips and legs feeling the pull—without moving the position of the hands. It can't quite be done at first, perhaps, but the point is to stretch the muscles and make them flexible. Ten times a day. Good for growth and helps make the body supple and graceful. Incidentally, get your hubby or boy friend to do the same thing for you. You'll be surprised how it will flatten out those ugly bumps in practically no time at all.

How many times have I told you to dance—for slimness and pep and a

Always willing to pose, the Dionnelets line up: left to right, Cecile, Yvonne, Emilie, Annette and Marie. Cute?

figure that will prevent "papa" from getting that absent-minded look in his eyes? Dance with your child—or your children. The more the merrier. Get papa up out of that comfortable chair, too, it'll do him good. Make it a *quiet* evening at home for the whole family! A good snappy foxtrot is all you need. You and the kids kick off your shoes and do a one-and-two, hop, one-and-two, hop, around the room. I hope that after all my devil-raising these last months your own figure is lovely and that you can do this dancing business with grace and spring and not look like a—well, use your own judgment. If you can't, it's about time you got busy. Remember, baby, that children adore a mother who is young looking and as they grow older it makes them so happy when ma is slim and chic. If you'd like to have my routine of exercises for posture and body balance, let me know.

Generally speaking, the food I prescribe for you is good for the kids, too. Generally speaking, also, it's milk and fresh vegetables and fresh fruit and fruit juices, lean meats—broiled, not fried—broiled fish and chicken, simple desserts, like custards and puddings made with plenty of milk and eggs and once in a while home-made cake—that's the food for growing youngsters. Beware of pastries, heavy starches, high seasonings—children don't care for the last as a rule, so that's okay. Ice-cream once in a while. Candy in great moderation and preferably after meals, when it will serve its purpose as a pleasant topping-off and not fill up an empty tum to the exclusion of important foods. I think it's a swell idea to tell your children that their allowances are for the movies and special things they've set their hearts on, rather than for candy and ice-cream. Let those two delicacies be occasional additions to the family diet. In that way, they'll be taken more as a matter of course and their allure will vanish.

Here are some hints for school lunches, which are extremely important, and which do get a woman down at times. You can pack them the night before if you'll wrap each thing in waxed paper. Make sandwiches of whole wheat bread, buttered thinly. Fillings can be made of lean roast beef or lamb or sliced chicken. Cream cheese with a little jelly is very tasty. Plain lettuce sandwich—lots of lettuce should go into the young diet, anyway. Chopped celery and watercress, mixed with a little pimento cheese instead of butter. Pack a dessert for the children rather than letting them buy their desserts—you know darn well they'll make a beeline for the sodas and gooey candy. You can pack baked apples, cup custards and rice pudding in molds or waxed cardboard containers. You can also give them raw apples, cherries, oranges—any kind of fresh fruit and, of course, let them eat as much as they want of fruit at all times. You can give them plain sponge cake, angel food cake, two or three graham

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crackers or plain cookies. Milk, if they cannot purchase it at school, can be carried in a cardboard container or small thermos bottle. At recess in the morning, growing children should have a glass of milk. At afternoon recess, orange juice.

NOW I've met up with many little girls lately who don't want to eat. Loss of appetite seems to be a current disease in young women from, say, the baby stage up. Mostly with city children. Sometimes it's because they're nibbling candy and all kinds of truck between meals and sometimes it isn't. They just don't seem to have an appetite for anything. And mothers worry and fret and struggle, trying to "force the food down." Well, my darlings, the shrewd opinion among many good doctors is that this starts way back when the baby catches onto the idea of getting more attention by playing with its food. And mama coaxes and pleads and it's, "Come, come, angel, eat your cereal!" and "Isn't this spinach delicious, d-e-a-r!" What to do? At the first evidence of a child toying with its food, take it away. Do it in a matter of fact manner. Say nothing. Don't persist after a reasonable attempt. Don't scold. And the next mealtime, give the child it's regular portion of food again. If the playful nonsense recommences, take the food away once more. Your child isn't going to starve if it skips a couple of meals. The chances are that young Miss Persnicketty, after one or two eatless meals, will be plenty hungry and there will be no foolishness.

You must, of course, use common sense about it. You'll be able to tell if it's plain cussedness or if something really is the matter with your child.

The other great diet problem with young children is that they want to eat the wrong things. And I know a lot of you grown up darlings who do the same thing—which is worse, because you ought to know better. If your child has been brought up from babyhood under the supervision of a doctor, I'm pretty certain that you won't have this worry on your hands. But if your problem is already up around your eyes, that doesn't help you much, does it? Explain if you can the rewards of eating the right things. Eat properly yourself (or you'll hear from me about it!) and set a good example. Tell your child that a poor complexion, poor teeth, fat whosises and all the rest of it come from eating too many sweets and dolled up dishes. With a young child, that may not work. She may sulk and say, "I don't care—I want candy!" as the little so-and-sos are apt to do. Perhaps a small bribe or present will do the trick, though it's better if you don't have to appeal to the gold-digging instincts. With an older girl, tell her that some movie star she admires eats properly and has to take regular exercise to keep her face and figure lovely. And that's the gospel truth, or Miss Movie Star will find herself with a forty-room bungalow and no contract.

For that matter, look at the cute Hollywood youngsters. Shirley Temple may have been born with a natural gift for dancing, but plenty of care and proper bringing up have made her the healthy little thing that she is. Those legs are sturdy, as well as clever with the tap steps. Lots of milk, which contains calcium, which builds good bones, has been consumed by Miss Temple. Incidentally, there seems to be a craze for taking tap lessons among the younger generation. By all means, let them take tap lessons, if you have to go without something to pay for same. Swell exercise. Good fun. And maybe there's talent in your family—who knows? Talent in the family pays almost as well as oil in the backyard.

The satiny Temple skin and the sparkling Temple eyes owe a vote of thanks to the generous quantities of proper food, as outlined above by your not-so-humble servant. Those Hollywood youngsters are brought up *right.* There's Jane Withers, who is so much more attractive than she looks in pictures. A nice, intelligent young girl, trained for a theatrical career from earliest childhood. And if you think that the phrase "trained for a theatrical career" means only fencing, French and folderols, you're crazy. It means plenty of sleep—eight hours, anyway—and when a late "engagement" keeps little sweetie up till all hours, she stays in bed the next morning. There's Virginia Weidler, Sybil Jason, Edith Fellows, Cora Sue Collins—all healthy as well as cute and clever.

IF you feel tempted to sit down in a 1936 model gloom and mutter, "All very well to talk about Temple, Withers and the rest. If my little Joey were dragging down $1500 a week, I might be able to be a model mother and have a model child." Well, darlings, believe me, it isn't the hand-embroidered French dresses, the expensive toys and all the other money-bought delights that make Shirley, Jane, Sybil and Cora Sue the fine young women they are. It's sunshine, fresh air, good food, sleep and proper exercise.

There's lots more to be said, but much of it I'll have to leave unsaid because I have no more time now, nor have I the whole magazine, though I do believe I could fill it. However, you know you can always write me your problems and ask questions. But just so you won't think I'm stingy this month, I'll jot down some quick notes for you.

Bad skin during the trying 'teens: A certain broken-out condition is inevitable during the adjustment age. Don't neglect it, but don't let your child get into too much of a twitch about it, and that goes for you, too. And for goodness sake, don't let little Mary Jane pop her pimples or squeeze blackheads or hickeys. Too many women still carry the scars of that pernicious habit. Don't let your child feel a sense of inferiority about any physical defect. Praise her good points and fight the bad ones with tact and understanding. Keep her well regulated internally and see that she keeps her skin immaculately clean. Whether you use mild soap and luke warm water or a good cleansing cream, be sure it's the best. She's worth it! And how would you like to have a swell diet for the complexion? I have a honey! It'll do wonders for you. Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request and I'll send it to you.

Unmanageable, stringy hair: Also a manifestation which crops out during the "in between age." Teach your child to shampoo her own hair, at home. Some good oil should be applied first, massaged into the scalp and left on for an hour or so, then a good shampoo, followed by a half dozen rinsings. No mechanical driers —hair should dry naturally. You can frisk it with your hands or a rough turkish towel. If the hair is hopelessly straight and won't take a finger or comb wave, I'm not against a slight permanent. Preferably, just the ends, leaving the top straight. If it is glossy and clean, straight hair is just as nice as curly hair.

Finger nail biting: Let your child, no matter how young, have a manicure. Do a very young child's nails yourself and teach an older girl to do her nails herself. Let the older child have a little polish, just like mama, but colorless or natural, please. The pride your child will take in good-looking finger nails will do more to stop

Tune in on Sam Taylor, Modern Screen's Hollywood reporter. His tri-weekly chats on players and pictures are always bright, amusing, and up-to-the-minute—every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7:15 p.m., over Station WOR.

the unpleasant habit of biting her nails than all the scoldings in the world.

FALSE modesty: This nonsense crops up in little girls almost invariably. They won't so much as take off a dress with mama in the room. It's the bunk and you must nip it in the bud. Be matter of fact about it. It's good for everyone to be a nudist in the home, once in a while (of course if your figure is lovely, it's a big help), and furthermore, false modesty may build up serious psychological troubles if not squelched at the beginning. Don't make a fuss about it, but get the idea out of your child's head quickly.

The make-up problem: When to let your daughter begin to use a little make-up is largely a matter of individual decision. Maybe she'll take the decision right out of your hands. Anyway, I hate, on the one hand, to see young girls all daubed up, but on the other hand, I see no reason why a high-school girl shouldn't be allowed a little powder and the merest touch of rouge, if she's unnaturally pale.

You mothers can and must be an inspiring example to your growing daughters. I insist on it! How's that for you? I want you all to take inventory of yourselves right now. Send the coupon below for your copy of my Special Consultation Chart (it's free, you know, when accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope), and find out where you need remodeling. Then get busy. I love helping you and you have no idea how thrilled I am when you tell me about the grand results you are getting. That's my reward.

Madame Sylvia,
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New York, N. Y.

Dear Madame Sylvia:

Please send me your Special Consultation and Measurement Chart for Weight Control.

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Please send me liberal box of Hollywood Face Powder and *Free* Powder Scoop. I enclose 10c to help cover packaging and mailing.
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Check your shade: ☐ Brunette ☐ Naturelle ☐ Sun-Tan ☐ Peach ☐ Creole ☐ Blanche

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MORE FOR YOUR MONEY
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Gives complete insurance against offending others! Easy to apply. Lasting. Harmless to your clothing. *Ideal on sanitary napkins.* A Physician's Prescription. Ask dealer or write
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RELIEVE Itching *of* Insect Bites
Even the most stubborn itching of insect bites, athlete's foot, hives, scales, eczema, and many other skin afflictions quickly yields to cooling, antiseptic, liquid **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION.** Its gentle oils soothe the irritated skin. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back. Ask for **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION.**

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Sirs: Rush to me without charge, (1) 32-page book with list of many U. S. Government Big Pay Jobs. (2) Tell me how to get one of these jobs.
Name....................
Address....................

Taking It Big

(Continued from page 49)

or else! Swanky decorations. People fighting to get in. Everybody talking about Lombard's Mayfair even if Norma Shearer, the old meanie, did show up in a flaming red dress.

Came the opening of the Bamboo Room at the Hollywood Brown Derby. And Carole entertaining this time, smartly, elegantly, only our best people plus a sprinkling of Vanderbilts and Whitneys here for the races.

Now, the small, trim, smart Hollywood Boulevard house where Carole has lived these past few years, is no longer big enough for her. Carole has gone and gotten herself—like the rest of the movie belles—a big house out toward the ocean, where she can do more entertaining. I think the signs are unmistakable—Carole has gone social in a big way, and amusing as it is to watch, it's kinda too bad to see her, of all people, roped into this mad, whirling maelstrom of Hollywood society that goes nowhere and gets nowhere but just rips the stuffing out of the pocketbook.

JOAN Crawford has gone Intellectual with a capital I. Yessum. She's the young woman, I beg your pardon, she is the elegant Mrs. Tone who was recently hostess with her husband at a quietly sumptuous tea for the musical celebrity of America, Leopold Stokowski. She not only entertained for Mr. S., but she sold her Hollywood pals, many of whom wouldn't know a piccolo from a bassoon, on the idea of plunking out five-fifty per seat, because it was the thing to hear the maestro of Philadelphia and his boys thunder through Bach and Wagner!

Now don't mistake me. I think taking it big in an intellectual way is a fine and interesting new phase in Joan Crawford's career, and the more movie people she can get to hear good music, the more power to her. Sure, she'll get a lot out of her association with such an artistic soul as Stokowski, but I still think it is a little amusing when you remember it was the hotcha, hey-hey girl who almost wore out the polished floor of the Cocoanut Grove annexing dance cups, who is turning into this sophisticated patroness of the arts.

Of course, Joan hasn't succeeded in shooting quite as much culture into the veins of her friends as she has absorbed herself. I think it was Sally Blane at a merry cocktail party at the Stu Erwins' on the Sunday afternoon of Joan's tea for the famed Stokowski, who gathered herself together finally and said, "We must go. We promised Joan to go to her party today. It's for some musician—I never heard of him before. Somebody named Stokalin or something."

There's the taking it big case of Ginger Rogers, who has always loved her plumes and her sequins and her feathers and her ruffles on her dresses, who pretty nearly always has managed, when she dressed herself up, to achieve one good jarring note that would send a fashion editor into hysteria!

Ginger, since they up and paired her with the debonair, well-groomed Fred Astaire, the male fashion plate of the screen, is taking herself big as a clothes horse. Yes, our Ginger. Some of the best and most far-echoing battles of her studio during the past year have been staged when Ginger and Bernie Newman, who after all is paid to dress the stars correctly, go into conference over her clothes. Ginger tries to tell Bernie what she should wear. And she's a pretty determined, stubborn little redhead when she makes up her mind. A couple of times Bernie has capitulated to Ginger's ideas and my, my, the sequins and the trains she has gotten away with!

Recently, she came back from New York with a couple of dozen boxes full of frocks, hats, etc., which she had picked out herself for her pictures. She gave specific orders that no one, particularly Mr. Newman, was to see them. Well, pushing his way around the wardrobe on the hunt for some old pieces of fur, Bernie came across these boxes and before the wardrobe woman could say Jack Robinson or "Don't," he had 'em open.

The next time Ginger came into Bernie's office, he greeted her with, "*Where* did you get those hats?" A fatal remark to any woman at any time, and the battle was on! Oh, well, it goes on all the time and I suppose will until Ginger recovers from thinking of herself as a Best Dressed Woman.

I TELL you the taking it big virus gets 'em all. There's the case of Ann Harding, generally considered an intelligent, poised woman with a swell sense of humor.

On the final day of her contract with her studio, Ann had a date in the gallery at one o'clock to shoot "still" pictures. Three hours later, at four o'clock, she arrived with her secretary and Walter Abel, her leading man, with whom she was to pose. They all had been having luncheon at Lucy's. Well, they went to work. The cameras clicked and Ann started to talk about what she thought of producers and picture studios in general. The more Ann talked the madder she got and the more emphatic her tongue became in lashing out at the production methods in Hollywood and how she had been simply ruined by stupidity. Ruined?

Now I ask you, where would Miss Harding be today if it were not for these same astute, shrewd producers? Why, she'd probably be back working in little theatre productions or mebbe she'd be married to some nice army captain and living on his pay. At any rate, she wouldn't own a beautiful home in the Hollywood Hills and she wouldn't be traipsing off to England.

Of course, one of my favorite stories about a male actor taking himself seriously is the one I heard on Georgie Raft—Georgie of the slick hair and patent leather shoes, who is making more money in Hollywood by pushing his nose in front of a camera than he ever could anywhere else.

He'd been having a lot of trouble with the studio over his parts, because he was distressed about them. You remember on one occasion he poked a supervisor in the nose, and he just plain walked out of the Carole Lombard picture.

A writer went to him and said, "Now, what is this all about, George? Why are you so upset all the time? What's the real trouble? Don't you like the parts they give you?"

Raft looked pensive and stared into space. "Well," he said, "you see it's this way. I've always wanted to wear a uniform in a picture and they won't let me!"

SPEAKING of our male heart throbs who are not immune from the taking it big germ, there's Fred Astaire, who simply goes into spasms any time any one suggests writing anything about him for the public prints. Now all stars live in a gold fish bowl—they can't help it—it is a part of the price they pay for being famous on the screen. The more famous they get the more details people want to know about 'em.

Mr. Astaire is a charming, conventional man with nothing in his private life that couldn't be submitted to close scrutiny, but he not only has a fixation against seeing writers, but once he even tried to stop the presses of a magazine printing a life story about him.

We've got a lot of other well developed cases in the town. There's Margaret Sullavan with her exhibitionistic complex, and Jean Arthur who goes temperamental on occasion, and Hepburn who takes herself seriously as a recluse!

Margaret's case is pretty nearly chronic. She can't be cured of snooting photographers and playing the temperamental little girl. They did cure her of making faces at the still cameraman and spoiling her sittings at the studio. After a half dozen expensive sittings had been ruined because Margaret didn't want to play that day, they developed and printed some of those pouty faces and "tongue stuck out" poses, and, what is more, released them to the magazines and newspapers. Margaret was pretty mad when she saw them, but what could she do? The studio had beaten her at her own game.

Nothing much can be done about Hepburn, either. The answer to her freakish ways and taking herself big as a recluse is that she is an old space-grabber. She figures she gets more publicity by acting eccentric than any other way.

I don't know whether this anecdote about Robert Montgomery proves he takes himself big as a wit or whether it just shows he's still an adolescent, but here it is. You judge for yourself. Bob wanted a telephone to match the license number on his trick automobile. He asked the telephone company and was informed the number was already assigned to another party. This didn't stop Mr. Montgomery. He proceeded to harass and annoy the owners of this particular number with such tricks as calling up in the middle of the night and saying, "Is this the Fire Department?" or 'phoning early in the morning, 6:30 a.m. or so, as he left for the studio, and asking for Susie or Bill or Jack or Sam. The poor telephone subscriber who was the object of this campaign finally broke down and demanded his 'phone be changed. Whereupon Bob got the coveted numerals.

Oh, I was going to tell you about Jean Arthur. Well, it seems that Jean got so mad at her director, Eddie Sutherland, that she tore her dress right up the back and threw it on the floor. She put on such a tantrum that the hairdresser shouted at her to be careful of her wig, whereupon Jeannie took the wig off and smashed it onto the floor. However, I guess you'd just call that acting up.

Things like this are going on right now in our dear Hollywood. Good, lusty exhibitions of temperament and showing off and taking it big. Mebbe those fine old days when Pola Negri as the Foreign Queen of Hollywood threw dinner parties on black velvet tablecloths with a purple orchid beside each gold plate are gone—mebbe they are, but the taking it big germ is still in Hollywood's blood. And there's an epidemic right now. Grandma, where's that sulphur and molasses?

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In this picture album of the Dionne Quintuplets you can read the whole story of their first two years . . . the most entertaining reading of the year.

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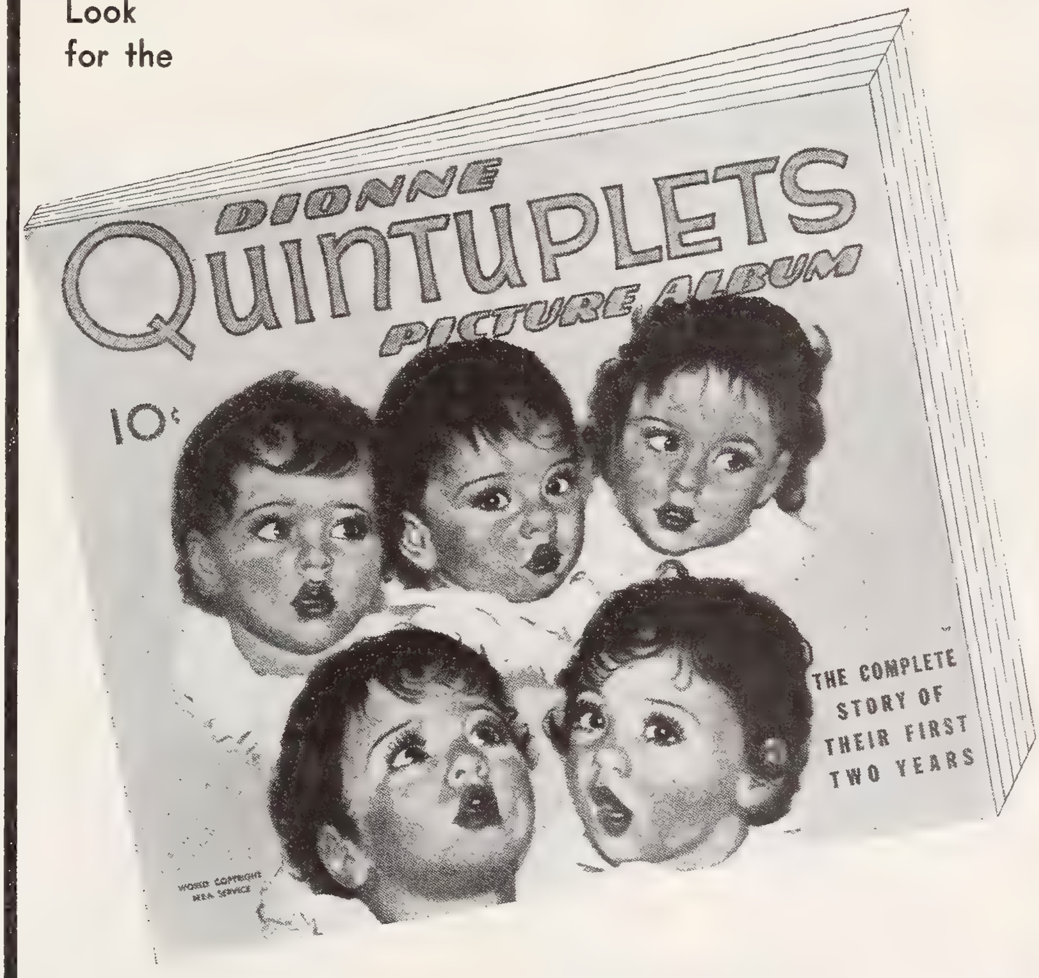
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Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys — and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are one of Nature's chief ways of taking acids and wastes out of the blood. A healthy person should pass about 3 pints a day and so get rid of more than 3 pounds of waste matter.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, this waste stays in the body and may become poisonous. It may start nagging backaches, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Don't let it lay you up.

Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills — used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help to flush out the 15 miles of kidney tubes. Get Doan's Pills.

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ALL DRUG – DEPT. STORES – TEN CENT STORES
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With Fingers Crossed

(*Continued from page 51*)

marvelously in love—only a slow crack-up of dreams. The bond of affection that's meant so terribly much is, unaccountably, another painful memory. Tender words have been as fruitless as yesterday's glowing notices.

Now Isabel is catching on in Hollywood once more. But she doesn't dare rejoice yet. She can't forget how she's been somehow stopped before.

"I've been on the brink of amounting to something in pictures so often," she says, "that I'm afraid to talk about tomorrow. I've prayed, over and over, that this'll be the time I can hold on!"

She's so frequently undergone this waiting for a genuine welcome that you can discern an undercurrent of desperation in the tone of her voice. For the ambitious, age is always a bugaboo; for an actress it is a special hobgoblin. Now that Isabel has reached her mid-twenties, she glimpses thirty on the horizon. She feels that if she hasn't made a go of Hollywood by then, it'll be too late.

She isn't the kind who is sorry for herself. Her greeting is as gay as ever. I see her at the popular cafes and parties, attempting to be the jolly self she inherently is.

But this constant bucking up against an incomprehensible destiny has left a mark on her inner self. Her ninety-eight pounds seem to have had to move ninety-eight thousand pounds for every inning. She will never lower her colors, appear anything but chipper. But I can tell you, confidentially, that she's bewildered, dazed by the succession of hurts that have been heaped upon her.

WE sat in the crowded Vendome not long ago. Isabel had on a smart navy blue suit, and wore a perky straw hat that must have convinced the tourists present that she was on the crest of the wave. I guess the fox furs did give a finishing touch. The strangers were awed at Fame, close up.

I wish they had been listening to the game spirit behind that "front."

"I wanted foxes for years!" Isabel vowed to me. "But I never could afford them. Then I earned some unexpected money and I resolved to do a nice deed for Daddy and also to buy these!"

A year ago, after her splendid contribution to "A Tale of Two Cities," Isabel believed she was licked in California. She left, and only a peculiar circumstance brought her back.

Yet in the beginning there were nothing but promising omens. She has no brothers or sisters, so her parents lavished their devotion upon her. Her father was the son of wealthy people in the East and had had every educational advantage. He'd studied medicine at an excellent university and established records with his brilliant research. Her mother's heritage was that of Southern gentility. And in the small town of Shoshoni, Wyoming, where the couple settled, the Jewells were highly respected.

"I had all the benefits one could have," she affirms. "Loving guidance, comforts—ponies as a child, a car when I was old enough." She was sent to an Episcopal school in Minnesota, and graduated at fifteen, president of the senior class. Wellesley was next on her program, but she had an ill spell and it was decided the winters in Kentucky would be milder. She entered a college for women there.

In the middle of her sophomore year, when she was seventeen, Isabel's desire for the stage overwhelmed her.

"I was tired of getting A's in Latin," she grins, remembering. "I'd had a hunch that I should adore acting. A collegiate try-out induced me to jump from amateur to professional shows. I'd been vaguely discontented and I realized why. So I ran away to Chicago and a stock company!"

"My parents assisted me financially and morally. The background they'd provided me with was such a help in the theatre. When I was fifteen I'd read all the 'musts' on anyone's literature list. I was mentally acquainted with every sort of individual before I met him or her in reality."

Being definitely advanced and fortified for the vagaries of the world didn't, however, save Isabel from the series of disappointments that went hand in hand with the steps upward. Three seasons in stock and she tackled Broadway. When she bade goodbye to the Mid-West she swore to be thoroughly independent henceforth. It's what you accomplish on your own that counts, in her estimation of values.

There was such a lean streak, after she landed in New York, that her major debut was precisely in the nick o' time. She substituted for an understudy who wasn't quite up to carrying off the feminine lead in "Up Pops the Devil." Isabel had an hour's rehearsal and went on to render so capable a portrayal that she was retained instead of the regular star. If that isn't making the most of a break, what is?

She got to Hollywood in the spring of 1932. "Blessed Event" was transferred to films and she was brought along from the original cast to duplicate a supporting, but important emotional role. The way she vitalized it drew raves. But Isabel didn't draw any offers for eleven months!

THE between-engagements blues she'd experienced in New York were mild compared to what she's had to face in Hollywood. Eventually she did wangle another exceptional dramatic picture assignment, and was duly praised. When nothing resulted she campaigned for a comedy part at the local El Capitan Theatre. "Counsellor-At-Law" was subsequently screened and Isabel was again drafted to copy her stage characterization. But now she was classified as a wisecracker in the studios' listing.

M-G-M appreciated her ability and Isabel had her fingers crossed earnestly when she was awarded a contract. Prospects were grand until the Mexican escapade of Lee Tracy's, exaggerated by the newspapers, seemed to kill most of the budding enthusiasm for promoting her to stardom. She was in love with Lee, and she loyally stuck to him when he was in trouble. Then in the ensuing year her romance with him went on the rocks. So did her career.

Meanwhile, blindness had robbed her father of his sight. Isabel had sent for her parents and in their adversity had become their chief prop. She spent all she could scrape together in the endeavor to restore the precious vision. There was a brief flare of hope—only that.

Many a fan assumes that once you have a name you're set. Isabel's case is evidence that a reputation literally can be of no consequence. Everyone agreed she was worthy of particular consideration. Still nobody in Hollywood offered her any.

Heartsick, personally and professionally, she did the only thing she could. She hung on, because she'd heard they were producing "A Tale of Two Cities." She asked for a test as the little seamstress whose gallantry highlighted the tragedy at the guillotine. They laughed and dismissed her as not the type.

"For three and a half months I kept pestering for attention. They tested a number of actresses and I suppose they ultimately tried me to shut me up!" Isabel wasn't conscious of the fashionable, curious circle around us. The babble of the restaurant went unheeded. "I got the role on the provision that I stand by ninety days after I was through, for possible retakes. Well, when I was done with my bit I was ready to quit Hollywood. That was just last summer, mind you. I had $400 and another week's salary due. I planned for the folks to return to Shoshoni, where they could live more inexpensively in our home there. I took the train for New York to forget this business and get back on the stage.

"In three weeks I lined up several plays. But I learned I couldn't accept any of them on account of perhaps having to return to Metro for added shots. No one would schedule opening with me when I might have to fly here." So Isabel was stymied still again.

"But if I hadn't had to come West for re-takes I wouldn't have been on tap when 'Ceiling Zero' was being cast. And the release of these two movies is what pushed me into the swim all over again!"

SHE approached "Lost Horizon" with humble thanks. "This is the first time I've had a tip-top part out here to begin with. I've always had to make a dozen or so lines blossom into a fairly decent-sized role before."

I'd been wanting to put a question to Isabel, and this was the moment. "Do you imagine you'd have been happier if you'd never become an actress?"

"I couldn't have been anything else," she answered simply, unhesitatingly. "I don't know why. But if I couldn't act I'd hardly care to live!"

Naturally it is this burning zest for her vocation that has caused her to excel at it. It's a thrilling calling to her and she relishes the demands it makes on her intelligence. "If I'm a hundred I'll not have learned all the fine points," she states ecstatically.

"Until today I've never had a sense of anything but uncertainty about my future in Hollywood. Now—well, I fear even breathing what my hunch is!" She knocked on the table. And it was wood. A sparkle supplanted the mute sadness I'd detected in her blue eyes when we'd sat down.

What if she has been terrifically in love on three different occasions, and has suffered the pangs only one who's loved in vain can understand? There's not much consolation in the adage that while there's life there's hope. But there is a generous measure of solace in work that's pleasant. You can attempt to be so busy that you'll not feel so alone.

As we emerged into the sunshine of Sunset Boulevard the admiring throng that waits for movie celebrities rushed en masse to demand Isabel Jewell's autograph. I managed to whisper in her ear, "I've a hunch you're through building up to awful let-downs!" She wrote with her right hand and crossed the fingers of her left. She glanced up abruptly and smiled.

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3

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SCIENCE PROVES IT'S UNNECESSARY FOR THOUSANDS TO BE SKINNY

Posed by professional models

Gains of 10 to 25 pounds in a few weeks, reported

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Not only has this new 3-way discovery quickly brought normally good-looking pounds, but also naturally clear skin, freedom from miserable indigestion and constipation, new pep and popularity.

Scientists recently discovered that thousands of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough digestion-strengthening Vitamin B and blood-enriching iron in their daily food. Now the richest known source of body-building Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of iron in pleasant little tablets known as Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements to build you up, get these new triple-acting Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Then day after day as you take them, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round to natural attractiveness. Constipation and indigestion from the same cause vanish, skin clears to normal beauty — you're an entirely new person.

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No matter how skinny and rundown you may be, try these new Ironized Yeast tablets just a short time, and note the marvelous change. See if they don't build you up in just a few weeks, as they have thousands of others. If not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money back instantly.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out seal on box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package — or your money refunded. Sold by all good druggists. Ironized Yeast Company, Inc., Dept. 38, Atlanta, Ga.

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WHAT girl with dull, brownish hair wouldn't give a fortune to be the possessor of gloriously radiant, golden hair? Any girl, of course. But now, thanks to Blondex, the unique shampoo-rinse, the drabbest, most faded hair can be made to gleam with gold for just a few cents. If *you* want golden hair, try Blondex today. One shampoo with Blondex will wash your hair 2 to 4 shades lighter. And *safely*, too, for Blondex is not a harsh bleach or dye. Start today with Blondex. Bring back the golden beauty of childhood. Be a true, alluring *golden* blonde. Get Blondex at any drug or department store.

BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO-RINSE

British Importation

(Continued from page 55)

shook hands. "I sometimes don't know how she sticks it. It must be love—that's all. Will you have a sherry, cocktail, highball?"

I took a sherry and so did Madeleine. "Tell them I like wine, but, of course, not to excess. I don't want anyone to get the idea my back hair falls loose, my eyes grow fishy, and I beat my husband in my cups—although, I really should," she added, looking fondly at him.

"You see there's reason in my madness. I'm not new to Hollywood. My last visit didn't turn out as well as I'd hoped. In 1934, while I was swimming in the cream over in England, I was sent over here of an exchange by Fox with GB."

"Whom were you exchanged for?"

Her eyes grew mischievous as she said with mock self-admiration, "Oh, for Dietrich, Garbo, Crawford, and a few Gables and Powells thrown in."

SHE went on. "The truth is that Hollywood brought me in on a tidal wave of publicity. The press screamed. The heavens shook—and I—I flopped.

"It wasn't anybody's fault. It was just a case of too much publicity and too little story. They tried to make a second "Cavalcade" and there couldn't be two. The "World Moves On," with Franchot Tone, was the picture. This time I'm taking no chances. I'll settle for no publicity and a lot of story."

"I believe she has what she wants," put in the good Captain. "I saw her first picture, 'The Case Against Mrs. Ames,' and, to put it frankly, I thought Madeleine was marvelous in it and 'Chinese Gold' will be another success."

"Now it's my turn to protect you from him," put in Madeleine. "He's prejudiced, so how can one tell?"

The Captain grew a little warm. "Don't believe her. I rarely go to the cinemas. I'm terribly hard to please. Walter Wanger, who imported her, has given her a contract for ten pictures more—thereby fixing it so that I will never see my dear wife again in all probability."

"Astley's affairs are calling him back to London—he's a real estate broker," explained Madeleine. "Never mind, darling, there's always the cable, the long distance telephone. And soon there will be the California-London clipper, and you can come out for week-ends."

The Captain looked glum. "A kiss by cable isn't quite the real thing, is it?"

Madeleine curled her shapely legs beneath her. "I shall begin at the beginning. I was born very dully on a dull day in a dull suburb of Birmingham, England.

"My father was the eldest of a family of ten Irish kids. He hated the farm where he lived and so worked his way up to the Professorship of Philology at Birmingham University.

"When he was twenty-six someone told him it was time to get married. So the dear old thing dashed over to Germany to get a fräulein who would help him with his German. The thought of love never reared its beautiful head. Being unsuccessful in Germany, my father next tried France, where he met a priest who knew a Miss de Rosière—she lived in a chateau without any furniture. Fresh from a convent, my poor mother knew little of the facts of life, beyond the hard fact that her family was too poor to provide her with the necessary dot or dowry. I always wonder what her thoughts were the day she peeped through the keyhole at my father while the marriage arrangements were being made. Much as I love him, I must confess he is no Clark Gable.

"Strangely enough, the marriage turned out very well and out of this non-dream world uniting of the French and the Irish sprang the English rose!"

AND Madeleine sat back demurely, suppressing the fun that was behind her twinkly eyes by looking modestly down at the carpet.

"The rose," went on Madeleine, "at this period was a short, humorless, pipestem leg and arm creature lost in her books. Her father entertained sanguine hopes that she would in due time become a professor like himself. And so she entered Birmingham University, wearing tortoise shell glasses, and ready to take so many degrees as to end up a living thermometer." Suddenly she turned to Captain Astley. "Astley, darling, have I told you about Christopher Mann?

"No? Then prepare yourself. Christopher Mann was my calf love. We went to school together. One day they were casting a play at the University and Christopher advised me to try out for it. He said I ought to be an actress.

"So, carrying a flower, I walked into a bleak room filled with critical faces. It was also a bleak day, and the fantastic poetry I had to recite sounded even bleaker to my nervous ears. To this day I don't know why I was chosen for the lead.

"We played a week at the local Birmingham Repertory Theatre—English college plays are cast from professionals and college amateurs both—and afterward the head of the Repertory offered me a contract. I was willing, but father wasn't. So out I went into the world and became—a school marm.

"I tutored the six children of a second-hand clothing dealer in Birmingham, then when it got me I went down the Sussex coast and taught real school. When I had saved twenty pounds I went to London.

"Meanwhile, Christopher Mann had given up college and entered the London theatre business, solely to devote his life to me.

"I think Christopher must have run up and down Fleet Street (that's London's newspaper row) screaming the name of Madeleine Carroll until everyone thought him a madman. To this day I still meet press men who remember it. Today, Christopher is my personal manager abroad, very successful, and our calf-love has gone the way of all such things.

"In spite of Christopher's efforts, London was not waiting for me with open arms. So I went through the usual hardships—living on thruppence worth of fish and chips a day—that sort of thing that is lots of fun to remember. I finally got a start as a maid in a touring company in a play called 'The Lash.' I had three lines to speak and got fifteen dollars a week for speaking them. And so I lived in all the cheap boarding houses of England for a period, meanwhile modelling hats and wearing out shoe leather when the run ended. I couldn't write home for money, as my name wasn't mentioned at home.

"One day I dropped into a film studio, quite by inspiration, and asked for crowd work. You may well imagine my amazement when I got a screen test, and the leading part in 'The Guns of Loos.' The producer explained that I was the ideal English type. (As you know, I'm only

English because I was born there!)

"'The Guns of Loos' put me over—"

"And then," put in the Captain, "my break came, and her hard luck began. She slipped out of sight one day and came up on the shores of Lake Como, married to —me!"

"You see Astley and I had been oversold to each other by a matchmaking witch, prominent in London society. So naturally we avoided each other. Then one day we met, liked each other, decided not to stop doing so, slipped off to Lake Como and did it. We were married with great secrecy, but an old Milanese photographer got a snap of us looking like something the cat had dragged in, and the picture came out in all the papers.

"After I returned to England (after the American experiment)," said Madeleine. "I was very lucky. I had two successful pictures, 'I Was a Spy,' and 'The Thirty-Nine Steps.' But I still wanted to come back to Hollywood.

Hollywood is a woman's Paradise. Not, of course, that I'm giving up England forever, but they'll have to struggle along without me for awhile.

"For after all," went on Madeleine, "in time Hollywood and London studios will be indistinguishable, except for the fog. My chief complaint against England is that they were typing me in too dignified roles—thrusting a queenliness on me that I didn't deserve or desire."

"You weren't too dignified in those 'Thirty-Nine Steps,'" I said.

"Thanks," smiled Madeleine. "It's true I wasn't, but they were trading on my reputation for dignity to get the effect they got. Alfred Hitchcock, one of the greatest directors in the world, in my opinion, knew that I was shy and a bit unhappy about the dignity business so he decided to play a practical joke on me. Do you remember the handcuff scene?

"Well, the first day of the picture, before I ever had met the leading man, Robert Donat, Hitchcock had his brain wave. Although the handcuff scene didn't come until the middle of the picture, he decided to shoot it first. It happened that I had hurried to the studio that morning without breakfast, thinking I would snatch a snack sometime betwen scenes.

"The first thing that Hitchcock did, knowing that Donat and I were perfect strangers, was to handcuff us to each other and pretend to lose the key. By ten o'clock I was a wreck. I wanted to get the handcuffs off, go and freshen up a bit, but I didn't feel like lugging this mere acquaintance along, charming as he was. I appealed to Hitchcock, he sent us to props. Props hadn't the key. The brute never found the key until one o'clock. He admitted later that he wanted to get a lot of discomfort into the scene, and he certainly did."

I rose to go. "But you haven't told me your idiosyncrasies, you know—your favorite color, and whether you rub your salad bowl with garlic."

She answered promptly. "The rainbow contains my favorite colors. Furthermore it may interest your women readers to know that my hair was once mouse-colored but is now ashblond. I like to read religious books. I absorb other people's accents like a chameleon. I like to slip away from London with Astley to live on bark and berries in a little primitive stone house in Sussex. I pursue the single course plan of dieting to keep my weight down to fighting Irish," she rattled on breathlessly. "I am mad about politics. Vionnet makes all of my clothes and I hate to give up my old ones. I play tennis. I don't smoke. I ride in an old sweater, I once delivered a lecture on peace. And now you tell me—do I tick?"

"Miss Carroll," I said, "you tick."

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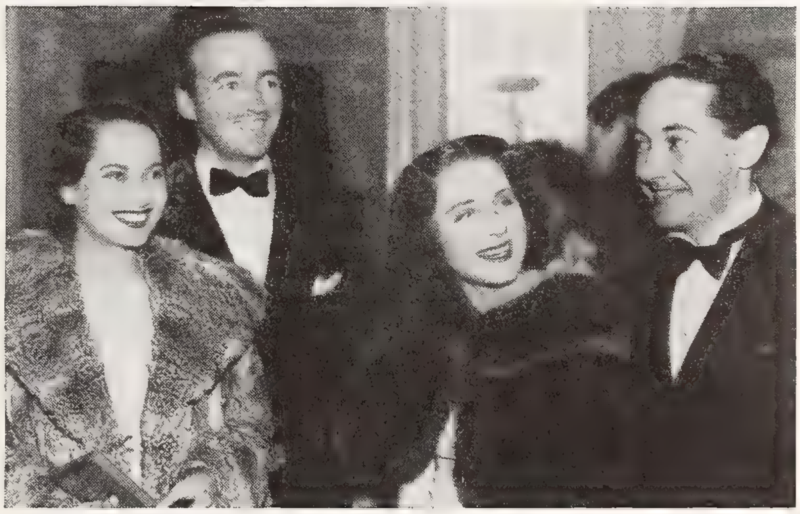
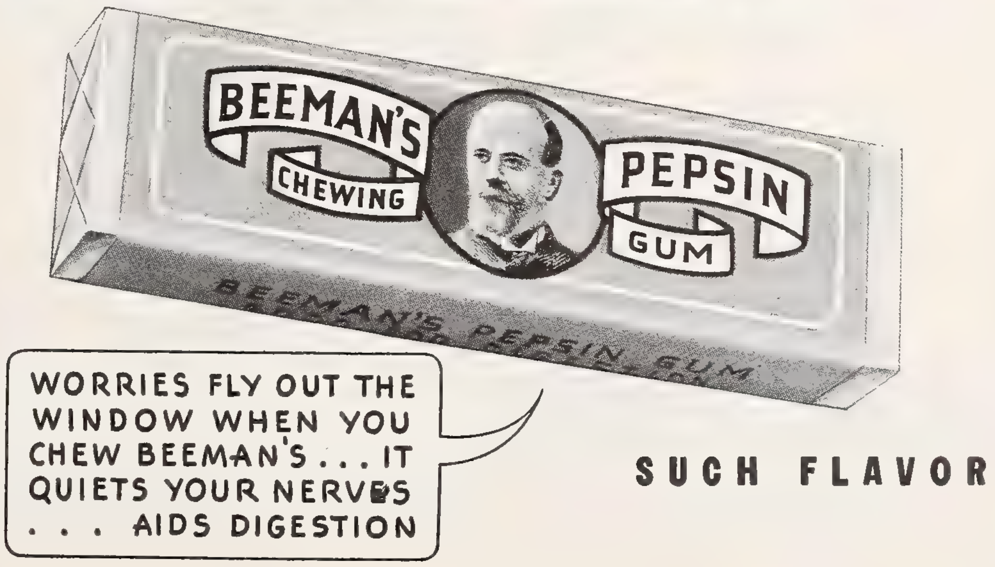


Hollywood's most popular socialites at the Victor Hugo. They are Merle Oberon, David Niven, Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg.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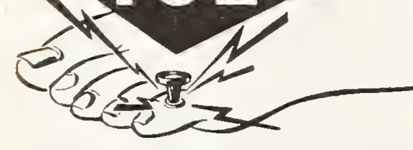

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She Knew What She Wanted

(*Continued from page 39*)

has a breath of scandal touched her.

"I always liked the boys," she laughed with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes. "During those first two years in Hollywood I had several crushes. But they were all on the side. Irving was the only one who really ever counted."

WHEN Norma's first motion picture tests, due to bad lighting, brought out defects in her eyes and the extremely short skirts, then in vogue, revealed the fact that her legs were not straight, the average girl would have given up in despair. Although it took weeks of endless effort, the spirit of Shearer found a way of overcoming the seemingly impossible. As Norma herself said, "I literally made myself over—built an entirely new personality."

With each picture Miss Shearer makes she seems to perform that miracle. For weeks before she started work on "Romeo and Juliet" she was seen about Hollywood with her usually sleek hair curled and grown to shoulder length, such as Juliet wore. Her evening gowns were long and full and flowing. Like a cocoon turning into a butterfly Norma was subtly taking on the characteristics of Juliet.

And that indomitable spirit of Shearer again asserted itself when, for three months previous to the start of the picture, Norma devoted from two to three hours a day working on the intricate 15th century dance which takes place in the exquisite ball room scene where Juliet first meets Romeo.

Dormant muscles that for years had been disciplined to relax so they would soften the slender curves of Norma's piable body and further enhance the romantic parts her roles demanded, had to be brought back into play and put under perfect control.

Said Agnes de Mille, who not only spent months of research work in perfecting this dance sequence, but who also personally supervised Norma's instruction, "It was sheer force of will and determination that enabled Miss Shearer to control unused muscles and master the routine. A truly remarkable feat for an untrained dancer."

And, I might add, almost a superhuman feat for the mother of an infant.

Back at the time of the birth of her son, all Hollywood began asking, "Will Norma settle down to the role of Mrs. Irving Thalberg?" That question was soon answered when, eight months later, Miss Shearer was back at the studio making a picture saying, "A career makes a woman more interesting and inspiring to her husband."

All through her years before the camera the Shearer spirit has never quailed when she felt she was fitted to play a desired role. Her secret rehearsals for "The Trial of Mary Dugan," her first talking picture, in spite of the fact that Mr. Thalberg felt she was not suited to that type of role, is an example. Again when she overcame opposition in making "The Divorcee" and "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," her success proved that she again was right.

Just when Hollywood had decided that a career meant more to the ambitious Miss Shearer than anything else in the world, with action swift and direct she swept all that she had fought for aside, in order to go to Europe with her husband whose health had been undermined by a severe attack of influenza.

Here was another side of Shearer. Her love and devotion for Irving Thalberg meant more than anything else in the world.

When Norma returned to the screen a year later—a long time for any star to absent herself from pictures—she set a precedent by taking up her career where she had left it, with a warm welcome from her admirers.

Some time before "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" was finished Hollywood knew that "the Thalbergs" were expecting a "blessed event." Again at the height of her career Norma had dared to jeopardize it. "Perhaps this time," Hollywood was saying, "Norma will be through with pictures."

"Why not?" was asked. "She has everything. Everything that women the world over yearn for and dream about. Beauty, fame, money, a successful marriage, a social position, a son and a daughter. She has had her cake and eaten it, too. She won't be foolish enough to go back to the long, gruelling hours before the camera. What more can a career offer her?"

BUT it wasn't long before the papers were announcing that Norma Shearer was preparing for "Romeo and Juliet," the greatest role of her eventful career.

To the multitude it is difficult to understand what it is that draws Norma on and on. Those who have the idea that it is a desire for money are wrong. In spite of the princely income drawn by both Mr. and Mrs. Thalberg, they live simply and without the usual Hollywood ostentation.

"I have never in all of my life been eager to possess things," said Norma to me that day. "Not even money. I have always been superstitious about even owning a home.

"People buy a place, settle back and say, 'This is where I belong. This is where I am going to stay.' Then they find that they do not belong. Sometimes the result is quite terrible. Not until we had a son did Irving and I feel that we should have a home of our own.

"It is not money or possessing things that count with me. It is success."

Success must be the answer. That intense craving that will not let her settle down. That burning desire to go higher and higher in the adventure of life.

That spirit was paramount when she commenced work in "Romeo and Juliet." "This will be one of the most thrilling adventures of my career," she said. "To do something through the new medium of the screen, that the stage has never been able to produce."

Norma could no more settle down to domesticity and pass up the opportunity to play "Juliet" than she could give up the idea of living. And as she has said, pictures have been a part of her life for so long that she cannot imagine life without them.

There will always be another picture, another success to struggle for, another adventure to be lived to lure Norma on. The spirit of Shearer is unquenchable. To what heights it will lead even Norma does not know.

One of the "Biggies"

(Continued from page 11)

the Eddie Cantor broadcasts for weeks; he croaked his loyal support to Al Jolson, and also to Fred Allen (incidentally, his favorite comic); and he was a mainstay of the "Buck Rogers" serials.

"In one of 'em," he grimaced at the recollection, "I played 'a web-footed dwarf king living under water.' His name was Og. O—g. I was so good they wouldn't let me quit." Jay sighed. "That disillusioned me," he said.

He got into broadcasting by accident, as he has into most things. Although he'd had six years on the stage in Manhattan, there wasn't enough activity to keep him busy all the time. So he tried writing ether skits as a sideline. He ended up playing one of his own characters.

THOSE six years in the theatre had been, in their way, as extraordinary as anything else that happened to Stander. He was cast in flop after flop, until, at the close of the sixth season, he'd counted up to twenty-eight. He didn't really mind, though—as fast as one closed, he'd go into rehearsal with another.

His stage debut was accomplished quite unexpectedly, and almost without conscious volition on his part. Stander had been reporting for the Long Island News when a friend took him backstage at the Provincetown Playhouse. The director, James Light, was rehearsing a Biblical parable called "Him," by e. e. (lower case!) cummings. He needed a Roman centurion who could shoot crap. The friend nodded toward Stander. "There's your man."

Jay walked up, delivered a phony spiel on his "career" as an actor, and added that by training, condition and heredity he was a crapshooter. Not only did he get the job, but by the night of the premiere he was filling five other minor roles in the same piece.

Stander was nineteen then. Besides reporting, he had done almost everything you can think of in the five years just preceding. It began at fourteen, when he first left home. His first job was as an office boy in a shirt factory. Subsequently, he became a taxi driver, a tile-setter's helper, a ditch digger, foreman in a picture-frame shop, a lifeguard, a waiter, and a salesman for, variously, photo-lithographs, automobiles, printing, insurance and newspaper ads. As messenger boy for a bond house, he lost $167,000 worth of securities. He got them back three days later, but not his job.

Stander's passionate interest in world affairs, his decidedly liberal leanings, are probably an outgrowth of his contacts with life in its many metropolitan phases. Some of them were bitter, although he himself has never felt the pinch of want. Born in New York City on January 10, 1908, of German-Russian parentage, he attended the local public schools intermittently. The eldest of three children, he spent a good deal of his youth setting a bad example for a brother, Alvin, and a sister, Frances. He was kicked out of nine institutions of learning. One time he ghost-wrote a book on political economy for a professor who, a conservative himself, appeared serenely unaware of the quite opposite implications of his published work.

Today, at twenty-eight, Jay finds himself one of filmdom's "biggies." But he isn't kidding himself. "Now," he croaks, "they

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Another feature for August is "Such Men Are Dangerous," a complete novelette of army life in the Philippines, the story of the general's granddaughter who was shunned by the officers and men because they feared she would "kiss and tell . . ."

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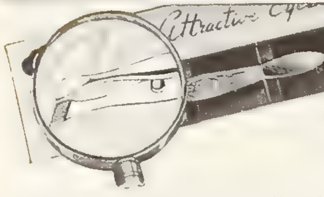

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want to make a dramatic actor out of me. Nix on that stuff! You won't catch me carrying any plot on my shoulders. I started as the comedy relief and I'll end up the same way."

Stander has a great many unconventional notions about Hollywood.

Actors are bored, he says, bored because, whether they know it or not, they are the least important cog in the movie machine. He calls them "inanimate objects"—except for those few moments before the cameras!

"ALL they have to have," he barks, "is a physical sense of orientation, like a pilot making a landing—where to stand, so that the camera and lights hit the mark, and how to read lines out loud."

He believes pictures should represent the collective efforts of author, director, technicians and players, rather than the dominance of any individual or group. He is violently opposed to censorship, declaring that a writer faces too many taboos today to turn out anything significant.

"As a result," he snaps, "pictures are all form and no content."

He has read only two scripts through, and never memorizes his lines literally. "I don't believe in it on my own time." He gets an idea of the character he's to play, and then talks it over with the director and the other performers. Says it's more spontaneous that way.

A phrase-coiner at the drop of a hat, Stander says Hollywood's celluloid "insulates everybody against reality." Its movies are "contributions to cosmic ennui." A bachelor, he "approves" of women. "I think they're here to stay." Seriously, his romantic interest at present lies quite outside his profession. He's never, he insists, been in love with an actress. But then all women intrigue him, more or less—all except "careerists."

His other personal tastes run to sweet cocktails and loud colors in clothes. He has a healthy animal hunger for food, particularly tartar sandwiches. He likes to sneak away for a night on Central Avenue, Los Angeles' Harlem, and is fascinated by all types, black as well as white. He cares nothing for outdoor sports, but likes cards and pool. He is a great reader of economics and world affairs, and can't stand to hear a ticking clock.

Under contract to Columbia, he has a wholesome respect for Frank Capra, his director on "Mr. Deeds." "Capra," he observes, "takes a Cinderella story, a romantic escape fairy tale, and tells it in realistic, hard-boiled terms."

A kind of Cinderella man in his own right, half-cynic, half-idealist, Stander sprawls between pictures on his hill overlooking Hollywood, croaking delighted defiance and pausing, now and again, to pull out a bright new quarter and flash it in the sun.

But that, nowadays, happens less and less often.

He's one of the biggies.

Reviews—A Tour of Today's Talkies

(*Continued from page 25*)

kidnapping case. Rumors spread, and soon a mob, whipped into a frenzy, attacks and burns down the jail. Their supposed victim gets out alive and arranges, through his brothers, to have the mob leaders tried for murder. After a jury returns a verdict of guilty for twenty-two of them, Tracy, smitten by his conscience, walks into the courtroom and proves his identity. Spencer Tracy, with most of the camera's attention, is always compelling, and there are good performances in lesser roles by Frank Albertson, Bruce Cabot and Walter Abel.

★★★ The King Steps Out
(Columbia)

Grace Moore makes another celluloid comeback in this picture. Miss Moore sings beautifully, as usual, but acts and looks considerably better than usual. The story is a gay and giddy one of a princess who tries to save her sister from marrying a man she doesn't love, even if he is the king and Franchot Tone besides. The princess, Grace Moore, scorns all the court red tape and loves the simple life. Her father, Walter Connolly, also scorns the court goings-on and loves the simple life, but with plenty of beer. They set out to persaude the king that he doesn't want to marry into their family. But King Tone mistakes the helpful princess for a dressmaker and promptly falls in love with her, shocking the court and practically killing his mother, the redoubtable Elizabeth Risdon. By that time the other princess decides the king is pretty nice, too, and has poor Gracie thrown into prison. Everything, as you may have suspected, turns out happily ever after. Walter Connolly almost walks off with the honors with his performance and Elizabeth Risdon is excellent. Franchot Tone in gold braid and ringlets looks a bit silly but don't let that keep you away.

Preview Postscript

Miss Grace Moore was no doubt more upset than ever when this picture was previewed. After complaining to every newspaper in the country that she was through with Hollywood since singing three days straight to a cow, the milking scene was cut out . . . Mr. Von Sternberg has a decided antipathy to color on any set. Whenever possible he eliminates it, as in the garden scenes for this picture. Those posies were all from the studio floral shop, hand-fashioned of cotton and silk fabrics and painted with aluminum paint. All the interior scenes were painted with white enamel . . . For once the extra with extra poundage got a break. On this picture only the ones definitely on the buxom side were considered, since this particular period in history was not partial to grapefruit.

★★★ The Case Against Mrs. Ames (Walter Wanger)

An intelligent murder mystery seems to be a rare commodity these days, which is one reason why "The Case Against Mrs. Ames" is a welcome addition to this month's bill of fare. Expertly written and played to the hilt by a cast headed by Madeleine Carroll and George Brent, it is by far the best of the last few months' crop of mystery films. The story concerns the efforts of Madeleine Carroll, as Mrs. Ames, to clear her name of a murder charge. When she's acquitted the prosecuting attorney, George Brent, sets out to prove that the gal is guilty. Instead, he falls in love, and, convinced she is innocent, helps her find the real murderer. The picture moves rapidly all the way and builds up to an exciting and perfectly logical climax, also something rare for the mystery numbers. Madeleine

Carroll, in the lead, is one of the most beautiful gals ever to face a camera, and George Brent does a swell job with the best acting opportunity he's had in some time. In the supporting cast, Alan Mowbray, Arthur Treacher, Beulah Bondi and Eddie Brophy are outstanding.

Preview Postscript

Madeleine Carroll has one of the most unique hobbies in Hollywood. She loves to talk about the "flops" she's taken in her career. What's more, she advises any young actress to beware of overnight success. . . . Richard Carle's been wanting to retire for the past fifty years. Fifty years ago when he started acting, Richard Carle was looking forward to the day when he had enough money in the bank to purchase an easy chair, felt slippers and a ranch. He's had the money in the bank more than once, but just when he would plan a shopping trip some producer would dangle a contract in his face. Over a quarter of a century was spent starring in Broadway roles and now Mr. C's in constant demand for films . . . Scotty Beckett wants to retire soon from this acting racket, too. The six-year-old who has been in more than forty pictures in the last year has an ambition to be a "juicer"—one of those gents who scramble about at dizzy heights above the sets and manipulate giant Klieg lights.

★★ Nobody's Fool

(Universal)

It's Edward Everett Horton in the title role, and that's 'nuff said for any Horton addict. The story is just about as silly as anything could be imagined and therefore admirably suited to Edward Everett's charms. With a heart of gold and a head of cement, as Glenda Farrell, his gal friend, lovingly describes him. Mr. Horton is the instigator of a remarkable plan to tear down New York City and build up a city of happy homes for happy mothers and fathers. His naïveté is meat for a gang of realty crooks, headed by Frank Conroy and ably assisted by Glenda Farrell. They have a plan underfoot whereby they hope to beat Cesar Romero, a rival racketeer, out of some property. One look at Eddie and they decide he's just the man to spring the news on Romero and his gang and take the beating. One of Eddie's outstanding qualities is his willingness to oblige and make everybody happy. Through a series of uncanny blunders he succeeds in making everybody happy, the district attorney and the two gangs of crooks fast friends, the property in question a site for a model tenement, and himself the proud possessor of Glenda's hand in marriage. Fun for everybody!

Preview Postscript

Edward Everett Horton celebrated a birthday while this picture was in production and a gala surprise party was given him in Glenda Farrell's bungalow on the lot. Instead of the birthday cake, though, the cast presented him with a basket of champagne which was almost as nice a sentiment, anyway. On waking up the morning of his birthday, Edward Everett was surprised when he looked out the window. All over the lawn on his Encino estate were scattered bright red flower-pots, in each of which was growing a white geranium. It developed that this was the gift of Arthur Treacher. Mr. Horton had them planted along a walk and from now on it's to be called "Treacher Walk" . . . Florence Roberts is known as Horton's unofficial mother. Since they worked together in stock in Philadelphia many years ago a fast friendship has grown up between the two. You'll never see a Horton picture without Miss Roberts tucked away in it some place . . . Horton is known in Hollywood as the most helpful guy in town. He has been known to encourage more newcomers with advice and money than anyone around these parts. Henry Hunter, an extra on this picture and a newcomer to the movie lot, was suddenly startled to find his hand firmly gripped the first day on the set, and hear a cordial welcome from Mr. Horton, followed by an even more cordial invitation to lunch.

★★ Jailbreak (Warners)

At least there is a new angle to this familiar yarn about what goes on behind the gray prison walls. The picture opens with a bunch of the boys whooping it up in San Quentin. The atmosphere is anything but pleasant between the deadly rivalries, intrigues, etc., soon evident among the inmates, to say nothing of the way they all go around making faces at each other. Then come the killings and on the heels of them Barton MacLane, detective. But, of course, he is still scratching his head over the wrong clews when the daredevil reporter, Craig Reynolds, wangles his way into the penitentiary and solves the mystery to his own satisfaction if not the audience's. We have a profound respect for the Reynolds profile and only wish we could feel the same way about his histrionic assets. Prison walls can't keep a girl out of a Warner picture, so here we have June Travis as a former secretary to one of the present corpses. Miss Travis' role requires her to stand around with a look of horror all over her pretty face and she does this very well. George E. Stone, Eddie Acuff, and Addison Richards are part of the grim scenery and perform adequately.

Preview Postscript

George E. Stone became so fond of his prison uniform that he bargained with the studio wardrobe department and bought it. Now he terrorizes the neighbors by mowing the lawn of his Beverly Hills home in full convict regalia . . . Fifteen old-time prizefighters were hired to give an authentic touch to the hard-boiled prison scenery. Gentler folk you've never met than these two-hundred-pounders, decorated with mashed-in noses and cauliflower ears. Their only failing was still being slightly punch-drunk. Whenever a bell rang, pandemonium broke loose, and actors and crew not in the pugilistic class ran for cover until the fifteen fought it out among themselves . . . Dick Purcell and Craig Reynolds didn't lack instructors in that fight scene, but it took three days to film. The first day the boys were afraid of hurting each other, and the results looked just like it. The second day Dick knocked Craig cold and the third day Craig reciprocated. And it all takes just thirty seconds on the screen. . . . Next to Vince Barnett, Craig Reynolds holds the title of Hollywood's most impractical practical jokester. His favorite victim on this set was June Travis. Unfortunately, Craig discovered that June is terribly susceptible to tickling. To such a degree that just the word whispered in her presence can send her off into gales of giggles. It is considered a miracle by those in the cast that June even managed to get one shot in this picture with a straight face.

★ Palm Springs (Paramount)

"Palm Springs" is the month's low in musical pictures. It has, however, a couple of assets, so let's record them before we chant the dirge. Assets: Two excellent songs ("I Don't Want To Make History" and "The Hills of Wyoming") and Fran-

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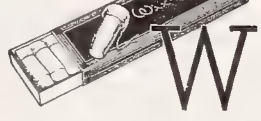

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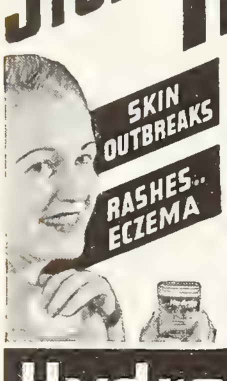

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PULVEX FLEA POWDER

ces Langford to sing them. Liabilities: An impossible story, amateurish direction, and a mistake in choosing a leading man. Smith Ballew, the orchestra leader, has the role. He plays an honest cowboy, and he plays him like the hero of the senior class play. The story points out the evils of the rich, and explains sanctimoniously that a girl will be much happier in a shack with the world's dullest cowhand than she possibly could be in a penthouse with a millionaire. The whole thing adds up to an unfortunate vehicle for Frances Langford. The little gal with the big voice can go places if someone will give her a halfway intelligent picture. Ernest Cossart, Sir Guy Standing, E. E. Clive, David Niven and Spring Byington head the supporting cast.

Preview Postscript

Although a typically American story with the California desert as background, British-born actors predominate in the cast. Sir Guy Standing, Ernest Cossart, David Niven and E. E. Clive all hail from the British Isles. With the exception of Niven, all won stage fame in their native country before coming to this country. David Niven turned actor after coming to Hollywood on a pleasure jaunt. Now he's going to stay just as long as Merle Oberon does. Many visitors on the set commented on the remarkable likeness between Frances Langford and one of the "bit" players. At last it was revealed that he was Frances' brother, Jimmy Langford. Employed in a New York theatrical booking office, young Langford decided to vacation in Hollywood this year and, after procuring three extra roles in no time at all, decided to stay and see what happens. He's just 25 years old and figures there's time to work up. . . . An isolated location site on the desert near Palmdale, Calif., a two hours' ride from Hollywood, was the setting for this picture. The principals in the picture and cast and crew made the round trip from Hollywood each day, while a watchman was left to guard over the studio-constructed ranch buildings and "props" set up in the desert. This watchman was the victim of a bizarre hold-up which has set authorities agog. While making his rounds one night the watchman suddenly felt a gun poked in his ribs. A few minutes later a truck came bumping over the road. While one robber kept the watchman covered, two others loaded everything movable on the truck. When the troupe showed up on the set the following morning only a skeleton set remained, so artisans and more watchmen were rushed from Hollywood.

★★ Three Wise Guys

(M-G-M)

Of course, you know that two such attractive people as Betty Furness and Robert Young will live happily ever after, but M-G-M certainly makes things tough for them for a while. Betty is the "front" for a couple of meanies, Bruce Cabot and Raymond Walburn, in a profitable skin-game. She agrees with her partners to give Robert Young the works on learning of the gentleman's annual income. Being only a woman, after all, Betty falls in love with Robert. And to prove that it's not Robert's bank account of which she is enamored, she sticks to him even when he's disinherited, out of work, in jail, and so on ad infinitum, even to giving birth to a babe on Christmas Eve in a barn. The story is weak enough to wobble, but Miss Furness and Mr. Young manage to make their characterizations so light-hearted and likable that it completely saves the day and the picture. Raymond Walburn's urbanity is enjoyable as the brains of the crooks, while Bruce Cabot is satisfactorily menacing in his determined efforts to ruin Betty's life. The picture ends in a grand finale of lilies and bluebirds when Bruce saves Robert Young from the penitentiary by returning some money which he had stolen.

Preview Postscript

Beautiful Palm Springs was the location site for one of the most important sequences of this film. The cast was overjoyed, since the sound of "location" is enough to make any Hollywood actor or actress ill, as most locations are in uncomfortable, dreary spots far from civilization. Those swimmers you see in the picture are actually Olympic champions who were staying in the desert and practising daily in the El Mirador Hotel plunge. . . . Bruce Cabot is gradually earning the enviable title of meanest meanie in celluloid. He's always doted on playing the rough numbers, but for years the studio thought the Cabot face was too sweet a one for those roles. Just when Bruce was on his way out of Hollywood the studio gave him a chance to do what he wanted.

★★ The Last Outlaw

(RKO-Radio)

Say what you will about "horse oprys" they can be depended upon for a good plot with some sure-fire thrills thrown in for good measure, which is more than the average drawing-room drammer can guarantee. A good cast provides another excuse for seeing this picture if your low-brow tastes need justification. Harry Carey, Henry B. Walthall and Hoot Gibson are sincere and likable in their roles, furnishing plenty of excitement with their attack upon a band of desperadoes who are hiding out in the hills. Carey has returned to the home town after 25 years in prison and has found everything changed with the exception of his old friend, Henry B. Walthall, the town sheriff. Margaret Callahan is Carey's daughter, but unaware of it, since Carey doesn't want her to know he is an ex-convict. Hoot Gibson is the slightly aged cowboy who is enamored of Margaret. A bank hold-up brings everything to a neat climax, since the bandits escape taking Margaret with them as protection against too much gun play. In the heroic rescue she finds that Carey is her father and that Hoot is the man she is going to marry. No, it won't increase your blood pressure, but the picture will provide an evening's good, wholesome fun, if you think you can take it.

Preview Postscript

There was a grand reunion staged on Set 12 at RKO Studios the day this picture went into production. It was the first get-together that Henry B. Walthall, Harry Carey, Hoot Gibson and Director Christy Cabanne had enjoyed for years. Back in 1912, when movies were seen and not heard, Christy directed these three gents in a real thriller, "West of the Wild Rockies." The gala atmosphere prevailed throughout the picture's production, and when the company returned from a ten-day location trip near Bakersfield a unanimous vote was cast to the effect that never had there been such a jolly cast and crew.

★ Love Begins at 20

(Warners)

If you like the Hugh Herbert brand of comedy, you won't be disappointed in this tale of an American family and its trials and tribulations. Most of the latter, of course, are due to papa, a mild little man whose one talent is washing dishes. Nothing seems to wring the heart so much as one of those scared-rabbit twitches of the Herbert nose, and Hugh gets plenty of them between housework and listening to his domineering spouse, Dorothy Vaughan. But suddenly over the dishpan all Hugh's pent-up emotions burst forth. The result is riot, no less. Between getting fired, knocking out his boss, getting mixed up with bank bandits and landing in jail, then coming home bloody but uncowed, Hugh has himself a time. Patricia Ellis is good to look at as his daughter and reels off some brand new wisecracks. Warren Hull is satisfactory as the nice young man who has honorable intentions toward the heroine, and Dorothy Vaughan is convincingly bossy. But it's a Hugh Herbert picture pure and simple.

Preview Postscript

The company had a hectic time chasing from Warners' San Fernando studio to their Sunset studio, for the interior of the main character's home was built on the latter lot, while the exterior was on the larger valley lot. Every set at Warners' larger studio was being utilized and in order to complete the picture in the scheduled three weeks it was necessary to chase around in this fashion. . . . Hugh Herbert spent all his spare time on the lot drawing plans for the elaborate new swimming pool which he is going to have constructed on his San Fernando ranch, "El Rancho Herberto." The pool is to be lined with plate glass mirrors so his guests can see how silly they look when taking flat dives. The ranch is Herbert's pride and joy, and at present he is raising a special grade of goats. Each year the Herberts specialize in a different crop—of grain and livestock.

★ Early to Bed (Paramount)

The marital adventures of Mary Boland and Charlie Ruggles seem to go on forever. In their latest comedy of domestic affairs they manage to struggle through another series of farce comedy situations which will probably amuse most audiences, although they never reach the heights of hilarity they achieved in such memorable little numbers as "Mama Loves Papa" and other earlier efforts. This time Charlie, a timid little clerk in a glass eye concern, asserts himself long enough to propose to Mary Boland, to whom he's been engaged for twenty years. Their honeymoon is spent trying to land a big order from a vacationing glass eye tycoon, George Barbier. The fact that Charlie is a sleep walker accounts for a number of old-time Mack Sennett gags, some of which are funny and some of which could have been left with Mr. Sennett. Ruggles and Boland are as good as their material allows them to be, George Barbier and Robert McWade are excellent as a pair of big business men, and Gail Patrick is wasted on a minor role.

Preview Postscript

Charlie Ruggles' long talks with the "prop" department had everyone guessing. But the reason was soon uncovered. It seems that they had made him a pair of rubber feet so Charlie could run around in that wet grass without making this his farewell picture. Of liquid rubber, the feet were fashioned on a plaster cast of the Ruggles foot, allowing room for a pair of socks underneath, and you'd never know from nothing. . . . Lucien Littlefield has been threatening for some eight years to express himself on paper instead of celluloid. And he's made good the threat at last, by collaborating on this story's scenario with Chandler Sprague. . . . This marks Mary Boland's first picture since her return from the New York show, "Jubilee." If she has her way, Miss B. will stay right here, too, thank you. Says the stage bored her and she'd much prefer a series of quickies in Hollywood to the most successful play on Broadway.

★★ Trouble for Two (M-G-M)

Based on Robert Louis Stevenson's "The Suicide Club," Bob Montgomery and Rosalind Russell are presented in a mythical kingdom setting. Bob and Rosalind are both handsome in their curls, and the picture is entertaining at times, but one leaves it convinced that M-G-M will have to take steps if Mr. M.'s popularity is to be maintained. The simplest step, of course, would be to provide him with a good picture. In this one he's a prince who hops to Paris to get out of marrying a princess of a neighboring kingdom. He doesn't know, at the time, that she's Rosalind Russell. In Paris, looking for excitement, he joins The Suicide Club, a gay little organization which kills one of its members at each meeting. In Paris he also learns that the princess he's been ducking is the same gal he's been chasing all over town. So two mythical kingdoms are happily united in marriage. Montgomery and Russell are both competent, but their work is overshadowed by better portrayals from Frank Morgan, E. E. Clive and Louis Hayward.

Preview Postscript

Robert Montgomery not only gained that moustache in the last few months but some fifteen additional pounds to boot. No one is more puzzled than Mr. M. about the latter, since those swanky costumes he wears forced him to stand up for some two months straight while on the set. Satin breeches are very nice to look at but very bad to sit in, so "standing chairs" used by the "Ziegfeld" gals were brought in to recline on. Frank Morgan, however, came out of the picture some five pounds less hefty. Says it was the strain of keeping an eye on Montgomery while they played backgammon—which was every minute that the two were not in front of the cameras. They played standing up, on a table raised a couple feet from the ground. . . . Miss Russell spent every spare moment on the set scribbling away on reams of paper, or gnawing countless pencil stubs with a far-gone expression in her dark orbs. It developed that she is writing her life story in scenario form. She's had two offers to date for the MSS. when the last soul-searching sentence is completed.

★ Bunker Bean (RKO-Radio)

Mildly amusing is this latest picturization of Bunker Bean's adventures and misadventures. What high spots there are have been achieved in spite of the story by an excellent cast, notably Owen Davis, Jr., Robert McWade, Louise Latimer, and Jessie Ralph. One or two scenes nearly brought down the house, particularly a grape-rolling sequence, but we couldn't quite believe in some of the hilarity. For instance that a young man smart enough to add six columns of figures in his head would fall for a fake mummy imported overnight from Egypt. The victim of a terrific inferiority complex, our hero goes to a seeress and finds that in a previous reincarnation he was Napoleon. Straightway he begins modelling his wife on Bonaparte tactics, progressing far enough to spank the boss's daughter. But Napoleon evidently didn't know too much about women so Bunker again visits the seeress and begs to be someone else. He ends up with twenty thousand dollars in the bank and the boss's daughter on his lap, if you care.

Preview Postscript

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body but Louise Latimer. Owen Davis, Jr., wasn't accustomed to spanking blonde young ladies, so the scene took practically a whole day to perfect to the director's satisfaction. . . . Owen Davis, Jr., boarded a plane for three-weeks' vacation in the East on completion of his role in this film. He rushed to Skowhegan, Maine, where he will appear for opening week in Owen Davis, Sr's., play, "Icebound." While in New York he belonged to a club of six young men who met each week for lunch. The member who had received the best "break," theatrically speaking, that week treated. There were many weeks when all six bought their own lunches. The other five were Henry Fonda, Ross Alexander, James Stewart, Brian Donlevy and Elisha Cooke, Jr.

★★ Bullets or Ballots

(First National)

It's a cops-and-robbers affair, with Eddie Robinson, as New York's toughest detective, playing gangster to fool the racketeers and break up the town's biggest crime syndicate. The Robinson role is no doubt patterned after the career of Johnny Broderick, hard-fisted Manhattan detective, who always regarded a poke in the nose more effective than a subpoena. At any rate, Eddie has most of the mob-men tipping their fedoras to him, so when he's publicly fired from the police department the boys are only too glad to hire his services for their own needs. Little reck they with the law, as the saying goes, for the whole thing is a ruse on the part of the coppers, and Eddie uses his new position to help clamp the lid on the city's vice rings. If you like gangster pictures full of monosyllabic mugs and guarded references to "the big bosses," you will undoubtedly enjoy the familiar routines of Mr. Robinson and his supporting cast, which includes Humphrey Bogart, Joan Blondell, Barton MacLane, and Frank McHugh.

Preview Postscript

The stuntman gang is no secret to movie fans—that gang of boys and men who risk their necks to save the star for the fade-out embrace. But few of them know the pug-ugly gang. The pug-uglies are a fraternity of thespians whose faces are so out of kilter that they look mean enough to push an alligator in the face. Most of the brothers are ex-prizefighters or circus performers and a football player or two, who have either fallen on their heads at various times or been smacked in the face with a baseball bat. They're just plain ugly. But those bashed noses, scarred cheeks, cauliflower ears and punch-drunk eyes are beautiful for gangster films, and what's more, mean real money to their owners. There are about twenty-five working on this film who were seen in "G-Men," "Little Caesar" and "Public Enemy." . . . A pistol expert was summoned to First National for this picture. Real bullets had to be shot at Barton MacLane, Humphrey Bogart and Edward G. Robinson in order to show the wood splintering above their heads for one scene. The three gentlemen were fussy and insisted on a professional.

★ The Golden Arrow

(Warners)

There should be a law against Bette Davis lending her talents to anything less than Grade A Certified stories. We're not fussy enough to expect an "Of Human Bondage" too often, but "The Golden Arrow" definitely got us down. Looking at Bette is never time wasted and George Brent's profile is still far from depressing, but neither fact can compensate for the plot. It has to do with another of these richest girls in the world, whose life is cluttered up with yachts and polo ponies and foreign princes. Your heart will be wrung with the pity of it all. So is George Brent's, to such an extent that he tells the poor little rich Bette that he will give up the honorable profession of reporting in order to marry her and protect her from her princes. For the rest of the picture your sympathies are supposed to be with poor Mr. Brent, restless in the lap of luxury. The fade-out was really refreshing, though. In place of embraces, Mr. Brent and Miss Davis exchange black eyes.

Preview Postscript

Bill Guthrie is the man at Warners whose job it is to find locations, no matter how impossible, at a moment's notice. Luck was with him for once when he was told to locate a yacht that would be scrumptious enough to belong to the richest girl in the world, nee Bette Davis, in this opus. The E. L. Cord yacht, "Virginia," was in Long Beach harbor and Bill obtained permission to use it. It only costs $1250 per day to keep this "rowboat" afloat. . . . One of the most impressive sets ever to go up on the studio lot was the night club set. The room was 120 by 145 feet, hexagonal in shape. The walls were panelled for huge murals in blue and silver and 40-foot drapes of white crepe velvet extended across arches. The orchestra platform and furnishings of the dining-room were in chromium and ivory. . . . Eugene Pallette has appeared in more than 967 pictures and could have been in a lot more, but won't sign a contract with any studio but Warners. The reason being that they understand about ducks. And ducks are the main thing in Mr. Pallette's life. He never works a minute during the duck-shooting season and never works any week-end during fishing season. He's been in the movies ever since silent days and, next to ducks, thinks they're the finest institution in the world.

★★ The Princess Comes Across (Paramount)

The shipboard romance of a concertina player and a Brooklyn gal masquerading as a Swedish princes is the story here, and with Carole Lombard doing a swell impersonation of Garbo one might well expect a pleasant and amusing comedy. Unfortunately, before the boat is many miles at sea, the whole thing turns into a murder mystery of little more than mild interest. Carole, it seems, is a chorus girl stranded in Europe, far from her beloved Brooklyn. With Alison Skipworth, a Flatbush friend, she conceives the princess idea, lands a Hollywood film contract and sets sail for America. Aboard also is Fred MacMurray, band leader and confessed concertina manipulator. He falls in love with the royal lady from Brooklyn, but their romance is impeded by the presence of several surly and suspicious characters, one of whom seems to have something on almost the entire passenger list. When the murder mystery takes over the picture, the fine Lombard comedy is tossed into the background. However, the film may be worth seeing for the Lombard moments and for her amazing resemblance, in some scenes, to The Great One. Siegfried Rumann and Porter Hall are excellent in supporting roles.

Preview Postscript

On a Lombard set you will always find the gifts flying high, wide and handsome. First of all, every day Carole orders cases of coca cola delivered on the set for everyone to consume; then on the slightest provocation she bestows gifts on one and all, from the prop boys up, and on the picture's completion another deluge comes. . . . Sets for this picture were scarce but elaborate, depicting, for the most part, the interior of a luxury liner. These were all built on the studio lot and most of the exteriors were shot at San Pedro, except for one or two of the boat on a stormy sea. The "stormy sea" is a 20-foot-square pond on the lot on which a miniature ship is launched. While a wind machine blows up wild waves, an assistant stands at either side of the pond rocking the boat back and forth while the camera gets a perfect shot of a great ship battling the elements.

★★★ Fatal Lady (Paramount)

Mary Ellis is lovely as the "Fatal Lady"—the ill-starred singer who is involved in one mysterious murder after another, being forced to abandon her grand opera career and join a travelling South American company at one time and at another having to accept a job as entertainer in a Paris night-club. This picture should establish her as a competent and delightful screen personality. Though her voice is as fine as ever, Miss Ellis' acting has gained immeasurably in sincerity and assurance since her last film venture. Except for one overture, the music has been composed exclusively for this picture. In the well chosen supporting cast are Walter Pidgeon, Alan Mowbray, Ruth Donnelly, Norman Foster and Guy Bates Post. Whether you are an opera addict, a mystery fan, or just a stickler for good entertainment, you will find this picture worth your while.

Preview Postscript

Walter Wanger happened into the Grand Opera House, Los Angeles' first theatre, just before it was to be pulled down. He was so fascinated by the ginger-bread decorations, plush curtains and sentiment of the building which has reverberated to applause for Edwin Booth, Lillian Russell, Richard Mansfield, and scores of other stars of bygone days that he prevailed upon the city to delay razing the building until he could get a sequence written with this setting. Studio artisans redecorated the interior of the house for its final blaze of glory. Hollywood actors and 1000 Latin-type extras sat in the boxes and orchestra section once occupied by the upper crust of Old Los Angeles and witnessed a performance by Mary Ellis and a "grand opera company" of more extras, while batteries of cameras and microphones, strung along the galleries and stage, recorded the action. The ancient structure had never been so brilliantly illuminated . . .

★★★★★ The Green Pastures

(Warners)

Majestic in its simplicity, "The Green Pastures" brings to the screen Marc Connelly's delightful drama of Heaven as seen through the eyes of God-fearing colored folk, and makes it one of the finest photoplays ever to come out of Hollywood. There isn't a movie name in the entire cast of Negro performers, but there is a compelling sincerity in their acting which helps materially to make "The Green Pastures" the beautiful screen drama that it is. De Lawd is an humble man who rules Heaven with a gentle hand, and one grieves with him for the sins of his "chillun" down on earth, whom he can't seem to control. "Heaven" is a delightful place with fluffy cotton clouds, where fish fries and "ten-cent seegars" are the order of the day. You'll see the Angel Gabriel, who never quite gets a chance to blow his horn; Noah, who has a spirited argument with De Lawd on the wisdom of taking two kegs of whiskey aboard the ark; and Moses, who delivers the Israelites to the Promised Land. It's folk-lore magnificently told, with Rex Ingram, as De Lawd, and all God's "chillun" giving superb performances.

Preview Postscript

Marc Connelly, author of this Pulitzer Prize winning play which ran continuously on stages all over the country for five years, has been working on the screen adaptation since last September and just finished the day before shooting on the picture began, in February. Having all that room provided by movie sets was joy to Mr. Connelly. For he has been accustomed to seeing the biggest scene, the fish-fry in Heaven, played in a space 44 feet wide and 26 feet deep in the Mansfield Theatre in New York and often the stages on the road were considerably smaller. But on Stage 8 at Warner's studio they were provided with an area 325 feet wide and 275 feet deep, just a little short of two acres. Hundreds of angels could be used in place of a mere handful, while the whole scene gives an illusion of unlimited space and beauty . . . "Heaven" was just a series of two-foot high hillocks overgrown with linen grass, miniature live-oak trees with crepe-paper moss swaying in the breezes from an electric fan. Painted backdrops of canvas provide the vast stretch of Louisiana bayou country.

More Good News

(*Continued from page 23*)

Now that their divorce is on the way and they can be friends again, Arline Judge and Wesley Ruggles spent a pleasant evening dining at the Trocadero. It's funny how clubby people can be the minute they are no longer legally required to be civil to one another. Perhaps that's why the friendly divorces outnumber the friendly marriages in Hollywood. Anyway, Arline was in such a good mood that she purchased five dollars worth of cigarettes and cigars and gave them all right back to the cigarette girl.

■ ■ ■

Luise Rainer got herself arrested again for speeding a few weeks ago, and that gives her the undisputed Hollywood championship. This time her studio called her in on the carpet and gave the young lady a heart-to-heart talk about things. Incidentally, her current gentleman friend, Willie Wyler (Margaret Sullavan's ex) spent a week-end in the Beverly Hills jail for doing seventy miles an hour in a residential section. Maybe Luise was chasing the guy.

■ ■ ■

Mary Brian's first Hollywood role in some time is in "Spendthrift," in which she plays a villainess, and all we know about it is what we read in a press agent's item we found under an old waste-basket. Here it is: "Mary Brian greeted her first role as a villainess with glee, but her mother has found occasion to be slightly worried about the situation. So worried, indeed, that she has taken to

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Turn to Page 18

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Good Housekeeping Bureau

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Patricia (Honey Chile) Wilder, recently in "Bunker Bean," is snapped leaving New York's smart St. Moritz Hotel.

baking cookies and things each morning for Mary to bring to the studio with her. Just to preserve the home influence." Pass the cookies, Mary.

* * *

Re George Brent it is interesting to note that when the sombre Swedish lady returned to Hollywood he was not on hand to meet her. A gallant band of admirers, photographers, and the press awaited her at the Pasadena station, but she fooled them by getting off the train at San Bernardino. Another Garbo surprise is that she's being nice to everyone these days. "I don't mind being photographed," she told a cameraman, "but all the photographers think I do, so they hide and jump out at me from behind buildings." So Garbo is melting, although up to the present writing no one calls her Toots.

* * *

Love Among the Younger Set: A few weeks ago Richard Cromwell completed his swimming pool and invited a number of his young friends to the grand opening. The night was lovely and the moon was up, or something, so Dick decided it was a fine time to propose to Gracie Durkin. He dashed into the house to comb his hair and rehearse his lines, and came out to find his loved one holding hands with Bill Henry, who also thought it was a lovely night.

* * *

When Leslie Howard finished his work in "Romeo and Juliet," he and his family were all set for a dash to New York and a trip abroad. Bags were all packed, and in case the studio phoned the maid was instructed to announce that the Howards had left. At the last minute the phone rang. It was Norma Shearer, said the maid, and she wanted to say goodbye to Mrs. Howard. Mrs. H., making an exception for Norma, picked up the phone and was greeted by the voice of Irving Thalberg. "Tell your husband to get right over to the studio," said Irving. "We have some retakes."

* * *

Without doubt one of the finest pictures Hollywood has ever made, "The Green Pastures" will appeal to audiences everywhere for its beautiful simplicity and for the grand acting of Rex Ingram as De Lawd. During the making of the picture, De Lawd had his troubles. Being something of a ladies' man in private life, De Lawd found his salary attached every week to mend the broken heart of some gal who interrupted her weeping long enough to hire a lawyer. As he announces in the picture, "Bein' God ain't exactly a bed of roses."

* * *

The best thing in "The Princess Comes Across" is Carole Lombard's amazing resemblance to Garbo in several scenes. Carole plays a bogus Swedish princess in the picture, and she must have been doing a bit of rehearsing in a Hollywood department store, for someone spied her and yelled "Garbo!" Immediately Carole was the center of a group of enthusiastic women who tugged and pulled at her until she shrieked, "Pulleaze! I'm only Jane Peters." Jane Peters is Carole's real name, and she isn't Garbo at all, but she knows how it feels.

* * *

This seems to be a month of thrilling swimming pool rescues. This time Jeanette MacDonald is the heroine of the story, and the victim dragged from the briny was Stormy Weather, her pet Skye terrier. Stormy swam too long and too hard in the MacDonald pool when he discovered he was too exhausted to pull himself out. A few yelps brought Jeanette, who jumped in, clad in her lounging pajamas, and pulled him out. And here's something for which you can hardly forgive Jeanette. Know why she calls her dog Stormy Weather? Because he's such a dark Skye!

* * *

Saw Gene Raymond on the set of "The Bride Walks Out" on one of the hottest days of the year, bundled up in an overcoat and scarf. He wasn't cold—he was posing for a plaque. Plaques, by the way, are the latest Hollywood fad. Instead of sitting for a portrait, you sit for a plaque. Hundreds of copies can be made, and some stars are sending them out to their fans. Don't expect them from everyone, though. Each one weighs two pounds, and one almost has to be Garbo to stand the mailing fees.

* * *

Richard Arlen, who has just returned from making a picture in England, was surprised to learn that over there every star has, besides his stand-in, a double. Mr. A. insisted he didn't need a double, since his role required no cliff-hanging, but the powers that be impressed on him the fact that a star without a double is frowned upon. So Dick checked through his English fan mail, and hired a young man for the job. The guy had nothing to do, but he saved Dick his social standing.

* * *

Almost everyone who could wheedle a pass visited the "My Man Godfrey" set at Universal, simply because everyone wanted

(*Continued on page 100*)

Guarantee of Satisfaction

The publishers of MODERN SCREEN guarantee that you will be satisfied with your purchase of every packaged product advertised in this magazine. If for any reason you are dissatisfied, MODERN SCREEN will replace the product or, if you prefer, refund your purchase price. In either case all you have to do is to send us the unused portion, accompanied by a letter outlining your complaint. This guarantee also applies if the product, in your opinion does not justify the claims made in its advertising in MODERN SCREEN

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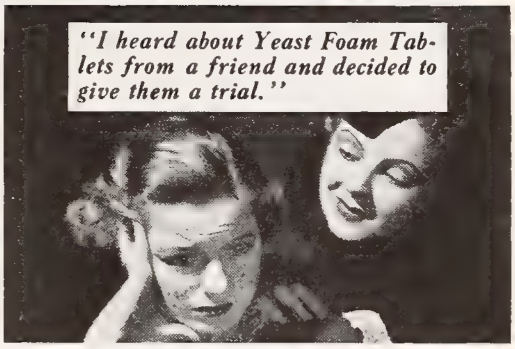

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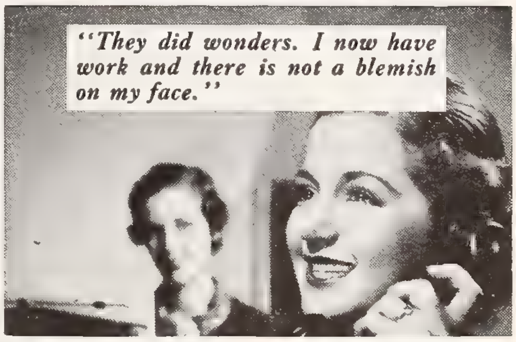

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MORE GOOD NEWS . . .

More Hollywood doings! Top row, left: a right jolly, British-looking outing is this foursome at a recent Cricket Club match. David Niven, with cricket leg guards and bat, chats with Merle Oberon. Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Knowles beside the lunch basket. Below, Al Jolson, Ruby Keeler and George Brent (with moustache) at the Warner Brothers annual banquet. Top row, right, Fredric March and lovely Jean Muir talk things over at a recent party at the Victor Hugo. And the same evening, Scotty gets a rare snap—Jean Arthur with her husband.

to see Bill Powell and Carole Lombard together. After all, they were once married, weren't they, and here they were co-starring in a picture. But what amused most of the sightseers was director Gregory La Cava telling Bill and Carole what to do in their love scenes.

■ ■ ■

When Peter Lorre returned from his trip abroad he rushed home to greet his household, which consists of two black cats and a dog. The cats tendered him a fine welcome, but the dog, who had completely forgotten him, regarded his master with considerable suspicion. As a result, the dog now belongs to a friend, and the two black cats have the Lorre home to themselves.

■ ■ ■

Social Note: Warren Hull, of this city, was host recently at a stag shower in honor of Donald Woods. Mr. Woods is an expectant father. The guest of honor was presented with many delightful gifts, a few of which he could bring home to the little woman. The rest were more or less unprintable.

When Luise Rainer had to do a crying scene in her current picture she worked herself up to such a pitch that the weeping went on even after the scene was completed. On the way to her dressing room, still crying, she ran into Joan Crawford. "What's the matter?" asked Joan. "I can't help it," sobbed Luise. "I cry for the picture, and I am still sad." A few moments later Luise answered a knock on her dressing room door to find a messenger with orchids from Joan. Touching?

At the M-G-M commissary Jean Harlow orders a salad. The waitress brings a stupendous and colossal concoction looking like something out of "The Great Ziegfeld." Harlow gasps, "Good Heavens! I thought Adrian was out of town!"

■ ■ ■

Talked to Bing Crosby on the "Rhythm on the Range" set between shots. Bing, in boots and a ten-gallon hat, took time out to tell us that this is the first time the movies have put a crooner on horseback. "It took a lot of courage," he explained, "but we finally found a horse that didn't mind."

■ ■ ■

"Rhythm on the Range" is no ordinary western, according to Bing. It's an epic. We asked him to prove it and he pointed to a prize bull standing majestically on the set, giving us the left profile. "See that bull?" he asked. We said we did. He directed our gaze to another bovine gentleman a few feet away. "See that other bull?" We said we saw him, too. "First bull's stand-in," said Bing.

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Modern Screen

30

PTEMBER

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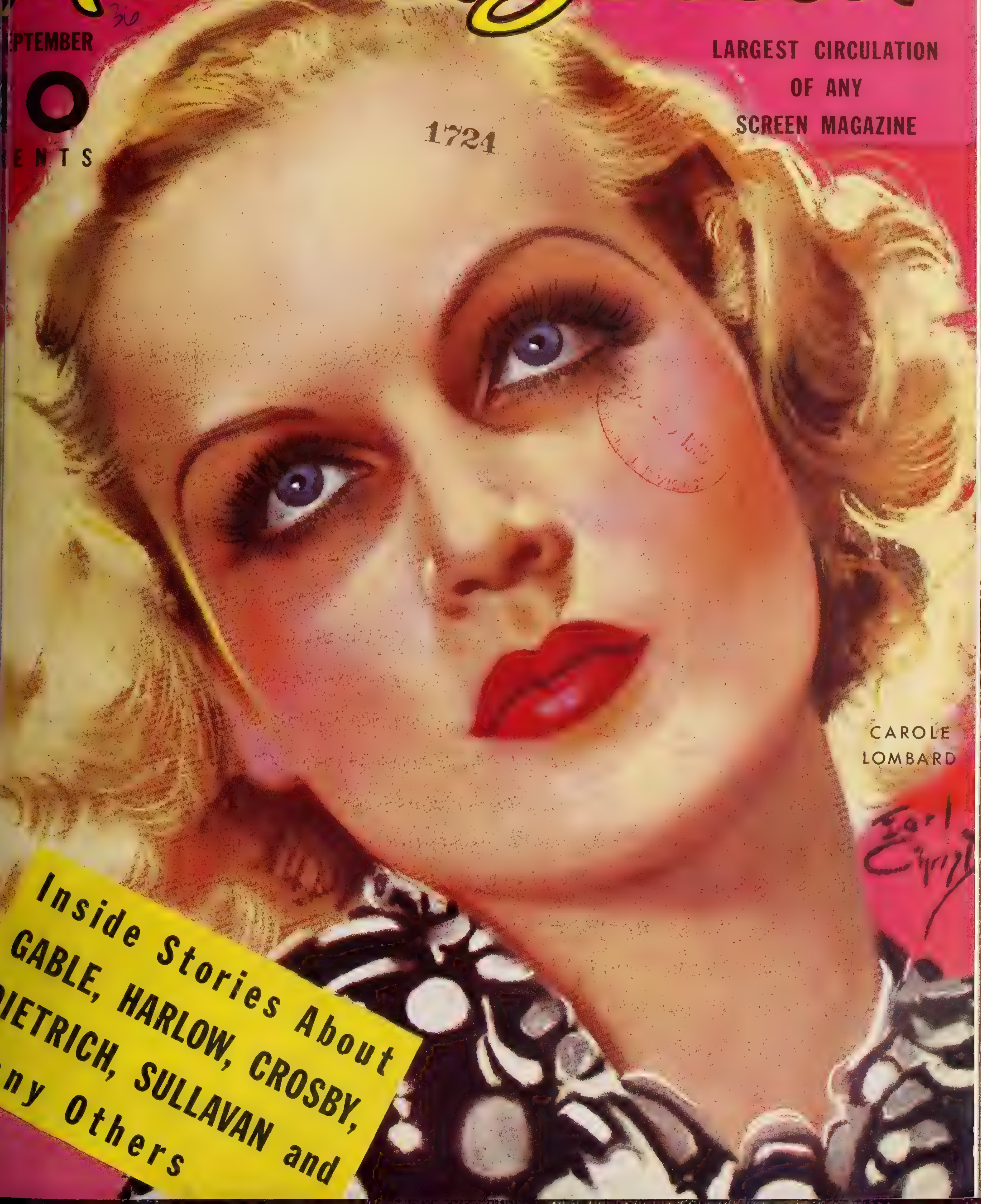

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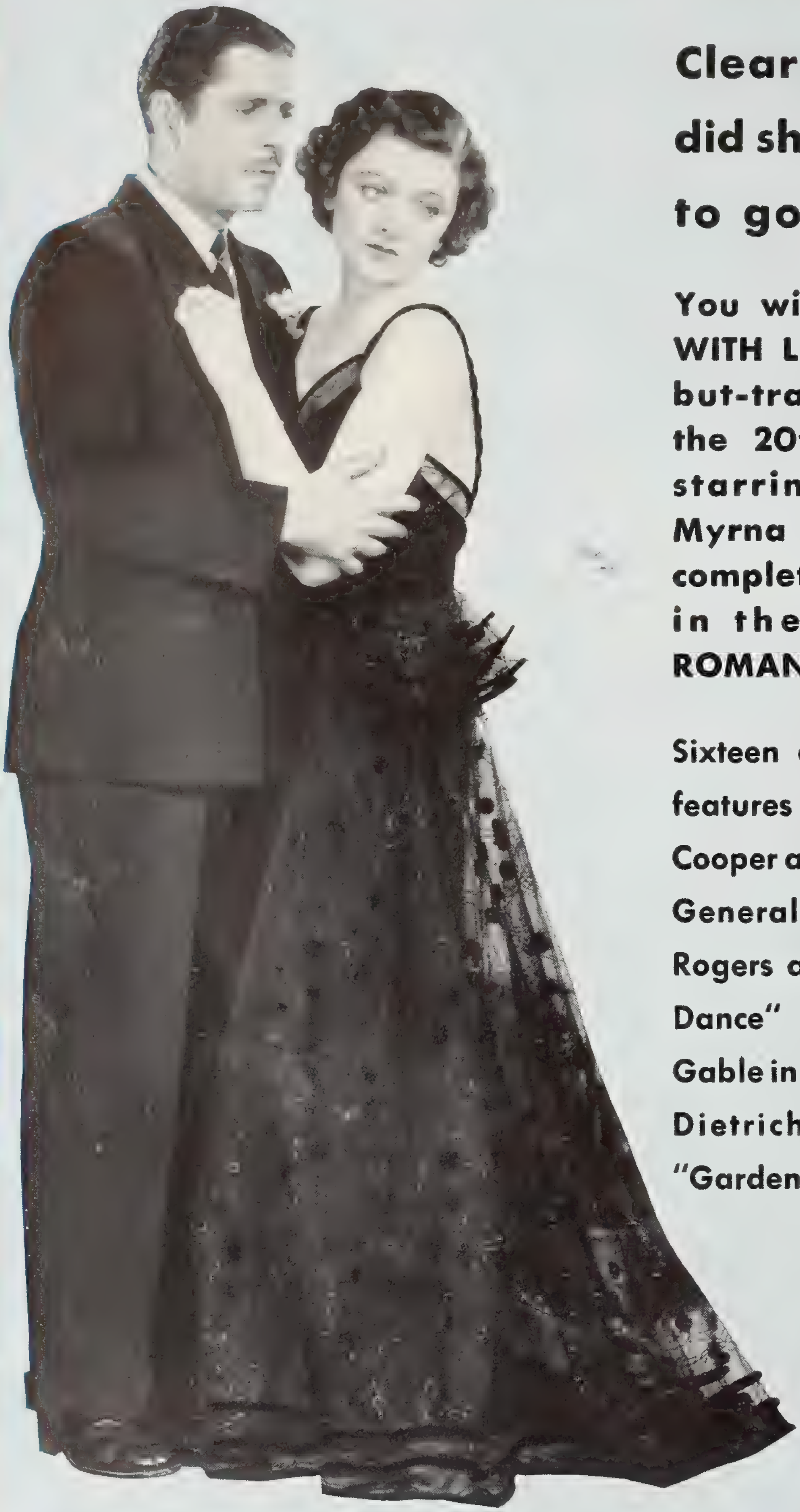

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AMERICA'S GORGEOUS GIRL FRIEND *meets* AMERICA'S NEWEST HEART THROB

"No Man Who Kisses You Once Will Ever Be Content . . ."

Joan's romantic companions (in addition to Bob Taylor) are M-G-M's latest discovery, James Stewart... handsome Melvyn Douglas *(both below)*...and—on the screen together for the first time since their marriage — Franchot Tone *(above)*.

M-G-M TOPS ITS BIGGEST

Six Headline Stars in the New Spectacular Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Drama

Robert Taylor meets Joan Crawford—in the sizzling story of an outrageous flirt who couldn't make her heart behave. She defied conventions and slanderous tongues to live her romantic life to the hilt! Three men are tangled in the web of her enchantment in Samuel Hopkins Adams' story, and what a whale of a picture M-G-M has made of it!

Joan **CRAWFORD** · *Robert* **TAYLOR**

IN

Clarence Brown's Production

The **GORGEOUS HUSSY**

LIONEL BARRYMORE · FRANCHOT TONE

MELVYN DOUGLAS · JAMES STEWART

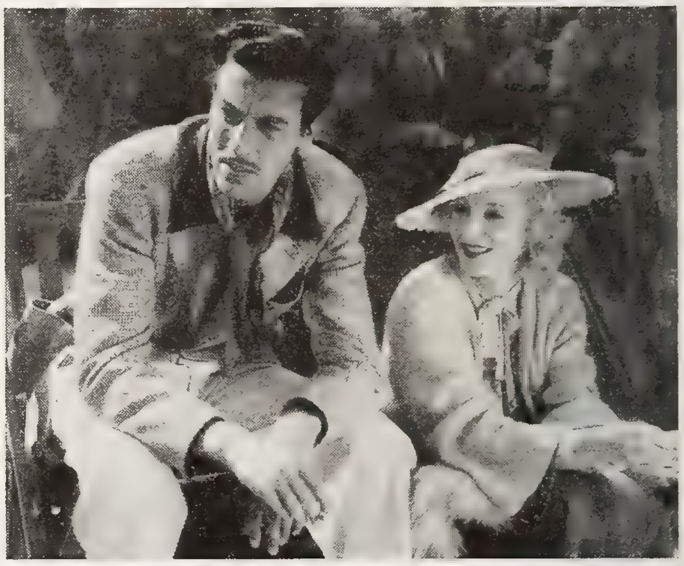
Directed by
CLARENCE BROWN

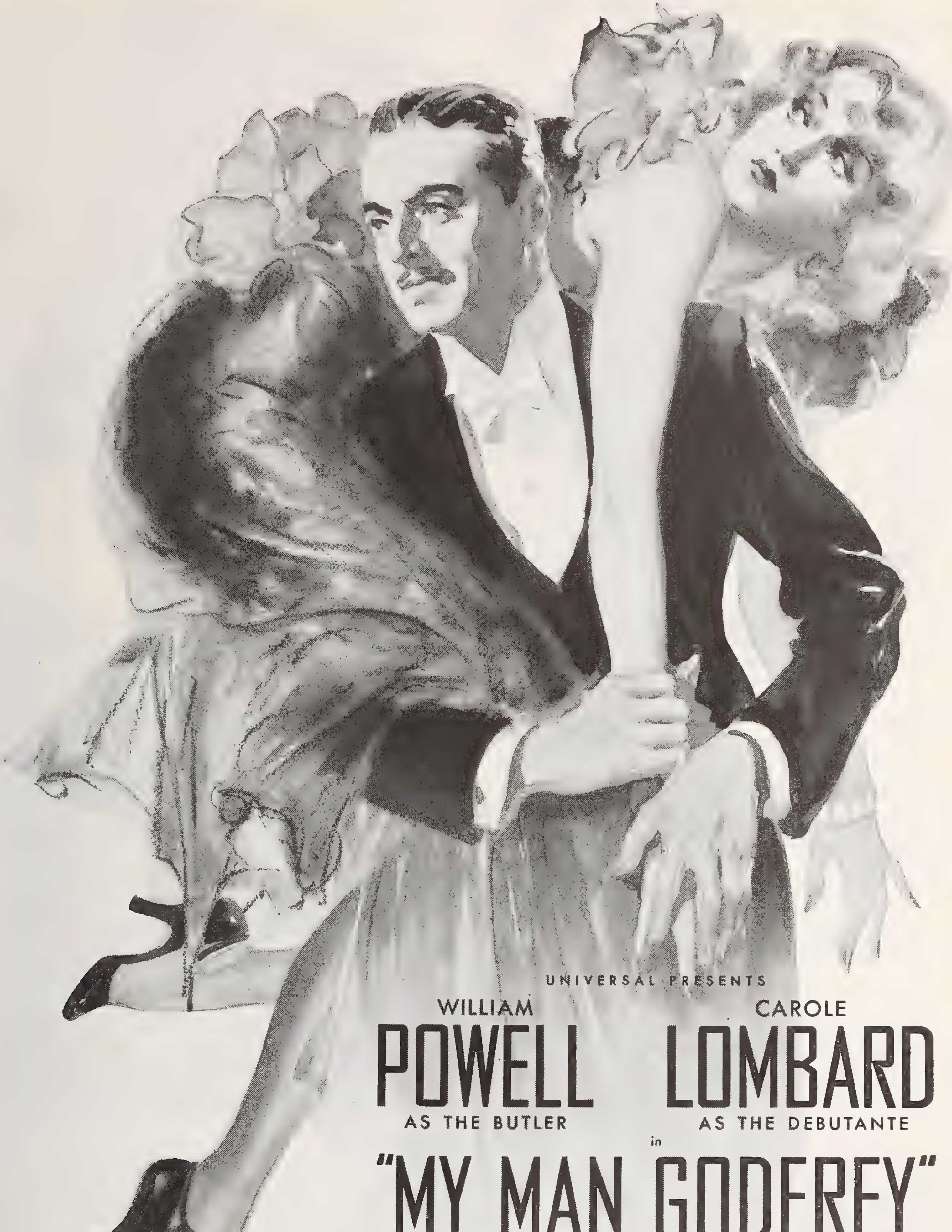
Produced by JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ

SCOTT SHOTS

Cinemaland went on the air with a bang recently. (Top to bottom) If you had your radio tuned properly, no doubt you heard lovely Marlene Dietrich and Clark Gable do "The Legionnaire and the Lady," the radio version of "Morocco." More recently you might have been entertained by Director W. S. Van Dyke, Myrna Loy and William Powell via the air waves. And more "big names" are promised for future broadcasts!

Cesar Romero, attentive to Virginia Bruce, snapped at the tennis matches. Next, Ralph and Frank Morgan, famous brothers, have a laugh with Arline Judge at the Actors' Benefit Rally. Attending the Benefit, too, are those three old troupers, Fred Stone, Billie Burke and "Chic" Sale.





UNIVERSAL PRESENTS

WILLIAM
POWELL
AS THE BUTLER

CAROLE
LOMBARD
AS THE DEBUTANTE

in

"MY MAN GODFREY"

with

Alice Brady · Gail Patrick · Jean Dixon
Eugene Pallette · Alan Mowbray

From Eric Hatch's glorious Liberty Magazine serial "Irene, The Stubborn Girl," and "My Man Godfrey," the popular novel version

Produced and Directed by GREGORY LA CAVA
CHARLES R. ROGERS, Executive Producer

REVIEWS

(Above) "The Road to Glory" is a highly exciting war picture with Fredric March and June Lang in leading roles. (Above, right) W. C. Fields' latest fun-fest is "Poppy." Rochelle Hudson is featured with him. (Right) Jack Haley, Shirley Temple and Alice Faye in a scene from the newest version of "The Poor Little Rich Girl."

By Leo Townsend

★★★ The Road to Glory (20th Century-Fox)

"Road to Glory" is a war picture. Some audiences will call it an indictment of war, and others will regard it as a glorification of it. Whatever it is, it's good drama and at times it's highly exciting, which should be enough to recommend it to most picture-goers. In the cast are Warner Baxter, Fredric March, Lionel Barrymore and June Lang. March's young lieutenant is the best thing he's done in some time, and Baxter's portrayal of a hard-boiled captain is excellent, but some sort of honors should go to Miss Lang. Playing a nurse, she manages to go through the entire picture and most of the war without ever having to don a nurse's uniform and without ever mussing her make-up. While other nurses perform their duties in proper attire, Miss Lang wanders about in a tightly fitting low-necked dress and a long bob which must have proved highly disconcerting to the lame and the halt. If this inconsistency doesn't worry you, you'll find "Road to Glory" first-rate drama. In a supporting role, Gregory Ratoff does well with a comedy assignment.

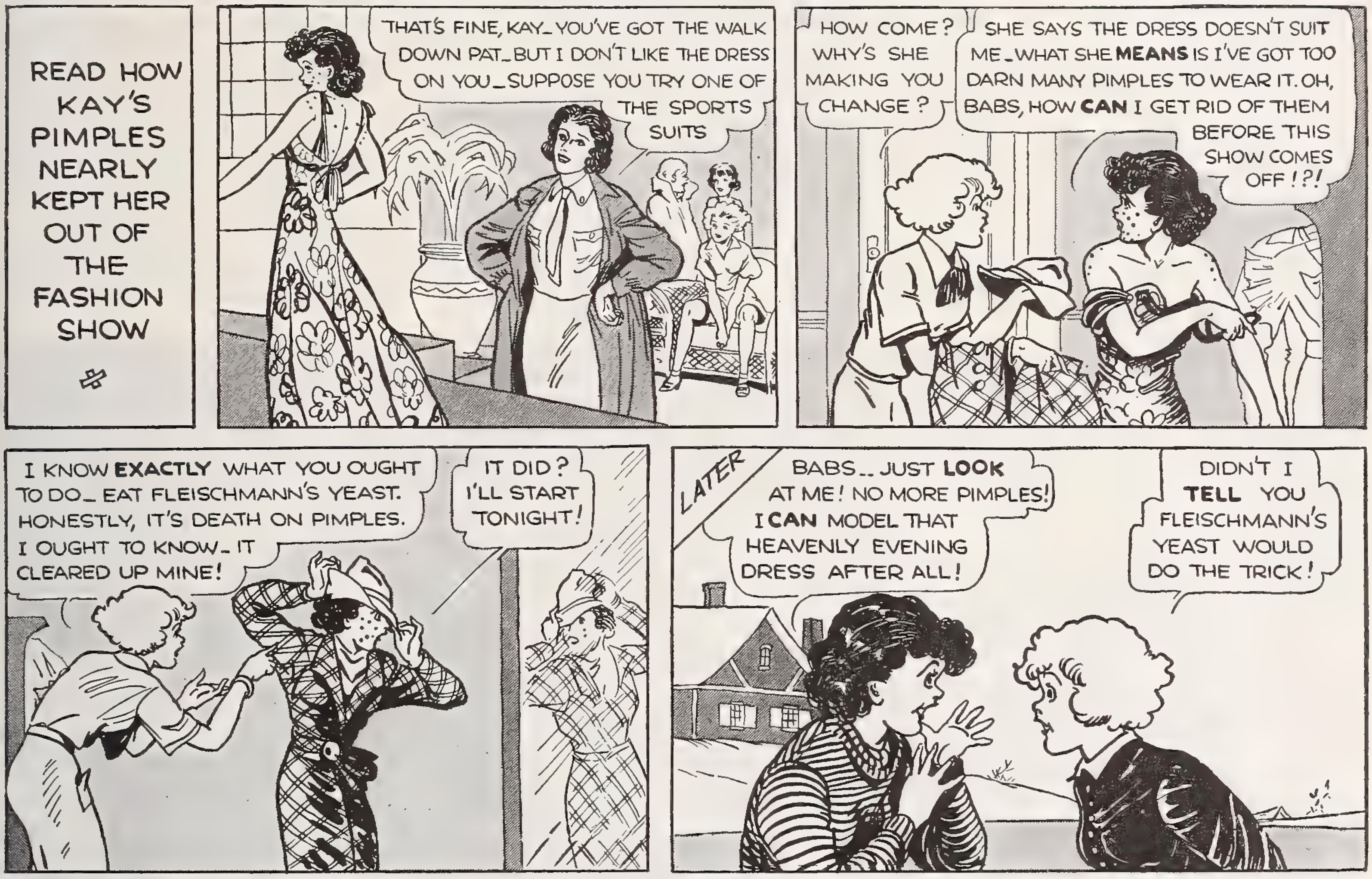
Preview Postscript

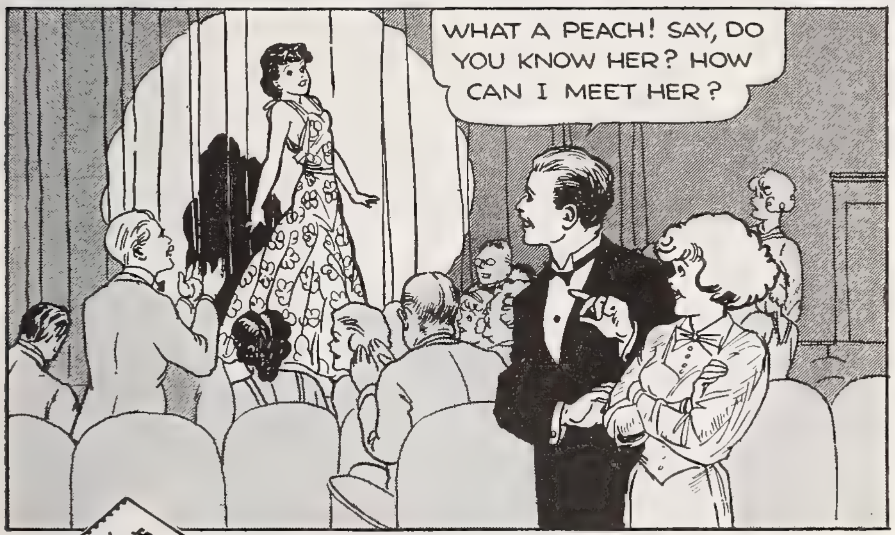
June Lang's more than stepping up the success ladder out at 20th Century-Fox. Born June Vlasek, she went to school in Minneapolis and drifted out to California with her family to finish high school in Hollywood. Extra work appealed to her more from the pin-money angle than the career, but, catching the eye of studio biggies, she suddenly found herself heading starward. This, of course, didn't happen in one fell blow, since June knows what it is to be a stock girl out of work at times, too. However, June held up production on this one for a while. In an emotional scene in which she was supposed to face Warner Baxter, made up in grime and blood, June took one look at Warner's too realistic make-up and fainted quietly away.

★★★ The Poor Little Rich Girl (20th Century-Fox)

This, of course, is a Shirley Temple (*Continued on page* **10**)

SHE'S GOT STYLE ALL RIGHT—BUT SHE'D JUST RUIN OUR SHOW...


READ HOW KAY'S PIMPLES NEARLY KEPT HER OUT OF THE FASHION SHOW
THAT'S FINE, KAY_ YOU'VE GOT THE WALK DOWN PAT_ BUT I DON'T LIKE THE DRESS ON YOU_ SUPPOSE YOU TRY ONE OF THE SPORTS SUITS
HOW COME? WHY'S SHE MAKING YOU CHANGE?
SHE SAYS THE DRESS DOESN'T SUIT ME_ WHAT SHE MEANS IS I'VE GOT TOO DARN MANY PIMPLES TO WEAR IT. OH, BABS, HOW CAN I GET RID OF THEM BEFORE THIS SHOW COMES OFF!?!
I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU OUGHT TO DO_ EAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST. HONESTLY, IT'S DEATH ON PIMPLES. I OUGHT TO KNOW_ IT CLEARED UP MINE!
IT DID? I'LL START TONIGHT!
LATER
BABS_ JUST LOOK AT ME! NO MORE PIMPLES! I CAN MODEL THAT HEAVENLY EVENING DRESS AFTER ALL!
DIDN'T I TELL YOU FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST WOULD DO THE TRICK!


WHAT A PEACH! SAY, DO YOU KNOW HER? HOW CAN I MEET HER?

Don't let adolescent pimples keep YOU from being admired

UNSIGHTLY skin blemishes are a big trial to many young people during the years that follow the beginning of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or even longer.

Important glands develop at this time, and final growth takes place. Disturbances occur throughout the entire system. The skin, especially, gets very sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin, and it breaks out in pimples.

But even severe cases of adolescent pimples can be corrected. Fleischmann's fresh Yeast clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then, the pimples disappear.

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast *regularly* each day, before meals. Eat it plain, or dissolved in a little water until your skin is entirely clear. Start today.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated

(*Continued from page* 8)

picture, and that, of course, completes the review as far as the Temple fans are concerned. The rest of us can take a table for two and continue the discussion. Practically nothing but the title of the familiar story remains, for the studio has brought everything up to date, thereby providing plenty of excuse for Shirley's songs, dances and repartee. And the star comes through better than usual. The daughter of a soap magnate, she is feared kidnaped, but turns up on a rival soap magnate's radio program. Alice Faye gets a chance to prove why she was signed to a movie contract, while Gloria Stuart and Michael Whalen are likable as the romantic interests. Sara Haden, Jane Darwell, Tyler Brooke and Henry Armetta contribute good performances, while Gordon and Revel outdo themselves on four songs that are headed for hits—"But Definitely" and "You've Gotta Eat Your Spinach" being top tunes.

Preview Postscript

Veteran Temple can now check up to her credit her fourteenth featured role in three years of careering. That nickname of "One Take" Temple was not hastily bestowed; the youngster is so sure of herself that she causes old performers to work harder to maintain her pace. She was made a Texas Rangerette by Governor James Allred of Texas, who tried unsuccessfully last January to "adopt" her for his state. Shirley's portable dressing-room was redecorated. The blue and white room was given a mirrored ceiling, a built-in wall couch covered with blue and pink elephants and a diminutive water heater and wash-bowl. Showing the dressing-room to visitors, Shirley took them first to the wash-bowl. Beneath it were piled many empty soft drink bottles. Shirley was a little chagrined to have the visitors pay more attention to these than the new wash-bowl, but explained with an elegant wave of her hand, "It's so difficult to keep the empties cleared out."

★★★ Poppy (Paramount)

For admirers of the great comic talents of W. C. Fields, "Poppy" is welcome entertainment. When Fields is on the screen one forgets that the gags he's been handed may be old, for every gag is a new one when he gives it his touch. His role as a carnival barker gives him ample opportunity to parade his special gifts and to prove once more that he is as fine a comedian as exists on the screen today. The story turns out to be a mild little affair built as a background for Fields, and it manages to keep out of the great man's way as much as possible, although once in a while it bobs up in an apologetic manner and holds up the proceedings. When it stays in the background you see Fields hawking a phoney cure-all at the carnival, Fields playing croquet and Fields posing as a man of means. Rochelle Hudson and Richard Cromwell play the romantic leads, but their assignments are of the routine, or standard, variety. "Poppy" is strictly for the lovers of Fields.

Preview Postscript

This play fits W. C. Fields to a T, because it provided him, long ago, with his motto, "Never give a sucker an even break" and his reference to the "old army game." "Poppy" was his first picture in the silent days, though it was known as "Sally of the Sawdust." Fields announced on his return to the studio, "Assuredly I am back. Back from the very portals of the grave. Oh, ye of little faith, did you think I would desert you? Remember, a Fields never flinches in the face of fire! I have made a final conquest of my sacro-iliac." . . . Almost an entire circus, including animals, performers and full equipment, were on hand for use during production. One sequence called for the appearance of an elephant, two leopards, an eagle, two pythons, a steam calliope, a merry-go-round, fifty circus performers and a hundred extras. Several thousand yards of canvas completed the effect. Several hours were spent before the scene was arranged, checking the stage for any possible holes which might shield a mouse or a rat. Circus men had warned of the danger that would follow if a rat appeared near the elephant while players were crowded around.

★★★ Earthworm Tractors (First National)

Joe E. Brown turns his attention to the farm machine industry and comes out with a slapstick farce which should have loyal followers of Brown rolling in the aisles. Joe E. portrays Alexander Botts, the

Modern Screen does not hesitate to recommend any of these three-star pictures for your summer movie menu. (Top) Kay Francis and Ian Hunter in "The White Angel," which depicts the courageous career of Florence Nightingale. (Above, right) Joan Beal and Anne Shirley in a scene from "M'liss." (Right) One of the better Joe E. Brown offerings, "Earthworm Tractors," with Guy Kibbee and June Travis in important roles.

tractor salesman famed in story if not in song, and his steam-roller brand of salesmanship manages to sell almost enough tractors to pay for the expensive scenery he demolishes. When Joe E. is spurned by the gal he loves (Carol Hughes) because he has never done anything big, he takes to selling tractors. When he comes back for her she has married Dick Foran, but by that time he's also in love with June Travis, whose father (Guy Kibbee) is his toughest prospect. Papa is deaf, and, besides, he prefers the old-fashioned horse and buggy. So Joe gives him a tractor demonstration that frightens the old boy out of his deafness and wins the big contract, and the little lady, for our hero. It must be recorded that this one is above the average in the Joe E. Brown series.

Preview Postscript

Joe E. enjoyed making this more than any picture in a long time, because he's had a yen for machines, but big ones, for years. The only scene that wasn't exactly too much fun was the one where he had to stand with his famous mouth more or less wide open, inhaling the mud from the spinning wheels of the heroine's mud-stuck car. . . . That street scene which shows houses, stores, etc., completely demolished, wasn't really as bad as it looked. The whole set had been built in "break-away," that is, of the lightest types of wood and other materials. Most of the buildings were of balsa and the cement objects of cardboard, all of which took just an overnight job of construction. But the scene had to be shot several times for perfection, which meant that the buildings, etc., had to be put together again each night. The only near-accident happened when the tank driven by Joe E., going blissfully along, hit soft sand too close to the edge of the road. Tank and Joe E. rolled over to a 150-foot drop, but both emerged safe and sane.

★★★ M'liss (RKO-Radio)

Anne Shirley comes through with flying colors as Bret Harte's girl of the mountain country, M'liss. In spite of the weak stories which have been her lot since the successful "Anne of Green Gables," Anne Shirley has never given a performance lacking in sincerity or unmistakable talent. So with a story like this to work on, you can be assured of the picture's excellence. The plot is not one to get excited over, depicting as it does the trials and tribulations of a girl brought up by a drunken (*Continued on page* 91)

Clark Gable and Jeanette MacDonald in the stirring "San Francisco."

"It's amazing how quickly Camay works its Magic"

ATLANTA, GA.

For a smooth, clear skin—there's no beauty aid like Camay. It's amazing how quickly Camay works its magic.

Sincerely,

(Signed) Betty Drewry

(Mrs. John C. Drewry)

March 26, 1936

The minute you meet Betty Drewry, you will feel the welcome of her smile, the friendship in her voice. You'll notice, instantly, the clarity and smoothness of her complexion. And you aren't surprised to hear her say, "I've always used Camay."

And you, too, will find that Camay has a mild manner and a gentle touch that brings out the natural beauty of *your* complexion. Camay's lather is rich and fragrant. Camay's bubbles are beauty bubbles—thousands of them—all busily cleansing deeply but gently. For Camay is milder—*definitely, provably milder* than other leading beauty soaps.

Try Camay. See for yourself how much it can improve your complexion. Buy half a dozen cakes today. You'll find its price is very low.

Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.

CAMAY
THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
CAMAY
CAMAY

CAMAY

The Soap of Beautiful Women

BY MARJORIE DEEN

Eating out-of-doors is Bob Montgomery's favorite stunt. Here he is breakfasting on his veranda.

Bob Montgomery says, "When it's hot, keep cool!"

STAR SUMMER SUGGESTIONS

THEY'RE EATING out-of-doors, these days, in Hollywood. In patios and gardens, beside swimming pools or tennis courts, by the outdoor grills and ovens, under trees, awnings and beach umbrellas or on the spacious verandas of their homes, the stars are enjoying dining and lunching out in the balmy, clear air of another California summer.

And Bob Montgomery, as you can see from the picture on this page, even goes in for breakfasting outside. For, with the table set for breakfast on the porch, right beside the garden of his lovely, yet unpretentious home, Bob feels that his morning coffee and the political headlines in the paper take on special qualities.

And what do you suppose is the most characteristic feature of all these *al fresco* meals, according to the ever-breezy Bob and his petite and attractive wife, Betty? Simplicity! No Paté de Foie Gras, Caviar Canapés, Lobster Thermidors or Mushrooms sous Cloche, grace the tables of your screen favorites during the hot weather, but such simple fare as you and I would expect to serve in our own more modest homes.

The reasons for this summer simplicity can be traced to several sources, I discovered after some research into the matter. In the first place, the hotter days of summer call for lighter fare, since heavy dishes, rich gravies and exotic foods seem to lack appeal when the thermometer starts its upward climb. Then, too, the women folk —whether stars or wives of stars—find calorie-counting a pleasure rather than a task when slimming and eye-appealing salads make their welcome appearance as main course dishes "in the good old summertime." And the third reason—though not mentioned too frequently or openly—is, I suspect, thoughtfulness for the cook! This thoughtfulness is dictated by expediency as well as consideration, for you'd really hate to have a veritable treasure of a cook walk out on you when, in true Hollywood style, you were expecting twenty or so ardent tennis or swimming enthusiasts for a buffet supper out in the open.

Many's the housewife-cook, however, who *never* goes on strike for shorter hours and a simplified menu, but continues to bake and boil, steam and stew during

Pyrex

This apricot and pear salad with potato chips, and a generous portion of creamed mushrooms, makes a tempting hot-weather supper dish.

all seasons. And why? Well, because she fears that her family would object to any change in eating habits. Or so she thinks! But this summer she would do well to try some of the suggestions made by the Bob Montgomerys. Then perhaps she'll find, to her joy, that by incorporating these ideas into her daily meal-planning she'll serve meals that are less time-consuming for herself and yet meet with everyone's approval.

WHEN entertaining, in summer, about everyone we know of, out here, goes in for one particular dish for which their parties are famous," Bob started out. "You hear on all sides about the barbecues given by the Warren Williams, the Spanish dishes for which Leo Carrillo—a California native son of Spanish descent—is known. Warner Baxter is proud of the grand chili con carne that he himself knows how to make to perfection; the John Boles family, at their parties, introduce tortillas, enchilladas and other specialties of their native Texas. And so it goes! The entire meal, then, is planned around that one particular dish . . . what the French would term the *specialité de la maison*.

"With such a procedure in mind the host or hostess announces to the cook in advance, 'Of course we'll have such and such a thing to begin with,'" said Mrs. Montgomery sagely, taking up the conversation at this point. "And with that as a springboard, so to speak," she continued, "they then plunge into the actual task of planning the party refreshments.

(*Continued on page 64*)

TROUBLE...
at 22 Winterset Street

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 10, 1936

I swear I'm leaving John for good! I worked like blazes over that dinner party—but now he says my linens didn't look nice — and he's sure the guests noticed.

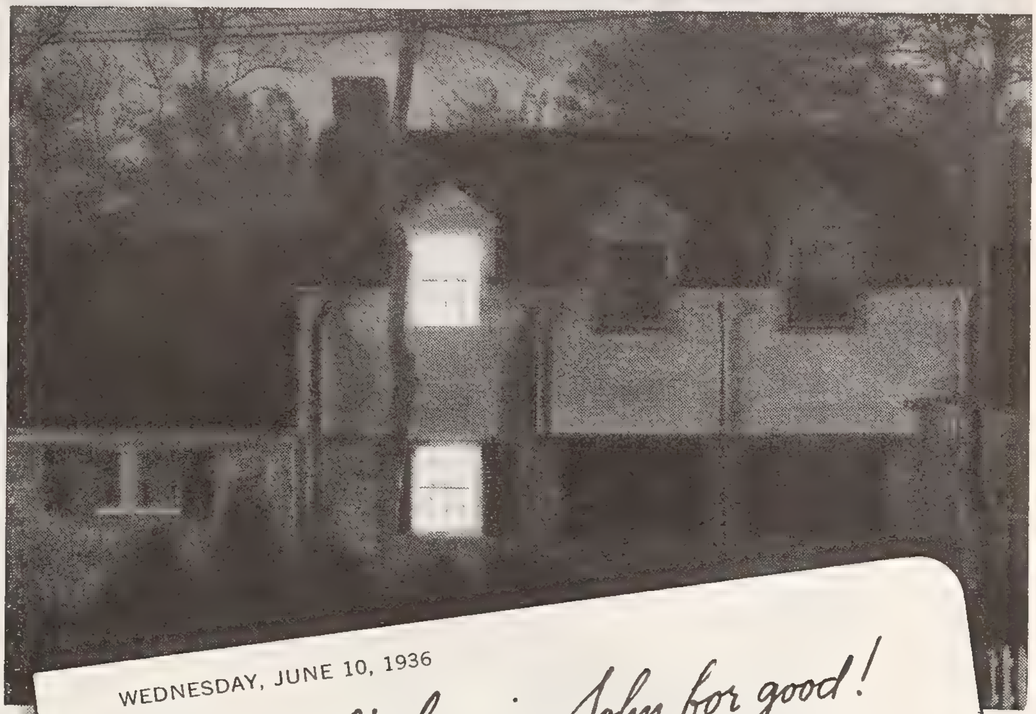
THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1936

Can you beat it? Mother says my clothes do have that tattle-tale gray look. It's not my fault, she claims, but my soap doesn't wash perfectly clean. Guess I better take her advice and change to her pet soap.

MONDAY, JUNE 22, 1936

Wh-e-e-e! Fels-Naptha did the trick. That grand golden soap is so packful of naptha it washes spic-and-span and John's as pleased as pie. From this day on, I'm telling the world—
BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"
WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

© 1936, FELS & CO.



GOOD NEWS

Matrimony tops the list of Hollywood activities this month, plus choice gossip tidbits and laughs

Look what goes on! Above, Lucille Ball with Henry Fonda and Ginger Rogers with Jim Stewart, at the Cocoanut Grove.

Left, who said Ann Sothern and Roger Pryor had pfft? Here they are with George Murphy at the Tennis Club.

Your snooping reporter, disguised as a deserted lamp post, thinks he had the inside tip-off on the recent Loy-Hornblow wedding. It was this way: Myrna and Arthur, a few nights before the big event, drew up in front of the Trocadero, where the attendant, who took their car, greeted Myrna with, "Good evening, Mrs. Hornblower." Myrna was stymied for a moment, but she answered, "Not yet! Not yet!" And so, not to disappoint the attendant again, the pair slipped off to Mexico and had the knot tied. Mr. H's former frau, Juliette Crosby, finally gave up by getting a Reno split in June and Hollywood and the Troc attendant knew wedding bells couldn't help but toll soon.

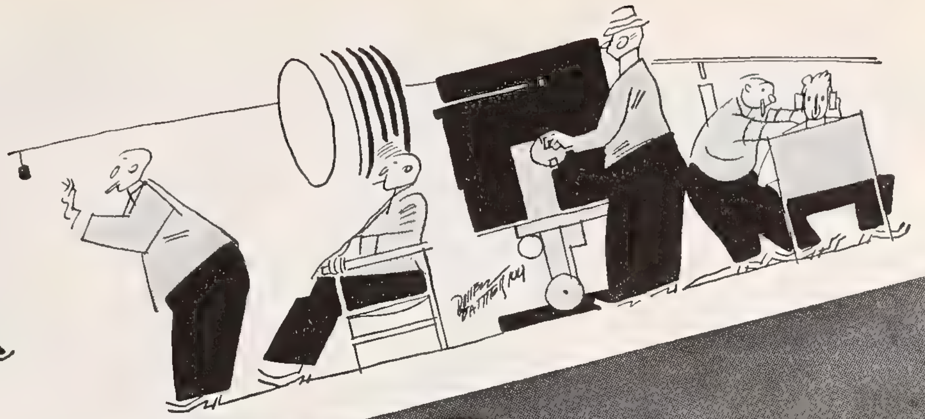
■ ■ ■

Bob Taylor now wears a platinum wrist watch with ruby numerals, a gift from Barbara Stanwyck. To most of Hollywood it means that Bob and Barbara have patched up their differences. After all, you don't give platinum wrist watches to guys you can't stand, do you? The only skeptic in town is W. S. Van Dyke, who is directing them in "His Brother's Wife." Van Dyke, in spite of the platinum and rubies, shot the love scenes first.

■ ■ ■

The Lombard-Gable romance goes on and on, and indications are that it may even end up at the altar—always a fine place to end

By Leo Townsend



Irene Hervey and Allan Jones admit that August will find them married.

Seated, Mary Brian, Cary Grant and Wendy Barrie. Standing, Ben Lyon and Ben Bernie.

a romance. Despite all of Clark's pugilistic publicity Carole hasn't worn a black eye since the one which decorated her features in "Love Before Breakfast."

■ ■ ■

The latest gag present from Lombard to Gable was delivered to a somewhat bewildered Mr. G. at the close of a radio broadcast in which he was appearing in a dramatic skit with Marlene Dietrich. Just as the show ended an attendant brought in a huge floral horseshoe—the kind gangsters used to send their deceased colleagues. The card from Carole read: "Good Lux."

■ ■ ■

Being elected queen of a fraternity ball almost cost Ginger Rogers a lot of popularity among the local college lads. Ginger was scheduled to appear at the ball, but midnight came and she hadn't arrived. Frantic calls to her home and to all the night clubs got nowhere. Then a bright investigator journied out to Ginger's house and found her chauffeur asleep in the car and the lady herself asleep on the divan. She had taken the phone off the hook for a few minutes' nap. It is a pleasure to report, however, that Ginger rushed to the affair just in time to become Queen of the Ball about ten minutes before the ball fell apart and went home.

■ ■ ■

After "Queening" it at the ball, Ginger dropped in on the Trocadero to join Henry Fonda, Virginia Bruce, Jimmy Stewart and Wendy Barrie. When Ginger sat down, Wendy got up and left for home, which seems to indicate that Mr. Stewart is something of a ladies' man. Incidentally, the Fonda-Bruce-Stewart-Rogers foursome has been having more fun than anyone in Hollywood.

■ ■ ■

Busy Fingers Note: Between scenes for "The Gorgeous Hussy," Joan Crawford is crocheting a crib cover for young Miss Gretchen Foster. Gretchen is the daughter of Norman Foster and Sally Blane, and she's named for her favorite aunt, Gretchen Belzer, whose better-known name is Loretta Young. It's a fine crib cover, except that it's blue. Miss Crawford: Blue for guys, pink for dolls.

■ ■ ■

This is about Bette Davis and her catboat, which she used to have anchored in Santa Monica Harbor. One day Bette found herself in a catboating mood, so she donned her slacks and went down to the bay to find the boat turned upside down and shot full of holes. Bette called her lawyers. She wanted to sue. The lawyers told her a suit would cost her more than a new boat. Besides, they said, it was only a catboat. "A catboat to you, perhaps," replied Bette, "but it's my Queen Mary."

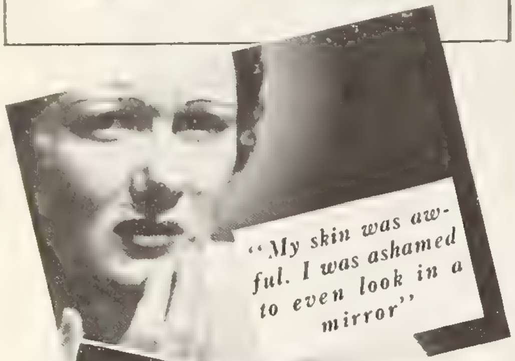
■ ■ ■

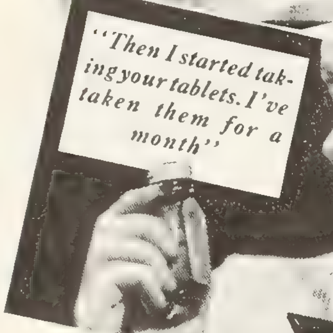
The loneliest guy in town, at the moment, is George Raft. Reason: Virginia Pine is in London, recuperating from an illness. Just to prove he's true to her, George is being seen about the night spots accompanied by his shadow and personal bodyguard, Mack Gray. Known as The Killer, Mack is just about the most harmless chap in Hollywood. Incidentally, he, too, is wearing a long face these days. Lucille Ball, who was once The Killer's own, has deserted him for Helen Broderick's son, Brod Crawford. The Killer sits and sulks, and life goes on.

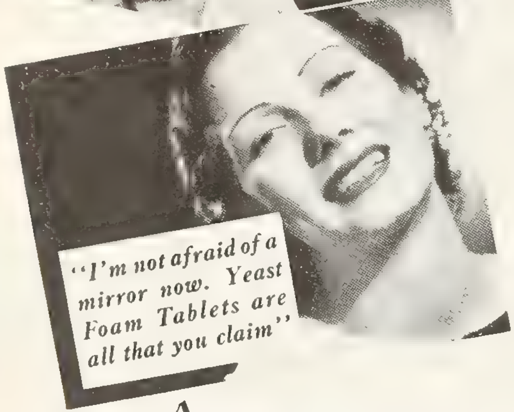
WORKED WONDERS FOR HER SKIN!

This advertisement is based on an actual experience reported in an unsolicited letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

NOTARY PUBLIC


"My skin was awful. I was ashamed to even look in a mirror"


"Then I started taking your tablets. I've taken them for a month"


"I'm not afraid of a mirror now. Yeast Foam Tablets are all that you claim"

ARE YOU missing good times—suffering needless embarrassment—because of a pimply, blemished skin? Then this true story from real life is meant for you! It's an actual experience, not an advertising claim—just one of thousands of letters from grateful users of pleasant-tasting Yeast Foam Tablets.

Let Yeast Foam Tablets help you as they have helped thousands of others. This pasteurized yeast is rich in precious natural elements which stimulate sluggish digestive organs—restore natural elimination—and rid the body of the poisons which are the real cause of so many unsightly skins. You'll look better—and feel better.

Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today—and refuse substitutes.

FREE! Mail Coupon NOW for Sample

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 N. Ashland Av., Chicago, Ill.
Without obligation, please send free trial sample of Yeast Foam Tablets. *MM 9-36*
Name________________
Address________________
City____________ State__________

Cora Sue Collins, Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler Jolson do a trio act for a recent evening broadcast.

Hollywood is snickering over the recent newspaper publicity in re Clark Gable's fistic ability. You probably saw a picture of Clark standing over the prostrate form of Allen Pomeroy, his adversary in "Cain and Mabel." The newspaper stories went on to say that Clark had obtained a boxing license and had issued a challenge to Maxie Baer. The whole thing was quite embarrassing to Mr. G., who frankly admits the story is phoney. He also adds that Mr. Baer would have no trouble knocking his ears off.

■ ■ ■

Hearts and Flowers (Junior Division): Tom Brown and Toby Wing, veterans of many a publicized romance, have taken to going around with each other. Recently they celebrated their fifth anniversary, which means nothing except that they had just completed five weeks in each other's company without fighting. By the time you read this they probably won't even be speaking, but they can always look back on those five happy weeks when nary a blow was struck.

■ ■ ■

If you think you've got trouble, listen to the list of calamities which struck "Stage Struck" during the process of its making. First of all, Dick Powell's throat went blotto. Then director Busby Berkeley had to take time off to appear in court. Joan Blondell tripped over a cable on the set and sprained her ankle. The Yacht Club Boys, suspended by wires for a song number, got themselves really stage struck when the wires snapped. The only healthy member of the cast was Marion Davies. All she had to worry about were the reviews of "Hearts Divided."

■ ■ ■

Ever since their marriage, Claudette Colbert and Dr. Joel Pressman have been plotting a round-the-world trip for themselves. Whenever they get almost set something happens: either Claudette must make a picture or the doctor must tend to a tonsil. Last month, however, they really got under way on what they consider the first leg of their journey. They got as far as Pebble Beach, about 150 miles north of Hollywood.

■ ■ ■

When W. C. Fields' condition began to worry his friends, his secretary decided to make a list of the Fields' properties. After a check-up, he discovered he was working on

You can call them Mister and Missus now! Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow were recently wed in Mexico.

an almost impossible task, for there are bank accounts opened by Fields in over half of all the cities he's ever visited on his round-the-world vaudeville tours.

■ ■ ■

More Hearts and Flowers: When Anita Louise stepped off the Super-Chief on her return from England and France we looked around for Ross Alexander, but we looked in vain. The young man waiting at the station was Tom Beck, who seems to have been cast for the romantic lead in Anita's private life. The lovely lady, by the way, swears she didn't buy a single bit of finery in Paris.

■ ■ ■

Ginger Rogers' "photo diary" sets her back over a thousand dollars a year, but Ginger likes it and the Rogers bankroll can stand it. Right now she has ten scrapbooks filled with candid camera shots of herself on the set, off the set, and practically everywhere. Her secretary handles the camera at the studio and her maid shoots the works at home.

A reporter actually catches up with Kate Hepburn at an airport!

When the Evelyn Venable-Hal Mohr baby was born, Evelyn promised herself she wouldn't make a picture before the child was six months old. Her promise turned to be an exact one, for the baby's first half-birthday Evelyn signed with 20th Century-Fox to appear in "The Holy Lie." So now Dolores visits mama for a brief period every noon, after which mama goes back to work.

■ ■ ■

That proposed Little Theatre appearance of Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone is off, for the moment at least. Joan and Franchot had planned on two weeks in a summer theatre in the East, but Joan changed her mind. Now it's opera she's interested in. She's even talked to Rosa Ponselle about it. In fact, she's gone farther than that. No longer do you hear "Smoke Rings" and "Melancholy Baby" pouring from the Crawford phonograph on the set. Instead you hear German and Italian arias. Our bet is that "Melancholy Baby" is back within a month.

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hard glare of the sun on your face

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2 Sunlight Shades—Light, Dark. Low Prices—Glass jars, 35¢, 70¢. New big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.

POND'S FACE POWDER
POND'S FACE POWDER

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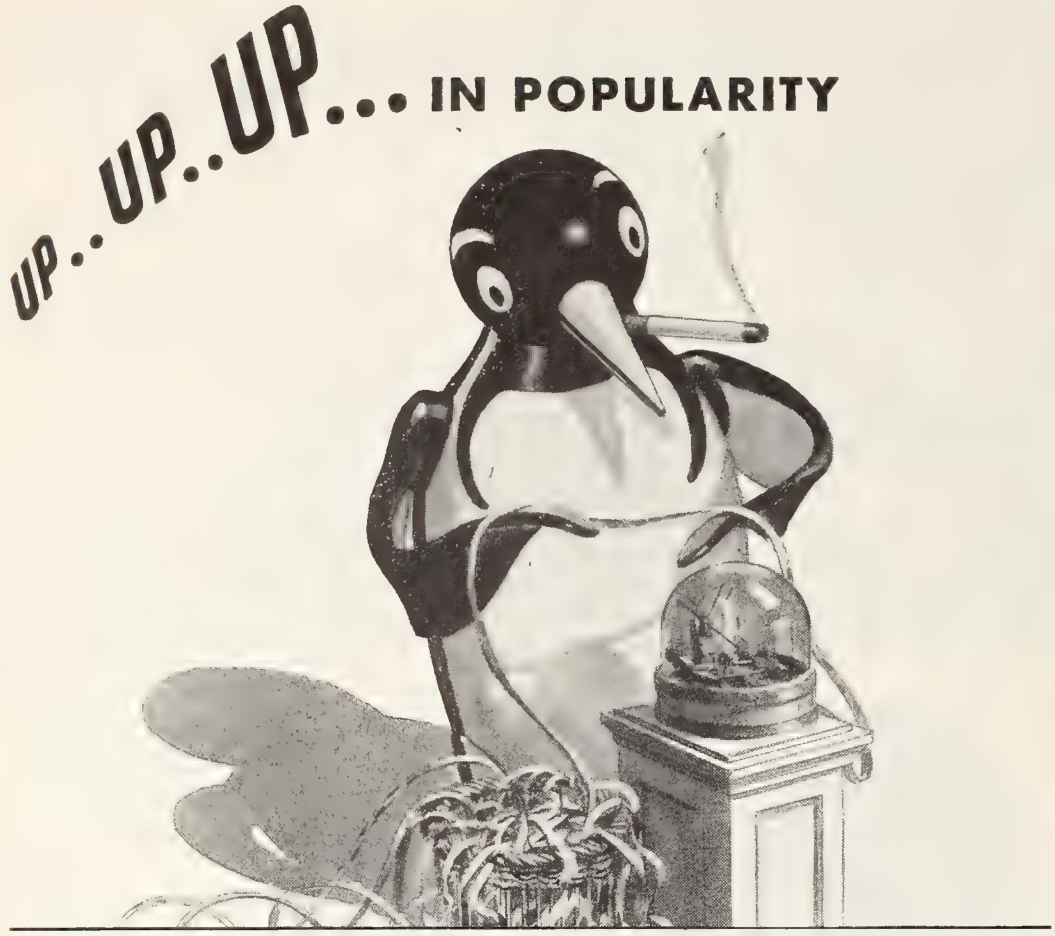
UP..UP..UP... IN POPULARITY



Sales of KOOLS tell a story. Unknown three years ago—now up among the leaders. The reason? Try a pack. Enjoy the agreeable coolness of the mild menthol. Taste the rich flavor of the better tobacco blend. Notice the easy-on-the-lips touch of cork tips. And in every pack comes a B & W coupon good for nationally advertised merchandise (offer good in U. S. A. only) . . . Smoke up, cool down with KOOLS. They're better for you! Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, P. O. Box 599, Louisville, Kentucky.

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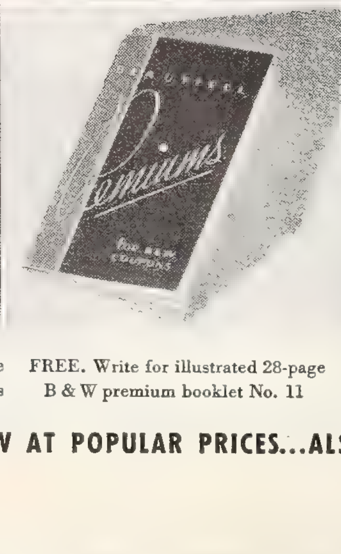

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Cigarette Case—Enamel and silvernickel; choice of five colors. 100 coupons

RALEIGH CIGARETTES...NOW AT POPULAR PRICES...ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

GOOD

Scotty snaps the Stuart Erwins dining out at the "Troc." And right festive they look, too.

Ann Sothern is so afraid of the dark that her new home has a bedroom with, by actual count, eight windows and a skylight. She says it's a lot like camping out, but she likes it. She also adds that she's a little tired of people telling her that she lives in a glass house and shouldn't throw stones. The only stones she likes are the Fred Stones, and she certainly wouldn't throw them.

■ ■ ■

The long-distance marital arrangement of Lupe and Johnny Weissmuller is one of Hollywood's strangest. For the past couple of years Lupe has done most of her work in South America and England, while Johnny stays home in the Hollywood jungles, as per his Tarzan contract. Last month Lupe dropped in from London, had cocktails with Johnny, Bruce Cabot and Adrienne Ames, and hopped back to England two days later. One can almost picture Bruce Cabot saying, "Miss Velez, I want you to meet an old friend of mine—Mr. Weissmuller."

■ ■ ■

Looks like the shipping lines have taken over the marriage industry in Hollywood. First Fred MacMurray and Lillian Lamont rush to the altar and then to a boat bound for Hawaii for their honeymoon. Then comes Irene Hervey with the announcement to her friends that she and Allan Jones will become Mr. and Mrs. J. aboard the "Lurline," also Hawaii bound, on August 1st. Perhaps it would be a good idea for some of the boats to set up a marriage bureau on a revolving stage. On the return trip you press a button and the thing becomes a divorce court.

■ ■ ■

Everyone's still congratulating Ruby Keeler on her swell dramatic performance on an air show last month. Ruby really came through with an histrionic demonstration which surprised everyone, including hubby, Al Jolson. Said Al, "If this sort of thing continues, they'll be calling me Al Keeler!"

NEWS

Madeleine Carroll, making "The General Died at Dawn," lunches with James Montgomery Flagg.

Eddie Cantor's overnight decision to grab a boat to Hawaii involved one of the neatest tricks of the month. Seems when Eddie reached his decision his wife was on her way to a local night spot to arrange to take over the place for their 25th anniversary a few days hence. Eddie phoned the nitery. "Look," said he, "there's a woman around town posing as my wife. She likes to rent places. If she comes in treat her gently, but don't do anything about it." When an indignant Mrs. Cantor arrived home that night, it took a lot of rapid talking to keep her calm. Eddie must have won, for they went to Honolulu.

■ ■ ■

One of the most amusing of the month's items was the announcement in local newspapers that Gary Cooper's father was about to leave for England incognito. Something like The Forgotten Man going about in a beard to conceal his identity.

■ ■ ■

Merle Oberon and Marlene Dietrich aren't supposed to be speaking since a slight difference over the leading role in "Garden of Allah." So Roland Young, who always feels badly about such situations, saw them both at a party one night and decided to bring them together. Dragging what he thought was Merle over to Marlene he said, "You girls really ought to be friends. Why don't you kiss and make up?" Dietrich was somewhat bewildered, but Roland insisted, so she kissed the gal. It was Fay Wray, who still thinks Mr. Young is a bit on the balmy side.

■ ■ ■

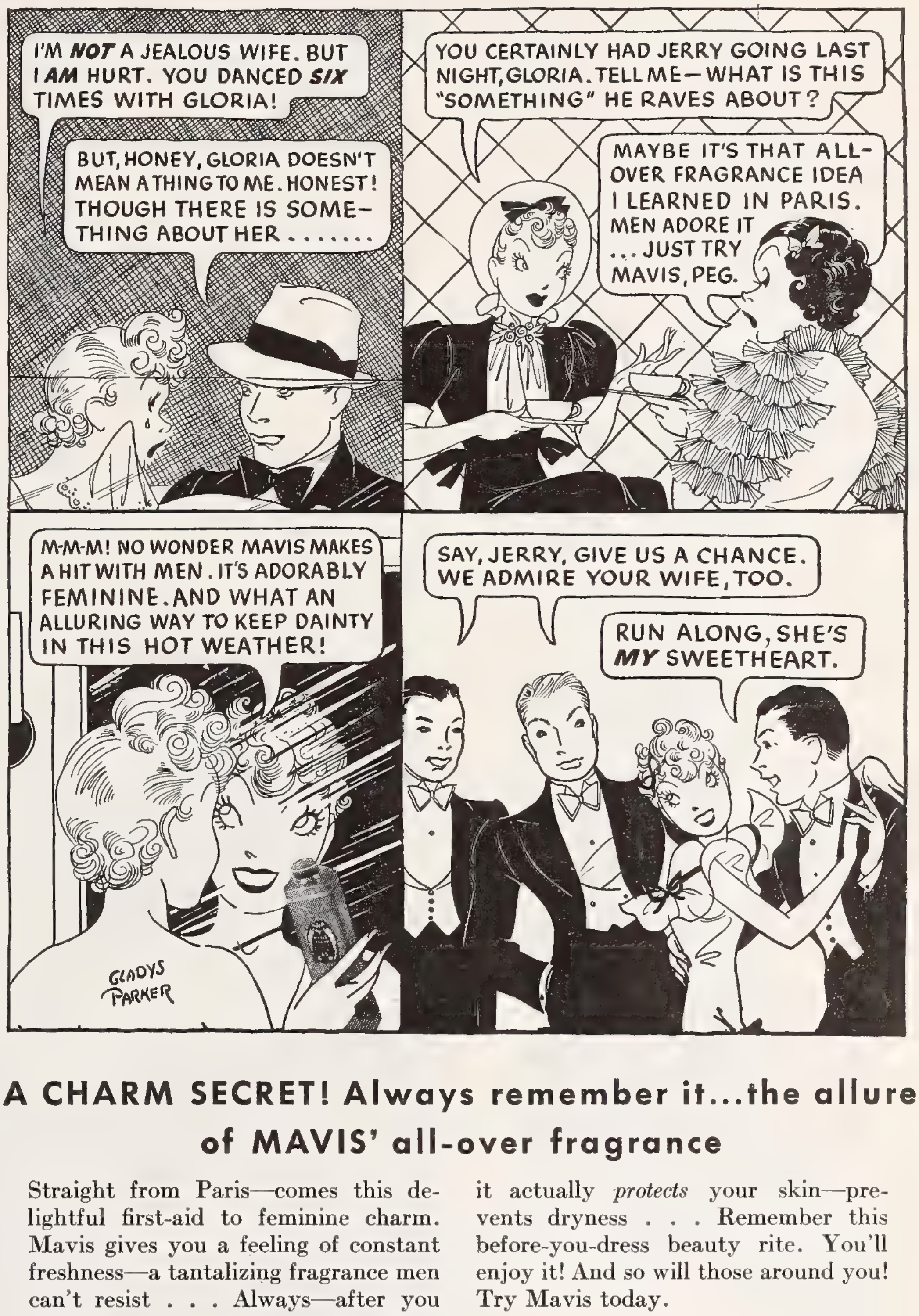
Ginger Rogers surprised Myrtle, her colored maid, with a birthday party on the set of "Swing Time" (nee "Never Gonna Dance"), to which the whole cast was invited. Received by Myrtle: one silk dressing-gown. Received by the cast: ice cream.

■ ■ ■

Now that "I'll Never Let You Go," his latest tune, promises to join the hit

(*Continued on page 22*)

'SWEETHEARTS FOREVER'
—when she learned—



I'M NOT A JEALOUS WIFE. BUT I AM HURT. YOU DANCED SIX TIMES WITH GLORIA!
BUT, HONEY, GLORIA DOESN'T MEAN A THING TO ME. HONEST! THOUGH THERE IS SOMETHING ABOUT HER ....
YOU CERTAINLY HAD JERRY GOING LAST NIGHT, GLORIA. TELL ME—WHAT IS THIS "SOMETHING" HE RAVES ABOUT?
MAYBE IT'S THAT ALL-OVER FRAGRANCE IDEA I LEARNED IN PARIS. MEN ADORE IT ... JUST TRY MAVIS, PEG.
M-M-M! NO WONDER MAVIS MAKES A HIT WITH MEN. IT'S ADORABLY FEMININE. AND WHAT AN ALLURING WAY TO KEEP DAINTY IN THIS HOT WEATHER!
GLADYS PARKER
SAY, JERRY, GIVE US A CHANCE. WE ADMIRE YOUR WIFE, TOO.
RUN ALONG, SHE'S MY SWEETHEART.

A CHARM SECRET! Always remember it...the allure of MAVIS' all-over fragrance

Straight from Paris—comes this delightful first-aid to feminine charm. Mavis gives you a feeling of constant freshness—a tantalizing fragrance men can't resist . . . Always—after you bathe, before you dress—safeguard your daintiness with delightful Mavis all over. It keeps you fresh all day—or evening . . . Mavis brings you Springtime enchantment at any season. And it actually *protects* your skin—prevents dryness . . . Remember this before-you-dress beauty rite. You'll enjoy it! And so will those around you! Try Mavis today.

Mavis Talcum in 25¢, 50¢ and $1 sizes at drug and department stores—convenient 10¢ size at 5-and-10¢ stores. White or flesh. We invite you to try Mavis—use coupon.

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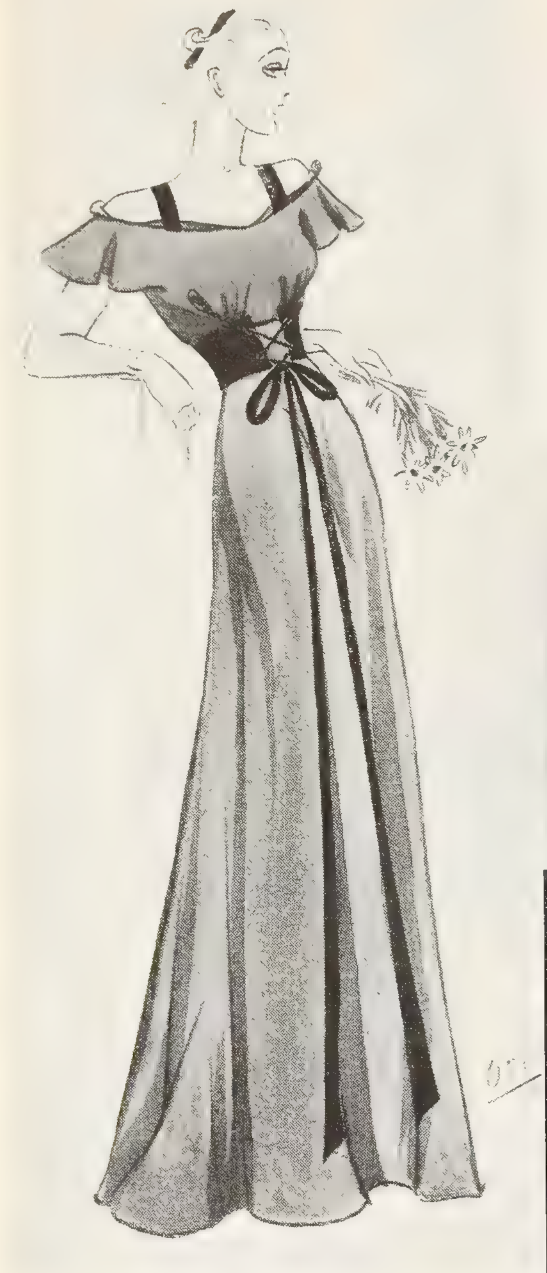
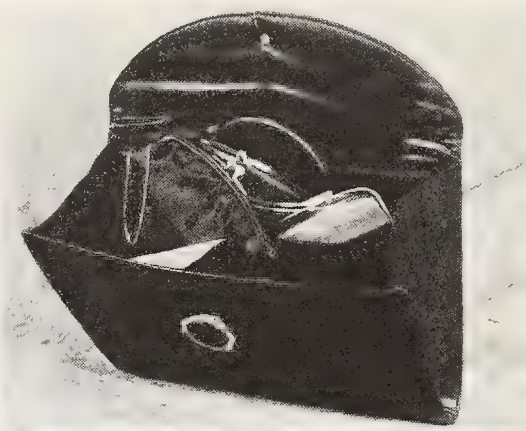
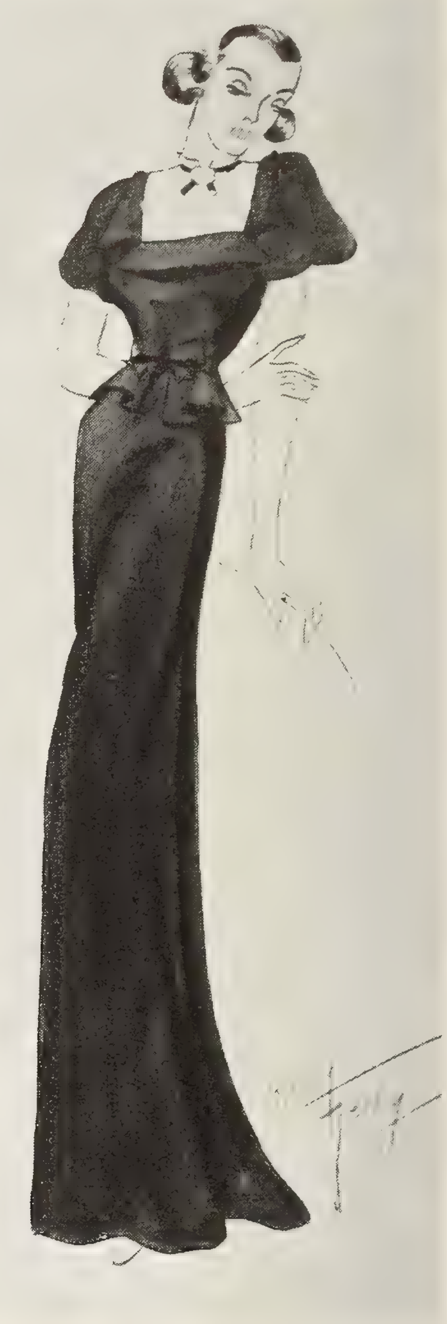
ANTHONY ADVERSE FASHION *Contest*



Left, Barlett lustre satin gown copied from an Olivia de Havilland costume. And right, suave crepe dinner or cocktail gown, copied from an Anita Louise costume. Orry-Kelly designs from Studio Styles, Inc. Below, smart black calf envelope handbag from Pichel, Inc., with complete fittings. And two pairs of Hansen gloves. One in red kid with chevron design, one pair in green suede with arrow trim.





RULES

1. Write fifty words on the subject, "How Screen Clothes Have Helped Me to Dress Smartly." The words "a," "an," "the" will not be counted.
2. Mail your letter to Adelia Bird, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.
3. The contest will close on midnight of September 30, 1936. No letters postmarked after that time will be eligible.
4. State your preference and size in gowns, according to the descriptions given here. Include also your shoe, glove and stocking sizes. This is not counted in the fifty words.
5. In judging, consideration will be given to neatness of presentation and aptness and originality of expression.
6. The four best fifty-word essays, on the given subject, will each win one of the four dresses shown. And the next five will win prizes as listed under "Prizes" on page 21.
7. The decision of the judges (Miss Bird and the editors of MODERN SCREEN) will be final. No contest entries will be returned.
8. No employees of MODERN SCREEN or members of employees' families are eligible to compete.

Win one of these nine stunning prizes! It's easy!

PRIZES

1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th prizes will be original Orry-Kelly dresses adapted from costumes worn in "Anthony Adverse." Given by Studio Styles, Inc.

5th—A pair of Delman shoes, copied from shoes worn in the film.

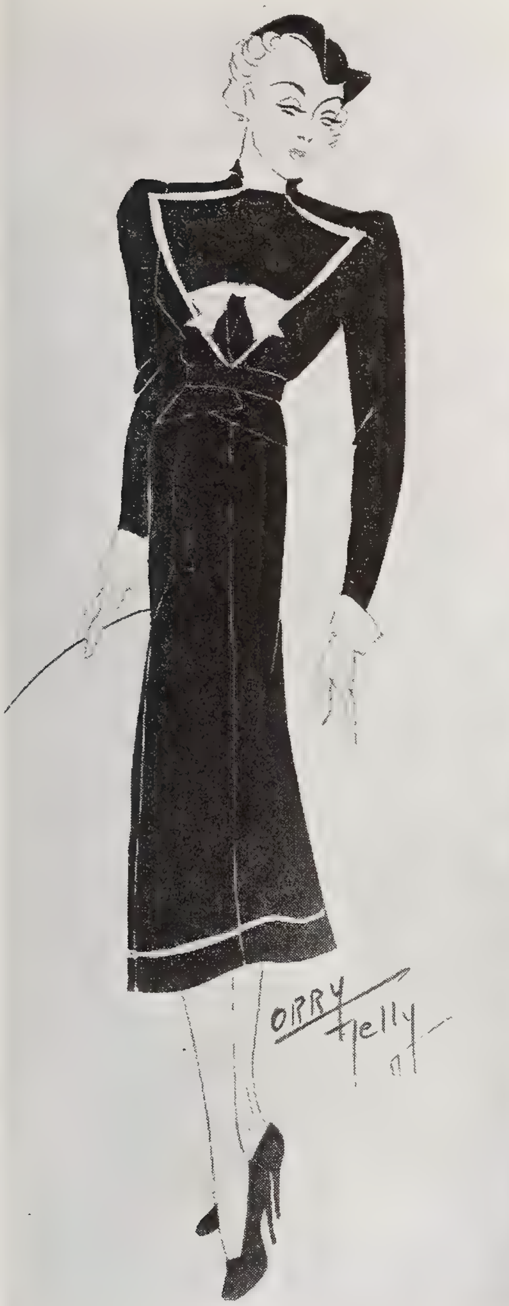
6th—A Pichel handbag.

7th—Two pairs of new fall gloves by Hansen.

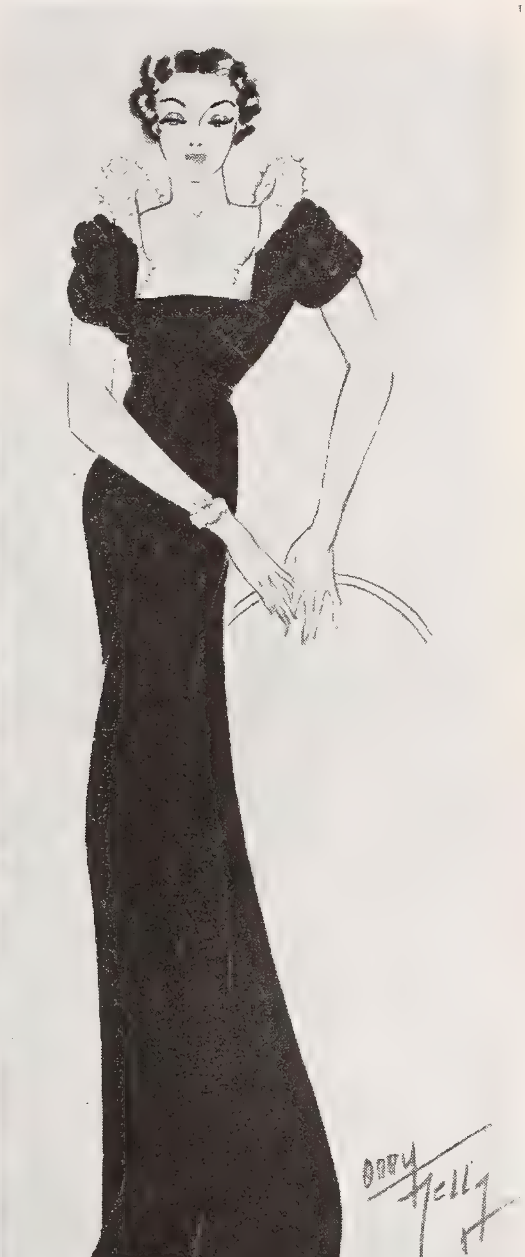
8th—Harriet Hubbard Ayer beauty kit.

9th—Six pairs of sheer Phoenix hosiery.

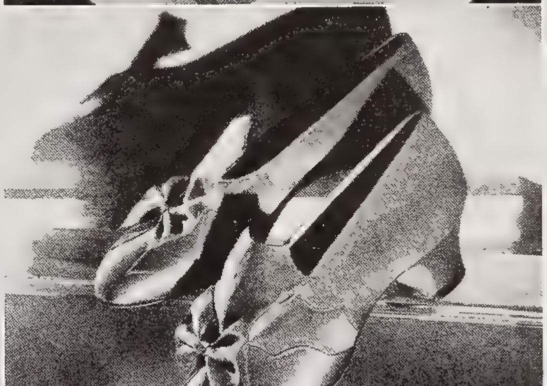
Below, Orry-Kelly adapted this smart street dress from an Olivia de Havilland costume. Two-piece jacket style. Martin hair chiffon wool.



And another Orry-Kelly triumph in rich Salome velvet copied from a de Havilland costume. Flattering square neckline, standing collar.



HARRIET HUBBARD AYER



Center top, ten-piece Harriet Hubbard Ayer beauty kit with lipstick, rouge and powder in your individual shades.

Also center, beautiful Delman shoes made to your size in patent leather, suede, kid or the satin of these originals, made for Olivia de Havilland.

Right, six pairs of Phoenix "dul sheer" hosiery in the new fall shade "Bittersweet."

All you need is fifty words and a very bright idea

MORE GOOD NEWS

Roller skaters Toby Wing, Tom Brown, Shirley Ross, Cesar Romero, Cora Sue Collins, Mary Carlisle and Henry Fonda whoop it up at the Rollerdrome.

(*Continued from page* 19)

parade, Fred Astaire is beginning to regard his dancing as a mere sideline. He was the happiest guy in town when his "I'm Building Up to An Awful Letdown" became a hit, and since that time he's banging away at the piano every spare minute. Right now his ambition is to star in a musical picture with music by Fred Astaire.

■ ■ ■

Watched the "Texas Rangers" cast at work the day they returned from a location trip, with Jack Oakie hiding his devastating features behind a thick growth of beard. Oakie interrupts a rehearsal to suggest a gag to director King Vidor. Vidor admits it's a nice gag, and adds that it has always been a nice gag. Criticism doesn't bother Oakie, though. He wasn't even perturbed when Jean Parker looked at the Oakie spinach and told him he looked like a doormat with the Welcome rubbed off.

■ ■ ■

At the moment Mae West is concerned with "Personal Appearance," her next picture, but the minute she finishes her final wiggle, she's going to devote her time and talent to a brand new project. Mae, it seems, has bought considerable property in the vicinity of Malibu Lake, and she's thinking of building a race track and running a little competition for Santa Anita. Everyone believes it's a swell idea, including three or four horses we happen to know.

■ ■ ■

Alice Faye actually broke down and wept recently when she was required to deliver a stiff poke to the nose of Michael Whalen for a scene in "Sing, Baby, Sing." Alice thinks some people should be punched on the nose regularly, but she likes the handsome Mr. Whalen, and hence the tears. However, it must be noted that the only picture on her dressing-room table is a likeness of Rudy Vallee, her first gentleman friend, and she always has a standing arrangement with her studio to take time off during the Vallee broadcasts.

■ ■ ■

A dude ranch for dogs, of all things, is Hollywood's latest wrinkle. It's a 15-acre establishment in the mountains, and offers the stars' pooches a healthful altitude—7,800 feet above sea level, which someone has discovered is the ideal altitude for dogs who can afford it. Other advantages are fancy table d'hote meals, supervised recreation, and a chance to meet desirable canines socially. Among the present customers are Richard Dix's blooded setters and Katharine Hepburn's cocker spaniels.

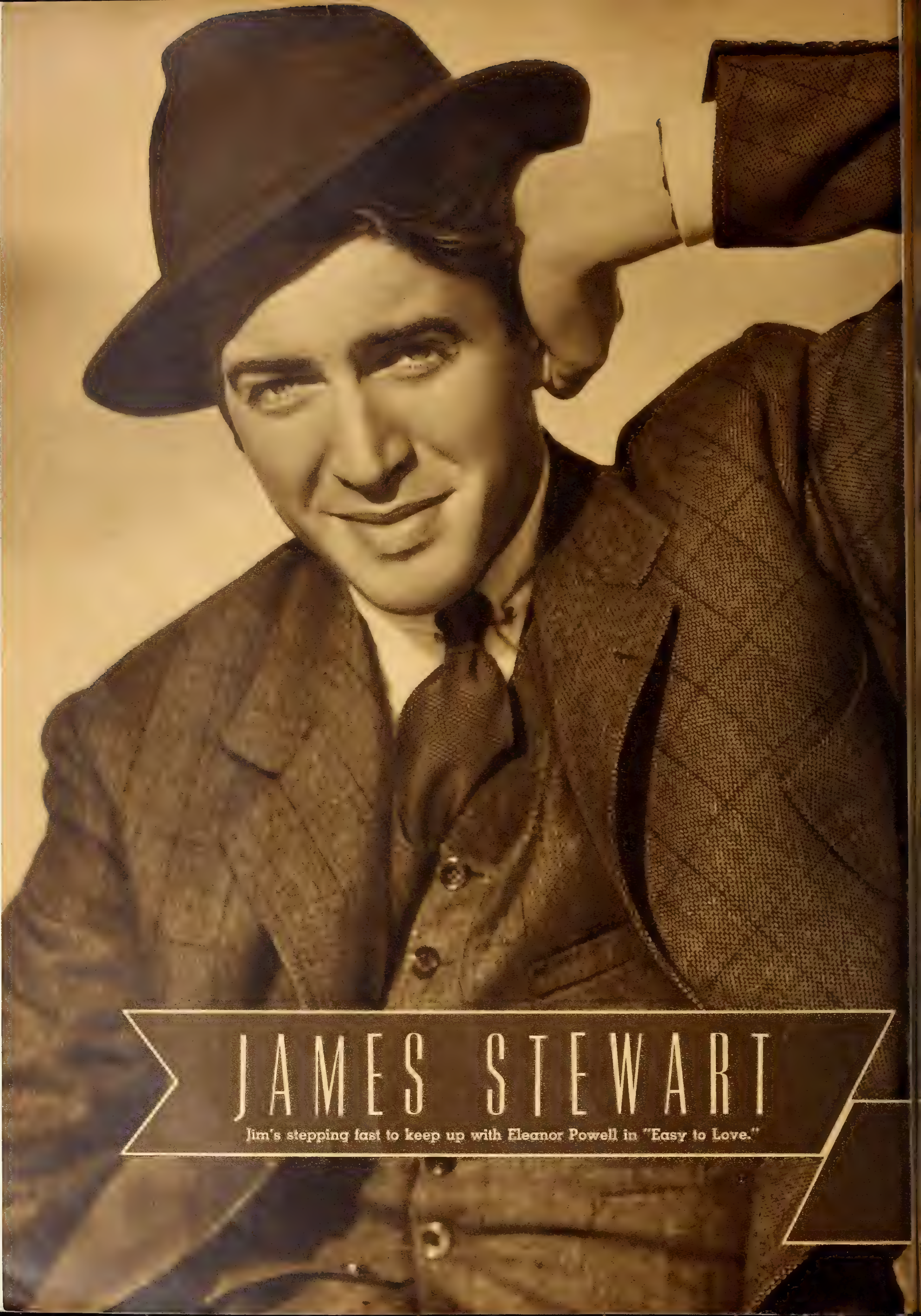
Inez Courtney and Marion Nixon raptly watch Ann Sothern tell a big one, while Roger Pryor and Jack La Rue lean over them at the Trocadero.

■ ■ ■

While we're in the dog department, it might be well to record that Bette Davis has just given her husband, Harmon Nelson, a four-months-old Doberman-Pinscher. According to Bette, young Mr. Nelson regards the hound with all the adoration of a first-born.

JEAN ARTHUR

This sparkling comedienne's husky voice is full of fan-lure! Jean is making "Adventure in Manhattan."



JAMES STEWART

Jim's stepping fast to keep up with Eleanor Powell in "Easy to Love."

JANET GAYNOR

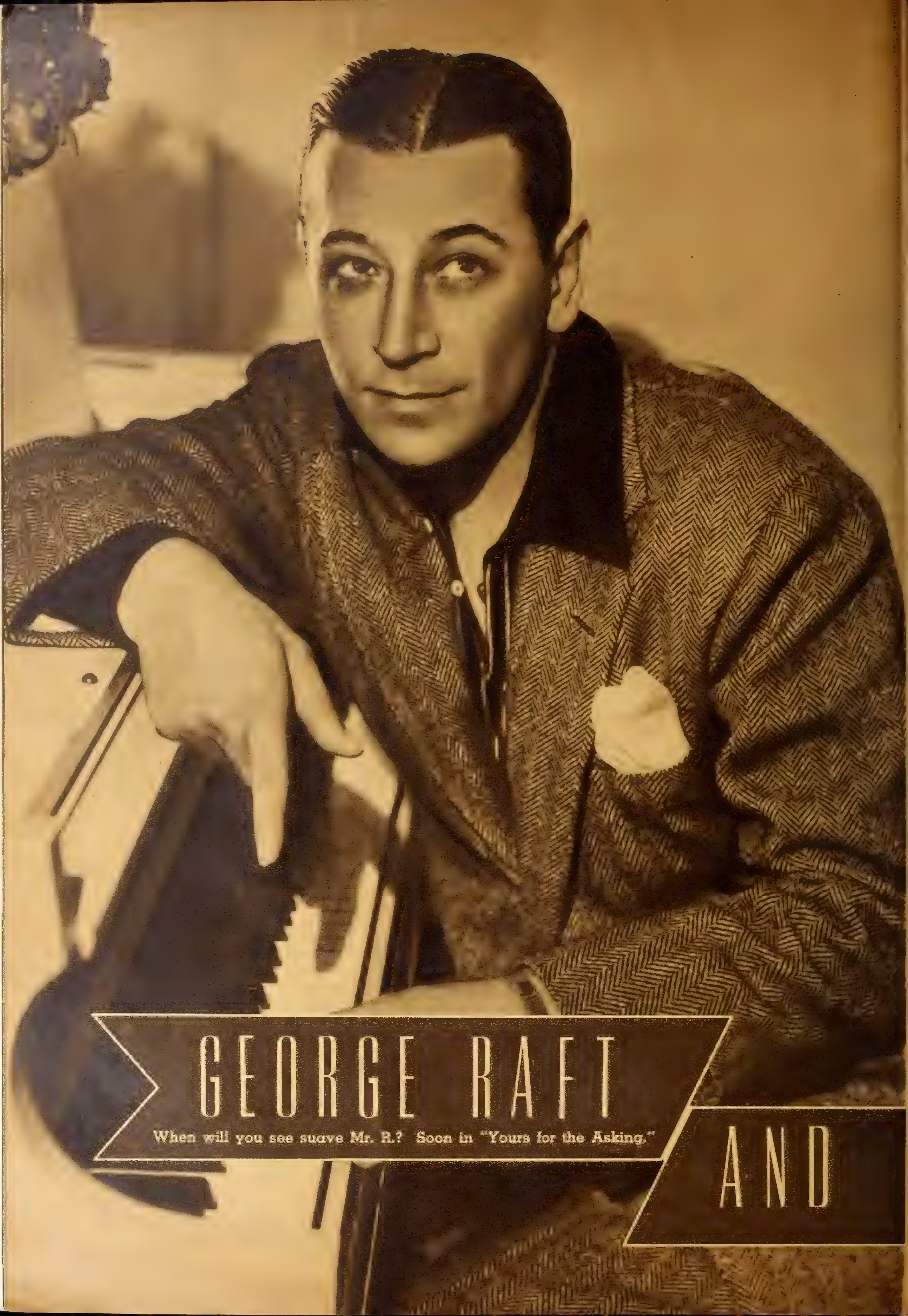
"Ladies in Love" doesn't sound like a Gaynor picture, does it?

BASIL RATHBONE

This Britisher is making "The Garden of Allah" with Marlene Dietrich.

JEANETTE MacDONALD

Eddy-MacDonald fans attention! This romantic team is bringing "Maytime" to you.



GEORGE RAFT AND

When will you see suave Mr. R.? Soon in "Yours for the Asking."

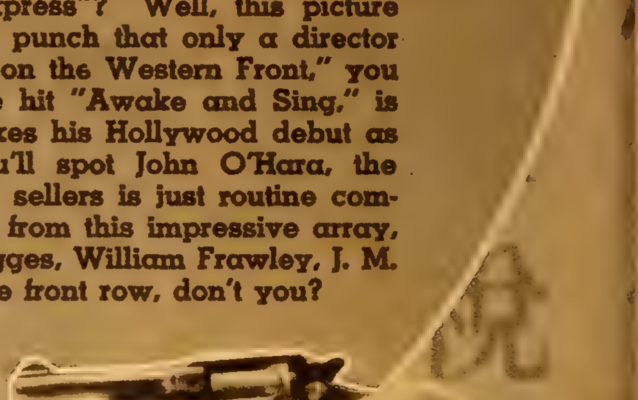
OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

Olivia's screen life is just a bunch of costume pictures! Now it's "Charge of the Light Brigade."

THE GENERAL DIED AT DAWN

One glance at the grim-looking "Chi-nee" at the top of this page and the tense expressions on the faces of Madeleine Carroll and Gary Cooper, gives you a slight idea of what thrills are in store for you in "The General Died at Dawn." Gary plays a fighting Irishman who gets embroiled in some hazardous Chinese business with a war lord. And you don't have to be told that Madeleine is the beauteous gal he has to fall for!

Remember what a kick you got out of "Shanghai Express"? Well, this picture is even more so, with all the speed and action plus the punch that only a director like Lewis Milestone could add. He directed "All Quiet on the Western Front," you know. Clifford Odets, the dramatist of the great stage hit "Awake and Sing," is another reason why the story is fascinating, for he makes his Hollywood debut as the scenarist of this picture. And if you look hard, you'll spot John O'Hara, the famous novelist, as an actor. Uh-huh, even writing best sellers is just routine compared with being able to take a crack at acting! Aside from this impressive array, there are those old favorites: Akim Tamiroff, Dudley Digges, William Frawley, J. M. Kerrigan and Porter Hall. Now you *know* you'll be in the front row, don't you?



Adv't

Clark's favorite date these days is Carole Lombard, whose salty humor is a good match for his devil-may-care moods and impulses.

The Gable mustache had to go for his role with Marion Davies in "Cain and Mabel." Here's a rather damp scenic bit between them.

By

Gladys Hall

HE LIVES HIS IMPULSES

Clark Gable only hesitates when it comes to two important steps. Guess what they are!

I'VE ONLY got about half an hour," said Clark exuberantly, as he hustled me ahead of him into the M-G-M commissary, where he ordered *and* ate (to the rinds) two gigantic wedges of watermelon, washed down with several tankards of iced tea. "I just decided, half an hour ago, to go fishing in Utah. I packed my bags and dashed over here to talk to you. I was going to Guatemala because I've never been there. But I found I wouldn't have time to make such a long trip so I got out the map and Utah leapt out at me. I'm off tonight—for two weeks or so. I like to live my social life with the fish!"

"So you really do?" I said, meditatively.

"Really do *what?* Like to socialize with the fish?"

"No, live on your impulses, as Hollywood says. . . ."

"I don't know what they say. It's liable to be almost anything. But if they are saying that I've chucked clocks and calendars, card indexes, engagement books and mottos-for-the-day into the ash-can they're right for once.

"I always have lived on impulse, more or less. But I've always felt guilty about it, too. Thought I was doing what I hadn't oughter! I was brought up, as most American boys are, to believe that a fellow should plan his next step before he puts his foot down on the one he's taking. I had a pang of conscience when I didn't 'look ahead.' No more. It can't be done by planning. Plans don't work out. How can they, when you know yourself that it's at least half as likely that we may not be here at all this time next year as that we will?

"I won't build a wall of rules and regulations around me. They're stifling and ridiculous. I won't assume any more obligations than I have to. I started out to look for a house a few weeks ago. Thought, suddenly, that I'd like a place with grounds. I looked at a lot of them. They looked like one-man jails to me. And so I am staying at the Beverly Wilshire where I can check out—for Utah or anywhere else—in ten minutes.

"So 'they' say I have a new philosophy, huh? Well, I don't give it any such high-sounding tag. But if I have anything of the sort it's this—*don't plan!* Obey your impulses. Do what seems the best and most appealing at the moment. Don't wait for the next moment to come along so that you can check on yourself. You'll never do anything if you do. Maybe your impulses won't work out successfully but your carefully laid plans may not either—and you will have been through all the mental wear and tear of making 'em.

PEOPLE OFTEN have asked me what I get out of it all—you know, being a movie star, making money, all the perquisites. I don't get out of it what a lot of people would, that's a fact. I'm not luxury-minded. I don't give a hoot for swell houses, swimming pools and entertaining. I don't like big parties. I have no use for a yacht, I prefer a tramp steamer. Camping, fishing and shooting don't cost much of anything when you don't go to swank resorts—and I don't. I have no use for swell clothes. I hate to dress up—I feel like one of those old-fashioned tailors' dummies when I have to put on the soup and fish. I like to wear slacks and sweaters and leather-lined jackets—nothing that must be *fitted.* My tailor has modeled a dummy according to my measurements and, any fitting that has to be done, is done on it. I call it 'The Sissy.' I like plain food, stew and beans, raw onion sandwiches and hamburgers and," laughed Clark, "watermelon.

"No, there's only one luxury success has brought me. I don't kid myself that I have success, either—I've told you before that it's a lot of apple-sauce for any screen star to make little of what he gets—and that still goes. Anyway, the only luxury success has brought me is that I now can buy the right, most of the time, to do what I want to do, when and where I want to do it.

"I've been through a series (*Continued on page 75*)

SHE IS AS original as the spelling of her last name, as unpredictable as the Derby winner, and as stimulating as a side-car at Tony's. Margaret Sullavan.

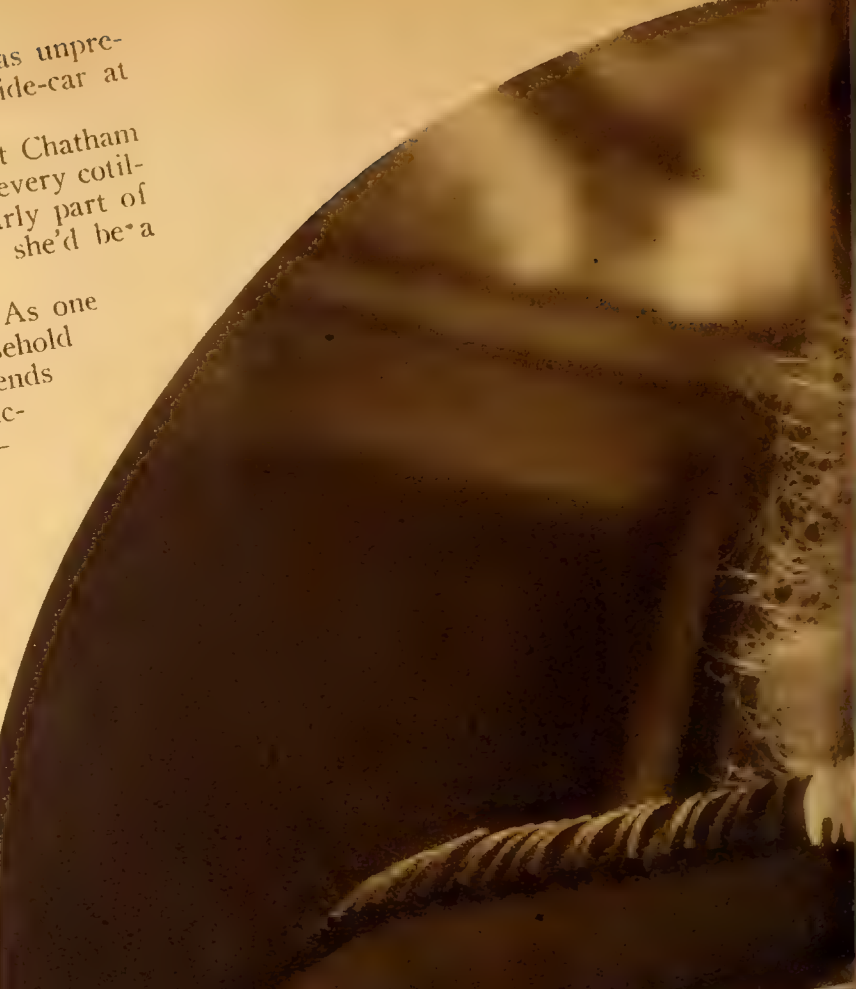
Nine years ago, when she was a sweet girl graduate at Chatham Institute in Chatham, Virginia, suh, she was the belle of every cotillion. But that didn't prevent her from spending the early part of the evening in the ladies' dressing-room for fear that she'd be a wallflower.

Today her popularity is not confined to cotillions. As one of the First Ladies of the Screen, her name is a household word. However, she never looks at her rushes, attends the previews, or even catches a fourth run of her pictures. She claims she photographs like a Pekingese—and she doesn't like Pekingese.

She gets horribly fussed when she is recognized in public, so she invariably denies her identity. The height of outdoor entertainment is to watch her arguing a group of fans out of the absurd notion that she is Margaret Sullavan.

I'VE OFTEN been mistaken for her," she'll solemnly announce in that husky throbbing voice that is so inescapably hers. The only one she ever convinces is herself!

Like all cries of "Wolf, wolf," however, this predilection for traveling incognito has often proven more embarrassing than she has bargained for.



Margaret with ex-husband, Henry Fonda, in "Moon's Our Home."

NEVER A DULL MOMENT

As full of surprises as a grab bag, Margaret Sullavan leads her friends a hectic life

By Radie Harris

For instance, there was the time she got tired hanging around Hollywood waiting for the production to start on "The Good Fairy," so she flew to Chicago, traveling under the pseudonym of Mary Stevens. After idling away six hours in the airport, she decided to fly back, only to discover that she didn't have enough money for the return fare. She took the pilot into her confidence.

"Look," she confessed, "my name isn't really Mary Stevens. I'm Margaret Sullavan. I'm under contract to Universal Studios. Will you please cash a check for me?"

"Have you any means of identification?" asked the none too gullible and unimpressed pilot.

Peggy searched her bag but found nothing to help her out of her dilemma. Suddenly, she thought of a movie magazine. Perhaps her picture might be in "Modern Screen." It was!

Triumphantly, she showed it to the pilot. His glance focussed on a close-up of a beautiful girl, gowned in one of Hollywood's latest creations. Her hair was immaculately waved, her lashes curled to an extravagant length, her mouth was a ruby in a pearl setting. His eyes strayed to the modestly dressed young woman standing beside him—her wind blown locks flying carelessly in the wind, her lashes devoid of any mascaro—her lips with no trace of rouge. He handed her the magazine. "Sorry, Miss," was his only comment.

Little Miss S. when she was the belle of Chatham Institute in Virginia.

Then there was the time that she telephoned Charlie, her Filipino houseboy.

"This is Miss Sullavan," she announced.

"Miss Sullavan, she no home," was Charlie's answer.

"But this *is* Miss Sullavan speaking. Don't you recognize my voice?"

"Miss Sullavan, she no home."

Beside Charlie, Peggy's household consists of a colored cook, two cats, a scottie, a wire-haired and a setter. She lives in Toluca Lake, where tourist guides point with pride to the estates of Walt Disney, Dick Powell, Mary Brian, Richard Arlen and Bing Crosby (now occupied by the Keeler (*Continued on page 86*)

What's become of the unapproachable Marlene? She's certainly a different gal these days

By Harry Lang

I WAS going to tell you about the new front Marlene Dietrich's put on; how she's turned on an entirely new personality. How the lady of the frigid stare, the icy aloofness and the superior arrogance, had vanished, and how a studio tomboy had suddenly taken the spotlight. How she had become a movie-set clown who flung herself suddenly into caricaturing and devastating imitations of Garbo, Joan Crawford and Mae West, while set hangers-on, extras, lowly grips, looked on and roared in glee. In fact, a gal who shared her time, her fun and her personality with carpenters, Mexican extras, greasy-handed dishwashers. . .!

And I was going to let you see it exactly for what I thought it was—a brand-new publicity gag engineered by the canny gal from Germany.

But I can't do that now.

Oh, I shall tell you in detail about the change that has come over her—the strange humility and softness, the warm friendliness that have truly replaced the previous down-the-nose aloofness for which she was known in Hollywood. But I can't kid her about it, ever, and I feel abashed now, that I thought I could.

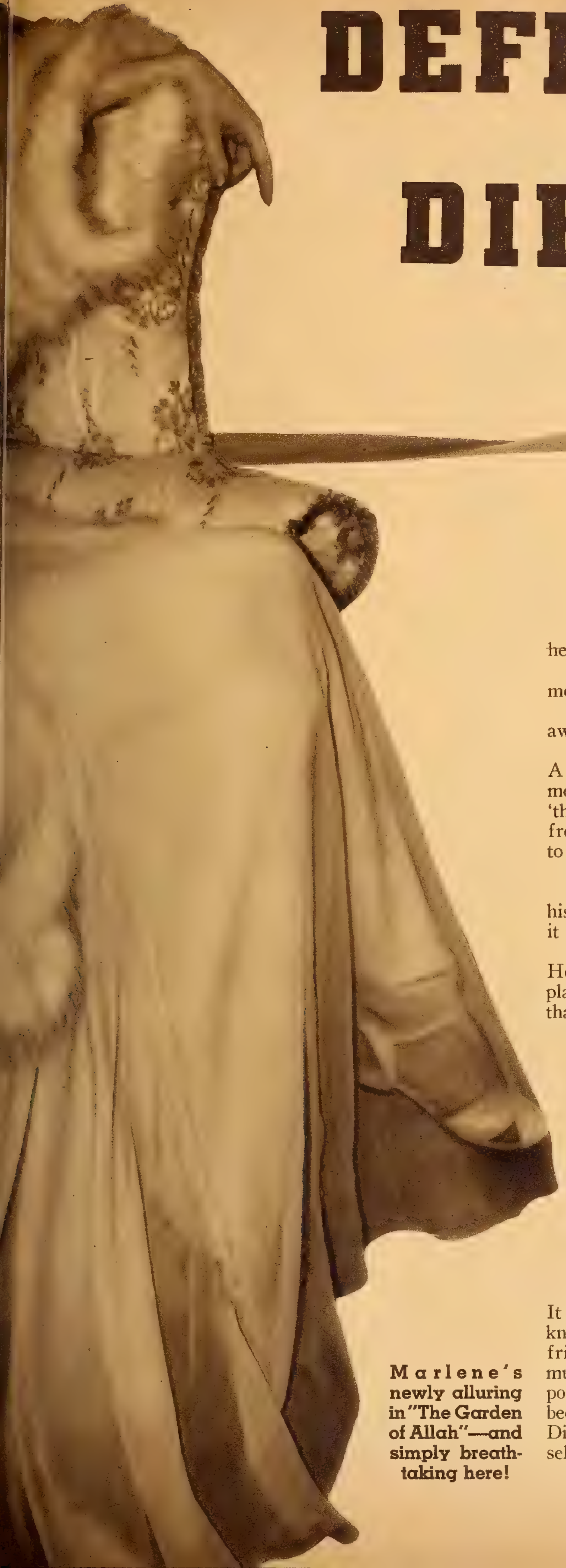
Because, you see, just recently it was given me to see, during a few sudden heart-twisting moments, that this new Marlene is not just a publicity gag. That it is, rather, something almost terrifyingly real.

A few of us were in Marlene's dressing-room. It just had been built and furnished, there on the Selznick lot, where she's been making "The Garden of Allah." It was beautiful, that suite. But it wasn't the newness or the loveliness of it that was uppermost in our minds. It was, rather, what we saw there on a little table.

A photograph of Jack Gilbert, dead nearly six months, now. Before it, a tiny taper burning in an amber glass—like the ever-burning candles you see on church altars. That taper has burned steadily before that photograph for that half-year. Marlene has not let its light die.

On the face of Marlene, there was an ineffable sadness. Her eyes were wide open, but she didn't seem to be seeing the things in the room; she seemed to be looking beyond them, past us to something we couldn't see.

DEFROSTING DIETRICH



Marlene's newly alluring in "The Garden of Allah"—and simply breathtaking here!

"Why are you so unhappy?" one of her visitors asked ~~her~~. "You, ~~Marlene Dietrich, who have everything~~. . . ."

Her eyes came back and rested on the speaker. A moment of silence. Then, unsmiling:

"I *had* everything," she whispered, and her eyes went away again.

A LITTLE while later, a man who works with her told me: "She speaks of him often—of Jack. She calls him 'the great friend.' You see how different she is now from what she used to be. That change in her dates back to Jack's passing."

"You think that was what caused it?" I asked.

The fellow, a philosopher of sorts albeit he phrased his ideas in the back-lot language of Hollywood, figured it out this way:

"Well, look. Take Marlene and how she came to Hollywood. First thing she saw here was the town plastered with 24-sheets, with her name in letters taller than two of herself. She was treated as a queen, an empress. Everything was done for her. She merely had to snap her fingers, and what she wanted was supplied. She got a tremendous salary—as much as $250,000 for a picture, I understand. Her every whim was law. It's pretty hard for any human being to stand up under that sort of thing without believing herself the big shot of big shots. I can understand, having been in Hollywood, what happened to Dietrich and why she became the 'great one' she was.

"And then Jack Gilbert came into her life. It was something far finer, take it from me, than an ordinary flirtation, or even an affair. It transcended these. Marlene's got a husband, you know, and she loves him. But in Jack, she found a friend for her soul. I think Jack must have told her much of his life—it was tough, you know. He knew poverty and deprivation. Jack was loved in Hollywood, because he loved people. He wasn't high-hat or snooty. Dietrich learned things from him. She began to see herself and others in a different light.

"And then suddenly Jack (*Continued on page 88*)

ON THE SET WITH *Romeo* AND *Juliet*

By Franc Dillon

A tender, romantic moment between Norma Shearer, as Juliet, and Leslie Howard, as Romeo.

Our scribe plays extra to give you inside highlights of a really important picture

DON'T PICK your teeth with a knife," admonished Leslie Howard seriously, startling Norma Shearer to the point where she nearly fell off her chair. Then she noticed that he was reading from a very old book of etiquette, which the research department had unearthed in studying the customs and manners of the 15th Century for the screen production of "Romeo and Juliet."

"I didn't know they had an Emily Post in those days," Mr. Howard remarked.

"Certainly, they had an Emily Post," Miss Shearer replied, "only Emily was no lady; she was a gentleman!"

"So I see. In fact, she was two gentlemen," chuckled Mr. Howard, as he read further and noted that one authority on good manners of that day was Friar Bonvesino da Riva and another was Francesco da Barberino.

Romeo and Juliet had just made the famous parting scene in Juliet's bedroom and Norma, looking startlingly beautiful as Juliet, had sat down to rest a moment while Leslie Howard, as Romeo, amused himself and the others by reading aloud.

"Hold your food in three clean fingers," he continued.

"If you offer the cup, don't put your thumb on the upper edge.

"Don't put your knife back in its sheath too early—there may be more to come.

"It is sometimes better not to seat relatives together at a banquet."

"Proving that relatives were relatives, even in the 15th Century," laughed Norma. Then in a more serious tone, she wondered what was holding them up and learned that the grass had grown so high outside her balcony, since they had taken the last scene there a few days before, that it must be cut before they could proceed with the scene. A lawn-mower had been sent for!

IN ORDER to see what was going on (no visitors being allowed), I wangled myself a day's extra work on the "Romeo and Juliet" set. I was placed on call but not on salary and allowed to hang around for days awaiting my big moment. I made the most of those days and got myself generally regarded as a nuisance, but I saw Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard as Juliet and Romeo; John Barrymore (without Ariel) as Mercutio, Basil Rathbone as Tybault, Reginald Denny as Benvolio, Edna May Oliver as Juliet's nurse and all the rest of them making "Romeo and Juliet."

When Norma worked she was surrounded by such exclusiveness that often the big doors to the sound stages were locked before Romeo could get inside. Property men and assistants were banished to the far distant corners when the tenderly beautiful scenes were made in Juliet's bedroom and on the balcony. (Don't ask where I was, but the spread on Juliet's little canopied bed hung to the floor!)

Certainly no expense was spared to make the courtyard and balcony set the loveliest ever seen. I have no words to describe its delicate beauty.

The balcony was in one

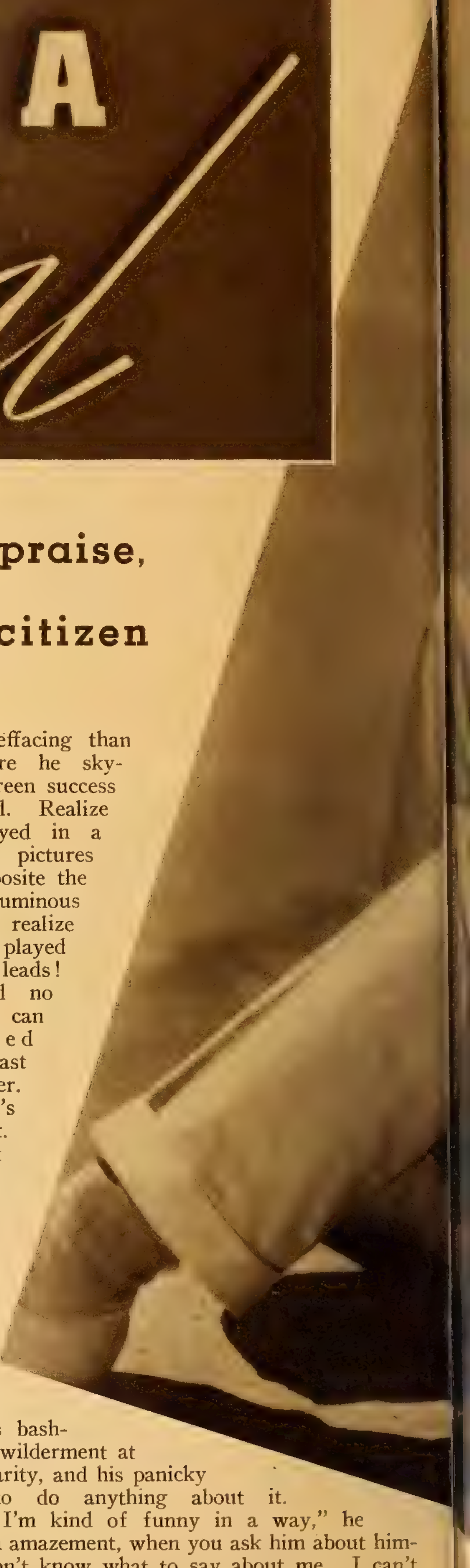
(*Continued on page 73*)

Basil Rathbone, Howard, Reginald Denny and John Barrymore in a tense scene.

Who better than Edna May Oliver could play Juliet's beloved nurse?

HE'S A Natural

Fred MacMurray, suspicious of praise, is Hollywood's most bashful citizen



THAT BIG new Kress' "five-an'-ten" on Hollywood Boulevard was crowded, as usual. Nobody was paying any particular attention to the tall chap shopping with two ladies, at the notion counter.

Nobody, that is, except a little girl with spindly legs and carrot-colored hair. Funny, isn't it, how kid's'll notice things their elders don't? Anyway, this little girl stared for a big-eyed moment at the young man. Then, in one of those squeaky voices that carry above any ordinary din, she squealed:

"Ooooohh! I know YOU! You're FRED MacMURRAY!!"

Instantly, the store was quiet. But that lasted only a startled second. Then it was noisier than ever, as women from every corner of the place flocked to where the little girl was jabbering at the red-faced young man. Even clerks behind the counters dropped everything to see Fred MacMurray in person.

Fred stammered awkwardly. The little girl was demanding to know whether or not he *really* and *honest* fell out of bed in "Hands Across the Table." Fred gulped and stared in terror at the avalanche of femininity descending upon him. Then, still gulping, he turned and fled—ran pell-mell for the big front doors, dashed red-faced across the sidewalk and up the street. Into a nondescript little roadster parked by the curb he popped, started the engine and sped away.

Behind him, besides the crowd of disappointed women, he had left the two women he'd been shopping with—his mother and the long-time gal-friend, whom he has recently married, Lillian Lamont, former model. They had to finish their shopping and find their way home as best they could; the crowds had Fred licked.

They knew, as do all his intimates, that Fred MacMurray is one of the most bashful men in Hollywood. They know, too, as do those who work with him, that he's one leading man without a swelled head. Fame has left Fred MacMurray, if anything at all, just a little bit more shy and self-effacing than he was before he sky-rocketed to screen success in Hollywood. Realize that he's played in a whole row of pictures in a year, opposite the screen's most luminous beauties—and realize that he's never played anything but leads! It's a record no other star can boast. Fred doesn't boast about it, either. He thinks it's just good luck.

That incident in the "five-an'-ten" is as typical of Fred as any anecdote one could tell. It shows his dominant traits so effectively—his bashfulness, his bewilderment at his own popularity, and his panicky helplessness to do anything about it.

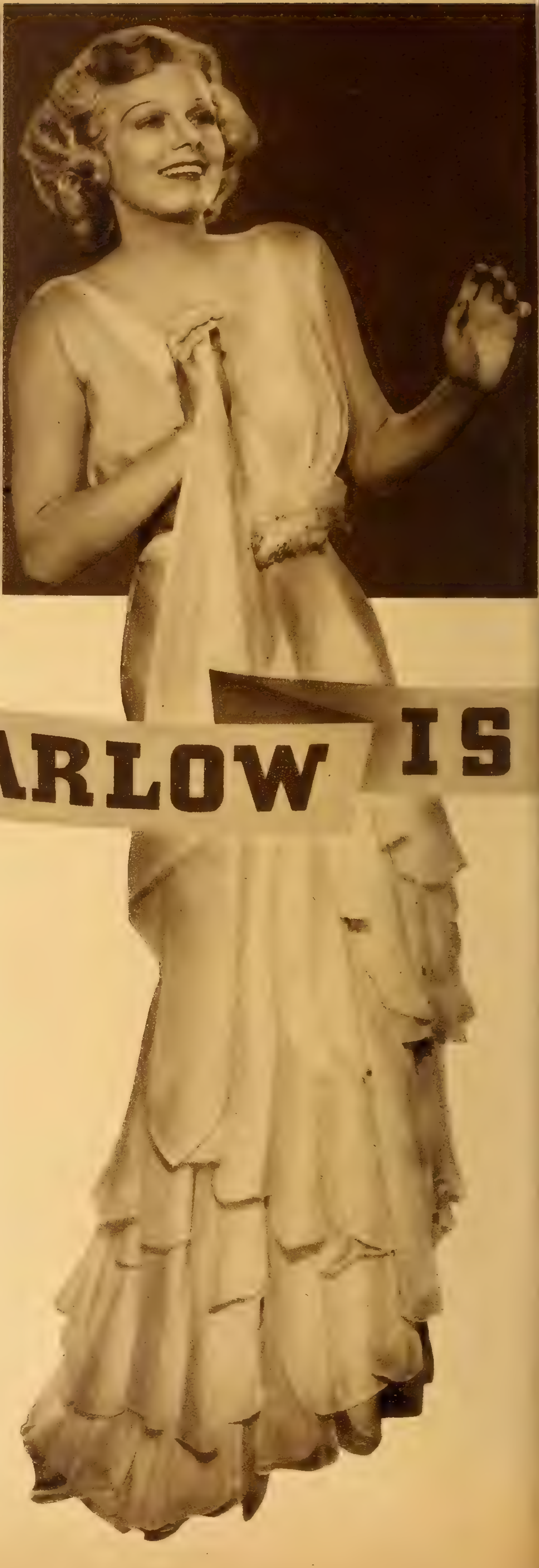
"I suppose I'm kind of funny in a way," he grins, in boyish amazement, when you ask him about himself, "but I don't know what to say about me. I can't analyze my feelings. The only way (*Continued on page 84*)

By Henry Lane

Tennis and eating are two of the MacMurray pastimes! Below, Fred snapped after his marriage, with his bride, Lillian Lamont, and his mother.

The most publicized star in Hollywood has made an abrupt "about face." Why?

She's changed the color of her life, as well as the color of her hair. Jean's a different gal.



JEAN HARLOW IS

By Faith Service

HOLLYWOOD is saying, "Jean Harlow has changed." She has—in many ways. She has moved from her palatial mansion, replete with swimming pool, landscaped gardens and white salon to a cosy, charming house on a quiet street such as any nice, successful girl might be expected to live in.

She has changed her hair from the famed, sensational platinum blonde to a soft and lovely brownette—a conservative color. She is more subdued. She is more serious. There are those who say she looks a little sad. Others say she looks peaceful. There is something different about her, anyway Why?

What is it all about? What has caused the change?

"What has happened to Harlow?" asks Hollywood.

I found out.

I SPENT the afternoon with Jean in her new home. We had coffee in the garden—a moderate-sized, enclosed garden with simple wicker furniture and folksy flowers. The house is cosy, charming. It is *not* the great, white, shining house which Jean built on a high hill near Belle Air. That is sold, furniture and all. A few prized possessions were kept by Jean for sentiment's sake. Everything else went. And now Jean and her mother, their faithful colored couple and their three high-bred cats, live in a homey place on a neighborly street here in Beverly Hills.

And Jean said to me, and *looked* what she said, "I feel more at home here than I ever did in the big place. I

WATCHING HER STEP

The mutual love of Jean Harlow and William Powell brought a new peace to Jean. Above left, they pose devotedly. And right, Jean with Cary Grant in "Suzy."

love it. And so does mother. We haven't that terrific responsibility. We loved the other house because we—and especially mother—had put so much into it. But it was too large a house for two women alone. We rattled about in it, hollowly. We had eaten about two meals in the dining-room in the past two years. We always ate on trays. We never entertained more than two or three people at a time. And I used to say to mother that it seemed ridiculous and a sort of a shame for us to be living in that big place so much to ourselves when people, who do give parties and could use the pool and the drawing-room, really would get pleasure out of it. . . ."

"But why didn't you?" I asked, curious that a lovely blonde girl in a luxurious white house didn't entertain, didn't give parties. "Why didn't you entertain a lot and have big parties? You always seem to like people, Jean. I should think you would have got a kick out of all that."

"I do like people," Jean told me, earnestly, "I like them very much—one, two or three at a time. I'm interested in them and I like to talk to them, but—it may sound odd but you'll have to believe me—I'm shy with people I don't know. I don't know what to do. And so I always do one of two things—either talk my head off about nothing or retreat into a corner and say nothing. Both are extreme reactions—and both are over-reactions."

"And both," I supplied, "indicate the shy person's attempt to compensate."

"Anyway," said Jean, "here we can have our two or three friends, people I know well and we're happy."

JEAN'S MOTHER "did over" most of the interior of the house when she rented it. She reupholstered a great deal of the furniture. She had the dark walls and ceilings painted white. Two divans in the living-room were re-covered in a beige rep. Jean pointing them out to me said, "The material cost sixty cents a yard."

As we sat in the garden, some silk undies and socks and things were flapping in the breeze on the sun-deck above. Jean said, "The cats got all tangled up in the clothes lines when they were down here in the back yard. We didn't know what to do with the wash so I had the lines put up there."

She told me about other changes they had made in the house. The powder room was converted into the cook's room—drapes were changed from ornate Spanish velours to simple chintzes—the breakfast room was given over to the butler with screens placed so that his room won't "show" from the dining-room.

And as she described the changes in the house, with amusement and some pride, I knew that they were the outward and visible tokens of the inward and less apparent changes in Jean herself.

I felt a sense of incredulous amazement that this quiet capable girl, competently and economically "making things do" could be the same as the sumptuous, platinum blonde girl in the great house on the hill.

I had the feeling that the Jean the fans think they know and the Jean her friends know were gradually drawing nearer together and

(*Continued on page 81*)

A typical Armetta glance cast at Shirley Temple in "The Poor Little Rich Girl."

The GLOOM-CHASER

By Helen Fay Ludlam

HENRY ARMETTA is a born comedian. Not one of the high-powered funnymen of Hollywood, those whose fortunes have climbed into the millions, have the power of this little man over their audiences. Laurel and Hardy, Harold Lloyd, even Chaplin, the immortal one, must have gags and "sequences" and gadgets to put their humor across but Henry—just let his face be seen on the screen and the audience howls with laughter.

He doesn't have to do a thing, but he steals practically every scene he is in. Regardless of the action the audience keeps on chuckling, holding in the big laugh with difficulty until Henry perhaps lifts an eyebrow—then the house, unable to hold in any longer, fairly rocks with laughter. I've heard it more times than I can count. He is the one hundred percent gloom-proof actor on the screen today.

Henry's career is somewhat remarkable. You have read about him before and know his biographical data, as we call it, so I won't go into that. As a matter of fact I don't know it, but years ago, when I was doing publicity for William Farnum, Henry was Bill's valet. Henry preceded me in the Farnum menage so I don't know how Bill happened to find him, but as he himself has said, in several interviews, he was valet first to Raymond Hitchcock. Hitchy and Bill were friends, so that is probably how the connection was made.

If it was, I don't know that Hitchy did his friend Bill a very good turn. A man's valet is usually expected to keep both his own and his master's head under moments of stress and in this case it was just the other way around. Henry would lose his completely, and Bill would have to handle him as though he were a child. As an example, Mr. Farnum, who is a fine golfer, was to play in a tournament in Philadelphia one Sunday. The night before he cautioned Henry to be not a minute later than seven the next morning as he had to make the nine o'clock train to the City of Brotherly Love.

(*Continued on page 82*)

Henry Armetta doesn't need gags—he *looks* funny

TWO CAREER GAL

By James Reid

Joan is appearing in "Two in a Crowd."

The littlest Bennett's energy is simply colossal!

The Markeys—Diana, Joan, Gene and Melinda.

TWO YEARS ago, a touching story about Joan Bennett found its way into print. A poignant story about a beautiful girl, a talented actress, who was partially blind, but completely courageous.

It "revealed" that Joan Bennett lived in a world of haze. She saw faces in a blur at a distance of more than arm's-length. She was constantly ignoring old friends on the street because—she could not see them. When she played a movie scene, she could not distinguish her fellow-players except in close-ups. She had had to forego tennis, one of her favorite sports, because she could not see the balls coming toward her on the court. She could read little, lest she strain her already weakened eyes. She was in constant danger of becoming completely blind and she wore dark glasses to hide her tragic secret.

The story circled the world. A deluge of sympathy descended upon Joan. In its poignance, the story was haunting, unforgettable. It had one flaw: it wasn't true.

I reminded Joan of the story the other day. She had just returned from Palm Springs, one of the world's sunniest spots, where she had gone between pictures for a rest and a satisfying session of reading. Sun-tinted, rested, with her blonde hair newly darkened, she was completely refreshing in a smartly tailored suit of dark blue and gray herringbone. She wore sun-glasses, which are ever-present with half of Hollywood. The sharp sunlight demands them. But—those sun-glasses did not prevent her seeing, and greeting with a smile, Producer Walter Wanger—half of the length of the restaurant away—before she spoke.

"Oh, *that* story!" Joan said, in a tone that hinted at too keen a remembrance. "It's still pursuing me. According to the story, you know, I was about to go blind any day."

Why hadn't she denied the story when it appeared—?

"I wanted to. I was upset about it—and mad about it. But friends told me that people (*Continued on page 71*)

NEW STYLES IN *Parents*

Bing Crosby's three boys won't be "movie" kids if their Pa and Ma have their way

Bing, as you will see him in his new opus, "Rhythm on the Range."

By Caroline Somers Hoyt

SHRIEKS OF laughter were coming from the direction of the nursery as the butler knocked with as much reluctance as interrupting a directors' meeting would command. Cautiously he opened the door a crack.

"Your brother is here with a man to see you, Mr. Crosby," he announced. "He says it's important."

Bing never lifted his eyes from the block house he was building on the floor. "Tell him to see me at my office tomorrow," he said. "I'm busy."

Presently there was another knock on the nursery door and without waiting for an invitation, Bing's brother, Everett, burst into the room.

"Bing, this is important!" he exploded. "You know I wouldn't have bothered you tonight if it weren't. There's a fellow downstairs with a song that's a knockout. He wants to give you first crack at it. It'll take you just a minute to hear it."

"Can't you see I'm busy?" asked Bing soberly. "Tell him to bring it over to the studio tomorrow."

"But he won't wait," Everett insisted. "He's going to submit it to Vallee. I'm telling you, Bing, it's hot."

"No," Bing insisted with a finality that discouraged further argument. "This is important. You know," he continued earnestly, "it's an art to build these houses high enough so they'll make a loud crash when they're knocked down."

To a singer, with a big weekly radio program, getting new songs is an all-important problem. There are so few real song hits and so many singers trying to get them first. But to Bing Crosby his children are more important than anything else. The thing that worries him more than getting a good song is to find more time to spend with his children.

So much has been written about Hollywood parents—about the fantastic way their children are reared; about the extravagant parties given on birthdays and other holidays; about the elaborate nurseries, play houses, the nurses and bodyguards, that it is only fair, I believe, to present the other side of the case.

It has been my observation that, for the most part, the children of the stars are more sensibly brought up than the average child of wealthy parents. The Bing Crosbys are a fair example of normal, sensible parents in Hollywood or any place else in the world.

Bing is a wealthy man. He could lavish every luxury on his children, if he wished, but he doesn't. He is preparing them for the future and believes the best way to do that is to give them a healthy, happy, normal childhood. He admits he bought his big ranch between Hollywood and San Diego, at Santa Fe Springs, partly to indulge himself in his hobby of breeding race horses, but more as a perfect place to raise his family. True, he is building a new home in town that resembles a young hotel, but when Bing isn't working, the Crosbys call the ranch "home."

"Hollywood is of necessity an artificial place in which to live," Bing said. "Children can't help but get false ideas of the value of the real things of life. On the ranch they will grow up with the benefits of country life. They play outdoors all day and are as brown as nuts the year around. They have dogs and horses for companions and you can't beat that. They will learn to swim and ride and play tennis before they even go to school."

In the years to come the children will carry on the Crosby name—and perhaps the Crosby fame—and he wants them to be physically and morally fit to be prepared for life as he knows it.

ONE RECALLS that after Bing graduated from college he worked for a while before he decided to take up the study of law. Then he went to law school at night for two years while he worked day times to pay his way. He knows the value of money despite his apparent carefree attitude toward its disposition and behind that bland, kidding manner a very efficient set of brains has planned his sons' futures.

Bing has knocked around. He knows what life is all about. Before he was married he became, according to his intimates, one of Hollywood's champion doorstep sitters. When he arrived home very late at night he would sit on the doorstep all night rather than waken the family. When he married Dixie he not only had to abandon doorstep sitting as a midnight pastime, but poker games and little romantic excursions. But when one of his erstwhile pals suggested that he was giving up romance to be an "old married man," Bing replied:

"I'm not giving up romance. I'm taking it home with me."

And he urged Dixie, who had a Fox contract, to give up her motion picture work. "I'm working," he told her. "Your career from now on will be acting as Mrs. Bing Crosby."

He knew what he wanted then. He knows what he wants for his children now. He intends to do everything to see that they get a chance in life, but he is determined not to make it too easy for them.

It is considered quite natural in the ordinary wealthy home for the entire care of the children to be turned over to nurses and governesses, but the three Crosby children are looked after and cared for by one nurse and Dixie, their youthful mother. There is no occasion for the children to make a brief daily appearance before their parents to be kissed goodnight, because usually their mother prepares them for bed, and if Bing is not working he, too, is always with them.

"Bing's lucky to be married to Dixie," one of their friends remarked to me recently. "Most girls in her position would be out spending his money. She's never out playing bridge or kicking around. You can always find her at home with her children."

She swims with them in the pool at the ranch, takes them for drives and watches Gary's first attempts to learn to ride a horse.

Of course all parents love their children, but those Crosbys are enthusiastic about *(Continued on page 79)*

The Bing Crosbys bought a ranch so the boys could have an outdoor childhood. Dixie with the twins, Dennis and Philip, and big brother, Gary.

Little Orphan Annie

Dixie Lee Crosby can have a career or leave it—the big thing is her boys. Hollywood thinks Bing is lucky to have married such a swell home gal.

No one could wish to be slimmer than Marlene Dietrich. Evidently, having a child hasn't had any evil effects on her figure.

"Eating out" hasn't made Joan Bennett forget that she must conform to her diet rules, as many of you claim it has done.

Arline Judge, another young screen mother, knows how utterly ridiculous it is to wail, "But I've had a child. That's why I'm fat."

Debunking all the "I can't reduce" excuses ever given

WHAT IS IT that gets you out of trouble in a court of law, but into a heap of trouble in the home—and with me, as well? You don't even have to turn to the back of the book for the answer, because I'm going to give it to you here and now: an alibi. What a pernicious little five-letter word it is! Add an "s" to it, and that's where the trouble begins because, when you start the alibis, they multiply like guinea pigs. Every time you turn around there's another litter! Soon it's ali-bye-bye to your figure and your face, and sometimes the man of your dreams, too. You think I'm just an exaggerator, a maker of mountains out of molehills, a regular Calamity Jane? I am not. Listen!

I have here ten of the flimsiest little excuses on record. One by one I shall list them, prove them to be phoney, mess them up in general so they won't be one darn bit of good to you, and then I'll tell you, my darlings, what to do if you have fallen under their spell. So, hang on, children, here we go on the alibi merry-go-round!

Alibi number one, and it's a honey: "At my age, it's natural to be fat."

This is the pet alibi of women who have passed the forty line. It makes me so mad, I almost burst a seam every time I hear it. It is not "natural" to be fat at any age. I'm fifty-five, myself, four feet ten inches high and weigh ninety-eight pounds.

Just because you've been on earth for forty years doesn't mean you have to carry around an extra forty pounds of ballast for the rest of your lives.

You clean your house every day to get rid of accumulated dirt, don't you? You'd be knee-deep in it if you didn't. Would you say it was "natural" for any woman to allow her house to become cluttered up with debris? Of course not! You'd call her a sloppy Annie and a lazy so-and-so. Well, it makes just about as much sense to say it's natural for your bodies to be cluttered

Anne Shirley's mother may be inclined toward stoutness, but Anne keeps slim.

YOUR TEN PET *Alibis*

By Madame Sylvia

ARE YOU AMONG THOSE WHO CLAIM THAT—

1. At my age, it's natural to be fat.
2. I haven't time to exercise. I work all day.
3. I can't diet when I eat out.
4. Fat runs in our family.
5. Never mind, darling, you'll outgrow it.
6. I can't watch my diet. I cook for the family.
7. I've tried everything on the market to reduce.
8. I've had children. That's why I'm fat.
9. It's my glands.
10. My husband says he loves me as I am.

by anyone

up with a lot of fat bumps and bulges, at any age.

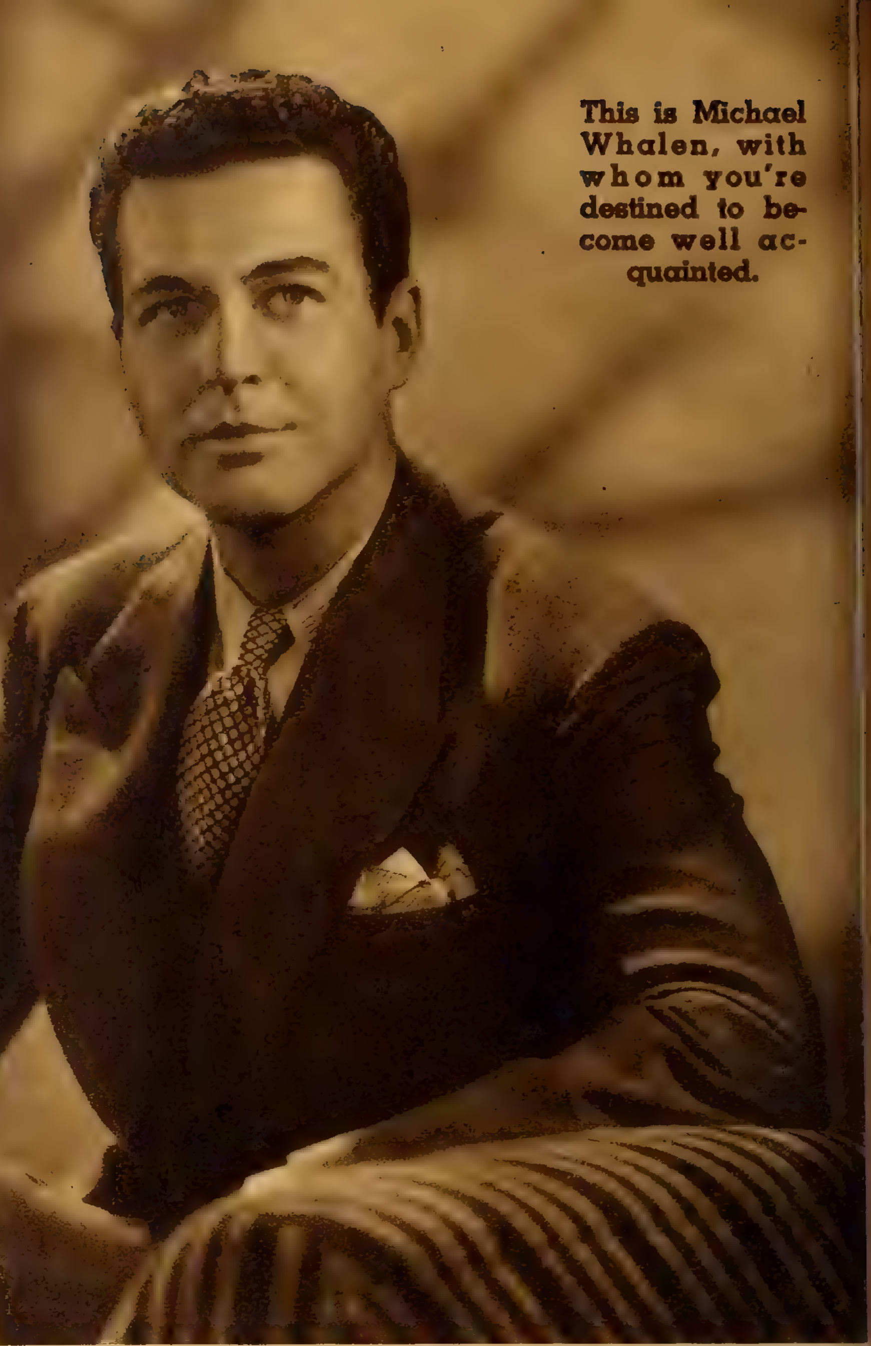
You'll find plenty of your favorite movie stars "crowding forty" (or skipping it), who are still slim. Look at Billie Burke. And you may have heard of a gal named Irene Rich; don't see how you could miss it, for her slimness at forty has been publicized to the hilt. And that's okay, for slim she is. Being a shrinking violet, I must tell you that mama did it. Like George Washington, I cannot tell a lie, but unlike Georgie I didn't do it with my hatchet. I worked over Irene, made her slim and lovely and taught her how she could keep herself that way, and I'm that proud of a photograph Irene autographed to me: "To Sylvia, from one of us whom she makes look like we want to look. Always the best of luck to you."

Now don't sit there muttering that money, leisure and artful clothes are the answer to the forty-year-old-figure problem. On the contrary, the (*Continued on page 69*)

Madame Sylvia proves every one of the above alibis to be flimsy and tells you what to do if you have fallen under their spell.

DOWN TO 27¢

But he's up now and hasn't even begun to show what he can do



This is Michael Whalen, with whom you're destined to become well acquainted.

Mike Whalen and Jean Muir in a romantic moment from "White Fang."

By William F. French

WITHIN A few months everyone will be talking of the phenomenal luck that skyrocketed this young six-feet-twoer to fame and fortune in less than half a year —Michael Whalen, star of "White Fang."

Aladdin's lamp has been rubbed for other young men in Hollywood; such as Robert Taylor, Fred MacMurray, Henry Fonda, Errol Flynn and Nelson Eddy. But never before in such a "cat-with-a-mouse" manner, for Lady Luck surely fitted Mike with a crown of thorns before applying the coveted garland of success.

Tested and rejected by practically every major studio, Michael Whalen was the universal football of the casting offices for eighteen months before getting a chance to prove that he has more of what it takes than any "find" in years.

TODAY, with only five months' picture experience under his belt, he is regarded by Darryl Zanuck as the most promising newcomer in films, and sufficiently strong to carry on without the help of other stars. So, instead of going the rounds as the handsome he-man romantic lead to the various favorite ladies of the films (and if you've seen him in "Professional Soldier," "The Song and Dance Man," "The Country Doctor" or "The Poor Little Rich Girl," you know he has the looks the women stars love to play to), he is standing on his own feet, with top billing in "White Fang."

Now as to Michael Whalen's Hollywood "break." He got it at Paramount when, in his

(*Continued on page 68*)

MODERN MONA LISA

Fay Wray is as enigmatic as her famous prototype

By Ben Maddox

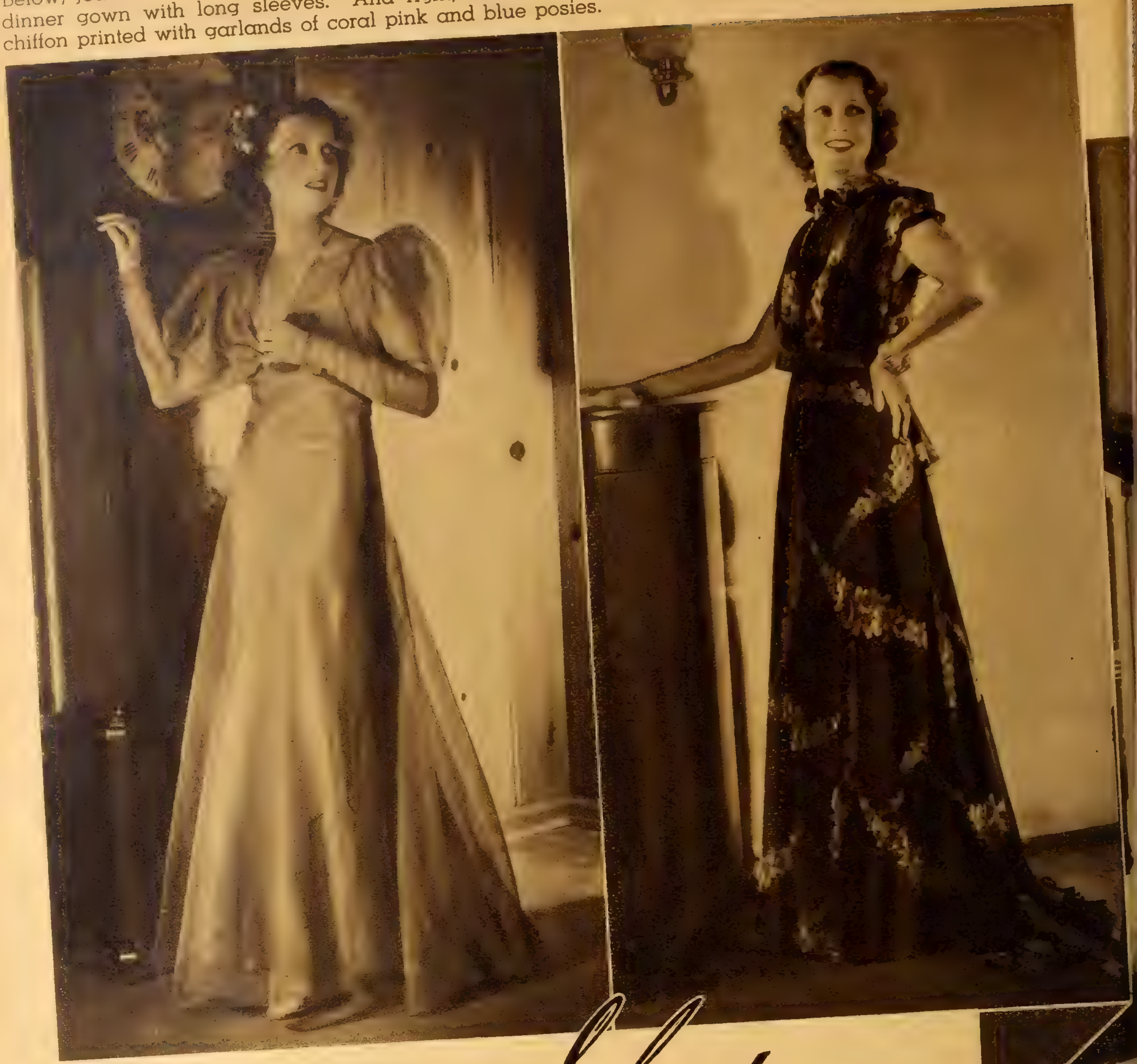
I OFTEN wonder how anyone as quiet and gentle as Fay Wray ever found the steps up to the enviable position she holds in Hollywood. Really, here is no fantastic creature who can easily manage to be spectacular. Fay isn't obviously "different." She never pushes. Certainly, she hasn't thrived because of publicity or pull. Still, without scoring extraordinary hits and with nothing sensational in her private life, she always has leading roles awaiting her.

Unquestionably, Fay is far from ordinary, however. She's active on the Hollywood scene again today after "time out." Her deliberate disappearance was characteristic. At the apparent peak of her popularity—abruptly no more Wray! The girl who seemed to be in practically every other film no longer was current or coming to your pet movie palace. Minus ballyhoo, she cancelled contracts with two major studios to hie six thousand miles from the husband, home and success she loves so much, and did so unhesitatingly.

If you'll remember, just two years ago she was the busiest of all heroines, setting the record for numerous performances. Even that was puzzling—thanks to making the least fuss in the town where you're supposed to be so assertive, she had her name sparkling on the most marquees.

Her fade-out was called rushed by casual acquaintances. Actually, it wasn't—although she settled all her Hollywood affairs, packed, and was off within the space of three days. There were a hundred matters to attend (*Continued on page 87*)

Below, Jeanette wears a turquoise blue mousseline de soie dinner gown with long sleeves. And right, a royal blue chiffon printed with garlands of coral pink and blue posies.



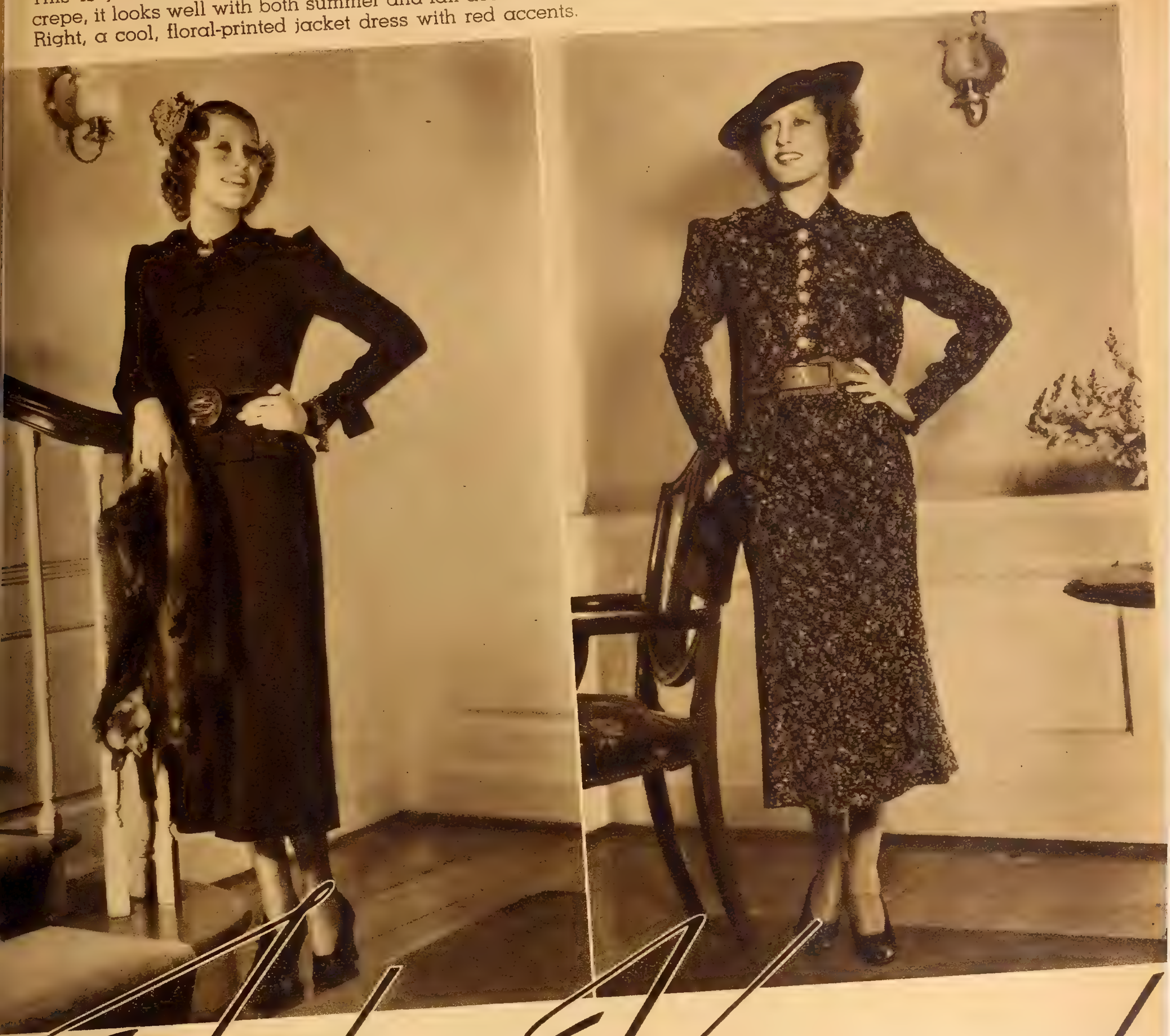
. . . Midsummer

Jeanette MacDonald and Madge Evans tell you what

IT WAS a California sizzler the day that Jeanette MacDonald and the photographer got together for the smart pictures you gaze upon this month. A fortunate angle to the tedious business of photographing was the fact that Jeanette didn't have to budge out of her own cool house. And since the day was such a scorcher, it made my subject of the right clothes for midsummer a very pertinent one.

Usually getting a star to pose for fashion pictures on a day's rest from the studio is a job that brings dubious looks from her press agent, sour grimaces from her pet cameraman and an embarrassing air of forbearance

This is Jeanette's between-season dress. Of brown silk crepe, it looks well with both summer and fall accessories. Right, a cool, floral-printed jacket dress with red accents.



Fashion Viewpoint

they are wearing these dog days

By Adelia Bird

from la belle, the star. Not so with Jeanette MacDonald, who is one of the grander people in the cinema set. Free from the "Maytime" set, where she and Nelson Eddy are warbling again, she not only posed in the best looking things from her own closet but, what's more, she invited us to come right on out to her house so that the whole thing could be done in a comfortable, clubby fashion.

Jeanette, who loves to act a bit giddy and has a swell sense of humor, actually is a very conservative soul. You notice it in everything she does and especially in her home—a charming house, quietly elegant in all its

Madge Evans picks this cool-looking trio for hot weather. Navy blue pleated chiffon skirt topped by pique jacket and vest.

And like Jeanette, Madge has a simple dark silk crepe dress to make the summer-into-fall jump. Her charming hat, close-up below.

appointments. This same feeling of quiet good taste is evident in her clothes. She has a small wardrobe for one who could buy anything she likes and she doesn't indulge herself in extravagant clothes just to show them off in competition with the other stars. She buys only what she needs and, once a year, she gives herself an expensive present. Last year it was a beautiful star sapphire; this year it was some lovely furs. As a result, Jeanette is never bored by having too much and she can get as much of a kick out of saving up for a big purchase as you or I.

Quizzing her on what her tastes run to in clothes, I discovered the following interesting and revealing fashion whims.

She can't see any reason why redheads have to shun red! Being a golden redhead herself, she continually wears both red and pink. The reds she selects are on the orange cast and the pinks are in the pastel range. For instance, she showed me the printed jacket dress on page 57, which has multicolored small flowers scattered over a black background. The predominant shade is a lipstick red which is echoed in the patent leather belt on the dress and also in the buttons. And her black sailor is banded in grosgrain ribbon of the same shade.

This print, by the way, is one of the mid-summer costumes Jeanette finds most comfortable and cool. The box jacket with slightly extended shoulder detail, is worn only on the cooler days—the dress beneath being ideal for a warm day without it.

(*Continued on page 77*)

People Notice Skin Faults

LINES
"SHE'S LOOKING OLD"

LARGE PORES
"SHE'S LOSING HER LOOKS"

BLEMISHES
"HER SKIN IS NEVER CLEAR"

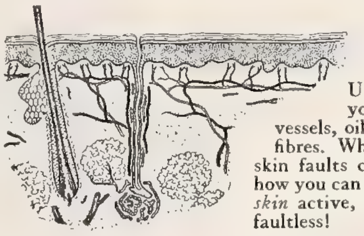
Miss Dorothy Day: "Pond's Cold Cream keeps my skin free from little lines."

These faults start in your Under Skin—and there's where you must treat them

A GLANCE at your skin—and people form opinions! A single blemish . . . "Her skin's never clear." Tired lines creeping in . . . "She's looking worn and old." The first coarse pores . . . "She's losing her good looks!"

Things you yourself hardly notice. But they are there—giving you away, sometimes unjustly.

You can change all that! . . . Surprise everybody with a glorious new impression of your skin—in a few short weeks. You must begin at once to fight those faults people notice. Fight them right where they begin—in your *underskin*. Look at the skin diagram below. See, just under the skin, all the tiny oil glands, blood vessels, skin cells, which rush life to your outer skin—keep it free of flaws. When they lose vigor, skin faults begin.



Good looks start here . . . Under the skin you see are blood vessels, oil glands, nerves, fibres. When these fail—skin faults come . . . Read how you can keep this *underskin* active, your outer skin faultless!

But you can *keep them active!* Rouse that underskin, by the faithful use of Pond's deep-skin treatment—and those little faults will quickly go!

Pond's Cold Cream is made with fine, specially processed oils which go deep. It lifts out all dirt and make-up—freshens your skin immediately. Now—pat in a second application, briskly. Feel the failing underskin waken. Circulation more active. Soon oil glands, cells are acting normally.

Do this regularly. In a few weeks your skin will be noticed by everyone, but for a different reason . . . It's so fresh and clear and smooth . . . *beautiful!*

More than cleansing—this way

Here's the famous Pond's method:

Every night, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. Watch it bring out all the dirt, make-up, skin secretions. Wipe it all off! . . . Now pat in more cream briskly. Rouse that failing underskin. Set it to work again—for that clear, smooth, line-free skin you want.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin becomes softer, finer, every time. Powder goes on beautifully.

Start in at once. The coupon brings a special 9-treatment tube of Pond's Cold Cream.

Miss Bettina Belmont

"I keep my skin in good condition with Pond's Cold Cream. It never lets blackheads, coarse pores, or blemishes come out on my skin."

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE

and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. J-50: Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name______________________________

Street______________________________

City________________State________

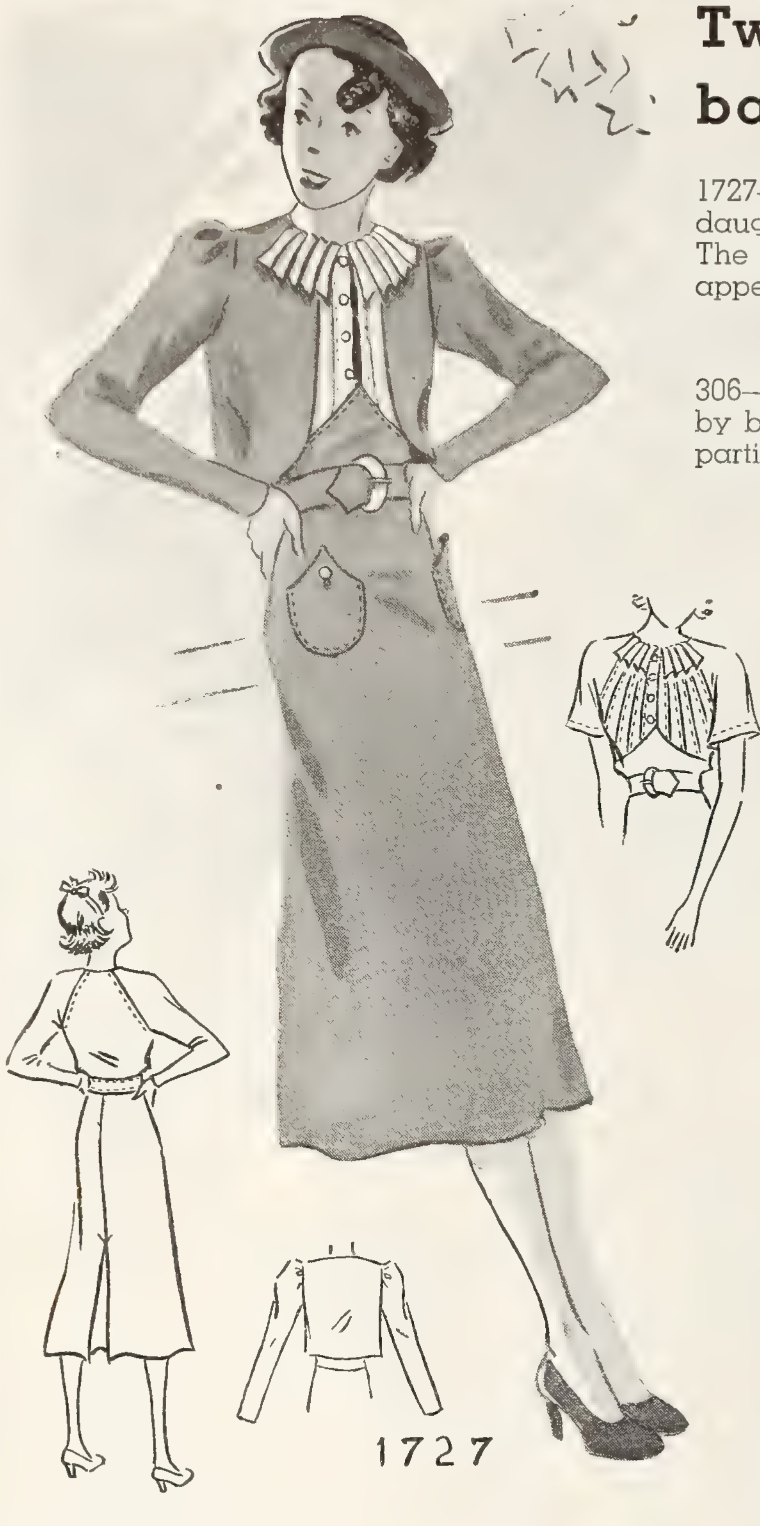
Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company

MODERN SCREEN PATTERNS

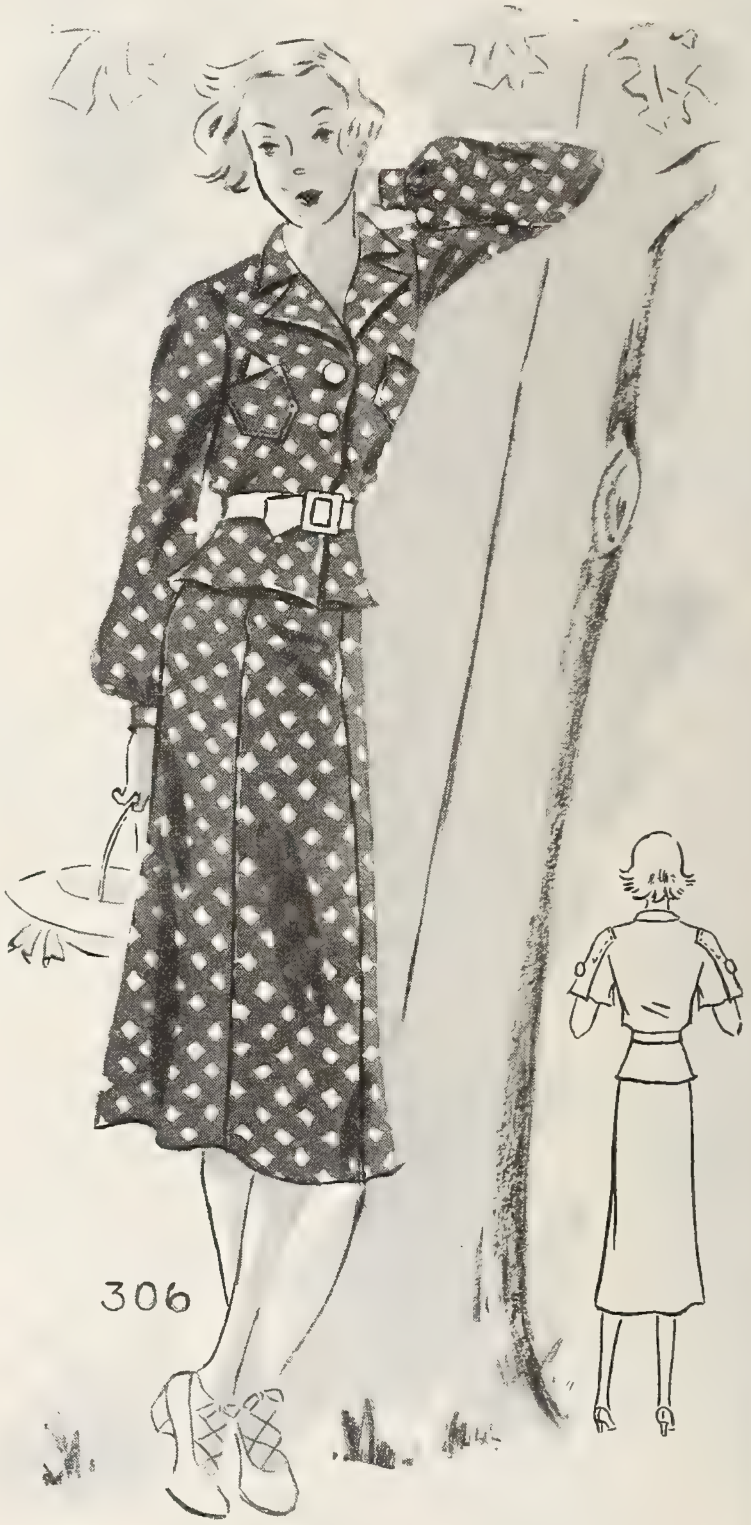
Two new junior styles for back-to-school activities

1727—A grand jacket outfit for your smart young daughter is this one in either silk, wool or velveteen. The bolero has the extended shoulder line. The skirt appears to be separate, but actually is sewed to the smartly tucked blouse.

306—The classic two-piece style gets an added "lift" by being made up in a patterned wool or crepe. This particular design is both practical and youthful. Both dresses in sizes 11, 13, 15, 17 and 19 years.



1727



306

MODERN SCREEN Pattern Service,
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

I am enclosing..........................(in coin or United States stamps) for which please send me the following:

Pattern No........................ Size........................

Pattern No........................ Size........................

Do you want our new Summer Fashion Book?......................

Patterns are 15c each. Books 10c when ordered with pattern; 15c when ordered separately. Patterns are 20c if you live outside of the United States. Books 20c separately, 15c with pattern. No foreign or Canadian stamps accepted.

Name..

Street Address......................................

City and State......................................
(Please Print)

Carole Lombard's beauty bath protects daintiness—leaves skin *sweet*

I STEP INTO A FRAGRANT **LUX TOILET SOAP** BATH—LIE BACK A MOMENT COMPLETELY RELAXED
OFTEN I COME HOME FROM A LONG DAY BEFORE THE CAMERA THOROUGHLY TIRED OUT
WHEN I STEP OUT I AM SO MARVELOUSLY **REFRESHED!** MY SKIN IS SOFT AND SMOOTH-DELICATELY PERFUMED

CAROLE LOMBARD
Famous Paramount Star

A LOVELY screen star—a famous and beautiful woman—Carole Lombard tells you a simple beauty secret you'll find easy and delightful to follow.

You'll be amazed at the way a luxurious Lux Toilet Soap bath peps you up. The ACTIVE lather of this fine soap sinks deep into the pores, carries away stale perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt, leaves skin *really* clean—smooth—delicately fragrant.

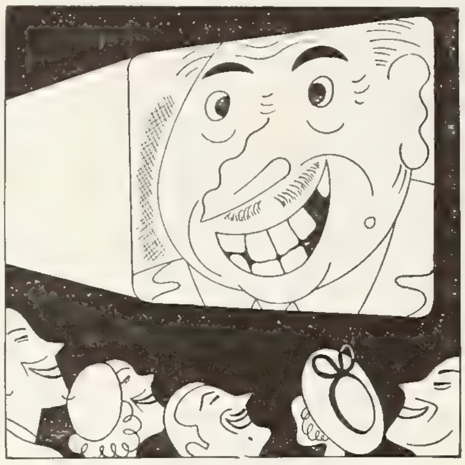
"A *swell* way to protect daintiness!" popular girls say. Why don't *you* use this fine complexion soap for your daily beauty bath, too? It's the soap 9 out of 10 screen stars use to keep skin flawless.

BETWEEN YOU 'N' ME

$5.00 PRIZE LETTER

Newsreel Monstrosities

I believe that I am expressing a widespread sentiment in repudiating a prevalent newsreel nuisance; namely, the custom of inflicting upon a plaintive public full-sized close-ups of men and women currently in the public eye.



When Johnny Q. Public appears in the newsreels, the audience has a laugh.

These close-ups occupying every available inch of space on the screen, so thoroughly exaggerate facial contours and imperfections that the innocent victim of the "exposure" invariably resembles the hero of an Ed Wynn opera. And when the photographic subject reveals his or her bridgework in a wide range smile . . . but you doubtlessly get the idea by now.

Now, broadly speaking, the monstrosities gaping at us from the newsreel are healthy and by no means unattractive individuals in private life. But when they pose *au naturel,* without poise or preparatory attention from a Max Factor, the merciless lens record their floundering features with about the same degree of fidelity with which a radio of the vintage of '21 would reproduce the voice of today's radio stars. To make matters worse, the close-ups are sustained at times for as long as two minutes or more while the news commentator explains the reason for the aforementioned victim's movie debut.—Emanual Barton, Pittsburgh, Pa.

$1.00 PRIZE LETTER

Not Fair to Shirley

Little Miss Temple unquestionably merits all the superlatives heaped upon her. She's a surprisingly intelligent being. But, oh dear, her pictures become successively worse and nobody admits it. Why doesn't someone see that she gets a good story? She hasn't had one since "Baby Take a Bow." Children may enjoy the things she's in, but a good many adults have to go along and be bored. It's not really fair to the fine little actress. Even so lovely a child as she cannot bear the whole weight of a mediocre picture on her small shoulders.

Give her a smaller part—a little less singing and dancing and a little more sense—or else make it frankly a musical comedy. But don't hold up dramatic scenes for the sake of a little tapping up and down a flight of stairs. Put her in a good story and the whole world will applaud her.—Selma Katz, Brockton, Mass.

$1.00 PRIZE LETTER

The Fan Mail Problem

We average people want to think that the movie stars are real, down to earth people. One way in which we can tell them how much we like them and how much they appreciate us (if they do) is by fan mail. I should think their fan mail would be handled better. Of course, not all of them are alike, but when you ask for a picture or even an autograph in most cases your request is ignored. It seems to me that all of the stars could find time to answer such requests as these. If they can't do it personally, why don't they hire a secretary? In the long run I should think it would pay them. For it would prove to us that they take a real interest in the people who admire them so much and it makes us feel as though they were friends of ours.

YOU'RE THE TOP BABY!

A Massachusetts reader says they're not being fair to little Miss Temple.

I have received two very lovely pictures, plus autographs signed personally, from two famous movie stars. I liked them very much prior to this, but my admiration has increased since they were so nice.—M. Jackson, Schaghticoke, N. Y.

Write us a letter and win a prize! Choose any movie topic that interests you—why you like certain players and dislike others, pictures you've seen, and some you'd like to see, why you like or dislike Modern Screen, etc., etc. Ten dollars in prizes are awarded each month for the six most interesting letters submitted—1st prize, $5; five 2nd prizes of $1 each. Send your full name and address. Modern Screen reserves the right to publish letters in whole or in part. Address: Between You and Me, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. Write now!

$1.00 PRIZE LETTER

Unique Wishes

1. Dick Powell as my escort.
2. Ruby Keeler as my sister who cooks and taps.
3. Ginger Rogers as my other sister.
4. Shirley Temple as my youngest sister.
5. Fred MacMurray as my kid brother.
6. Clark Gable as my butler.
7. John Boles as my teacher.
8. Jean Parker as my cousin.
9. Anita Louise as my girl friend.
10. Henry Fonda as my hired man.
11. Katharine Hepburn as my errand girl.
12. Mae West as my aunt.
13. Jack Oakie as my uncle.
14. Norma Shearer as my second cousin.
15. Glenda Farrell as my married sister.
16. Toby Wing, Merle Oberon and Jean Harlow as my next-door neighbors.
17. Wendy Barrie as a girl friend who writes stories to the papers and tells me jokes.

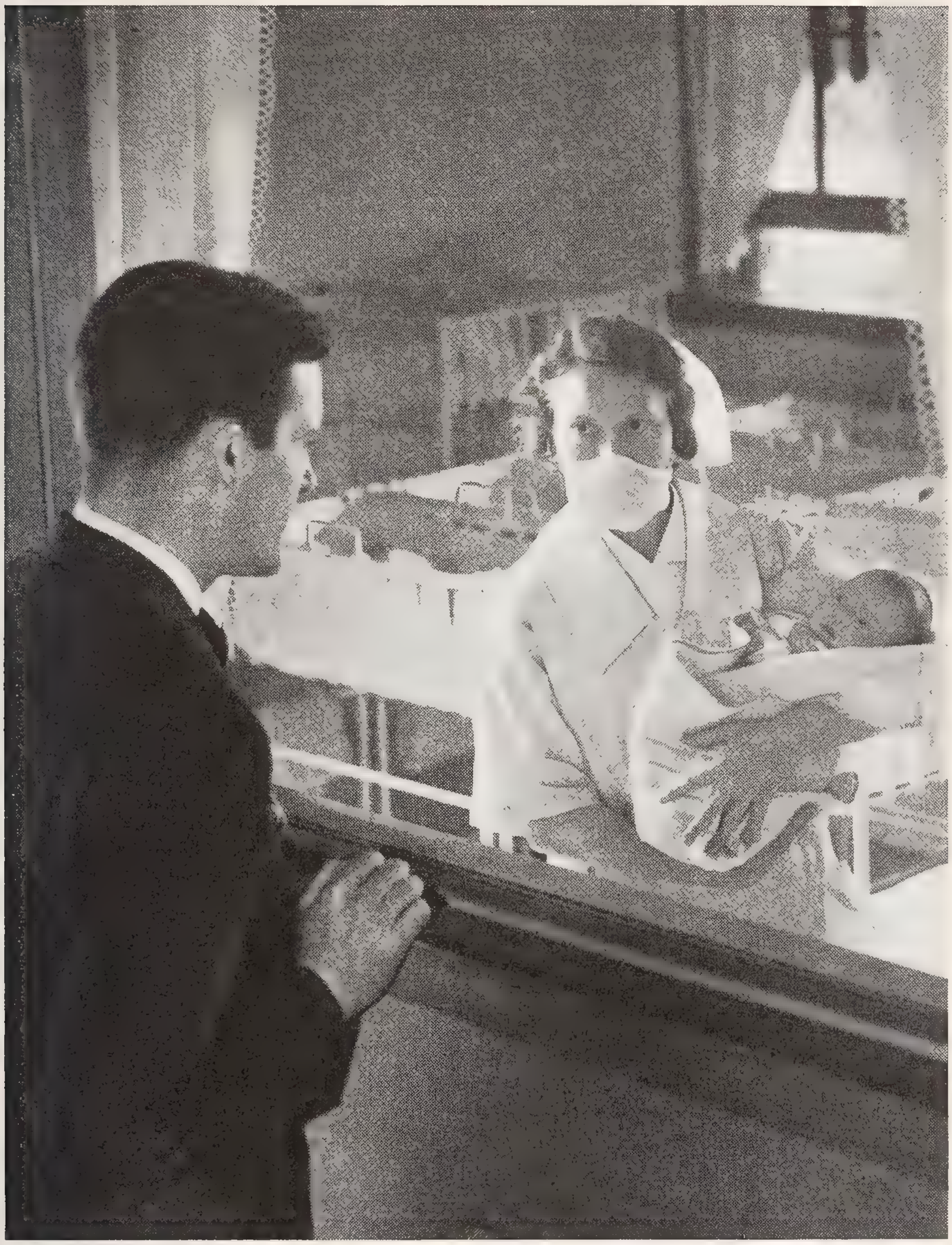
(*Continued on page 97*)

YOU SIGN 'EM I'LL MAIL 'EM!
RIVERON

If the stars would only answer letters personally, wail the fans.

Baby in Wonderland!

Special care . . . special foods . . .
even a special laxative . . . no wonder he thrives!



YOUR DOCTOR will tell you that it takes a *special* kind of care to bring up a healthy baby today.

He prescribes a *special* food formula. He advises *special* baby soap . . . *special* baby powder . . . yes, even *special* baby dishes.

In the field of laxatives, doctors say the same reasoning should follow. They say that a baby's laxative should be made *especially* for him too. It's logical, isn't it? For if his system is too delicate for adult food, it is also too delicate for "adult" laxatives. *Yes, even in "half-doses."*

Fletcher's Castoria is one laxative you can give your children with perfect peace of mind. All its ingredients are printed on every carton. It is made especially—*and only*—for children. There isn't a single thing in it that could possibly harm the tiniest infant system. It contains no harsh drugs, no narcotics.

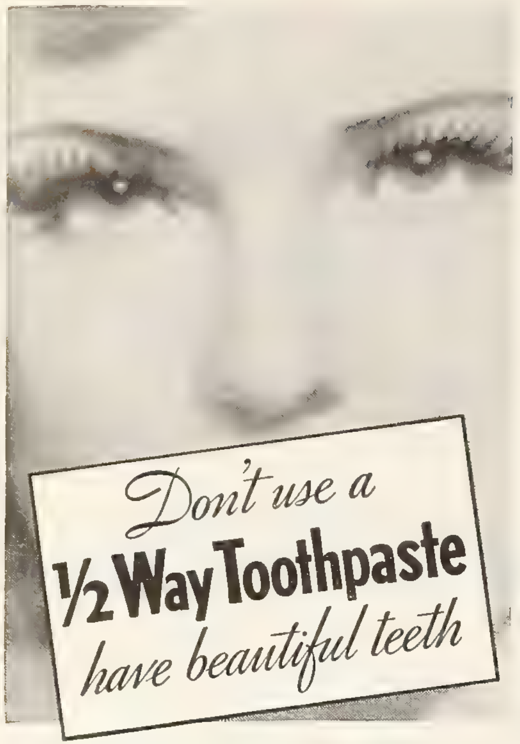
It functions chiefly in the lower bowel and gently stimulates the natural muscular movement — in much the same manner as in normal evacuation. It doesn't upset the stomach — as some "adult" laxatives would do. Nor will it cause cramping pains. It is a *child's laxative*, pure and simple—and we recommend it for nothing else.

And—Fletcher's Castoria has a pleasant taste. Children take it gladly. And doctors say it's important that they should. For the very act of forcing a child to take a bad-tasting laxative can be so shocking to his nervous system that it can upset his entire digestion.

Why not get a bottle tonight? Ask for the Family-Size. It saves you money. The signature Chas. H. Fletcher appears on every carton.

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The laxative made especially for babies and growing children



DOES BOTH JOBS

CLEANS TEETH

Spongy, bleeding gums reveal the dangers of half way care of your teeth. Don't wait for this to happen. Begin now to use Forhan's, the tooth paste that does both jobs—*whitens teeth* and *safeguards gums* at the same time.

SAVES GUMS

Forhan's is different from all other tooth pastes. It brings you the famous formula of Dr. Forhan—now used in concentrated form by dentists everywhere to combat gum troubles. It gives you *two-fold* protection, yet costs no more than most ordinary tooth pastes. Why take chances with half way dental care? Begin using Forhan's today.

Forhan's

The ORIGINAL TOOTH PASTE for the GUMS and TEETH by Doctor R. J. Forhan SPECIALIST IN DENTAL SURGERY NEW YORK

SKIN Beauty WITH Mercolized Wax

● Any complexion can be made clearer, smoother, younger with Mercolized Wax. This single cream is a complete beauty treatment.

Mercolized Wax absorbs the discolored blemished outer skin in tiny, invisible particles. Brings out the young, beautiful skin hidden beneath.

Just pat Mercolized Wax on your skin every night like cold cream. It beautifies while you sleep. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty.

USE Saxolite Astringent — a refreshing, stimulating skin tonic. Smooths out wrinkles and age lines. Refines coarse pores, eliminates oiliness. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel.

TRY Phelactine—the "different" depilatory. Removes superfluous hair quickly and gently. Simple to use. Odorless.

At drug and department stores everywhere.

Star Summer Suggestions

(*Continued from page 13*)

"I've always thought that that same idea would work beautifully with most meal-planning and that one outstanding treat on each menu would make everyone overlook whatever possible shortcomings the meal might have otherwise."

"Yes," laughed Bob, the irrepressible, "sort of like telling an actor, 'Well that was a bum picture I just saw you in but *you* gave a swell performance!' "

"Hardly that," demurred Betty Montgomery, "but you must admit that a good performance will lift a mediocre film to a higher rating. So why shouldn't the same hold true at the table?

"There are countless out-of-the-ordinary dishes to supply some degree of originality to a menu. These special treats can come out of the oven, out of the garden, out of the sea and even out of cans and boxes. It's largely a question of tasty combinations, correct seasonings and attractive appearance. And, of course, we must not forget—particularly in summer—the many delicious dishes that come out of the refrigerator and its freezing trays, all ready and waiting for your appreciation. I can think of many such dishes that, without being one bit elaborate or difficult, have pleased us and delighted our friends."

"In all modesty, we think they're swell!" declared Bob, laughingly, and then excused himself to go off for an hour's practice in his newest sport, fencing—leaving us gals to discuss Bob's favorite foods.

A FINE lot of dishes they turned out to be, too, these "out-of-the-ordinary" treats that would make a festive occasion of any meal! Only two of the foods mentioned by Mrs. Montgomery come out of the oven. And these come out after but the shortest of visits to the oven's hot interior. One is a bran and corn meal combination that is spread thinly, baked quickly and then cut into narrow strips for serving. It is equally good served as a breakfast hot bread or with a salad or a jellied soup. Of course, you, too, can get a copy of this recipe simply by writing in for it. The coupon at the end of this article will bring you a free copy of this month's recipe leaflet, which contains this and other of Bob's favorite dishes.

The second of the out-of-the-oven dishes I mentioned (and which is also in the leaflet) is a Casserole of Chicken and Mushrooms Supreme. Made up in individual glass baking dishes and served with potato chips and a salad, this provides an excellent one-plate lunch or supper. The nice part of this recipe is that you can make it entirely from canned foods off your pantry shelf, if you choose.

The two Bob Montgomery salad suggestions I am giving you in the leaflet include one out-of-the-garden salad and one that depends for its appeal on a treat that comes out-of-the-sea. The fact that the sea food called for in the latter is that good old dependable, canned salmon, is a feature that makes this salad practical even for those far removed from the ocean. In contrast with the pink salmon meat, you have the tempting color of green peppers —but why go into that now, when the recipe in the leaflet will tell you how to make it in greater detail than I have space to go into here.

The out-of-the-refrigerator suggestions are so many that I can only skim off the cream of the crop. Probably the most outstanding one is Toasted Cocoanut Almond Pie—a refrigerator recipe that is a great favorite with the guests of the Bob Montgomerys. Pie from a refrigerator? My, yes! There are many of these refrigerator pies that you can make, but I consider this one of the most pleasing, both in flavor and appearance.

Let's see now, that makes five unusual recipes for you in this month's leaflet, doesn't it? The out-of-the-oven Bran Cornbread and the Chicken and Mushroom Supreme; the out-of-the-garden and the out-of-the-sea salads I have described briefly and the out-of-the-refrigerator pie. That leaves me just room enough here to give you two recipes for frozen desserts for use in automatic refrigerators and to make a few suggestions of my own which will help you to follow Bob's and Betty's suggestion that, in summer, you serve one outstanding treat at each meal. But don't forget their other suggestion that the "special treat" as well as the meal in general, should be characterized by simplicity.

THAT'S a great little word, "simplicity." I realize that it can mean different things to different people and what may seem "simple" to some might well appear overpoweringly difficult to others. When I say the recipes for Bob Montgomery's favorite foods are "simple," I mean that, in my opinion, they should prove so to anyone who has ever held a mixing spoon in her hand! Another claim that they have to simplicity is that they require no last-minute fuss and bother. You make any one of them up in advance, tuck it away in the refrigerator and forget about it until meal time.

It's truly amazing the results you can achieve in balanced and delicious menus by the judicious inclusion of one or two of the ready-prepared or almost-prepared foods. I don't advocate a meal entirely made up of canned foods, mind you, but I firmly believe that if one or two are included, you can have an appetizing menu with far less work for the cook! A bowl of hot canned soup as an "opener" for an otherwise cold meal, for instance. Or a cold jellied soup or the ever-popular tomato juice as a dainty and welcome introduction to an otherwise uninspired dinner. Icy beverages, of course, at the end of a blistering day—made with canned pineapple or grapefruit juices, or bottled grape juice, or a combination of all three! Canned meats galore which, when attractively served with a fresh vegetable to accompany them, are always most welcome. One canned vegetable, too, at a meal, if you choose.

And then we come to desserts, and the list is a mile long! All I have time to mention here are two. The first, an icebox-cake made with packaged crackers formed into an oblong roll with whipped cream between each cracker and a final coating of whipped cream generously covering the finished roll. These are then sliced diagonally for serving and generally cause a sensation. Tins of chocolate wafers are best for this purpose, but gingersnaps and vanilla wafers may be used.

Then there are the cake mixes which come in boxes and require but a cup of water and a minute's stirring before being put in the oven. And you'll be surprised at the delicious rich gingerbread and devil's food cakes that you can turn out by this method. You don't believe me? All right. *You* can keep right on then, creaming and sifting, measuring, beating and folding-in. As for *me,* I'm going to take time off this summer for swimming and still enjoy cakes made the quick way. Served hot with a topping of creamy, cold, ice cream—it can't be beat!

And speaking of ice cream, I suggest that you fill one of your freezing trays immediately with the following mixture. This vanilla ice cream recipe was worked out by the makers of the gas refrigerator and as an example of the simplicity we have been discussing, it stands at the top of the list. You'll also like the Lemoncot Ice recipe, I'm sure. Even if it does take a little longer to prepare, you'll find it simplifies your dessert problem to make up a couple of trays of this ice for future use—for it will keep for days and days.

VANILLA ICE CREAM

¼ cup milk
¼ cup sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt
2½ teaspoons vanilla
1 cup whipping cream

Combine first four ingredients in order given. Stir until sugar has dissolved. Whip cream to a custard consistency, combine with first mixture and turn into freezing tray of automatic refrigerator. Set cold control a little colder than the half-way mark (not at the coldest point). If all the ingredients are thoroughly chilled before using, this cream will freeze to the desired consistency in about one and one half hours.

LEMONCOT ICE

2 cups apricot purée
2 cups water
⅓ cup lemon juice
1 cup sugar
1 egg white
½ cup white karo syrup
2 tablespoons sugar

Force enough tender, boiled, strained apricots through a sieve or food mill to make 2 cups of apricot purée. (If sweetened apricots are used, reduce sugar somewhat.) To the purée add 1 cup of water and the lemon juice. Boil together sugar, karo syrup and remaining cup of water until it forms a soft ball when tried in cold water (240° F. on candy thermometer). Remove from heat, combine with apricot mixture and blend thoroughly. Turn into 2 medium-sized freezing trays. Place in refrigerator and freeze for ½ hour with control set at coldest point. Remove from tray, beat well. Beat egg white until stiff, fold in the 2 tablespoons sugar, then fold egg whites into apricot mixture. Return to refrigerator tray and freeze until firm, stirring well every half hour or so. Serve with cookies, or add a spoonful to a fruit cup.

The Modern Hostess,
Modern Screen,
149 Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

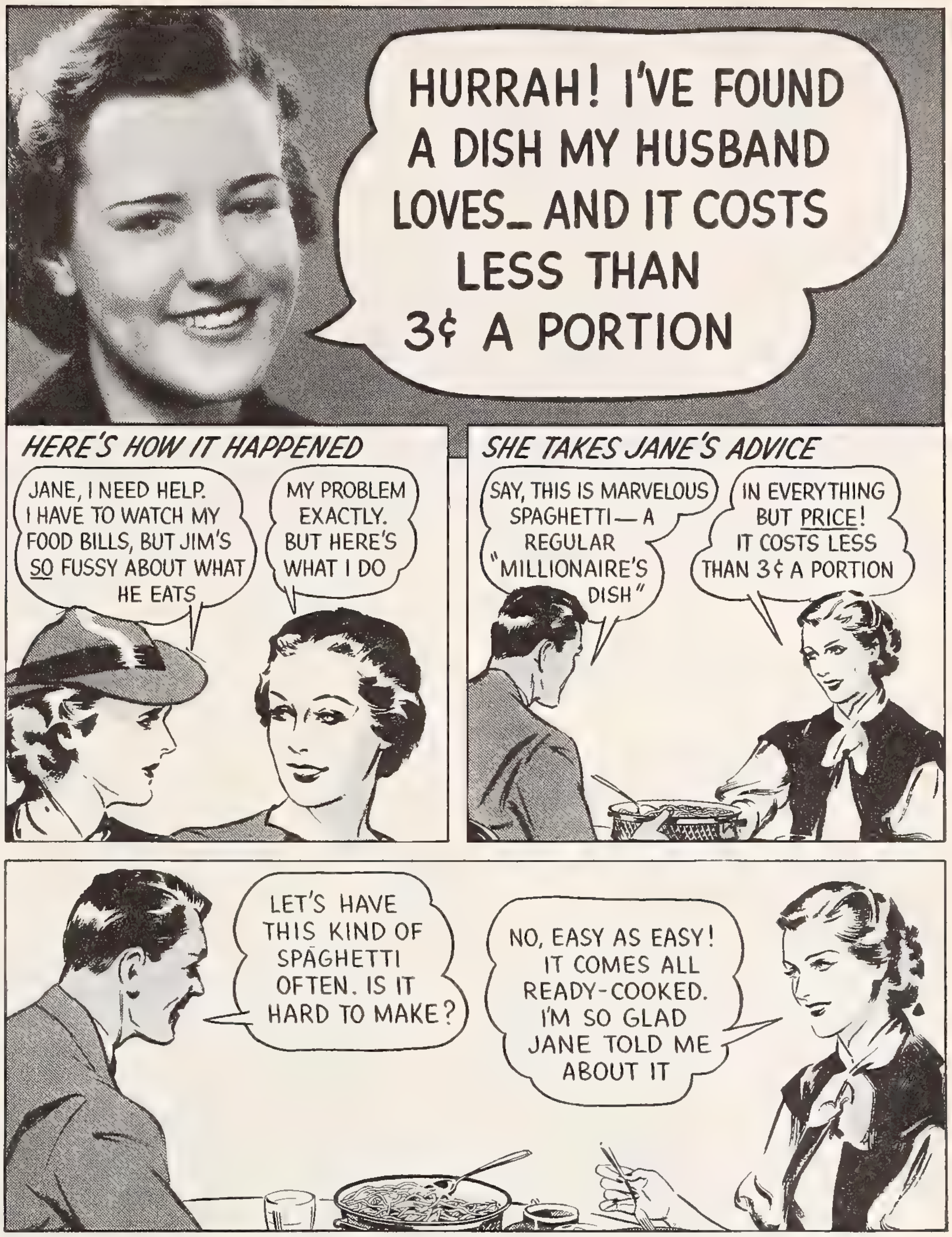
Please send me a free leaflet containing Robert Montgomery's tested hot weather recipes.

Name..............................

Street..............................

City..............................

State..............................


HURRAH! I'VE FOUND A DISH MY HUSBAND LOVES_ AND IT COSTS LESS THAN 3¢ A PORTION
HERE'S HOW IT HAPPENED
JANE, I NEED HELP. I HAVE TO WATCH MY FOOD BILLS, BUT JIM'S SO FUSSY ABOUT WHAT HE EATS
MY PROBLEM EXACTLY. BUT HERE'S WHAT I DO
SHE TAKES JANE'S ADVICE
SAY, THIS IS MARVELOUS SPAGHETTI — A REGULAR "MILLIONAIRE'S DISH"
IN EVERYTHING BUT PRICE! IT COSTS LESS THAN 3¢ A PORTION
LET'S HAVE THIS KIND OF SPAGHETTI OFTEN. IS IT HARD TO MAKE?
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Information Desk

NOTE: The following biographies are printed by popular demand. They are the ones most frequently requested during the last month by readers who have sent in the coupon at the end of the article. Each coupon has been tabulated, so if you have requested any of these, kindly consider yours automatically responsible.

GEORGE RAFT: Now that he's back on the screen again in "Yours for the Asking" after a temporary absence, his faithful fans are flocking to the fold. So—here are the "vital statistics" you requested. In spite of the fact that Mr. R. is of French, German and Italian descent, George Raft is really his name. Born in Hell's Kitchen in New York City, George attended Public School 169 and later St. Catherine's. During his vacations and after school hours he worked as an electrician's helper for $4.00 a week. That not being lucrative enough, he decided at the age of 15 to become a bantam weight prize fighter. During the next 2 years he fought 25 times, was knocked out 7 and quit the game after his last beating. Following this was the baseball era, in which George signed with the Springfield Club. However, he was dropped after 2 seasons because of his poor batting, though as a fielder he did well by himself. Next, he became a professional gigolo at Churchill's in New York, where Rudolph Valentino worked in a similar capacity. After Rudy departed for Hollywood and the movies, he sent for Raft to be his double, but died before the latter could get there. Nothing daunted, George took up dancing in vaudeville, then in legitimate shows and night clubs. He introduced the Charleston to New York and later to London, becoming an international sensation and appearing in all the capitals of Europe. Back to New York, vaudeville and night clubs again, he finally ended up in Hollywood for his first picture, "Quick Millions," in 1931. Mr. Raft is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 155 pounds and has shiny black hair and light brown eyes. Baseball still remains his favorite sport and he likes to watch prize fights and horse races. He and his wife have been separated for several years, and Virginia Pine still seems to be the "first lady" of his heart. Under contract to Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Los Angeles, Calif., he will probably appear next in "Playboy."

JULIE HUNTER, Chicago, Ill.—The reason why you haven't seen Charles Laughton on the screen lately is a very simple one. He hasn't made any pictures since "Mutiny on the Bounty." Seriously though, he's been appearing on the English stage and is now marking time until the script is ready for him and his wife, Elsa Lanchester, to begin work on "Rembrandt," which will be a biographical film of that famous master's life. Methinks it will be well worth waiting for!

ALAN BAXTER: Maybe you don't recognize the name, but when you know that this is the young man who played gangster Babe Wilson in "Mary Burns, Fugitive" you'll catch wise. He's 25 years old, 5 feet 11 inches tall and has light brown hair and brown eyes. Born in East Cleveland, Ohio, he is the only son of the president of a leading bank in that city. Educated in Cleveland Heights, he attended Williams University from which he graduated in 1930, and took a post graduate course at Yale's Baker's Workshop, where he specialized in Polish and other dialect roles. Next Alan served as apprentice in the Group Theatre and then the Theatre Guild. While appearing in "The Black Pit" Katharine Hepburn saw him and was so impressed that she persuaded Walter Wanger to sign him for a picture, sight unseen. This was "Mary Burns, Fugitive," in which he made his screen debut. While at Williams, Baxter was on the track and wrestling teams. He is a good swimmer and golfs in the low 80's. His hobbies are drawing, clay modeling and playwrighting. He has written many musical comedy sketches, two of them in the New York hit, "Life Begins at 8:40," two in "Calling All Stars," and three in "Thumbs Up." On April 26 he was married to Barbara William. His other pictures have been "Trail of the Lonesome Pine," "13 Hours by Air," "Big Brown Eyes," "The Case Against Mrs. Ames" and "Parole." His next is not scheduled at the moment. Write him at Walter Wanger Productions, 1040 N. Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

MADELEINE LUTHERMAN, Philadelphia, Pa.—Here are the answers to some of your questions, though not all. Joseph Calleia has appeared in "Public Hero Number One," "Riffraff," "Tough Guy" and "Exclusive Story." Yes, Tullio Carminati has sung in several of his pictures, "Paris in Spring" being the last. Frank Lawton is married to Evelyn Laye. Douglass Montgomery is 5 feet 11½ inches tall, weighs 178 pounds, is 27 years old and not married. Monroe Owsley is not married, either.

FRANCES LANGFORD: Born in Lakeland, Fla., about 23 years ago, this young contralto has gone a long way in a comparatively short time. Miss Langford's mother, Annie Newbern, was a concert pianist so Frances comes naturally by her love of music. As a young girl she gained local popularity by singing at school and church entertainments. She attended Southern College where she sang soprano in the glee club. Then came the tonsil operation from which Miss Langford emerged, amazingly enough, a contralto. While in college she appeared on a commercial radio program in Tampa, and it was there that Rudy Vallee discovered her during one of her programs. Greatly impressed, he arranged for her to be guest star on his next radio hour. In June, 1931, Frances trekked to New York where she sang on several commercial programs and took a try at the stage in a show which failed. Next came vaudeville, which was highly successful and resulted in her obtaining a big radio contract. This she supplemented with work in New York cabarets and vaudeville until she was summoned to Hollywood to appear in "Every Night at Eight." She stands 5 feet 3½ inches, weighs only 100 pounds and has a dark complexion with raven black hair. Her favorite foods are fried chicken and Mexican chili and beans. She likes horseback riding, golf, sad music and amateur photography. Miss Langford is not married. She is under contract to Walter Wanger Productions, 1040 N. Las Palmas, Hollywood, Calif., for whom she recently completed "Palm Springs."

DOROTHY WASKOW, Ashland, Pa.—Claire Trevor was born in New York City on March 8. Mae West's birthday is August 17 and her birthplace, Brooklyn, N. Y. Cesar Romero was also born in New York, his birthday being February 15. Rosalind Russell hails from Waterbury, Conn., and her date of birth is June 4. Kitty Carlisle was born in New Orleans, La., but does not give her birthdate.

BUCK JONES: This gentleman-cowboy's life story is almost as exciting and full of adventure as his pictures. Born Charles Jones in Vincennes, Ind., on December 4, 1889, of American parents, he was educated in the public schools of Indianapolis. For a while he worked as a mechanic, but later went to Montana and took up the life of a cowboy. Next he joined the U. S. Cavalry for service in the Philippines. On his return Buck was engaged as an expert rider with Miller Brothers "101" Ranch Wild West Show. During the World War he again answered the call to battle and went to France with the First Air Squadron, remaining in Europe after the Armistice. He often performed his remarkable feats of horsemanship before the various crowned heads of Europe. It was one of these exhibitions that brought him to the attention of William Fox, who signed him for pictures, and Buck has been making Westerns these many (over 15) years ever since. He is married to Odille Osborne, and Maxine is their daughter's name. Mr. Jones' hobby is mechanics, his height 6 feet and his weight 173 pounds. He has gray eyes and brown hair. Under contract to Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif., his next two pictures will be "Ride 'Em Cowboy" and "Boss Rider of Gun Creek."

MARIANNE EDDY, no address—Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald will start work shortly on "Maytime." According to all reports, Nelson Eddy is all the name he has. James Dunn was born on November 2, 1905, which makes him just 30. He's American of Irish descent. Richard Barthelmess was born on May 9, 1897. Alison Skipworth was born on July 25.

JEAN HARLOW: She was born Harlean Carpentier on March 3, 1911, in Kansas City, Mo. Her father was Dr. Frank Carpentier, a dentist. Until Jean was ten she attended the Barstow School for Girls in K.C., then moved west where the Hollywood School for Girls continued her education. The next stop was Kansas City again, and the Bigelow School, followed by a spell at Ferry Hall in Lake Forest, Ill. Beginning her marital troubles early, Jean married Charles F. McGrew II when she was only 16, and moved to Hollywood to live. Divorce came two years later. On a dare she registered at the Central Casting Bureau and shortly thereafter was assigned to an extra role in "Moran of the Marines" with Richard Dix. Hal Roach was her next sponsor, under whom she played in a Laurel and Hardy comedy released in 1929. Forced to ask for a release from her Roach contract because of family pressure, Jean spent the next 8 months doing nothing. Trying her luck again, she obtained a part in Clara Bow's "Saturday Night Kid." Through an acquaintanceship with Ben Lyon and James Hall, who were appearing in "Hell's Angels," she was awarded the lead in that picture. And that, dear readers, was the beginning of the platinum blonde rage and Jean's success. Jean is 5 feet 3½ inches tall, weighs 109 pounds, has gray-blue eyes and "brownette" hair. She loves to entertain and is an excellent cook. Her hobby is collecting phonograph records and she is the proud owner of one dachshund, two Pomeranians and one cat. Jean cannot play any musical instrument, but enjoys golf, tennis, swimming and riding. Her second husband was Paul Bern, her third—Hal Rosson. William Powell and Jean seem to be very fond of each other, but deny all rumors of marriage, past or future. "Suzy" is her last picture and "Love on the Run," with Robert Montgomery, will probably be her next. You may write Miss Harlow at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif., where she is under contract.

If you would like to see a brief synopsis of your favorite's life in this department, fill in and send us the coupon on page 67. General questions, of course, will also be answered here. Those asked most frequently and the most interesting ones receive first preference. And not too many at a time, please. Address: The Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

TRAINS FOR HOLLYWOOD
INFORMATION DESK
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GEORGE BRENT: In case the characteristics have escaped you, Mr. Brent is out-and-out Irish. Born on March 15, 1904, in Dublin, Ireland, under the name of George Nolan, he was the son of a newspaper man. As a boy he had two ambitions—a military career and to get out of school. For 2 years George was a sailor, was once a sheep herder, worked for 9 months in a diamond mine and for 6 as a blacksmith. Educated in Dublin at the National University, George's interest in the drama began at the latter institution, and shortly after graduation he joined the Abbey Theatre in Dublin. Then came the Irish Rebellion in which George became a rebel secret service man for 2 years, but was forced to flee to London, and from thence to Canada. Another 2 years were devoted to playing stock companies throughout the United States. In New York he made his first Broadway appearance in "Those We Love," then as Alice Brady's leading man in "Love, Honor and Betray," in which Clark Gable was also playing. Broadway led George to Hollywood, where he found a long term contract and a wife, Ruth Chatterton, with whom he played in 4 pictures, and from whom he is now divorced. To keep fit he indulges in his favorite sports—tennis, horseback riding and deep sea fishing. His favorite dish is Irish stew, does a lot of reading and goes in strongly for pets. Is an expert chess player and plays the piano very well. George is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 170 pounds and has hazel eyes and blue-black hair. Very much in demand as a leading man, his next two pictures will be "Give Me Your Heart," with Kay Francis, and "God's Country and the Woman" with Bette Davis. Write him at Warner Brothers Studios, Burbank, Calif.

M. N. E., Wheeling, W. Va.—Yes, Kenny Baker was the office boy in "King of Burlesque." Jimmy Dunn was once married to Addie Louise Barton.

MARY BRIAN: Her fans have been welcoming her return to the screen after what seems like a long absence. Born in Corsicana, Texas, on February 17, 1908, she received her education in Dallas. Throughout her childhood Miss Brian displayed natural talent for drawing, at the same time dreaming of becoming a picture star. Believing that Los Angeles would offer Mary a broader field to further both of these interests, her mother took her there to live. Shortly after their arrival, Mary won a beauty contest, then a "charming personality" contest, through which she was chosen for the role of Wendy in "Peter Pan." This started her on the road to fame and popularity. Her favorite pastimes are swimming, dancing and drawing. She is 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 110 pounds and has dark brown hair and hazel eyes. Although Mary has been acclaimed the most popular girl in Hollywood, she has never married. On her return from England where she made a picture, Miss Brian and Cary Grant were seen together on every occasion and were rumored engaged. To date nothing has come of it, but only time will tell. "Spendthrift," with Henry Fonda and Pat Paterson, is her most recent picture, and "Three Married Men" will be her next. You may write her at the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Los Angeles, Calif.

JOSEPHINE CONERO, Highland Falls, N. Y.—Harry Barris played the role of the pianist in the cabaret scene from "Show Boat."

LLOYD NOLAN: For one who is so seldom the romantic hero of a picture, Mr. Nolan has attained great popularity and acclaim. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., on August 11, 1903, Lloyd attended the Santa Clara preparatory school and Stanford University, where he went in for football, basketball and baseball. Right in the middle of his college work he took off for Europe and a world tour, after which he resumed his studies at the University, this time devoting himself to dramatics. In 1927 Mr. Nolan joined the Pasadena Community Theatre. Having thus obtained a footing in the theatrical profession, he worked for Edward Everett Horton in "The Queen's Husband," then came to New York. He next joined a road company, returned to New York, played stock with Helen Hayes and Pat O'Brien, did another road show, played more stock and finally appeared in "Reunion in Vienna" with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. After this he appeared in 4 more plays on Broadway before being signed to a contract by Paramount in July, 1934. His first picture was "Stolen Harmony," which was released in 1935. He is 5 feet 10½ inches tall, weighs 176 pounds and has brown hair and eyes. He is married to Mell Efird, a young actress whom he met while appearing in "Sweet Stranger." They have been man and wife since May 23, 1933. Mr. Nolan's next picture will be "Texas Rangers" and you can reach him at the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Los Angeles, Calif.

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(*Continued from page 54*)

first job, he "worked over" Cary Grant and Sylvia Sidney. Through a friend he was sent to the production manager of Paramount, who asked the casting director to do something for him. The casting director had nothing for him but sent him to another executive, who personally saw to it that he got a new street cleaner's brush and a job sweeping the rooves of the sound stages.

His first day's work put him on top of the stage in which Sidney and Grant were making "Madame Butterfly" and in Michael's own words, "I saw them from the highest gallery seat I'd ever known."

Pull got him on the Paramount night shift, so that he could go to M-G-M's talent school during the day. M-G-M made a test of him. Then they dropped him from the school!

BEFORE going on, let's delve into his background. Mike's real name isn't Michael at all, or even Whalen. It's Kenneth. But don't let the Kenneth fool you, his last name is Shovlin, and his father was a contractor. Joseph Kenneth Shovlin it is. Irish as they come, and as contrary.

His father wanted him to be a contractor, so J. Kenneth decided to be a concert pianist. But his dad was Irish, too, and he ended up in a ten-cent store. At least, "ended" so far as business was concerned, for the next we learn of Michael he was on the stage, as a captain of the guards in "Twelfth Night." After that, he turned to radio, where he sang baritone "often, but not well," to use his own words.

About that time James Montgomery Flagg asked this six-feet-two, curly-haired, blue-eyed Irisher, to pose for some of his illustrations. "So," says Mike, "before long I discovered myself sitting for sketches and vowing by St. Patrick I'd never pose in the nude."

And so Michael came to Hollywood. Through his friend, James Montgomery Flagg, and other good contacts, he signed with one of the outstanding artists' agents in Hollywood.

"Stay unknown," they instructed him. "Don't let your face become too well known. Don't let people think you've been kicking around and that nobody wants you."

"I didn't have any trouble following their orders," explains Michael, "because I had all sorts of help in staying unknown. Too much, in fact. Before long I think I was the 'unknownest' person in Hollywood.

"In order to make the film industry notice me, I played in 'The Love Chiselers' at the Belasco Theatre in Los Angeles in 1934, and then I had a role in 'The Girl of the Golden West.' But when I got a good look at our audiences I knew I was still following my agent's instructions.

"Then followed a round of the little theatres hereabouts, in which I played at nothing a week. We were all playing at no salary, hoping the movie casting directors would see us. My hopes were centered on the directors themselves, as practically every studio had tested me in New York and had turned me down.

MONTH after month passed and I hung on. My money was all gone, and I worked as a laborer at the studios whenever I could get work. On rare occasions I got a chance as an extra for a few days. The money I earned I put into clothes and stocked up my little flat with canned foods and dried beans, so I could eat during the lean times and when I was doing the stage shows.

"Things really came to a head when I was playing in 'Common Flesh' in Jim Timony's Hollytown Theatre, also at nothing per. I was down to my last dollar again, living with friends who had a big house nearby. I acted as their houseman, chauffeur, and what-not, in return for board and room.

"It was then that the most eventful week of my life rolled in—the week of September 29th to October 5th, 1935. That Monday Shubert bought 'Common Flesh' and offered me a three-year contract. At that moment Goldwyn decided to make a test of me. Why I should stall Shubert waiting for that test, I didn't know. I'd had tests in Hollywood before—oodles of them. Hollywood disappointments were a steady diet for me. I'd even been set for a fine part out at M-G-M, the part of Captain Cook in 'The Barretts of Wimpole Street,' only to have a battle staged over at the studio on account of it, with Ralph Forbes replacing me on the last day.

"Anyhow, I did stall Shubert, and on Wednesday Goldwyn tested me. It happened that my test was scheduled for six o'clock, as the Louis-Baer fight went on. So the crew testing me told me to do anything I wanted to, and turned on the radio to get the fight.

"On Thursday Goldwyn notified me that they didn't like the test and would make another Monday. Discouraged and, finally, willing to give up, I told my agent I was going to sign the Shubert contract, go home for a rest, and then go back on the stage.

"I simply had to do something, as my friends had sold their house and were moving into a small apartment Saturday. My agent urged me not to sign until he could get a test I had made at Fox to show the then recently organized 20th Century studios. Darryl Zanuck had asked to see one of the tests Fox had taken, but they couldn't be found."

It seems that Lilian Barkley, dramatic coach and talent scout for Fox, had falsely reported that no tests of Whalen were on file. Confident of his rare talent, and disgusted with the tests she had seen of him, this woman was determined he should have a fair chance. She knew that on account of his poverty, his discouragement and careless tests every film record of this young man was unfavorable.

SINCE they could not find a test at Fox, they sent over to another studio for a Whalen test. It happened that in the test, which was shown the head of 20th Century, Michael had a mustache, and when Zanuck wanted to know if that dud was Whalen, the man showing the test said: "No. Somebody has been pulling a fast one. That isn't Michael Whalen. We haven't any test of him."

Therefore Zanuck ordered a test for that night, Friday. Saturday morning of that eventful week found Michael sitting on the stairs in a house that was empty, except for his own luggage.

"While sitting there," explained Michael, "I made up my mind to borrow enough money to ship my baggage back home and to eat on while I was hitch-

O DEAR! MY HEAD IS ACHING SO. I THINK I'LL HIKE FOR HOME -
I'D TAKE AN ALKA-SELTZER, FLO,-IT ALWAYS CLEARS MY DOME
HEAD ACHE
I HOPE MY PICNIC-LUNCH WON'T TIE YOUR STOMACH IN A KNOT
NOT MINE! WITH ALKA-SELTZER I AM JOHNNIE ON-THE-SPOT.
ACID INDIGESTION
I HAD TO SLEEP ONE OFF, OL' MAN, SO I STAYED RIGHT IN BED
MY GOSH! WHY DON'T YOU MODERNIZE AND ALKALIZE INSTEAD?
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hiking to New York.

"Zanuck saw my test at noon Saturday, and at one o'clock I was out there signing a contract. At that moment I had exactly twenty-seven cents to my name, and nowhere to sleep.

"But my agent came to my rescue. He fixed it so I could move into a very fine apartment, one of the swankiest in Hollywood. Not that I felt swanky, but it was the only place where I could get credit till I drew my first pay check from the studio.

"Then I borrowed enough from my agent to eat on for a week, and to make a down payment on a new car." Yes, that's how Irish Michael is, a new car the same day his total assets were twenty-seven cents. But the boy was canny at that, for he bought it in six payments, so he would have it paid for and transportation back home when his six months' option was up. Hollywood bumps, hundreds of them, had taught Mike always to expect the worst.

"Of course, I kept pinching myself all that afternoon," Michael said, "just to be sure it wasn't another rosy dream that might turn into a nightmare. I wanted to tell my mother all about it. So I decided to make a night call, as I couldn't afford to pay the day phone rates to New York. But I didn't want to get my mother up at all hours of the night, so I decided to wait till it was seven o'clock in the morning in New York. When I called her, I told her that at last I had real news.

" 'What time is it there?' she wanted to know.

" 'It's four o'clock in the morning,' I answered. 'But mother—'

" 'That's all right, Joseph,' she replied. 'Go to bed now, that's a good boy, and you'll be all right in the morning.' "

And what is Michael Whalen really like? Happy, but rather inclined to be quiet. Whimsical at times, with a full share of Irish humor. Somewhat of a fatalist, naturally, or he never could have stuck out the two years of buffeting and practical jokes Fate exposed him to during the period the studios were playing badminton with his future.

Your Ten Pet Alibis

(*Continued from page 53*)

first two are in most cases the forty-year-old figure's deadliest enemy. "Oh, if I could only go to a masseuse! Oh, if only I had more time! Oh, if I could afford to pay one hundred dollars for a simple little afternoon model, instead of seven ninety-five!"

If it is any comfort to you children, let me tell you that as far as reducing goes, ordinary massage, in the main, is an insidious thing. Makes you comfy, relaxed, soft and increases your appetite. I've taken unnecessary suet off movie stars to get them ready for a particular role, and made it possible for them to keep their contracts. I've taught them to do the same things you have to do to *stay* slim, but not by ordinary massage. It takes more than a rub-down to reduce properly. My system is going for the glands, the proper ones, normalizing them as much as possible, so they do their work in regulating the system which in turn carries off the surplus in a healthy manner. I have never taught my system to anyone. Never trained anyone in my method. So, babies, if you want results my way, listen to mama. And if some ambitious young person tells you she uses Madame Sylvia's System, throw her out on her ear! There is no such thing!

So much for massage. As for leisure! My dears, I know so-o-o many women with oddles of time on their hands, and you can be darn sure most of them have oodles of pounds on their faces, middles and rears.

CLOTHES. Dress a feather bed up in a Hattie Carnegie model, and it's still a feather bed. Now if you want to skim down a feather bed shape (which you have heretofore regarded as "natural" for your age) that's something else again. Here is the lowdown on a handy little trick for stubborn bumps. You can do this to any part of your body except the breasts. Take hold of the offending bulge with the heels of the hands and the fingertips. Get a good grip. Squeeze, using the heels of the hands for pressure. Let your flesh squoosh through the hands. Don't pinch yourself, that's wrong. And another thing, if a masseuse or anyone else tries to do this for you and makes you black and blue, throw her out on her ear, because anyone that makes you black and blue is incompetent. If your skin is exceptionally tender, go easy, but most skin will stand this with only a slight ensuing soreness that doesn't amount to a row of beans.

MANY people get stiff as they get older. Through improper care mucus collects in the system. Here is a wonderful addition to your diet to keep off the above unattractive ailment: chop up a lot of red and white raw cabbage, very fine. Squeeze a little lemon juice on it. It's good. Or you can have the raw cabbage, either color, with chopped apples and a little lemon juice.

Alibi number two: "I haven't time to exercise—I work all day." By "work" you mean, don't you, that you're busy about the house all day? Darn busy, too, many of you. Or perhaps your office lasts from nine to five. What kind of an excuse is that? I work all day, too, so do the movie stars—if they're lucky.

Listen to me, busy housewives! *Take* time. After all you should be respectful enough of your body to give it fifteen minutes of your time out of the twenty-four hours. My gosh, you probably spend that much time dishing the dirt with Mrs. Jones over the back fence or on the telephone. As soon as you finish reading the exercise below, I want you to put this book down and do it. Do you hear?

And now you business women. Did you ever think of getting up fifteen minutes earlier in the morning? You may suffer untold agonies at first, but think what a hero you'll be. Furthermore, once you stir your rusty bones and do a few of my systematic exercises, you'll work better, lose your jumpy nerves and sleep like babes (but not on the job, please!). Start with this one stunt: Hop out of bed and stand near an open window. Feet about ten inches apart, toes turned slightly in. Arms over head. Now bend down and to the left, keeping the knees stiff, and try to touch your fingertips (both hands) behind your left heel. Do it ten times then repeat on the other side. If you're smart you'll sneak this in a couple of times during the day, too. If the boss says anything about it, just tell him to see me.

KEEP ACTIVE AND ALERT WITH CRISP, DELICIOUS SHREDDED WHEAT

ADRIENNE AMES

MISS AMES, TALENTED HOLLYWOOD STAR, SAYS, "SHREDDED WHEAT WITH MILK AND FRUIT CERTAINLY IS TOPS FOR REAL FLAVOR AND NOURISHMENT." TRY CRISP, GOLDEN-BROWN SHREDDED WHEAT TOMORROW MORNING WITH YOUR FAVORITE FRUITS OR BERRIES.

EXTRA ENERGY

TRENTWELL MASON WHITE, NEW YORK EDITOR AND AUTHOR SAYS, "I EAT SHREDDED WHEAT BECAUSE IT HELPS BUILD EXTRA ENERGY AND KEEPS ME FIT FOR ACTIVE, BUSY DAYS."

ACTIVE, ALERT

MRS. J. CLINTON SHEPHERD, WESTPORT, CONN., MOTHER OF EDWIN AND JOY SAYS, "THE RIGHT FOODS HELP THEM STAND OUT ABOVE THE CROWD. AND I KNOW SHREDDED WHEAT GIVES THEM VITAL FOOD ESSENTIALS." IT SUPPLIES A NATURAL BALANCE OF VITAMINS, CARBOHYDRATES, PROTEINS AND MINERAL SALTS.

Ask for the package showing the picture of Niagara Falls and the red N. B. C. Seal

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A Product of National Biscuit Company, bakers of Ritz, Uneeda Biscuit and other famous varieties!

LIGHT LUNCH

EATING a heavy meal at midday is much like taking a sleeping powder. If you want to be bright and alert in the afternoon, make your lunch a big bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes in milk or cream.

They're crisp, appetizing, satisfying—and you'll feel more chipper during the rest of the day. Made in Battle Creek—sold and served everywhere.

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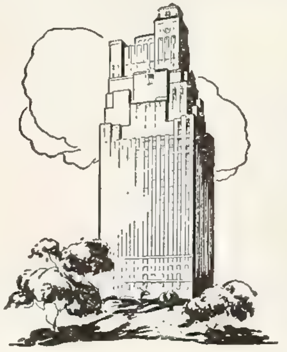
CORN FLAKES



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NEW YORK
"Continental As Its Name"
Personal Direction: S. Gregory Taylor

Cut little alibi number three: "I can't diet when I eat out."

Now, really, I don't want to hear any more about this. The trouble is, babies, when you hand out that one, the mind is weaker than the stomach. Snap out of it. It's just as easy to pick sensible and varied foods. You've got a brain, use it. Even if you must eat in a drug store you can always get soup, and a cream cheese sandwich on whole wheat toast. Or a vegetable plate. Tomato juice, orange juice and some kind of green salad. Keep fruit in the office, instead of candy. If you are visiting, your hostess will not be offended if you say "No, thank you" once in a while to the breads or sauces and gravies which are passed. Nobody will force you to put cream and sugar in a beverage if you don't want it. You can be firm about second helpings. Don't talk to me about eating out. I do it a great percentage of the time. But with me it's very funny. When they know I'm coming, they very carefully clear the decks of any goo. You'd think I was the plague or something!

ALIBI four is that prize nit-witticism which has helped spoil more figures than all the calories in the cook book: "Fat runs in our family." Come now—be honest! Does fat run all the way through your family? Maybe Pop is plump (no wonder—probably loves his bread and gravy), but Mom is slim. Were all your grandparents fat? How about your sisters and cousins and aunts? Did heritage pick on you and you alone to carry the accumulated pounds of your ancestors? Phooey!

Though I'd like to kick this alibi to kingdom come, I'm not saying, mind you, that you may not inherit a tendency to put on weight. But for heaven's sake, why should you let a tendency get the better of you? It beats me why people will fight any other inherited tendency and will just sit back on their haunches and accept a tendency toward fat, when it is so much easier to overcome than baldness, alcoholism or insanity. You may have a struggle, but stop being a sissy—and struggle! It's good for your character. You often hear people say, "She has character in her face," well, hips can have character, too, and should.

Alibi five? Here 'tis: "Never mind, darling, you'll outgrow it." So say mothers to their fat and unhappy children. Just passing the buck, as it were. I wrote an article on very young figure and diet problems last month in MODERN SCREEN, and I'm not going over all that again. But I want to ask you mothers just one question: How do you know she will outgrow it? Are you a fortune teller or something? If you know what's going to happen to your daughter's figure ten years from now, you're a better man than I am, Gunga Din. And not knowing, you can take it from me, darling, that it is a grave mistake to treat her little body with such indifference. If your child is extraordinarily fat and for, apparently, no sufficient reason, see a doctor about it.

Alibi six, of which I shall dispose quickly, is as follows: "I can't watch my diet, because I cook for the family." Really, now, isn't that a stupid thing to say? And what an admission of lack of will power! If your underweight daughter must have cream soup, it will cost you a mere dime and a very few minutes to run up a cup of consomme for yourself. A few flips of the can opener is all it takes. Another thing, when you're preparing a meal, don't nibble and don't sneak in a mouthful of this and another of that. If you want to taste things, be professional about it. Tasting doesn't necessarily mean swallowing you know. Taste it and then do away with it. I know husbands are supposed to have invented that plaintive little ditty, "My wife is on a diet and home isn't home any more." But *must* you mention diet to him!

ALIBI SEVEN: "I've tried everything on the market to reduce!" My answer to that one is—that's the trouble!

Have I ever told you to take pills and potions? No! Have I ever told you to buy rolling pins or sweat the devil out of yourselves with steam cabinets, electric blankets or similar contraptions? No! A thousand times, no! I'm only telling you common sense things, healthy things. Eat properly. Live properly. Exercise regularly (and properly, I might add). Use your noodle and stay away from quackery and hocus-pocus.

Alibi eight is a sad, sad thing to hear: "I've had children. That's why I'm fat." On page 52 are pictures of three Hollywood stars who have had children—Marlene Dietrich, Joan Bennett, Arline Judge. There are more—Frances Dee, Joan Blondell, Dixie Lee Crosby. You must know, yourself, plenty of women who have had children and who are not fat. Most modern obstetricians will tell you how to ward off creeping avoirdupois after the birth of your baby. They'll give you a diet. They'll give you exercises to put the abdominal muscles back in place. Or, I will, by heck. Here are two, one which you can do two weeks after your confinement, if the birth has been normal.

First an easy one. Get on the bed on your knees and your chest. Hips and derriere way up in the air, chest down flat on the bed. Just stay there for five minutes. Do it a few times each day. It tips the innards back where they belong for one thing, and is grand for the backache.

Exercise two: lie on the floor on your back, bring your legs up in the air without bending the knees. Let them down again, but don't let your feet touch the floor. Start easy, doing it a couple of times without resting and work up to ten, then twenty times.

Alibi nine: "It's my glands!" You bet your life it's your glands. Everybody's everything depends on their glands. They're life itself. Of course, there are cases where definite glandular deficiencies are the cause of overweight. If you're one of them, work with your doctor. But most of the time the fat girl has nothing drastically wrong with her glands. It's her will power that's shot to pieces. And how she loves to simper, "It's my glands," when some one casts an eye on her heavy buttocks. It's an easy way out, thinks she, but baby it'll never get it off!

The last alibi, from fat wives who try to be coy and laugh off their pounds with: "My husband says he loves me as I am." Oh, yeah? You mean your husband, poor guy, is used to you as you are. He's comfortable, perhaps, or polite. Or maybe he has the responsibility of you, your home and your children and has little time or energy left over to go stepping out. Men are creatures of habit. They'll accept what they've got until—well, I hope the "until" never enters your life. But you don't mean love, baby. He's not particularly thrilled by you, though he may be fond of you. He doesn't ache to show you off. You may be a swell housekeeper and an agreeable companion, but what a pity that all the romance and excitement is out of your lives. Wouldn't you like to inject a little and live again the thrills of ten years ago? You would? Well, that means you have to regain that healthy, strong and alluring body you once had.

Two-Career Gal

(*Continued from page 49*)

would forget the story sooner if I just ignored it. I took their advice and stayed silent. Now I can laugh about the legend.

"But what makes the story about the near-blindness funny is that my eyes are improving with age. Every year, I see farther. By the time I'm too old to matter, my vision will be perfect!"

Nearsightedness does not make Joan Bennett a Hollywood oddity. Nor has it threatened her career. But something else, far more serious, once happened to her—almost ending her days as an actress.

"Funny nobody remembers that particular story—which was a true one," she commented. "It was the only serious accident I've ever had. A horse threw me. In the tumble, I fractured my hip. Everybody thought I was going to share the fate of Anna Q. Nilsson, injured in a similar way in a similar accident, and be an invalid for years. I thought so, too; I was in a torment of fear, as well as physical torture. But I was lucky. I had a divine doctor. I was in bed three months, in a cast; then I was two months, getting over my limp. I was off the screen for six months altogether."

Joan tentatively explored the special salad that she had ordered, having given the waiter the recipe, herself. "Now that that's out of the way," she said (referring to the previous conversation, not the salad), "why don't you find out what's happening to me now—what I'm like today?"

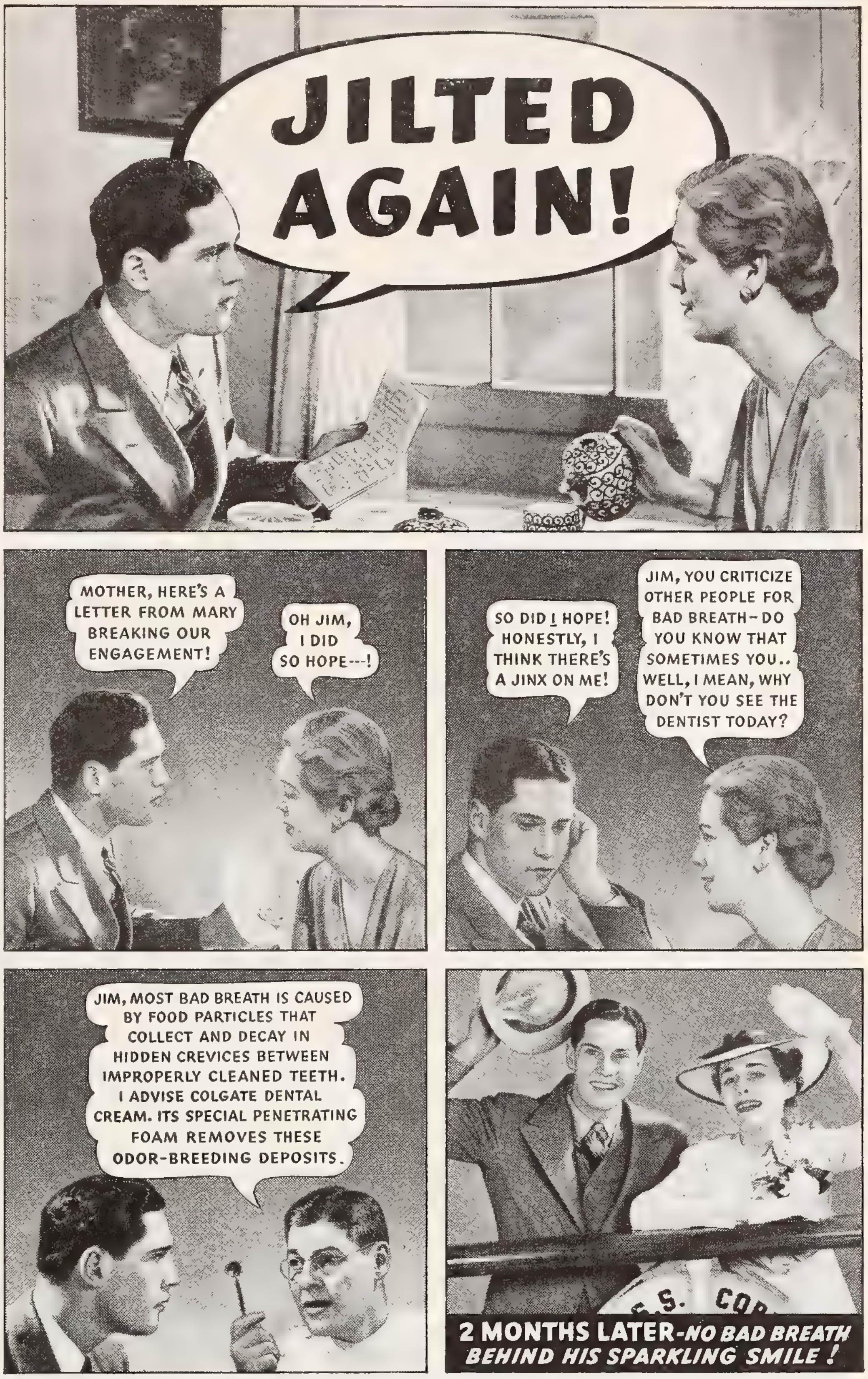
So I explored the 1936 Bennett personality.

SHE is the least changed, physically, of any actress who ever has been through the Hollywood glamor mill. Fame has not made her an exotic. In appearance, except for the darkened (brownette) hair, she still is much the same girl who started her screen career as Ronald Colman's leading lady in "Bulldog Drummond." There is an aura of incredible youth around her. She has the agile slenderness, the soft roundness in face and figure, of a girl in her teens. She has more mental poise, more self-assurance, now; but she *looks* little older. In any group, any man would look at her twice; and any woman would look at her twice twenty times, wondering how she has worked the miracle.

It can't be explained by make-up; she uses cosmetics sparingly. It can't be explained by diet; she eats "everything." How about exercise? "I'm not consistent at it," she told me. "I'm not particularly athletic. I did go bicycling at Palm Springs, and swimming—which I love. I don't want to ride horseback, after what happened the last time. I can't play tennis because its strenuousness might strain my once-broken hip. Golf is an old ladies' game, something I'll play when I'm seventy. I don't like walking just for walking's sake; I must have a destination to enjoy it." So exercise isn't the explanation.

Boredom is a stranger to Joan. Boredom is also a stranger to youth—if youth has an impelling love, a driving ambition. Perhaps the explanation, if there is one, lies there.

By the time that she was eighteen, Joan was married, divorced, and a mother. She determined to devote her life to her small daughter, Diana (familiarly known as Ditty). Too proud to ask her family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SO DID I HOPE! HONESTLY, I THINK THERE'S A JINX ON ME!
JIM, YOU CRITICIZE OTHER PEOPLE FOR BAD BREATH–DO YOU KNOW THAT SOMETIMES YOU.. WELL, I MEAN, WHY DON'T YOU SEE THE DENTIST TODAY?
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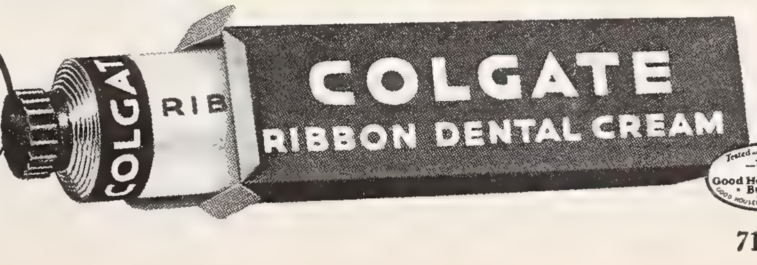
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for help, and untrained for anything else, she decided to try to make her living by acting—which was in her blood. She went on the screen. Ambition to secure Ditty's future drove her forward over the first hurdles, generated the desire to be a movie top-notcher.

She devoted little time to anything besides her child and her career until she had her accident. Then writer Gene Markey, accompanying a friend on a sympathy call to her room, came into her life. She became Mrs. Gene Markey, the mother of small Melinda Markey. Today she has *three* major absorptions—not just one—besides her career. Three reasons why she never should become bored.

Joan is excited now about building her first home. It is in Holmby Hills, on two acres of ground—enough room to allow a swimming pool, a flower garden, a playground for the children (complete to sand boxes, a merry-go-round, a three-room playhouse, and gym equipment). "I've always been superstitious about owning a house before. Afraid of acquiring possessions. After my first marriage, I went back to New York and wouldn't take a furnished apartment because I wanted to have everything my own. I took an empty apartment and furnished it with great care. And immediately afterward I came to Hollywood and had to give it all up. Ever since, I've rented—except for my beach house at Malibu."

Ditty is now eight, five years older than Melinda, who is known to the family as "Me" Markey. They get along together beautifully despite the disparity in ages. Ditty is quiet, serious and reminds Joan of herself as a child. Melinda shows symptoms of being a prodigy. "She frightens me," Joan explained, "she's so bright."

Ditty goes to public school. "She went to private school for two years and didn't learn a thing. In two weeks in public school, she learned more than she had in the previous two years. She's in the third grade. Eventually she and Melinda will go to St. Margaret's, in Waterbury, Connecticut, where I went."

Joan had just engineered a happy ending to a near-tragedy in her household. Ditty, it seems, had a teddy bear of which she was very fond. (Like her Aunt Constance, Ditty has never liked dolls.) The bear's name was Pooh and he was a present on her fourth birthday. She never went to sleep without him. Finally, in time, he was bald and his ears were gone. Still, she would not part with him. Then, one recent morning at breakfast, Ditty got jam on him. That settled it. The new governess decided that the bear must go. Joan decided that Pooh should be reupholstered while they were at Palm Springs.

"I came back from Palm Springs, and found the reupholstered Pooh waiting," Joan told me. "But he wasn't Pooh any more. He was a hideous plush animal. I told the governess to hide him, intending to do something about him later. She gave him to Homer, our chauffeur, for his little boy. I was sick when I discovered that Pooh was gone. I couldn't ask Homer's little boy to give him back, and I couldn't give Ditty a bear that wasn't a twin of Pooh. It would destroy her faith in me, in all adults. It was an important issue. I told the household to ransack the town for another bear, just like Pooh. They couldn't find one. Pooh, it seems, was a very special, imported bear. What they did bring back was a cheap, ratty thing; there wasn't the slightest family resemblance to Pooh.

"Then I remembered that five years ago, when I had broken my hip, someone had given me a teddy bear exactly like Pooh. I had stored it away in a box in the basement, along with other keepsakes. I rummaged, found it, gave it to Ditty. She thinks it's Pooh, she still has her faith in grown-ups, and we have a teddy bear that has been in the family which makes it much nicer than any other bear could be."

(A small incident, perhaps, but it says volumes about Joan Bennett.)

So she's a keeper of keepsakes? "Yes—a very sentimental creature. I treasure old pieces of hair, baby shoes, caps and things I've made for the children. I have a trunkful of things. I have every letter and telegram that my husband has ever sent me. The day after we met, I received the first one, along with some flowers. 'Dear Miss Bennett,' he wrote, 'I hope that when you are getting better, you will allow me to call.' I don't regret having broken my hip. I'm a convert to the philosophy that everything happens for a reason."

Joan admits that she is "a very particular person." She worries, too. "If I haven't anything to worry about, I'll find something, And the worst part is that I conceal most of my worry. I'm an introvert, keep things too much to myself, live too much within myself. I'm trying to get over it. I admire people who aren't introverts. In fact, I envy them. Why should I worry? I shouldn't. Just habit. Probably from having responsibilities so young, being on my own at eighteen."

She also has one phobia. Claustrophobia, the fear of enclosed spaces. "I get it when there are three in the seat of a car, when I am in crowds. I've ridden in the New York subway only once, for that reason."

She plans the daily menus for the Markey household, which is usually in a genially upset state. She complains that this distresses her. Her husband tells her, "You're never happy unless there's confusion, so don't complain. Be happy."

Gene has recently become a producer at 20th Century-Fox. "I tell him that the world's laziest man will have to work now. Executives have office hours. Seriously, I'm thrilled about his new work."

His favorite heroine's name, long before he ever met her, was Joan. Today, when he writes a story or a scenario, the heroine is usually Joan in disguise. Right now, he is writing a comedy about Lucrezia Borgia, famous Italian beauty of the 16th Century, whose lovers had a habit of getting themselves poisoned. Joan's suppressed desire is to play Lucrezia—Lucrezia as Gene is painting the lady. Another suppressed desire is to play Marie Antoinette, also in caricature. "Fickle ladies of passion have been taken seriously too long," Joan believes. "It's time there was a fresh slant on the ladies—a bit of lampooning."

She has no worries about the advent of color in films. She has passed her color-camera tests. As for her own preferences in colors, they are periwinkle and bright green. Star sapphires (she says, with a smile) are her favorite jewels.

She enjoyed her change of pace, and change of type, as the fast-talking manicurist of "Big Brown Eyes." She looks forward to a future full of varied roles.

Joan told me that she had "eighty thousand fittings" to go through for "Two in a Crowd." I asked her if exaggeration was one of her sins.

"Only about clothes fittings," she told me, with a smile over her shoulder, just before stepping out of the restaurant to her car, through a lane of autograph-collectors—all poised to capture the elusive Joan Bennett, who is the littlest, yet the biggest, of the Bennetts, an actress with vision, not even partially blind.

On the Set with "Romeo and Juliet"

(*Continued from page 43*)

corner of the garden, which occupied two huge stages. A glistening pool in the center reflected the exquisite blossoms of the trees and shrubbery which surrounded it. Live olive trees added to the authenticity and their slim branches cast faint shadows on the blue sky beyond, making a charming background for the picture.

When Lord and Lady Cavendish were being shown this set, he reached out with his foot to touch what he thought was glass.

"One would think there was water in the pool, it looks so realistic," he said.

The shock of discovering it was really water caused him to lose his balance and he went tumbling in.

Incidentally, Shakespeare never mentioned a balcony in his play. He spoke of a window and the imagination of the set dresser for the first production of the play furnished the balcony. Since then there has always been one. Today the best-remembered part of "Romeo and Juliet" and, to a great many people, the most important scenes, are the ones played on the balcony. Doubtless the audience would cry that Shakespeare had been rewritten if the picture were made without it.

A CLOSE inspection of the corner stones leading up to it worried me. After all, Leslie Howard is no Douglas Fairbanks and I feared he would never get up there. Suppose he got half way up and couldn't proceed in either direction! Suppose they had to rewrite the scene. And then I heard gossip to the effect that an escalator was being installed because, if Romeo didn't get up to the balcony, there couldn't be a picture. But all my worry was for nothing because Edna May Oliver came to the rescue, like the good sport she is, and threw Romeo a rope ladder.

Of course, there was a stairway in the back for Juliet but that is because she is an M-G-M star. Romeo is just a free lance player and had to do the best he could. They always make it easier for the contract players. Later I saw Leslie Howard on the balcony, so when you see the picture you will know it is really Romeo and not a double. If I had seen him scale the wall to get into the garden I shouldn't have worried about his ability to climb up to the balcony for, despite his slight appearance, he is quite an athlete.

He proved to be quite a sprinter, too, and became so adept at disappearing that, along with the musical score you may hear an undertone of "Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou, Romeo?" and a few queries not quite as polite, running all through the picture.

Miss Shearer was lovely in her sheer, white nightie, over which she modestly threw a long blue cape with a gold collar when she stepped out of bed, but despite the magic spell of her beauty, Romeo would wander off the set. In five minutes a dignified atmosphere would be transformed into utter confusion, with everyone constituted a special detective to find Romeo. Sometimes he would be discovered taking a little nap; sometimes visiting another set in search of talent for his New York production of "Hamlet" and more than once he was found taking a sun bath. His excursions to the rehearsal hall

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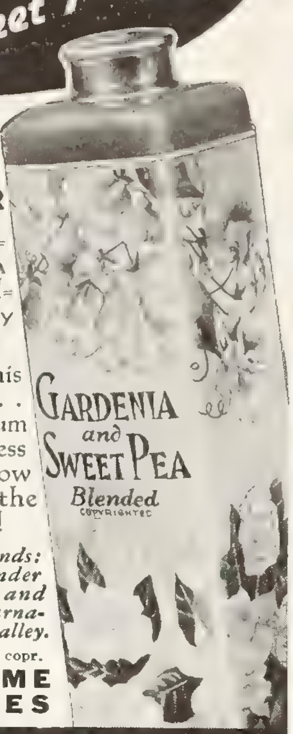

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were not in vain for his eye fell on Mary Meyer, one of Juliet's lovely dancing girls, and he chose her to appear in his play as the stately queen.

Always he returned to his Juliet eventually, and one of the most incongruous sights on the set was our Romeo in his beruffled costume and long, blonde hair returning after one of these disappearances calmly smoking his huge pipe.

Even the poignant parting scene between the two lovers was not without an element of comedy. Daylight was breaking as they stood at the window and suddenly heard the notes of a bird outside. Juliet thought it was a nightingale.

"It was the lark," contradicted Romeo, apparently trying to start a quarrel. But at that moment a dove interrupted as peacemaker with a soothing "Coooooooooo."

A year ago the research department, under Natalie Bucknall, began its work of delving into the customs and habits of the 15th Century Italians. Prof. William Strunk, Jr., Shakespearian authority at Cornell, was brought to Hollywood to supervise their efforts, and an entire section of the department was set aside for books on the author and the period.

Among the facts uncovered was that Juliet is the first girl known to propose to a man. So if Leap Year has been of the slightest benefit to you, girls, you have Juliet to thank.

Also, according to Professor Strunk, Shakespeare was not the first person to write this famous love story. The inhabitants of Verona believe to this day that the two young people actually lived there and that the story is true. At least two other people wrote the story before Shakespeare did, but it is his version that became immortal and his dramatic genius that made the characters live to this day.

Cameramen were sent to Italy to photograph the crooked little streets, the castles and cathedrals, which are still standing, so that they could be copied for the picture. And a few months ago the residents of Culver City, accustomed as they are to *anything,* were surprised to see a tiny city springing up just outside the huge Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio.

The entire City of Verona had to be constructed. For a time it was a delicate question whether to move the studio and build Verona on its 80 acres, or to leave the studio and build Verona elsewhere. Finally, 100 acres nearby were rented and there Verona stands, a miniature replica of the original.

It was in a scene showing the guests and gate crashers arriving at the party being given by the Capulets that I was told to work, and for my big scene I was placed aboard a nice, fat horse.

The Capulets, in case you don't remember, were Juliet's mamma and papa, and the party was in the nature of an announcement party in honor of Juliet's betrothal to Paris (Ralph Forbes).

BEING on a horse has its advantages, as well as its drawbacks, and I don't mean what you mean, either, for this horse was equipped with a side saddle that resembled a rocking chair. My seat was an excellent vantage point, but during the long waits between "takes," I was marooned on the horse while the other 1999 extras could go outside for ice cream cones, or stand around gossiping.

Being just a crasher I was not included in the crowd invited to the banquet table inside, which made it just like any Hollywood party. If you haven't a title, you aren't asked to the best places any more.

The scene outside the Capulet castle was a riot of color. Hundreds of extras and principals in gorgeously hued costumes, some of them wearing masks and head dresses resembling animals; some carrying torches, flags, weird heads atop ten-foot poles; dancers, dwarfs, all transformed the square into a hustling, bustling picture out of the past. Not even a Hollywood costume party could inspire a crowd to go to such lengths to achieve effects.

"It's amazing, the trouble involved in going to a party in the 15th Century," remarked Leslie Howard. "In those days they had trouble in getting to a party. Nowadays we have our troubles in getting home from a party."

The extras had been working on this scene for days and I marveled at the spontaneity they managed to inject into their shouts and laughter each time the scene was remade.

Barrymore, as Mercutio, and Reginald Denny, as Benvolio, were engaged in friendly argument at the top of the steps as the crowd approached. As Barrymore read his lines, Director George Cukor laughed, gesticulated and read the lines with him. Hundreds of eyes were on him, fascinated. He acts every scene with his actors; he repeats every line of dialogue; he feels every emotion as they feel it. Imagine him feeling some of Barrymore's emotions!

Between scenes, Barrymore in his tight-fitting, cream-colored leather coat with bright red figures on it and tight breeches, paced up and down the stage, his coat tails flapping with every step. He was making queer noises, but from where I sat I couldn't tell whether he was repeating his lines or whether he had eaten something that had disagreed with him.

He gave a magnificent performance. Shakespeare must have had him in mind when he wrote the play, for he once said: "I was obliged to kill Mercutio in the third act. He was stealing the show from Romeo."

THE scene was suddenly quieted as Norma Shearer made her appearance, followed by a fawn. It seems that ladies of quality in those days had odd pets. For weeks the fawn has followed her around until it was as well trained as any Hollywood animal actor. And like the other actors, it had fallen in love with Norma and refused to leave her side. Norma had been home ill for several days and was visiting the young deer to make sure, she said, that it didn't forget her.

"And you boys better stop fooling around, too," she called back as she left the set, "because Juliet is on the mend."

Anyone who is under the impression that the classics are too highbrow for popular enjoyment will be able to sympathize with Andy Devine. When asked if he had ever played Shakespeare before, he replied: "I haven't even *read* Shakespeare."

He made a test for the role of Peter, a sort of man Friday to Edna May Oliver, was chosen for the part, and then couldn't be found.

"Where have you been hiding?" they asked him when he finally made his appearance.

"I wasn't hiding," he told them. "I was out roping calves.

"I feel out of place here," he told me. "Everything is so dignified. It's like being in a foreign country."

But at that moment Edna May Oliver, her long, voluminous skirts hoisted high above her knees, came racing through the crowded stage pursued by John Barrymore, who was shrieking with glee. And right away Andy began to feel at home.

Ordinarily Miss Oliver knits between scenes, but if Barrymore is around she keeps well out of the way. He takes a fiendish delight in unraveling her knitting and teasing her.

Walking down the street in one scene, Miss Oliver and Andy pass a house where a group of courtesans are seated on a balcony. To show her contempt, Miss Oliver spat in their direction, but being a lady and no expert in the art of spitting, she fell short of her mark and spat directly in Andy's face. Time and again they made the scene, but her marksmanship failed to improve and each time poor Andy was on the receiving end of her efforts. After three days Director Cukor decided to leave the scene in.

Reginald Denny brought some of his toy airplanes to the set but Norma promptly took them home to Irving, Jr., "For the good of the picture," she explained.

Then Denny and Basil Rathbone followed Leslie Howard's example and brought small moving picture cameras on the set but Mr. Cukor decided that three cameras besides the ones making the picture were too many and banished them.

Besides Professor Strunk, Professor John Tucker Murray, Harvard University authority on the Elizabethan stage, was at the studio for months helping to prepare this huge production.

"They are the chaperones," Norma explained. "They have to keep Shakespeare out of the Brown Derby. But seriously," she added, "they have left no stone unturned to assist in bringing Shakespeare to the screen with the utmost fidelity to the author's conception of the play. Not a word of the manuscript has been changed. Not a line has been added.

"How Juliet is portrayed has always been a matter of individual interpretation, and I feel I will escape comparisons with the great actresses who have played the part because the screen is so different from the stage. I'm so happy to have had the opportunity."

She looked radiantly happy. Everyone in the picture is happy to have had a part in it. Even the mechanics on the picture have become Shakespeare conscious. Do you know what I did when I got off that horse? I hurried home and read again, "Romeo and Juliet."

He Lives His Impulses

(*Continued from page 37*)

of unhappy times. I've been moody, depressed. And those phases 'learned me' that planning gets me nowhere, that a system strangles me and that trying to conform to conventional patterns makes a bull in a china shop out of me. When I'm a square peg in a round hole I don't seem able to take it lying down.

"The only time I don't give way to my impulses—when I can help it—is when I'm mad. That's the time to put the stop-watch on yourself and wait until the old blood pressure is normal again before you make a move in any direction. When I get fighting mad I try to sit tight until I can see black and white again, as well as red. Like one time a certain man in town did something that ate me up. I went home in a towering rage, sat down and wrote him a blistering letter. Then I didn't mail it. I don't remember why I didn't but the next day I saw the whole thing differently. And since that time this man and I have become pretty good friends. If I had obeyed that impulse I

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"I'm so sorry."

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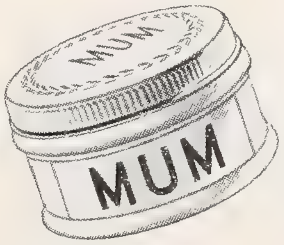

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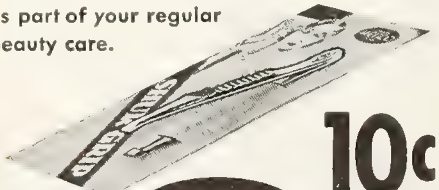

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would have lost a very pleasant, and as it turned out, a very profitable contact.

"And I don't think," Clark said, more gravely now, "that I'll live on impulse when, if ever, I marry again. Right now I'd say that I never will because I might meet some girl and marry her within a month, but I don't think so. If ever I marry again, I want to be sure that I know all about the girl—I want to know her for a couple of years—find out how she thinks and what she wants out of life, everything about her. It's all right for a very young chap to fall head over heels. But an older man, a man who has been married, is a fool if he hasn't learned to walk more carefully, to take more time, to test his own emotions.

"So I should say that 'in anger' and 'in love' are the only times when I wouldn't live on impulse—or shouldn't.

BUT I'm talking out of turn. I'm not interested in the idea of marriage. I'm not interested in rules and regulations, schedules, obligations, bonds of any kind. I've said before that freedom is what I want now and I still say it.

"I should have taken a lesson from my earlier life. Time was when I was working in a rubber factory in Akron, Ohio, and studying medicine at night school. Planning to be an M.D. I didn't like the rubber factory and I didn't like medicine. But I had been brought up to believe that a young man should prepare himself for a definite profession, preferably by working his way through—whether he liked it or not. That didn't matter. It seems to be a part of the American tradition that it's worthy *not* to get any fun out of your work. I don't believe it. Getting a kick out of life, and especially out of what you do nine hours out of ten, is as good a religion as any I know. It's stupid to be unhappy.

"Anyway, one night after medical school, I was eating a hamburger at an all-night stand. Two young fellows were in there, talking theatre. They were actors with a stock company playing in town. Something of the enthusiasm in their voices struck me. I went to see their show. And I tossed a coin on the spot—heads for doctoring—tails for acting. The tails got it and I never went back to the medical."

When you are with Clark you get the sense of living as a robust, full-bodied thing—real and *worth* living. You feel comfortable with him. And I thought again, what I've thought and said many times before, *I like Clark Gable*—and so would you. I may add that this is not true of everyone in Hollywood, not by any manner of means. Naming no names, I will say that there are quite a few I can think of who would not be endured if it were not for the aura of name and fame.

Clark really never changes. He is just as warm and hearty and unspoiled as he was when I first talked with him, five years ago or so. He even *looks* comfortable, Clark does. There is something generous and heartening about his expansive smile, his deep laughing eyes, his dimples which are more clefts than dimples. He never looks too "well-groomed." He was wearing, that day, a gray flannel suit, tan shirt and dark tie. His clothes always look as though he had worn them for some time. His hair never looks as though it had just been barbered. His very hand clasp is hearty, cordial and enveloping. He walks with a spring to his step as though he were going somewhere and was eager to get there.

HE was saying, "And so, I live on my impulses now with a free mind. I go fishing and hunting when I want to, alone sometimes, sometimes with one of the stage hands of one of the boys at the studio who likes fishing, too.

"I do all the little things I feel like doing. I shine my own boots. My valet—I have one here at the studio only because I have to, to keep my clothes pressed and cleaned—sits around sunning himself outside my dressing-room door most of the time. And when we leave the studio at night, I go home—and so does he, I guess.

"During the noon hour, when I'm working, sometimes I dash over to a nearby gun club and do some skeet shooting. Sometimes I go to the rifle range, on the back lot of the studio, and shoot it up with some of the boys.

"When I go on my hunting trips I never go to swank resorts or preserves. I know what that means. You meet someone you know and the first thing you're in the soup and fish making polite conversation in a lodge dining-room. I do my hunting off the beaten trails. I usually go to the same place, don't ask me where. I always visit the same people there, too. They live in rude cabins and I eat my meals with them. We sit around the fire half the nights through swapping stories. They don't know who I am or where I come from. They don't know my name. They don't care. That's swell with me.

"I tinker with my own car instead of sending it to a garage. I get up very early in the morning or very late. When I'm working, of course, I have to be up about six. But when I'm not working I have no daily schedule of any sort. I keep no 'engagement book.' One day I think it might be well to run down to the Santa Anita race track and see if my horse, Beverly Hills, has—hah!—won any more ribbons! The next day I may decide to do some skeet shooting. Or I may stick around and polish my guns. Or I may take a postman's holiday and drop by the studio to see if anything has happened. I live for the day, the hour, almost the half-hour, and I'm no worse off than I've ever been in my life before.

"I don't do 'the thing to do' any more, either. Once someone suggested to me that I should play polo—gentleman's game and all that. So I bought myself a polo outfit and a polo pony and went to it. In about two weeks I gave it up. Not, as reports had it, because the studio ordered me to. But because I was a dub at it. I felt like a fool—a great hulk like me riding one of those graceful little horses.

NO harm in trying anything once, of course. But if what I try doesn't gee with me I don't do what I once felt I had to do—stick at it. I chuck it into the discard and forget it. And try something else.

"It's silly to be too persistent about everything. It's silly to be pigeon-holed when you know dam' well you don't belong. It's foolish to woo success too hard—if you do, it slips out on you.

"I always want the things I haven't got, I hope I always will. That's what keeps the impulses growing. And a man without impulses is dead and doesn't know it.

"So now I flip coins in dead earnest. Why not? It was a flip of the coin that decided me not to take a bit part in 'What Price Glory?' a few years ago. Later, I was offered a good part in the second unit of the same show. And the second unit turned out to be the first, really, and we played Los Angeles instead of being sent on the road.

"Another flip of a coin actually brought me to Hollywood. I'd had some luck and recognition starring in 'Machinal' and a couple of other plays in New York. A producer from the Coast wired me asking me to come to Los Angeles to play the lead in 'The Last Mile.' I didn't know what to do. Broadway came first with me then, as it did with most actors. I wasn't especially broke at the moment so that the added money was no great inducement. What to do—hang around Broadway and take a chance on another show or go to Los Angeles and take the sure part and the extra dough? I flipped a coin—heads Los Angeles—tails New York. Heads turned up. I came West. I'm still here.

"I even live on my impulses so far as my work is concerned. Not that it gets me very far. I haven't much to say about what I do or do not do, where stories are concerned. But I still have the impulse to argue about it, to put up a fight when I don't like a part. I'm not any too keen about a picture on the grid for me now. I'd have to play an Englishman. And I'm not an Englishman. I'm a plain American and nothing else but. Can you imagine me talking with an English accent? You bet you can't. Neither can I. I'd sound foolish to myself and to you and to everyone else. If I do play it I'll just talk like I always do. I'll be myself or nothing.

"And I didn't, by the way, have an impulse to take out a fighting license as was reported. I'd know better. Why, if I got up against Maxie Baer he'd knock the ears off of me in five seconds!

"And now," said Clark, "my time's up—the fish in Utah are running and they're my game. I'll be seein' you."

And he was gone. Out of the dining-room, with that quick tread of the man who has places to go and wants to get there.

Midsummer Fashion Viewpoint

(*Continued from page 58*)

And to show me how she works pink into the picture, Jeanette dragged a printed chiffon dinner dress out of the closet. You can see it on page 56. It's a royal blue chiffon printed all over with widely spaced garlands of flowers in cornflower blue, pink and coral, the last color named being the most prominent in the design. This is a grand dress for dining and dancing on hot evenings and it will go right into early September without looking too summery. That softly shirred fullness of the bodice is very flattering and so is the ruffled collar. With this dress she wears a rhinestone bracelet and brooch with matching clips in her hair which is quite a fling for her because she wears practically no jewelry as a rule. She says that her few pieces of jewelry include the star sapphire, mentioned before, a gold key pin and a clip or two. She usually feels quite reckless when she buys a piece of costume jewelry!

JEANETTE admits that she is almost the only star in Hollywood who doesn't own a single tailored suit! She doesn't like them for herself and has never worn one. She much prefers a more feminine type of daytime costume. The tailored but feminine brown dress on page 57 gives you an idea of her substitute for the great Hollywood uniform. It's really a one-piece affair but the pleated peplum gives it a two-piece effect. The collar and tiny jabot are made of tabs

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SAYS FRED MacMURRAY
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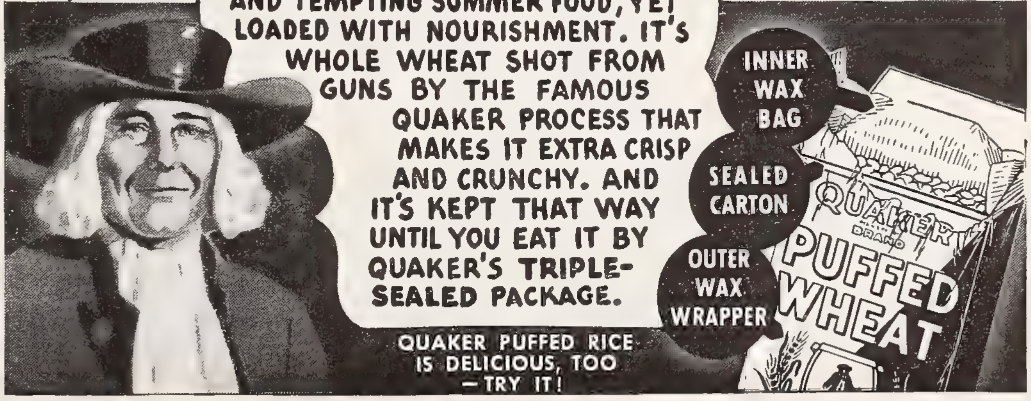
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Something very new in toppers! Doris Nolan wears the fetching Kahula Lotus beach hat which ties under her chin.

of the material. The shoulders are slightly peaked and padded to give width and the smartly designed belt is brown patent leather. Jeanette singled this particular dress out as one of those perfect dresses you should have in your wardrobe—worn during the cooler days of midsummer, it goes right into fall, with the result that you always have a seasonable dress to wear.

The tiny brown hat, that goes with this dress, is trimmed with a huge pom-pom of calico. Jeanette likes small hats best. She will hunt days for a hat she likes and won't buy one until she's sure it's exactly what she wants.

She likes tailored nightgowns and robes—you know the type, those lovely hand-made gowns with nothing but fine drawn work or a bit of embroidery. And her robes are as plain as a man's flannel one. Her mother remarked that she goes quite haywire every now and then, buying a very frothy negligee which she never wears—evidently likes to look at them hanging in the closet!

Her special hobbies are bands, bags and hankies. And what kind of bands, you ask? Not rubber ones! But those miniature bands of all kinds, tiny replicas of German brass bands, bunny bands, mice bands—just anything little and musical which she dotes on having around on tables in the house. She has handbags in every size, shape and color, two or three for each costume, in fact. And she is crazy about fine, hand-made white handkerchiefs.

Did you know that she probably has the smallest feet in Hollywood? And her hands are small and delicate, too. She has difficulty finding gloves to fit her.

Beside her yen for pink and red, she likes blue and green. One of her pet dresses this summer is a turquoise blue mousseline de soie. It has a gay nineties look with its diaphanous leg o' mutton sleeves and a high gathered bodice. Beneath the dress rustles a slip of taffeta, the top and hem edged with lace which shows through the filmy mousseline. She calls this her "rebel" dress because she wore it to one of the famous Mayfair parties this summer when everyone had been requested to come in prints!

One of Jeanette's friends told me an interesting thing about her and it's something we can absorb, too. She said that, although clothes are very important to Miss MacD., they never reach such importance that she is conscious of them and her appearance all the time. She said that Jeanette could walk into a party, find others more formally dressed than herself, and not let it spoil her good time in any way. She always feels that she can compete with any group, provided she knows that what she is wearing suits her and is in good taste, regardless of whether it is as elaborate and as formal as the clothes the other women may be wearing. That's a grand attitude to adopt about your own clothes—far too many girls let an evening be ruined because they don't think that their dresses compare favorably with others. Feeling sure of yourself is half of looking smart.

ANOTHER Hollywood-ite that I enjoy talking to about clothes is Madge Evans. Like Jeanette, she has sound and conservative ideas that can be passed on to all of you. And the way she solves the midsummer clothes problem is a revelation. She doesn't believe that it's smart to start buying fall hats and dresses the first of August. Instead, she thinks it's far smarter to wait for the first giddy fashion fancies to pass out of the picture and select the clothes that are destined to last through the new season. So, in order to pep up her summer wardrobe and not feel that midsummer let-down, she has various dodges which she uses to advantage.

Madge (who is making "Piccadilly Jim" with Bob Montgomery) is one of the biggest blue fans I have ever known. It is her favorite color and so she wears it year in and year out. You'd think her clothes would seem monotonous as a result but they never do because she is so clever about the interesting variations she achieves with this one basic color. Talking about cool-looking clothes for the dog days, Madge said she couldn't imagine a cooler costume combination than navy blue with crisp touches of white. So just in case I was dubious, she offered to show me what she is wearing right now.

As topper to a finely pleated navy blue chiffon skirt, she wears a white vest and fingertip length jacket. The vest is sleeveless and has a small turnover collar edged with scallops of the material. The jacket has wide lapels and flap pockets, also edged in the scallops. Both of these are of washable pique, crisp and fresh on the hottest day. As you can see, Madge wears a wide-brimmed, daisy-trimmed navy blue hat and navy accessories.

Another day, in place of the pique jacket and vest, she will wear a printed linen tunic over this same skirt. In fact, various jackets and blouses, enable her to have several complete costumes with just this one skirt as the base.

A dark crepe dress with which she wears light summer hats now, will gracefully bridge the jump from summer to fall later on. This is the smart navy blue silk on page 58. Two-piece, the blouse has an unusual tucked treatment on the bodice and across the shoulders of the short sleeves.

The close-up on the same page shows Madge's good-looking accessories in detail. A wide-brimmed sailor of natural colored straw has a shallow crown circled by navy ribbon. Streamers are drawn through the brim at back and lend a fetching "little girl" air to the hat—a cluster of field flowers and roses at front. Aren't those blue kid gloves stunning with the white stitching stripes and the perforated trimming? Madge gives herself a last look in the small mirror from her large navy kid envelope bag.

When the air gets a fall nip to it, Madge will wear furs with this dress and change her straw hat for a felt or velvet one. And that's what you can do, too, and you'll never have that in-between season feeling of having nothing in your closet fit to wear!

As you kow I am always on the search for anything new in fashion which I can pass on to you. Since hot weather is the time when you want to keep your costumes fresher than ever, I thought you'd like to hear about a new dress shield that is the last word in thinness and yet it has tremendous durability.

The proud maker of this shield describes it thus, "so thin you won't know they're in." And it's true, they're sheer and cool, practically without any bulk when fastened in your dress. They are made of a one-piece seamless rubber product and will withstand both boiling and ironing, never losing shape.

If you would like to know the name of this shield and where to buy it, just write in to me and I shall be glad to forward the information. Dress shields are indispensable to the smart grooming of Hollywood stars and I am sure they must be to you, too.

New Styles in Parents

(*Continued from page 51*)

theirs. There is no business or pleasure that can't be interrupted long enough for Bing to get to a telephone and call his home before time for the children to be put to bed, if he can't get there in person.

"Did the kids miss me today?" he asks eagerly. "What did Gary say about me?" And since Gary is old enough to talk, he is often allowed to speak to his daddy and deliver his own message, just as thousands of other little boys are breaking the monotony of business for their fathers.

They are just everyday folk, these Crosbys. Before the twins were born, and long before the doctor had announced that two babies might be expected, there was the usual family argument over a name for the new baby. If it was to be a boy, Dixie's heart was set on naming him Dennis. Bing was equally determined to call him Philip.

"How about Dennis Philip?" suggested Dixie.

"Maybe Philip Dennis," Bing insisted.

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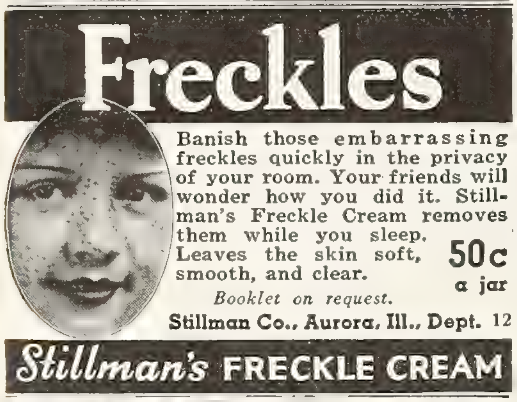
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What promised to be a lasting argument was only settled when the stork, showing rare presence of mind, furnished a boy for each name and they were promptly christened Dennis and Philip.

Now it's "my boy, Dennis, walked first," from Dixie, and "my son, Philip, talked first," from Bing.

With all this parental affection and attention, however, the Crosby children are not "spoiled." You'll never hear one of them beating a tattoo on his plate and yelling, "I don't want any spinach!" Because, whether it's spinach or ice cream that is set before them, they eat it and say nothing. Their meals come at regular hours and they are never given food between meals.

ONE day their Uncle Larry came in from playing golf and went to the kitchen to make himself a sandwich. The three little Crosbys followed him and stood looking hungrily at every mouthful he ate. Without thinking he gave each one of them a graham cracker. At that moment Dixie arrived on the scene. She took the crackers away from the children and gave them a scolding.

Larry took the blame but Dixie said, "It makes no difference. They know they aren't allowed to eat between meals." Dixie knows the value of routine, and her children have been taught to do everything by the clock. They go to sleep at a certain time and awake in the morning at a certain time. Noises never bother them. Not even a party in the house nor enthusiastic crooning by Papa Bing, for the entertainment of his guests, will awaken the babies once they are asleep.

With two sets of adoring grandparents living close by, it has been necessary to avoid complications by arranging the visits of the children to them in routine. Each child visits the home of each grandparent once each week. The twins make their visits together, but Gary, a little older and enjoying a different type of entertainment, goes alone. Everyone is satisfied.

One morning recently, Philip, the livelier of the twins, slipped into his mother's bedroom, helped himself to a jar of cold cream and two bottles of perfume. First he rubbed the cream on his face and then made a neat spread of it on the cream-colored carpet. On top of that he poured the perfume which made a grand smell and, by the time the nurse arrived, things were in a fine state. Philip was soundly spanked. Spare the rod and spoil the child is one rule that Bing and Dixie don't believe in.

They are allowed but a few toys at one time, as their parents believe that having too many toys discourages initiative in the children.

The children aren't taken to the studio and paraded around. They don't hang around "watching daddy work." I learned that Gary had been allowed to visit the studio just once when there was a circus set so he could see the clowns and animals. There will be no Crosby children in the movies—that is not as child actors. If they develop into actors later, that will be a different matter.

At the ranch, where life is lived as simply as possible, the children sleep in a huge dormitory, but in the new Crosby home near Toluca Lake, Gary has a room of his own. The twins share a very large bedroom but each has his own clothes closet and their bathroom is equipped with two of everything!

"They will have everything they need, but outside of that—nothing doing," is the way Bing expresses it. "I had six brothers and sisters. My father provided the necessities for us, but for extras we had to hustle. That's the way it will be with my boys. They aren't going to have fancy allowances just because I've been lucky and made some money. I've provided their college money. They each have an annuity, which will come due when they are seventeen. They can take the money and go to college, or if they want to work a while and go to school later they may. But their education is paid for—now.

"I'm not going to dictate their futures," he continued. "I'm not going to tell them that they have to be doctors or lawyers. They have to decide that for themselves."

But naturally, Bing would be pleased if any or all of them turned out to be musically inclined. Gary has a deep, husky voice that sounds exactly like his famous dad's, and sings all the time. The twins, not yet two years old, can carry a tune.

They are natural and amusing children. Gary heard Bing call Andy Devine "Blimp" and quickly figured out the implication. The matter was forgotten until one day Norman Taurog, who also is built generously, called at the house and was greeted by Gary, who called out in a friendly way: "Hello, Blimp!"

BING is one Hollywood star who has never been troubled with "fame" sickness, a disease particularly prevalent in Hollywood. His greatest extravagance is his string of race horses which, with luck, might become a source of income. He refuses to regard them on a commercial basis, however, and the Crosby horses never run unless their owner is there to see them. His breeding stables at his ranch are perfectly equipped. When it was necessary to cut down hundreds of trees to clear acreage on which to raise alfalfa for the ponies, Bing helped "for exercise."

His money has been invested in good, solid bonds and securities. One brother, Everett, manages his motion picture contracts, and another brother, Larry, manages his radio business. They, with Bing's father and Bing, of course, form Crosby, Inc. A suite of offices at the Paramount Studio is their headquarters.

Everett and Larry occupy small offices separated by a large office, which is occupied by Mr. Crosby Senior and two secretaries. There must be a reason why Bing, at the end of five years has seventy fan clubs and hires one girl to do nothing but answer his fan mail.

A delightful air of informality is introduced when Everett, from his office, yells: "Pappy! How many rooms are there in Bing's new house?"

"He isn't here," yells a secretary back, "but Larry says there are twenty rooms, seven baths and five fireplaces."

"Pappy!" yells Larry from his office. "What is the name of that man I'm to see?"

When "Pappy" returns to his desk, he is confronted with the problems of the past ten minutes.

"The man's name is Carroll," he yelled at Larry, "and there are twenty-two rooms in Bing's house," he yelled at Everett, after which business went on as usual.

For a long time Bing and Dixie have planned a vacation together.

"I've worked since I was a kid," Bing said. "Dixie and I want to take a trip. We want to go around the world. Not as movie stars, but just as a couple of people. We've been looking forward to it for a long time."

But the longest trip in sight right now is to Vancouver, B.C., this summer, where Bing has been invited to be a guest of honor at the Golden Jubilee. He plans to take his brother Larry and his wife, and may take his string of ponies up to show the Canadians how they can run.

Jean Harlow Is Watching Her Step

(*Continued from page 47*)

were blending into one gentle and closely-knit personality.

For Jean always has been a marked case of a "split personality." What people who do not know her, think she is like and what her close friends *know* she is like, are as far apart as the poles.

WE talk books when I visit with Jean. We talk politics. We discuss people and problems with passion and intensity. We drink coffee and philosophize. It may not be very profound philosophy, I wouldn't know. But at least our conversation is not dotted with gossip of parties and pettiness. I first became interested in Soviet Russia when, a couple of years ago, Jean loaned me "Stalin, The Career of a Fanatic."

She is intelligent. She has a sound brain, an honest heart and a grand sense of humor. Now she is engaged in the process of stripping off the publicized Jean as, long ago, she stripped off the exotic gowns and make-up; as she has shed the platinum hair and the extravagant house. The real Jean Harlow is emerging into focus through many mists, most of them manufactured by expert myth-makers.

I said to Jean, who was wearing a play suit of pale blue sharkskin, a blue ribbon tied 'round her hair, "You've changed—more."

"I know it," said Jean. "No one knows it better than I. You know, 'peace' is a very much misused word, but it is what I feel. It is what is happening to me. I feel a peace within which seems to grow deeper and stronger and surer every day.

"After all, I'm a quarter of a century old now, you know. I'm twenty-five as against the seventeen I was when I started in pictures, when I made 'Hells Angels' and began my career of florid publicity. I don't know whether I regret getting off on that rather feverish foot, so to speak, or not. It probably helped me, professionally. It made for a quicker start, attracted attention swiftly. It doubtless hurt me, personally. It's something that has to be lived down, something that can be discarded only with time.

"It's impossible to say, now, how things would have worked out for me had I begun in a different type of part and with a different brand of publicity. It's difficult to bridge—this difference between my screen personality and *me*.

"When I was very young, at the age of sixteen—even after I was first married, for the matter of that—I never had been allowed to wear a backless gown nor allowed to use mascara or lipstick. And so, when I first came to Hollywood, I wanted to do all these things. I used to buy the most exotic gowns I could find. I used to daub eye-shadow under my eyes and lipstick all over my mouth and try to get out of the house before mother could see me to drag me back, bodily.

"But I would have done the same thing whether I had been in pictures or not. It is a phase most young girls go through and outgrow.

I THINK," said Jean, pouring coffee for both of us, "that the change in me is really a matter of the simple, biological process called 'growing up.' After all, I am not a child any longer and I think I *really* realized it, for the first time this past year."

I think she has, too. For Jean is watching her step. She knows, now where she is going. She was plunged into public life when she was very young. And things happened to her, fast and furiously and without any volition of her own. Everything catapulted on her—headline things, happy and unhappy things.

I think, the difference in Jean is that she has control of her life, she knows where she wants to go and how to get there.

"I don't want anything more to happen to me," Jean was saying, her voice grave. "I don't want any more new experiences. Apart from my work, I want to do nothing at all but sit in the sun at home and rest and think."

And here is another drastic change in Jean's life—her mother is sitting back and letting her handle everything. And this is, Jean says, one of the most intelligent of the many things her mother has done for her.

"Now," said Jean, "when I have a decision to make, a problem to work out—whether it is personal, professional or financial—I cannot even discuss it with mother. Only when I have reached my own decision can I talk it over with her.

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***Melt* Rough Places Smooth**

ONE DAY your nose is flaky—powder won't "stick"! Next day, your chin . . . Often, after a day in the sun, your whole face scuffs up with flaky bits.

Do you know what they are?—Dead skin cells!

They cling stubbornly, show up terribly—even under make-up.

But you can *melt* them away easily—with a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream). A distinguished dermatologist explains:

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"When the dried-out cells on surface skin are melted away with a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream), the underlying cells come into view. These cells are young and supple. They immediately give the skin a smooth, fresh appearance. Coloring is improved, texture finer.

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A keratolytic cream, Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths your skin just that quickly! It melts flaky particles right away. Puts an end to powder trouble. Use it regularly to keep your skin silken-soft at all times.

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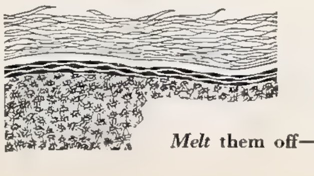

Outer Skin
(magnified) At top you see surface cells dried out into flaky bits that feel rough, "catch" powder. *Melt* them off—for smoothness!

8-Piece Package POND'S, Dept. J136, Clinton, Conn. Rush 8-piece package containing special tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream, generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

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What is the real truth about this terror cult menacing America with torture and lynch law? What part did women play in this amazing network? Is the combine smashed, or is it only waiting to strike at organized government?

Read "Secrets of the Black Legion" in the September INSIDE DETECTIVE. Chief Henry Piel, of the Detroit Police, gives the complete picture of the Black Legion—a picture that will startle those who believe that such things "can't happen here!"

Other important features for September include nine true stories of crime and punishment, illustrated by exclusive police photos.

The September Issue is Out!

INSIDE DETECTIVE

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"You know, if my mother were a perfect stranger to me, no relation whatsoever, I would insist on having her live with me. She tells me," said Jean, her smile tender, "that the time must come inevitably, when she will not be here to advise me and that I must prepare for that day.

"And so, I am on my own for the first time in my life. I must take the consequences now of everything I do because there will be no one but me involved."

And in Jean's personal affairs the same neutrality is scrupulously observed. Jean and Bill Powell have been going together for more than two years now. There are all sorts of rumors about a secret marriage, an engagement, and even a break-up. They say nothing. But there are some things which are clear and obvious without the medium of words. I could swear to one thing—that Jean loves Bill and that Bill loves Jean. And that this love has made her the more serious, more thoughtful girl she has become—and a happier one.

I believe that she feels she has something concrete and substantial to depend upon. Something that gives her confidence in herself.

I know that her love for Bill is a strong and complete love. She actually doesn't know that other men exist. She doesn't see other men. Jean, as a matter of fact, has never been attracted easily to men. Despite the columns which have overflowed with Jean Harlow and her latest beaux. Not that the beaux wouldn't gladly, eagerly come a-beauing—but rather that Jean has gone, always, with just one man, sincere in her friendship, whole-souled in her love.

Sumptuous, sexy, seductive she may be on the screen—off the screen she is cool, intelligent, tender and loyal but less "sexy"—horrid word, but I have to use it to make my point clear—than almost any girl I know.

And the reason that Jean doesn't speak of marriage is that she is a one-track person. She doesn't believe that she can combine the two careers successfully, marriage and movies. She doesn't want to try. If she married Bill she would give up her career. And she doesn't want to do that until she has won complete independence, financially and in terms of success.

"And so," Jean was saying, "I shall go on with my work and I'll work hard. I'd like to do comedy, you know. But I seem to have been taken out of that. And I haven't much to say about what I do in the studio. I want to keep on making pictures, of course, for as long as my pictures are good enough for people to want.

"And most of all I want to rest—and be quiet—and to keep on finding the peace I have begun, for the first time, to know. . . ."

The Gloom-Chaser

(*Continued from page 48*)

Well, Henry was a minute late, worse, he was three minutes late by all the clocks he passed, and the consequence was that by the time he reached the star's bedside he was perspiring with panicky fear that Farnum would miss the train. So distressed was Henry that he literally ran around in circles doing everything backwards. It amused Bill who was used to these antics and knew that they resulted from extreme conscientiousness and not from carelessness or indifference, but the minutes passed and action had to be taken.

As he stepped from the bath, Farnum said briskly, "A little speed now, Henry. It's getting late." That unfortunate sentence erased what little composure poor Henry had left. "Yes, sir," he said, breathing hard and, rushing toward the bedroom, returned with his boss's high silk hat and cane! Farnum didn't bat an eyelid but put the hat on his head and the cane over his arm, otherwise clothed *au naturel.* Striking an attitude, he said, "Now Henry, how do I look?" A dazed expression passed over Henry's face and then the mist cleared. He groaned in anguish and, staggering backwards, fell flat into the bathtub.

BILL could never demand anything quickly without throwing Henry into one of these panics. A simple request such as, "Henry, where are those shoes I wore yesterday?" spoken in a serious voice would bring the panicked expression into his eyes and start him fumbling first in his own pockets and then rushing hither and yon looking under rugs and even behind pictures, murmuring constantly, "Shoes! Shoes!" while Bill would walk to the closet and locate them himself.

But there were other times when Henry did not lose his head under tense situations and that was when he had anything to do that gave him an artistic expression for this tremendous emotion. Then he was himself, calm and more or less the master of the situation. Many of you may think that a motion picture actor, who was the idol of his day, could not possibly be anything but happy and gay, but Bill has had plenty of sorrow in his life, heartbreaking sorrow, and the thing that always helped him most was music. There were no radios then, this was in 1917-18, and when Bill was vacationing at Sag Harbor, he would sit at the piano and play for hours. Sometimes he would say, "Come on, Henry, let's give a concert," and Henry would at once lose the anxious look his face usually wore and quite a different expression would take its place. Leaning against the piano he would sing "O Solo Mio" and other arias all through an evening. He had a fine voice, untrained, but full, rich and vibrant and he sang, as so many Italians do, as though he loved it.

In almost every Farnum picture there was a part that Henry could play. Bill secured it for him at first, but as time went on, he didn't have to remind his director that Henry could do this part or that—he was automatically cast if there was a possible opening. Sometimes he had really important parts, usually a villain of some sort. He didn't provoke the laughter in those days that he does now. Story technique has changed and so has the style of acting. Then Henry's blood and thunder looks provided the audience with chills and terror, whereas today, if he had such a part, the audience would probably die laughing.

Then came the day that he fell in love and decided to be married. That period was something for the Farnum family to live through! For days Henry rushed about, breathing hard, making the most heroic efforts to be calm.

He invited everyone to the wedding but Bill was working and Mrs. Farnum could not go. The location was a picturesque little Catholic church in Corona, Long Island, and I may add that the roads out there were not at all what they are now. The hour was six in the evening and the time of year was winter. I've just forgotten the month but there was snow and ice almost everywhere you cared to look. I'll never forget the drive out there if I live to be a hundred, which God forbid!

To begin with, we were a little bit late as the car had been held up at the studio in Fort Lee, and I believe there was some question of the right road—anyhow we finally landed and I am not sure but what the ceremony had been held for a few minutes in the hope that Mr. Farnum would arrive. It was a sore blow to Henry that the Boss was not there to witness his marriage but with the natural courtesy of his race he was doubly gracious to me, the only representative of the family. I noticed, too, that the guests cast shy, furtive glances in my direction and I thought what a shame it was that Bill could not be there. It would have been the crowning touch of happiness to an ecstatic day in Henry's life.

It was a simple ceremony, with the soft candlelight playing over the happy faces of the bride and groom. She was clothed in white and carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley. Her hair was black, her eyes big and very dark, her skin was the magnolia white peculiar to the Latin races. Henry had picked an attractive girl.

A great many men owe their rise in life to the ambitions of their wives and Henry was no exception. Shortly after the wedding, Bill was on his way to Hollywood taking with him the usual entourage. The one addition was Mrs. Armetta who had left her home with mingled fear and curiosity. Curiosity to see a new locality and fear of loneliness in the separation from her family and friends. It is no fun for a young wife to sit at home alone all day and half of most every night waiting for the only person in the world she can talk with. Unable then to speak much English and finding practically no congenial companion for that reason, Mrs. Armetta fretted and wept in solitude. Also, looking about her, she saw no one she thought could act any better than her Henry, so why should he remain a valet when he could make so much more money as an actor?

ONCE that thought took fire in her mind Mrs. Armetta, goaded by loneliness and the fear that her child would be born in that desolate place, far away from the family whose care and companionship she would sorely need at such a time, unloaded the weight of her woe upon her husband every night. He, poor man, almost lost his reason. On one hand was his loyalty to his boss, on the other his loyalty to his wife. I wasn't in Hollywood at that time but the experience must have eben sumpin' for Bill. Repercussions of it even reached New York and finally, in the middle of a picture, Henry gave up his job. It probably was as much of a relief to Farnum as it was to Henry though he never would have said so. He sent them both back to New York with his blessing and a gift for the expected heir.

Work was slowing up in New York and Henry didn't have the smooth sailing everyone expected he would. I believe the next two years were rather slim and then the new Fox studio opened up on Tenth Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street to rather active business. Also, Henry's best

HAVE YOU A "SAHARA SKIN"?

IS IT DRY AND SCALY?

Here's a Face Cream that Lubricates as It Cleanses

By Lady Esther

Maybe you are a victim of dry skin? About 7 out of 10 women today are.

Dry skin is due to several things. One is the outdoor life we lead compared to our mothers' time. We spend more time in the open. Exposure to weather—to sun and wind—tend to take the natural oils out of the skin and make it dry and withered.

Our reducing diets, too, are a cause of dry skin. To keep slender, we leave fats out of our diets. This cuts down the oil supply of the skin and tends to make it dry.

A Dry Skin is an Old Skin

A dry skin is an old skin. It looks withered and wrinkled. It looks faded. A dry skin also fails to take make-up well. It makes powder show up plainly. It makes rouge look harsh and artificial.

If your skin is at all inclined to be dry it would be well for you to look into your cleansing methods. You must avoid anything that tends to dry the skin or irritate it. You must be sure to use gentle, soothing measures.

First, a Penetrating Cream

Lady Esther Face Cream is an excellent corrective of dry skin. For, as this cream cleanses the skin, it *also* lubricates it.

The first thing Lady Esther Face Cream does is to cleanse your skin thoroughly. It is a *penetrating* face cream. It actually penetrates the pores, but gently and soothingly.

Entering the pores, without rubbing, it goes to work on the imbedded waxy matter there. It loosens the hardened grime—dissolves it—and makes it easily removable. When you have cleansed your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream, you see it—you can feel it! Your skin instantly appears clearer and whiter. It feels clean—tingles with new life and freshness.

But, Lady Esther Face Cream also lubricates the skin. It resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin velvety soft and smooth. This lubrication and freshening of the skin keeps it young-looking. It wards off lines and wrinkles. It gives it smoothness—permits it to take make-up better.

In every way you will improve the condition of your skin with the use of Lady Esther Face Cream. More than eight million women can testify to that.

See With Your Own Eyes Feel With Your Own Fingers!

Suppose you try Lady Esther Face Cream and see with your own eyes—and feel with your own fingers—what it will do for your skin.

I am perfectly willing that you make the test at my expense. Just send your name and address and by return mail you'll receive a 7-days' supply of Lady Esther Face Cream postpaid and free.

Use this cream as the directions tell you. Notice the dirt it gets out of your skin you never thought was there. Mark how the pores reduce themselves when relieved of their clogging burden.

Note, too, how delicately it lubricates your skin and how freshly soft and smooth it keeps it. A trial will prove convincing.

Mail the coupon today for your 7-days' supply of cream. With the cream I shall also send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (25) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2010 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail your seven-days' supply of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your Face Powder.

*Name*__________

*Address*__________

*City*__________ *State*__________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

Cozy Baby!

KEPT HAPPY BY HIS OLIVE OIL POWDER!

MOTHER, you will keep your baby cooler, more comfortable, and happier if you protect his tender skin with Z. B. T. Baby Powder. Z. B. T.'s unique olive oil content makes it cling longer and *resist moisture better*. Its superior smoothness (what the doctors call "slip") prevents chafing in the creases. Free from zinc in any form, Z. B. T. is approved by Good Housekeeping *and your baby*. Large 25¢ and 50¢ sizes.

Z.B.T.

OLIVE OIL BABY POWDER

SAFE...because it is easiest to clean. Ask your doctor

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APPROVED WAY TO TINT

GRAY HAIR

● Quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. BROWNATONE and a small brush does it. Used and approved for over twenty-four years. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by tinting a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

ITCHING *Skin Symptoms* **GO!**

STOPPED IN MINUTES

ITCHING skin can be maddening! But—it's needless, in Athlete's Foot—poison ivy—rashes—eczema—pimples! Stop itching, burning torture; give skin new kind of help with HYDROSAL. Employs "colloidal" active principle. HYDROSAL is astringent—improves skin's looks. Use for any itching rash! Used by hospitals. Accepted by Good Housekeeping Bureau. At any drug store; liquid or ointment, 30c; 60c.

SKIN OUT-BREAKS

RASHES ECZEMA

FOOT-ITCH

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Good Housekeeping Bureau

star must have been bright in midheaven for, shortly afterwards, J. Gordon Edwards, director-in-chief for Fox, went to Italy to make "The Shepherd King" and took Henry along as interpreter!

What a triumph for Mrs. Armetta, who knew he could do something fine if he only would try. What complete astonishment it caused in the studio. Mouths practically dropped open in amazement, for to be an interpreter was almost up to the first line trenches of big shots.

After that I lost track of Henry for a few years but, when I went to Hollywood again, he had bridged another lean period and was much in demand. Once more his star of success was bright and shining. The advent of talking pictures was also a step upward for him. His English was clear enough for the parts he played, as he always was cast as an Italian. If the part was humorous and he was required to speak quickly, the less he was understood, the funnier he was.

He began to creep into a place of importance in the minds of the directors and on the pay roll, too, Henry, today, undoubtedly makes more money than his former boss, although Bill, who for more than twenty years was the highest paid actor in the business, earning $10,000 a week straight salary during his last active year—big money any time—is still highly paid when he works, but that is not often. Illness and trouble made terrible inroads on his career, taking from him the will-to-accomplishment that had formerly been so potent a factor in his success. Today one seldom sees the name of William Farnum but the name of Henry Armetta is seen very often.

How strange life is!

He's a Natural

(Continued from page 45)

I feel different, being a movie star instead of a third-rate saxophone tooter, is that now I can pay my bills.

"Actor? I'm no actor! Never will be. I just get up there and do what they tell me to do, that's all. It's all I *can* do—just act natural, and be myself, and follow instructions. I'm glad the fans like it that way, and I hope they continue to like it, because if they don't, it's just gonna be too bad for me!"

All this is no pose with Fred MacMurray. Why, look at the guy—look at the way he lives, what he does for fun, who his friends are, where he goes for amusement. Look at these things, and you'll see he's still as unspoiled as he was before fame picked him out for the spotlight.

In the first place, there's no "gone-Hollywood" about his home life. Of course, he isn't in the really big money yet, but he's suddenly making a whacking salary. I've seen "sudden" stars go Hollywood on a lot less, but not Fred. He's still living in an obscure little apartment in the Hollywood hills, where his new wife keeps house for him. He has no servants.

HIS auto is an index, too. It's no chromium-plated foreign car. It's no glittery sports model, *à la* showcase. Instead, it's a 1933 coupe of a make that sells 'way under a thousand dollars when new. If Fred wants to turn it in some day on a new car, he'll be lucky if they allow him $175 on it! So far, though, he doesn't see why he should turn it in. It's done okay for him for three years now, so why?

Of course, some day Fred'll change all this. He admits that himself.

"Some day, I may go for a nice house in Beverly Hills. You see, I've never had a home of my own, never had a real house of any kind. Always lived with relatives, boarded or lived in hotels and sleeping cars, or railroad coaches when on tour with the band, during my saxophone days. I'd kind of like a home of my own, I guess, when I can afford it."

He always drops that "when I can afford it" into his discussion. You see, he's not sure yet that this stardom and big income are going to last. That's why he's saving the money he's getting now. Fred is no spender.

His recent marriage to Lillian Lamont was no surprise. In fact, it was expected for months.

For fun, he does the simple things that you and I and the fellow nextdoor do. His close pal is Dean Jaggers, another young actor whom Fred thinks is just as good an actor, or better, than Fred MacMurray. "He just didn't get the lucky breaks and I did," is Fred's explanation of why Dean Jaggers is still an unknown.

Anyway, Dean and his wife have a little place hidden back in Laurel Canyon, on the Hollywood outskirts. It's not in the movie colony at all. The stars turn their noses up when they drive through the neighborhood. But that's where Dean, Fred and Lillian gather for such things as Sunday breakfasts, and mid-week parties that break up at ten at night.

It's no whoopee. Just quiet parties. Maybe be a half dozen people, and besides Fred and Dean, there aren't any movie folk there. Fred and Dean have a set of acts they put on—one's a trick mind-reading routine they've worked out together. They astound their guests with it, but it's all done by code. Besides that, Fred's an amateur magician of no mean ability. He pulls rabbits out of hats, and tells you what card you've drawn out of a shuffled deck, and things like that. He and Dean are whizzes at Hollywood's new fad of "handies"—doing tricks with your fingers, and things like that, you know. Simple stuff, but fun.

When he goes out for his fun, Fred stays in character, too. No yachting parties on chartered boats. No hunting trips to far-off Mexico. No airplane tours of the world. Fred's two big ideas of outdoor fun are either taking a 500-mile auto drive in a day, or going with Dean Jaggers and that crowd down to an obscure public beach, far away from movie-star-jammed Malibu. They take along a package from the butcher's and another from the baker's—wienies in one and rolls in the other. Fred or Dean has a bottle of mustard in a pocket.

They build a fire, toast the wienies and burn their fingers toasting them. They slap 'em inside the rolls, smear 'em with mustard, and think they're having more fun than all the snooty people at Malibu. And they are!

AFFECTATION is just a strange word to him. He doesn't even go in for kidding the fan-writers with a fake library. He admits he doesn't care much for reading. He doesn't pose as an authority on Shakespeare, astronomy, or antiques.

His chief indoor sport is eating and he isn't a bit ashamed of it! He'd much rather have a mess of corned beef and cabbage than a parfait. On the set, he's always keeping the messenger boys running after doughnuts or pie or peanuts for him to nibble on, and when they can't find him anywhere else, when the set-up is ready for a take, they send over to the studio cafe and find him on a counter stool, with a cuppacawfee!

He doesn't put on an act, when working. He never stays aloof on the sidelines, or hidden in a private dressing-room, like most other stars, between takes.

Instead, he's usually puffing on a pipe, sprawled out on a packing box, an odd chair, or a piece of scenery. If he can find a prop bed, a couch, or a chair so placed that he can stretch his six-feet-three out in it and rest his feet somewhere higher than his head, he's happy. He drags a wheezy old pipe out of his pocket, stuffs it with dime tobacco, and puffs away, until they're ready to shoot again.

Movies still bewilder him. That is, his position in them. That's why, in all likelihood, he'll surprise himself by remaining as popular as he is at this moment, because he'll never believe that he's really an actor, or has any extraordinary charm. And so he'll remain as downright simple, as forthright as a college sophomore. And that is the charm of Fred MacMurray.

"Maybe it is," he admits, bashfully. "But that's all I *can* do. It's no trick on my part. If they ever expect me to act, I'm sunk, I can tell you!"

And yet, paradoxically, he hopes that some day he'll be allowed to play a dramatic role, instead of the typical "MacMurray roles" he's been doing. Only he hopes that when he does get the chance, he'll have a good director. "Because all I can do is what they tell me," he explained.

You know, of course, that he's really had no acting training—he got into the movies through his saxophone. Like the music itself, he "went 'round and 'round"—college dance band, professional dance orchestra, night clubs, a week or two on the stage in a New York show, singing a number or two. He was so bashful when they first gave him a chorus to sing, with the band, that he insisted on sitting down and singing through a megaphone, rather than standing up where people could see him! And so "'round and 'round" he went and came out on a Paramount stage, a movie hero!

The speed of it all leaves him breathless. "Gosh," he told me the other day, "only the other night I went to a premiere. Lights and crowds, and me in evening clothes! Was I scared! And there I was, on the inside—and I couldn't help looking at the crowds and remembering that barely more than a year ago, I was one of them, out there behind the ropes and the cops, trying to get a better look at those on the inside. And now here I was, a star myself. Darn, but it made me feel funny. And when I saw the fellow coming at me with the microphone, I got more scared than ever, and beat it.

BUT if all this appears as though Fred, despite his surprise, is taking it all unthinkingly and as a matter of course, you're badly mistaken. "I'm learning everything I can," he told me. "There's a lot to learn in this business, and I'm keeping my eyes and ears open, trying to learn it. I've got swell teachers. They're all grand to me.

"Don't let 'em kid you about this professional-jealousy stuff. Everyone I've ever played opposite in a picture—Claudette Colbert, Katharine Hepburn, Joan Bennett, Carole Lombard, all of 'em—have helped me, unstintingly. They never ritzed me, or tried to upstage me or give me the bad camera angle."

He's studying voice, knowing that his speaking voice and his singing voice will be a big factor in determining the length of his screen popularity. He wants to stay in pictures, but he isn't trusting to fickle fan worship to keep him there; he's working to earn a steady place on the screen.

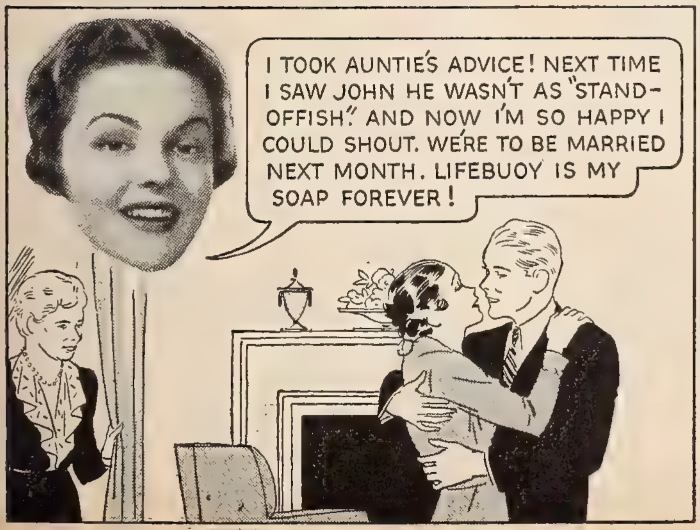
Just now he's got to learn how to ride all over again. He used to ride horses when he was young, but while he was saxophoning, he forgot the trick. Then he was cast for "The Texas Rangers," and had to do a lot of fast riding.

Fred is somehow a bit different today from the individual he was a year ago. He has learned the fundamentals of poise. There is a self-assuredness about him now that wasn't there, when he first hit the top. He can talk, too, without the evident embarrassment that marked him at the outset. A half year ago, he couldn't talk about himself at all, and shut up like a clam when you asked him to. Today, he has learned to parry unwanted questions with a bit of verbal fencing, instead of an annoyed stare and a brusque, half-angry answer. He has overcome his shyness and reticence, because he knows that movie-stardom and shyness don't go together always. He has learned that he may express an opinion of his own and get away with it; a half year ago, he didn't dare to.

And so he's finally admitting that stardom isn't bad at all, and in fact, he rather likes it. A half year ago, when I first talked to him, he didn't think he would.

ANOTHER-ROMANCE HEADED FOR THE ROCKS, UNTIL...

EVERYONE SAID JOHN AND I WERE MADE FOR EACH OTHER. MY WHOLE LIFE REVOLVED ABOUT HIM. I LOOKED FORWARD TO THE DAY HE'D PROPOSE
AND THEN FOR NO APPARENT REASON HE BEGAN TO DRIFT AWAY— I EVEN SAW HIM OUT WITH OTHER GIRLS
FINALLY I BROKE DOWN AND TOLD MY AUNT ABOUT IT. SHE SYMPATHIZED BUT TOLD ME, KINDLY, I SHOULD BE MORE CAREFUL ABOUT "B.O."—THAT I SHOULD USE LIFEBUOY


I TOOK AUNTIE'S ADVICE! NEXT TIME I SAW JOHN HE WASN'T AS "STAND-OFFISH" AND NOW I'M SO HAPPY I COULD SHOUT. WE'RE TO BE MARRIED NEXT MONTH. LIFEBUOY IS MY SOAP FOREVER!

IT'S DONE WONDERS FOR MY COMPLEXION, TOO
LIFEBUOY IS MILDER AND GIVES MORE REAL VALUE THAN ANY OTHER SOAP I KNOW

YES! Lifebuoy *is* milder! A special ingredient in its luxurious lather is responsible for its super-gentle action. "Patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women prove it's more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

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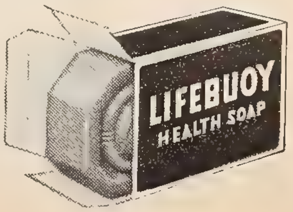
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TELL A STORY

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Graceful, tapering finger nails tell a story, too. Whether you're careless or careful about the little things. For well groomed finger nails **do** reflect one's charm. Be certain, then, to keep them always well manicured. It's **so** easy with Wigder Files. Wigder Nail Files are specially Triple Cut with even, fast-cutting teeth for smooth and fast-filing so as not to jar the nails. The Improved Cleaner Point, A Wigder feature, conforms to the finger nails and enables you to clean easily and quickly. On sale at all drug and 5 and 10 cent stores.

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FRECKLES
DISAPPEAR
in 5 to 10 days

Don't worry over unsightly freckles. Here's a new way to remove them quickly and gently *while you sleep.* Simply apply Nadinola Freckle Cream over face and arms at night. Then watch freckles disappear usually in 5 to 10 days. Your skin is cleared, freshened, becomes satin-smooth. NADINOLA Freckle Cream is guaranteed by a laboratory with over 36 years' experience in this type of skin treatment. Only 60c at toilet counters; 10c size at Five and Ten Cent Stores. • Or send a dime for trial package to NADINOLA, Box 155, Paris, Tenn.

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MILLIONS USE "HUSH" for BODY ODORS

Those who are fastidious and immaculate of their person welcome HUSH for its effective qualities to overcome excessive perspiration and unpleasant body odors. HUSH keeps the underarms fresh and free from every trace of odor. Use it daily.

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HUSH CREAM DEODORANT
HUSH LIQUID DEODORANT
HUSH The Personal Deodorant Powder
HUSH Stick Deodorant
CREAM LIQUID POWDER STICK

Never a Dull Moment

(Continued from page 39)

family). If Margaret Sullavan's is noticed at all, it's because it is the only motion picture star's home in Hollywood that has only one bedroom.

The garage, too, isn't up to the usual Toluca garageful. One car occupies space there. Until the recent accident to her arm, she has always driven herself. Now, Charlie, doubling as butler-chauffeur, is at the wheel, and Peggy hates it almost as much as interviews, which should give you a rough idea.

There is no economic necessity for her unostentatious way of living. Her salary, which has jumped from a stock player's minimum five years ago, is now in the upper brackets. More than a great many players who can't—but do—she can afford to splurge, but doesn't. Once she read that she had attended a Hollywood premiere on an evening when she had been working at the studio.

"I knew it couldn't be me anyway," she laughed, "because I was described as wearing an ermine wrap and I'm the girl in Hollywood who doesn't own one."

She doesn't have expensive jewels either. Her prize possession is a little diamond ring in an old-fashioned gold setting. It was her ex-husband, William Wyler's, anniversary gift to her. She wears it on her left pinkie.

Clothes, when she couldn't afford them, were never an aspired passion. Now that she can have them, her interest hasn't heightened any. Last year, when she came back from her honeymoon abroad, she went on her first shopping orgy at one of New York's leading couturiers. She succumbed to a divine white taffeta evening frock, an adorable black chiffon with white lace collar and cuffs, a peach and tan sports ensemble and a tailored negligee. But when Madame held up a pair of beach trunks with coat to match and exclaimed, "You simply must have this. It's only $95." Peggy came out of her coma.

"I wouldn't pay that for a beach outfit if I were Barbara Hutton," was her sensible retort.

Her favorite form of attire, both on the screen and off, are slacks. In "The Moon's Our Home," her wardrobe was one of the most expensive she has ever had, but the only two costumes that she was at all excited about were her slacks in the opening scene and the ski suit.

She despises hats. A few summers ago, when she was appearing in a stock revival of "Coquette," I went shopping with her for a blue hat to match the dress she was to wear in the first act. It was a terrible ordeal for Peggy, but she submitted nobly—and bought the first one she tried on. I wasn't the least bit surprised, however, on opening night, to see her make her entrance with the hat in her hand. A second later, she placed it on a table, where it remained ingloriously for the rest of the act.

According to her mimeographed studio biography, "Miss Sullavan loves to cook and sew." If she does, it's a secret between herself and her biography. Of course, she'll tell you that her onion soup can compete with the best at "Les Halles" in Paris and she'll even threaten to make it for you on cook's night out. Her "bluff" has been called every other Sunday night, but we're all still waiting. As for sewing—it is one of the maidenly arts in which this daughter of the old South does not excel, despite her mother's early teachings.

Perhaps this lack of domesticity is due to the fact that since her boarding-school days, she has never had a home of her own. A college "dorm" at Sullins, furnished apartments on the road and in New York and rented bungalows in Hollywood have been her background for the past ten years. It is only when she visits New York as the house guest of very old friends that the atmosphere of a real home is brought back to her, and she wants one of her own.

FOR the first time in her life she is beginning to feel the need of personal possessions around her. She has just bought an oil painting, a portrait of a young girl, by Campbell Phillips, and she is as thrilled over it as Lupe Velez is over her two armsful of diamond bracelets. Authentic antiques, fine linens and lovely glassware will follow soon. If she returns to New York next winter for a stage play, they'll find their way to a small terraced apartment overlooking the East River. If she remains in Hollywood to sign another long-term contract, they'll be on display in a newly furnished home high on the hilltops.

She still prefers New York to Hollywood, but she isn't as rabid in her Hymn of Hate as she used to be. Many of the young crowd she used to know in the old days of the University Players have joined the trek West and it is with these friends that she enjoys being most.

Her two best friends, however, live in New York. They are the parents of a former school mate, and Peg lavishes her affection and loyalty on them. Two years ago, as part of her European holiday, she had planned to visit Italy. For months she had been looking forward to the trip, and then, on the eve of her departure from England to Italy, she received a cable informing her that her friend had undergone a major operation in New York. Without even stopping to think twice, she cancelled the long anticipated visit and caught the fastest boat home.

It is in important instances like this that her thoughtfulness manifests itself. In the little things—remembering birthdays, writing "thank you" notes, or writing at all—she is notoriously negligent. She drives her friends into a state with her tomb-like silences and they threaten never to speak to her again. But they always do when, with wide-eyed innocence, she gives them her most enchanting smile and exclaims, "But, darling, when I don't write you know I'm all right, so you shouldn't worry." (This conversation took place from her hospital bed, just after she had broken her arm.)

With true southern coquetry, she is perfect in the art of getting what she wants *when* she wants it. When she turns on charm, she rarely misses her victim.

Another part of Peggy's fatal fascination is her ability to tell bigger whoppers than anyone but "Baron Munchausen." Now don't misunderstand me. Basically, she is honest. It is only when she finds it expedient to avoid things, without hurting people, that she is a fibber. As in everything she does, she usually gets away with it, but again, there is always the exception to prove the rule.

A few summers ago, when she stopped over in New York en route to Europe, she used to spend every day thinking up white lies to tell a persistent young man who constantly phoned her. Finally, the day she sailed, she told him she had received an SOS to return to the Coast immediately for her next picture. The first day out at sea, she discovered "the persistent young man" on board. And the funniest part of it is that when she got to know him, she liked him enormously and regretted all the dates she had turned down.

Peg's greatest "fish" story, however, happens to be true. Once she caught a 150-pound Marlin and she was more excited about her feat than over any performance she has ever given on stage or screen.

Besides fishing, her pet enthusiasms are track meets, Helen Hayes, talking her way out of fines for speeding, her young brother, "Sonny," and spoon bread.

Her pet hate, at the moment, is anyone who asks her whether she is going to remarry Henry Fonda. And because I'm so "Fonda" (ouch!) of Peggy, I wouldn't ask her.

But the answer is, *"No, no,* a thousand times, no!" Honestly, folks, this is the real McCoy, "on account of" a little bird whispered it to me. Her name is "Magpie" Sullavan.

Modern Mona Lisa

(Continued from page 55)

to, yet she managed to leave with no loose ends dangling. And she didn't dash pell-mell, either. Fay's never superficially excited, and heaven will vouch for me when I state that you can't hurry her.

She wasn't angry with good-looking John Monk Saunders, to whom she has stayed happily married—in and despite Hollywood. The task of combining two careers (he's a famous author, playwright, and scenarist) with an ideal union has been no trouble for her. She wasn't suddenly bored, nor had she scrapped with her bosses. I know for a fact that Fay's never spoken a cross word or behaved temperamentally. Hers is a marvelous disposition that's under amazing control.

You not only can't ruffle her, but you can't argue with Fay. When you suggest that she'd be wise to do a specific thing, and she has already reached another logical conclusion, she doesn't fall into the trap of retorting, "Why should I do that?" Instead, she carefully refrains from raising her voice and repeats calmly, "I think not."

Hardly ever is she impetuous. She wasn't when she left us for England. "I've never been a skyrocket and I don't suppose I ever shall be," she says candidly. "But I enjoy acting so much I want to go on and on until I'm too aged to win a bit role. I want to last. And that's why I decided I'd better stop making pictures here for awhile."

A little ambiguous? Follow on and let Fay thoroughly explain her reasons for her exceptional conduct when she had so many offers in Hollywood that she merely had to decide which was to be next.

"I feel that to last on the screen one must be more than a pleasant personality; to be exact, one must act! I'm not worrying about acquiring wrinkles, but it is obvious to me that youthful attractiveness was my entree. I believe that now I should prepare to handle genuine characterizations. Tomorrows will be more demanding."

This young lady who has returned

Women ask me:

"WHAT DOES KOTEX OFFER THAT OTHERS DON'T?"

The answer is: These exclusive Kotex features that Can't Chafe . . . Can't Fail . . . Can't Show!

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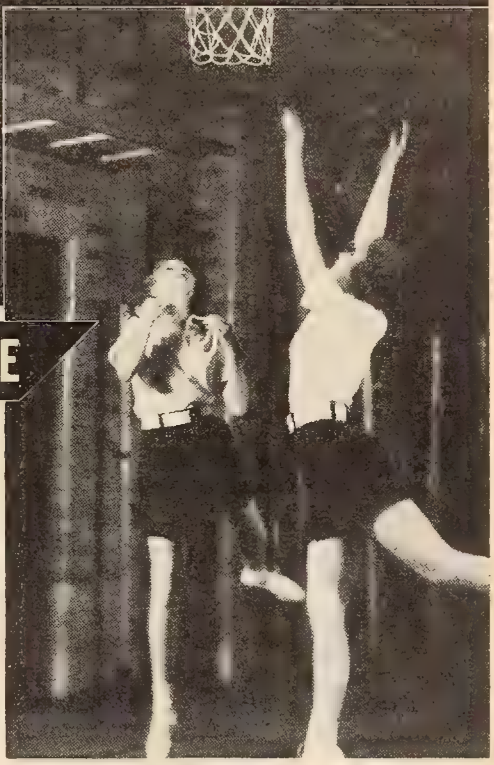
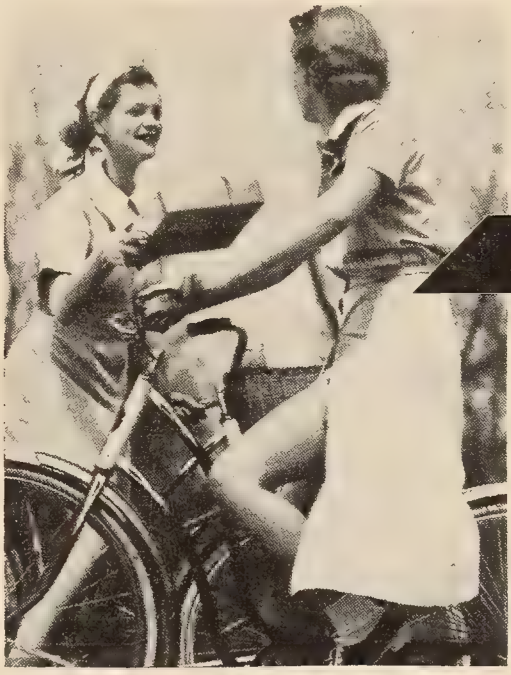
Authority on Feminine Hygiene



KOTEX CAN'T CHAFE

The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton to prevent chafing and irritation. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is free to absorb.



KOTEX CAN'T FAIL

Kotex has a special "Equalizer" center whose channels guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 TIMES more absorbent than cotton.

KOTEX CAN'T SHOW

The rounded ends of Kotex are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no telltale wrinkles.

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ALL AT SAME LOW PRICE

1. REGULAR — IN THE BLUE BOX — For the ordinary needs of most women.
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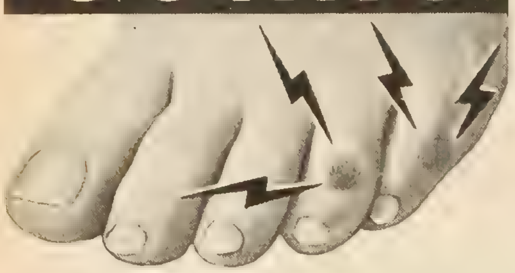

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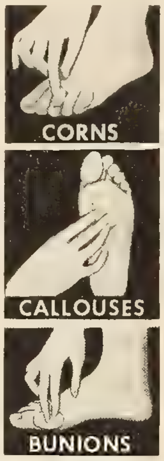

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After a short vacation in New York with his wife, Dorothy Stone, Charles Collins will do another technicolor film to follow "Dancing Pirate."

isn't quite the same as she who was with us before. But don't be alarmed—you aren't in for one of those perennial transformation tales. I can't be trite about Fay, for she won't fit into any conventional pattern. She's changed, but her development has been no incredible, overnight blossoming. And it's by no means completed, in her estimation.

When mentioning herself Fay has an economy of words that is defeating to the average interviewer. She's been Hollywood's most industrious woman, but nevertheless she has no flair for dramatizing her actions.

"I accepted a great many roles, because I expected to learn by doing so. Eventually, I discovered I was in a whirlpool of pictures. There was no chance to even contemplate further improvement, for I was awakening to a regular succession of sets. Literally, I was in a maze of movies.

"I'd been tempted by those foreign bids. Finally, I realized I might become too provincial—I'd gone directly to work from Hollywood high school classes. I'd never had time to go abroad. Why not see what some of the rest of the world was like? It would give me additional perspective. So I cabled yes to a British offer."

Fate kindly proceeded to help Fay. English producers shortly afterwards advised her husband that he could write his own ticket if he'd come over and script plots for them. So soon John joined her in London. He was familiar with the country's historical landmarks which she was anxious to visit, having been a Rhodes scholar at Oxford. The gifted Mr. and Mrs. Saunders revelled in the sophisticated-but-traditional atmosphere and were so popular that they stayed on and on.

It is simple to investigate Europe when you can hop into a plane from London. Still, to travel advantageously is an art. John took Fay on exhilarating jaunts when both were between assignments. And whether it was Paris or a peasant village, Fay absorbed what she was seeing.

She was blithely skiing at St. Moritz when Columbia urged her to come home. "John and I consulted. An author may tarry as long as he wishes; there's always a market for stories. But an actress's audience is more fickle. I didn't want American fans to forget me."

There are imported Parisian models in the wardrobe she brought back; yet if she notices a pretty frock in a small, side-street shop she's apt to buy it. Labels have ceased to cow her. She could afford a liveried chauffeur and plenty of star trimmings; she shuns complications driving herself and residing in a house that's untouched by passing fads.

"Study is next for me," she vows. "I have had a grounding in pantomime; I've had a generous measure of travel. Now I want to consolidate, as it were. I want ability, rather than to rely on talent—which is bound to be erratic. Knowledge, instead of instinct."

And Fay isn't just talking for effect. Three months ago she went to a noted Hollywood singing teacher. "I'm not ambitious for opera," she informed her, "but I want to cultivate my voice. Maybe it will be convenient to be able to sing passably someday."

Henceforth the Wray motto is quality—not quantity. When she finished "Roaming Lady" for Columbia, she signed with this studio for three pictures annually. She has the privilege of doing whatever other films she wishes. Her next film, "There Goes the Bride," with Chester Morris, has just been completed.

Fay's picture career will be at a standstill for a few months, at least, for she is expecting a little heir or heiress any day now.

Infinitely appreciative, Fay is never gushing. I can swear to you that she doesn't drink. Poised as she usually is, this distractingly complex gal still wishes she might be positive of a stranger's attitude before being introduced. She has yet to overcome a natural shyness.

I wouldn't brand her mysterious, for Fay is obligingly straightforward on any subject you care to bring up. But you simply cannot catalog her satisfyingly. She's a beauty, for instance, with two libraries in her home. An inveterate reader, she was in the upstairs one—it is book-shelved from floor to ceiling—when she answered my queries about her plans.

I have never caught her using slang, but she does adore pig-Latin! She was so tickled when Cockney admirers addressed her as Fye Wrye that she is signing all her personal telegrams this way.

The naïve girl who's grown into today's inscrutable charmer has lost none of her innate sincerity. Behind her placidity is determination, but it's not the blatant kind. Warmly feminine and astonishingly capable—when you try to analyze her she's a modern Mona Lisa. I can tell you all about her fascinations. Then she'll smile, and I'm sure I don't know her at all!

Defrosting Dietrich

(*Continued from page 41*)

died. It must have knocked Marlene as nothing in life ever hit her before. She must have realized, in the turmoil of her soul, that there were things so far, far greater than any of us that she must have felt ashamed. Mind you, I don't say anything but what I guess. But when Jack was taken from her, she knew that there were some things she could not command or order by a finger-snap!

And the changed Marlene began then.

LET'S take a look at today's Marlene. I don't have to bore you with a picture of the Marlene of a half year ago. You, who follow the film news and doings, know. On the Selznick lot, they knew, too. That's why they were all scared when Dietrich came over from Paramount. They were scared to death when they showed her her dressing-room—a dinky, tawdry little cubbyhole in a row of other dressing-rooms. They expected fireworks but they didn't get them. Marlene just walked in, said thank you, and for several weeks worked in that tiny bit-player's cubicle without a kick.

When they finally, after rushing it to completion, showed her the bungalow suite they'd built for her, she was astonished. They thought she'd sweep regally in with an air of "this is hardly good enough for me." Instead, she protested that it was too much to have done for her. And from then on, Dietrich's bungalow became open-house for one and all.

If you crave romance in your movies, you'll find it in "The Garden of Allah," as this pose of Dietrich and Charles Boyer indicates.

Her private suite used to be as unapproachable as Queen Mary's boudoir. Today, her co-workers, publicity men, casual interviewers, others, pop in and out the door as though it were—say—Jack Oakie's hangout. Marlene's always glad to see them. And so, gradually, the awe wore off and they began to tell how regular Marlene was. Hollywood pricked up its ears and wouldn't believe the tales.

But let me tell you all about the other night, on the studio back lot, when I saw Marlene let down her hair and clown it! It was during one of those tediously interminable setting-up processes, when everybody was bored to death with waiting.

Suddenly Marlene, under the lights, went into an act.

"Look, I'm Paulette Goddard," she cried. And she gave a take-off on Chaplin's gal-friend that had the onlookers pop-eyed with astonishment and giggles. Then suddenly, she became Garbo—she turned away from the spectators for a moment, pulled her hair down in a Garbo-ish frieze across her forehead, twisted her face. When she looked at them, it was as though a clever caricaturist had cartooned Greta the Great.

Joan Crawford next—it was amazing to see that elfin face of Marlene's transform itself into the huge-eyed, Joan-mouthed travesty on Crawford that followed.

Suddenly Marlene stopped. Her face changed and the sad mask that is so characteristic of her, dropped over it again. It was as though you'd suddenly turned off a battery of floodlights and left one feeble light burning. She walked listlessly back to an upturned soda-pop box, behind the lights, and sat down alone. No fancy chair for the star, no attendants hovering about with cigarettes, lights,

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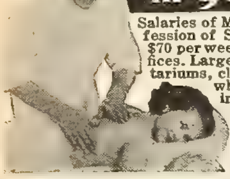

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powder, attentions. She just sat there, surrounded by extras, hardly distinguishable from them.

They finished setting up. Boleslawski looked for her but didn't see her. In the old days, they'd have sent a nice assistant director to find her, and he'd have approached her with: "Ah, Miss Dietrich, please. We're ready to shoot—IF you are."

None of that now with the new Dietrich. Boleslawski just raised his voice and yelled for her.

"Hey! C'mon, sister! Let's get a move on. We're late now."

"Don't hurry me, MISTER Boleslawski," she said. "Don't you know I have to maintain my reputation? I'm a gal who takes her ti-i-i-i-ime. . .!"

Marlene, believe it or not, was kidding not only Mae West, but she was kidding Dietrich too!

That sort of thing is new to Dietrich.

Whatever it is, it has made Marlene the most popular girl on the lot. That's new, too. They used to admire her, respect her, stand in awe of her. But they never really liked her. Now, in the colloquialism of the lot, everybody from the lowliest errand boy to the studio bosses, is simply nuts about Marlene.

THEY tell of how regular, how human and how kind she was on that gruelling desert location for "The Garden of Allah." She got up at 4:30 in the morning, with the rest of the crew, because they could only shoot from 6 to 9 or so, and then again a few hours in the late afternoon. She didn't complain or demand that people be fired, because bugs got down her neck and sand in her eyes and flies in her soup.

She didn't have private waitresses to bring her specially prepared meals in the seclusion of her own tent. She ate in the big commissary tent, side by side with electricians, Mexican extras, prop boys, and the hoi polloi of the lot. She ate just what they ate, most of the time. Now and then, she'd send to Yuma for some delicacy she particularly likes. Then she'd invite a lot of folks to have it with her—and not the big bosses, either. It'd be a prop man, or a dressmaker, or her make-up girl. The queen was down to earth.

They fixed up an elaborate tent for her. It had two rooms and a bath. There was a pongee silk lining under the tent-top. There were electric fans, bamboo matting and rug-covered floors, a radio, an electric range, a chaise longue, a refrigerator and an electric hair dryer.

Marlene raised a quizzical eyebrow at the imperial suite—and spent most of her time out of it. She was always joking or talking with the men and women on the set, rather than resting between shots in her magnificent retreat. And many nights, she'd motor to Yuma and take a hotel room, instead. She tramped the streets of Yuma at night, ate in little lunchrooms, smiled, shook hands and stopped to talk with townsfolk who recognized her. She wasn't putting on any airs. Why, she drove to Yuma the first day in her 16-cylinder town car. The next day she sent it back and hired a little coupe which she used the rest of the time, driving herself. They asked her why.

"People stared at me. They thought I was trying to be a great movie actress. I didn't like it," she said naïvely.

In the old days, Marlene and her director, Joe von Sternberg used to look at the day's rushes in carefully guarded secrecy. Nobody else could crash in.

On the desert, they showed the day's rushes each evening in the big commissary tent. Everybody came, including Marlene. She sat not apart, on some regal throne, but on a folding chair in the midst of a gang of humble workers, watching her rushes with them. Twice, they showed other movies there for entertainment. One night, the film was Marlene's own "Desire." Just as the machine began, Marlene heard the sounds of dish-scraping from the kitchen of the big tent. She cried: "Stop it. Wait a minute." Dietrich, resplendent in pale robin's-egg blue silk pajamas that clung tighter than a one-piece bathing suit, dashed into the kitchen where a horde of greasy, dirty-aproned Mexican peons were at work.

"Hey," she cried, "stop working. Come on out and see it with me."

TIMID, diffident, the Mexicans half-wiped their dirty hands on their aprons, clustered about this fairy-vision and followed her into the hall. She sat down. They sat down beside her, around her. She was a bit taken aback for a moment—she didn't think they'd take her that literally. But then she smiled, made herself at home and sat with them watching the film. When it was finished, she shook hands with each of them as they congratulated her in Spanish.

On location, an electrician ran a car off the roadside, was injured. They took up a collection to help his family in the crisis. Marlene dropped $500 into the hat! The only touch of temper and temperament she's displayed in months came when the publicity man told her he wanted to plant a story on that.

"Don't you dare!" she flared. "I am not doing it for publicity, and I forbid you. I get pleasure out of doing these little things for people. I don't want it spoiled by a beastly publicity story."

The publicity man never mentioned it again. He's nuts about Marlene, too, even though she did bawl him out. He's still chuckling about the $10,000-a-week photo-tinter who worked for him. He had some 11-by-14-inch portraits of Marlene for a newspaper that wanted to run them as color prints. He was hunting for an expert photo-tinter one day when Marlene dropped into his office. She heard him.

"Ooo, I used to tint pictures," she told him. "Back in Germany, in school, we were taught how, and we used to color and sell postcard photos of movie actresses."

"Well, why don't you go to work for me, and tint these of yourself?" he asked, as a gag. She fooled him, she took him up. He supplied the colors and brushes, and she carried the paraphernalia and photos back to her dressing-room.

That day, she was an hour and a half late reporting on the set. She was so busy tinting the photos that she forgot all about the time. AND—the work was so perfect that many a professional would have envied its perfection. Marlene thought it was great fun.

I asked Marlene, the other night, about this change in her. "Just a few months ago, you had the reputation of being so unapproachable, so cold," I told her. "Now they're raving about how swell you are, how human and warm and—"

"Change?" she asked. "I have changed? I do not think so. At least, I do not know I have changed, if—as you say— I have. Maybe you heard tales from people who did not know me, and spoke of what they did not know?"

I pointed out that I'd talked with those who'd worked with her day in and day out, and how everyone was commenting on the change.

"I did not know," she said softly. "If I have—I don't know—I am always just myself."

Reviews

(*Continued from page 11*)

father with the combined aid of the town saloon-keeper, its leading gambler, the barber and the leading lady of the saloon's entertainment committee. But so sympathetically is it played by the entire cast and so intelligently has the simple story been made into engrossing screen fare that you and your whole family will find it delightful entertainment. John Beal has a role ideally suited to him—that of the school teacher who comes to Smith's Pocket and gains the respect of the villagers and the love of M'liss. Guy Kibbee is grand as the inebriated parent. Moroni Olsen couldn't be improved upon as the saloon keeper and the same applies to Douglas Dumbrille and Frank M. Thomas in their characterizations.

Preview Postscript

In 1918 Mary Pickford appeared in the celluloid silent version of the story. . . . This marks the fourth time that George Nicholls, Jr., has directed Anne Shirley and they're becoming one of the most famous star-director teams in Hollywood. Mr. Nicholls was the one to discover Anne in the first place, insisting that the fourteen-year-old girl be given a chance in "Finishing School" and then railroading her into a test for "Anne of Green Gables." . . . Most of the locations were in the San Fernando Valley, which most nearly approximates the scenery of the Bret Harte country. The sets included a typical 1885 Main Street, with its saloon, "tonsorial emporium," village stores, etc. It all looks pretty ramshackle on the screen, but it took the RKO carpenters plenty of time and effort to create that impression and still construct the buildings well enough to stand the wear and tear of the long production. Costumes and property took no little time to collect and fabricate, since they are all authentic to the period down to the last stage-coach. . . . John Beal, dividing his time between the stage and screen, has managed to be successful in both mediums, though more familiar to Broadway than Hollywood so far. He left the cast of "Russet Mantle" to play this role.

★★★★ San Francisco

(M-G-M)

Every once in a while Hollywood comes across with a lusty, two-fisted drama—a moving picture that really moves—and when such an event occurs it is our duty to shout its praises to its potential clientele.

Such a movie is "San Francisco." It's a story of the great bay city in the early 1900's, when the earthquake and the fire put an end to the city's most colorful era. There's drama in the story itself, but it's the earthquake and fire scenes which give the film its pace and its excitement. A perfect job of casting has Clark Gable as the proprietor of a gilded palace on Barbary Coast, Jeanette MacDonald as a choir singer, who becomes an entertainer in the Gable honky-tonk, and Spencer Tracy as a priest and pal of Gable's. The Gable-MacDonald combination is a swell idea, for it gives them both an opportunity to turn in their finest performances of the past couple of seasons. And you may not believe it, but Spencer Tracy as the priest almost steals the picture. Others in the cast are Ted Healy, Jack Holt and Jessie Ralph.

Preview Postscript

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios was nearly shaken down several times for the earthquake sequences on this picture, but not one accident occurred during the entire production. . . . Al Shean, in case you didn't know, is both the Shean of Gallagher and Shean and also uncle to the Marx Brothers. He thinks being a movie actor is more fun than either. . . . The boys' choir used for several numbers here is the famous Long Beach Boys' Choir, which is fast becoming one of the most popular in the country and is destined for a long tour this summer. . . . Most of the sets were built on the lot, but there were two location sites—one at Sunland, California, and the final big scene was shot in Lafayette Park in Los Angeles.

★★★ The White Angel

(First National)

The story of Florence Nightingale suffers a bit in celluloid. This is far from being a poor picture, but considering the splendid and moving story on which it is based, the picture proves a trifle disappointing. There are, however, a couple of scenes, particularly the "Lady with the Lamp," which have such sincere feeling and beauty that they overshadow the artificiality of some of the others. As far as the story is concerned they have adhered to the authentic details throughout, which adds to the picture's value. Surprisingly enough, Kay Francis' good looks

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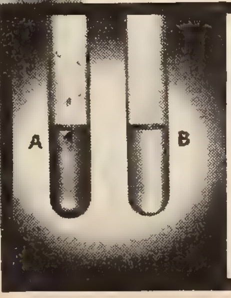

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are enhanced by the severity of her costumes. Her perception of the role is sympathetic but hardly expressive of the courage and faith which must have been the chief characteristics of such a woman as Florence Nightingale. Good in supporting roles are Donald Crisp, as an army surgeon, Donald Woods, as the man who loves Florence Nightingale, Ian Hunter, her staunch friend, and Billy Mauch, a drummer boy.

Preview Postscript

That scene where Kay Francis lies ill in bed may look like a snap to you, but it was one of the most difficult scenes, requiring the star to lie in bed for five days and assume a pained expression, as if she were suffering from malaria. The brooch which adorns her simple garments is actually one which belonged to Florence Nightingale herself. . . . Among the many interesting settings was the waterfront and village of Scutari. The Scutari set was built on the old Vitagraph lot, where there's a large lake. Along the lake front a complete section of Scutari was constructed—a series of low-arched buildings of Moorish architecture. Of the interior sets, the most impressive was the hospital, which covered one entire sound stage.

★ Three Cheers for Love
(Paramount)

With nothing to recommend it outside of some swell tap dancing, "Three Cheers For Love" gets no cheers and no praise. A highly unbelievable story has Eleanore Whitney, as the daughter of an important movie producer, going East to a fashionable girls' finishing school. The school, it seems, is on the rocks—it has, in fact, not a single student. Bill Frawley, an enterprising and insolvent theatrical impresario, conceives the idea of filling up the school with chorus girls to make the place look thriving. There is also a brilliant plan which includes putting on a school show for the benefit of Eleanore's father (John Halliday). Papa will see the show and buy it for a terrific sum for the movies. If you think he doesn't do just that you don't know your picture plots. Robert Cummings has the male lead, and his work can best be described by dragging out that time-worn adjective, adequate. Eleanore Whitney is a cute gal and has considerable talent in her toes—enough, certainly, to warrant her stepping into more favorable surroundings.

★★★ My Man Godfrey
(Universal)

As nutty and hilarious a comedy as ever came out of Hollywood, this will give you more delightful moments than almost any picture you've seen in the past several months. With Carole Lombard and Bill Powell co-starred under Gregory LaCava's direction, it has a sure-fire combination that comes through with banners flying. Just to give you an idea of how things are, here's how the two principals meet: Carole, out on a scavenger hunt, is scheduled to bring back The Forgotten Man. She goes to a hobo camp near the city dump, and picks out, of all people, Bill Powell. Fancy meeting him there! She starts liking the guy, and he becomes butler for her family, which includes Alice Brady, Eugene Pallette and Gail Patrick. And in that merry little group so many strange things come about that by the time the picture is over you're actually not sure what happened. All we know is that it's a swell picture, with Mr. Powell and the ex-Mrs. Powell giving grand performances.

Preview Postscript

For the first time since their friendly divorce of three years ago, Carole Lombard and Bill Powell are together in a picture. There was nothing unusual in their actions toward one another on the sets, for they have always been swell pals both in private and public life. . . . Practical jokers, piano players, singers, wits and any other distracting influences were welcome on the set when Gregory La Cava was directing this picture. Horseplay is generally strictly banned, but realizing this story was more or less insane from start to finish, the director set out to obtain two things from his players—spirit and pace. One minute's let-down couldn't be afforded, so laughter, music and fun were the order of every day between shots. One of the grimiest sets ever constructed was the city dump, which covered three acres. The decorations included tin cans, broken-down stoves, refuse and such. In contrast to this was the next set, representing the lobby of one of New York's famous hotels, resplendent with gilt and plush and all the trappings of the upper crust of sassiety. It was one of the most expensive sets the studio has ever built.

★★ Spendthrift
(Wanger-Paramount)

You won't remember much about this picture except that you had a swell time. Henry Fonda is the young man who finds himself burdened with too many polo ponies, yachts and such accessories, but not a red cent in his pocket. Pat Paterson is the girl whose one love is horses, a passion inherited from her father, J. M. Kerrigan, who's the trainer of Henry's hosses. She soon finds that they take second place in her affections to their owner. That's a bit embarrassing all around since Mary Brian, one of those predatory southan gals, happens to be Henry's wife. It's all very lively and likable stuff, with just enough complications to pass as a plot. You'll like the Fonda and Paterson humor and Mary Brian is—well, adorable is the only word we can think of even if she is a gold-digger. George Barbier, Edward Brophy and Richard Carle all come through with excellent performances in minor roles.

★★ Counterfeit (Columbia)

"Counterfeit" is a story of the queer money racket. Besides an interesting peek at the methods of the boys who make their own, it offers a sufficient quota of excitement and plot to make it good average screenfare. Action centers about the activities of a counterfeit ring which uses a beautiful blonde (Margot Grahame) to peddle its product. Selling $50,000 in cash for cut rates is no trick at all, especially for a gal like Margot. But she runs into a jam when Chester Morris, posing as a crook, tries to snatch a bag full of money from her. Cops get into the mix-up, but she and Chester elude them and escape to the ring's hideout. The leader, Lloyd Nolan, is impressed by the Morris daring and takes him on as his assistant. It's a nice job, but you never get two-weeks' notice. Your final notice is a brief message from the Nolan .45. Also at the hideout is Margot's young sister, Marian Marsh, an innocent young girl who thinks counterfeiting is downright mean. Mr. Morris thinks so, too, for he's really a Federal man, and after he learns all the gang's secrets he wires the boys back in Washington. The boys proceed to put the blast on the hideout, counterfeiting is stamped out, and wedding bells loom for Morris and Marsh.

Preview Postscript

This celluloider can boast of being the

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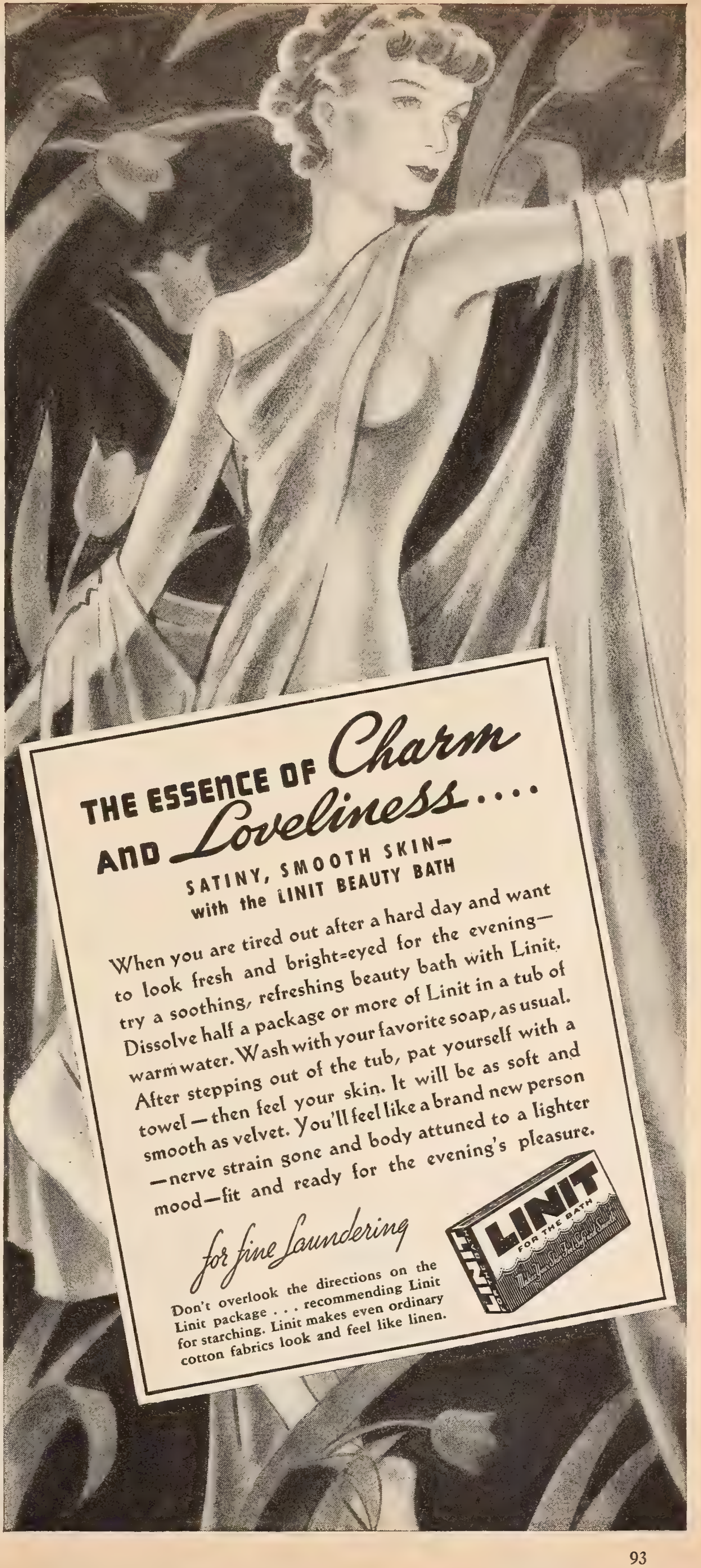
first one to use the U. S. Treasury building for a set. Because the counterfeit money question intrigued the government officials, permission was obtained to move into the holy of holies and shoot the works. Furthermore, every assistance was given Columbia on technical questions. However, you won't see any of Uncle Sam's gold or greenbacks pictured in this or any other film—an idea of the Hays Office that no money can ever be shown on the screen. . . . Chester Morris was borrowed from M-G-M for this role and following his performance here decided to stick by Columbia for good; now M-G-M will have to do the borrowing.

★★ Hearts Divided
(Warners-Cosmopolitan)

Marion Davies is all togged out in the frills and furbelows of Betsy Patterson, Dick Powell in the frills and furbelows of Napoleon's kid brother, while even Arthur Treacher, Edward Everett Horton and Charlie Ruggles come in for their share of decorations. The prop and wardrobe departments are the ones who deserve the bows on this picture with one notable exception. That is Claude Rains in the role of Napoleon Bonaparte. A better characterization has seldom, if ever, seen celluloid. The story is authentic as far as it goes, ending of course with the reunion of divided hearts (Miss Davies' and Mr. Powell's) after Napoleon has refused to sanction their marriage and Betsy Patterson has given Dick back to France only to have him follow her to America on the next boat. Excellent photography, scenery and Mr. Rains' performance constitute the picture's appeal.

★★ Parole (Universal)

If you're in the mood to grapple with a problem, this picture will solve your evening's entertainment. To parole or not to parole, that is the question. And from such slim pickings is developed an interesting tale. Much of this celluloider's success is due to a couple of people of whom you probably know little or nothing. We'll put our guarantee on Henry Hunter, radio's latest gift to the cinema, and vouch for Ann Preston, too, who makes her screen debut here. Alan Baxter and Bernadene Hayes, however, give the top performances. For sprightly sass you can't beat Bernadene Hayes and we have yet



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to see an actor who, like Alan Baxter, can transform his pleasantly handsome features into such diabolically cunning sneers. Such dependables as Alan Dinehart, Alan Hale, Grant Mitchell and Berton Churchill come in for their usual share of the honors, too.

Preview Postscript

"Every decent citizen is interested in an honest parole system"—these words uttered by no less a personage than the President of the United States gave the studio its idea for this one. Before the studio began to cast extras for the big penitentiary scenes, more than 8,800 pictures of "wanted" men were taken from reward circulars. These were combined by artists to provide many composite faces which were used as a guide in selecting types. . . . For four years Ann Preston has been talking into radio microphones and never knew what the "fidgets" were. But the first time on this set—her first movie venture—she suffered her first pangs. The idea that a "mike" was hidden overcame her. Finally Director Friedlander noticed that his new actress' voice was ~~tightening~~ and nerves were evidently getting the best of her, so he came to the rescue, suspecting the trouble that most radio performers have when they first go on a movie set and explained that the mike was overhead where the cameras wouldn't pick it up.

★★ Public Enemy's Wife

(Warners)

The moral pointed in this story is that public enemies aren't first-class husband material. Cesar Romero is the gentleman whom Margaret Lindsay has wed for some unfathomable reason. When he's sent up for life Cesar gets the little woman slapped into prison for three years so he will know her whereabouts. On Mrs. Public Enemy's release Mr. P. E. makes a break and follows her, set on getting any guy who hangs around. Millionaire Dick Foran wastes no time getting himself in this spot. But it takes Pat O'Brien, brave G-Man, to marry the gal in order to trap the escaped convict. Follows a hectic honeymoon with the bride and groom cordially loathing each other. Love blooms just when Cesar snatches his ex Pat, and his pal, Robert Armstrong, track them down to a final fight that's worth your money. In fact it's all worth your money, being a fast moving, engrossing plot and capably played by everybody concerned. Margaret Lindsay breaks down and acts human, while Pat O'Brien gives a top-notch performance. Mr. O'B. seems to be surpassing himself with every role of late. Cesar Romero's sneers sent shudders through the preview audience while Robert Armstrong got the laughs with a series of Armstrong antics.

Preview Postscript

A battle raged long and furiously at the studio during this picture's production. Cesar Romero refused point-blank to remove his mustache for the role. A compromise was finally reached whereby Mr. R. would appear sans decoration for the first few reels and grow it back for the fade-out. Margaret Lindsay was accorded the honor of shaving him. . . . Margaret swears she'll never be a blonde again unless she has to rob a bank or something. The strange and sinister-looking gal which she saw in the mirror after the hairdresser had arranged that blonde wig on her which she wears in the first reels decided that. She even stayed in her dressing-room between takes while wearing it, refusing to be seen. That elegant gown Margaret wears in the wedding scene wasn't much fun, either. Just a quarter of an inch too tight when completed, she was compelled to stand up for two days straight while the scene was taken.

★★ The Return of Sophie Lang (Paramount)

Gertrude Michael is the jewel thief whose amazing success has been due to the fact that she's entirely too beautiful to be suspected of having brains. She "returns" this time from the grave. At least there's been a tombstone in the cemetery marking her supposed resting place for the past five years. But Sophie merely buried her past and is now off to a fresh and honest start as the companion of Elizabeth Patterson, an elderly lady who is a swell person in spite of being disgustingly rich. While they're en route to America Sir Guy Standing makes his appearance. Sir Guy, it develops, is undisputed King of Jewel Lifters. When Sophie learns that he has an eye on the Kruger diamond belonging to her employer she brings the old brain power into action again. Follows a tense and exciting battle of wits with King Guy finally exposing Sophie's past and placing all suspicions on her for the diamond's disappearance. Here's where Ray Milland, reporter, steps in and locates the Kruger diamond, then gets Sophie interested in a solitaire of her own. There's plenty of action, humor and excitement and excellent performances by Gertrude Michael, Elizabeth Patterson and Sir Guy Standing.

★★ High Tension

(20th Century-Fox)

With Glenda Farrell and Brian Donlevy in the cast, a picture couldn't be classified as Time Lost. This one is all in the spirit of good clean fun with enough action and romance to satisfy almost any audience. Brian Donlevy is the dashing hero who has two interests in life—repairing ocean cables and making a good impression on Glenda Farrell. The latter is really no trouble at all, since Glenda is so enamored of him that she devotes every spare moment away from his presence in glorifying him in print, being a pulp-writer for adventure tales. Norman Foster contributes a good characterization as Brian's pal and Helen Wood is attractive in the role of secretary. Jasper Sawyer and Robert McWade are excellent in smaller roles. You will find the scenes of deep-sea activities of real interest and there's not a moment's let-down from the opening scene to the closing clinch. There are a couple of fights that it would be a shame to miss seeing, in particular the one where a grand piano proves an effective weapon.

Preview Postscript

Norman Foster's off-set activities were, of course, confined to domesticity, since his wife, Sally Blane, just presented him with a daughter. Her name's Gretchen, in honor of her aunt, Loretta Young, whose real name that is. . . . Glenda Farrell was borrowed from Warner's for this film. That's an event in itself, since the Brothers W. are loathe to part with Glenda for any pictures put out by rival concerns. Another event worth commenting upon is that Glenda has not built herself another new house for the past five months. Moving into new houses happens to be a hobby with Glenda, and even moving her young son, plus several cats, dogs, parrots, chipmunks and white rats, comes under the heading of fun to Glenda. She never has any trouble disposing of the old houses, either, since her friends clamor for each new one she builds and decorates.

★ The Crime of Dr. Forbes

(20th Century-Fox)

Capitalizing on recent newspaper publicity given to "mercy killings," 20th Century-Fox emerges with a fairly interesting picture whose main fault is that after building up a case, it neatly steps aside and dodges the issue. Here is the story: When a doctor (J. Edward Bromberg) finds he must leave town for a month he asks his laboratory assistant (Robert Kent) to keep his wife (Gloria Stuart) entertained. The young doctor complies, and falls in love with the wife. On the eve of Bromberg's return he is injured in a fall which paralyzes him for life. When the young doctor goes to his aid Bromberg begs him for an overdose of morphine to end his life. He dies that night and his assistant goes on trial for murder. After the entire case is built up on a mercy killing plea, the young doctor tells the court he did not administer the overdose of morphine. From there on the trial and the picture go to pieces. Gloria Stuart is beautiful as the wife, Robert Kent is an attractive and adequate leading man, but the best performance in the picture is J. Edward Bromberg's. Sara Haden and Henry Armetta are effective in supporting roles.

Preview Postscript

A week's location trip in Tombstone, Arizona, proved to be a gala one for the company. They even had the distinction of a special edition of the "Tombstone Epitaph," the town's leading and only paper, put out in their honor. The cast and company lived in a special train during their stay, since accommodations for such a crowd couldn't be built overnight and the town had never seen a gang like that. However, the company did manage to round up some 400 extras from the town and neighboring hills to play "extras." One native came up to Director George Marshall and announced his desire to become assistant director at once with possibilities of speedy advancement. Director Marshall announced that he had an assistant and liked his work. But when the lad reached for his hip to get his gat, Mr. M. hastily thrust him into one of the more important "extra" roles.

★★ The Border Patrolman

(20th Century-Fox)

Action, of course, is always guaranteed with a George O'Brien picture, and this one has plenty in the entanglements encountered in the border patrol profession of which Mr. O'Brien is a member. And just to be sure everyone gets his money's worth of excitement they've thrown in a gang of jewel smugglers for good measure. But action isn't the only thing you'll find in this celluloider. There's a good plot, expensive production, and an able supporting cast for the stalwart charms of the star. Polly Ann Young is the gal in the case who is as spoiled a millionaire's granddaughter as ever escaped extermination. But being Polly Ann Young the hero falls madly in love with her even after he's had to relinquish his badge through her efforts. Grandpa (William P. Carleton) then hires George to tame his granddaughter and she immediately gets involved with a bunch of meanies, who are jewel-lifters on the side, to show anyone interested that she can take care of herself. The final reel of getting the girl, jewels and emotions untangled is done with a grand flourish. You'll have a good time.

Preview Postscript

The Desert Springs Hotel pictured here is really the famous Furnace Creek Inn at

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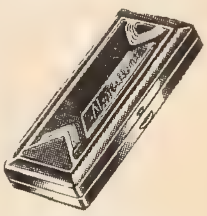

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Death Valley, California. The season closes there the end of May so the company held off production until that time and had the whole place to themselves. They also had all the heat to themselves. But this didn't faze the company. They arose, not exactly amiably, but anyhow they arose at four o'clock, had breakfast and were at work by five every morning. From 11 to 3 the company laid off work, then continued until sundown. Most of the night was spent in the hotel's beautiful swimming pool, where heated contests were waged between two teams of water-poloists. One team was headed by George O'Brien and was made up of the men in the cast, while the other team was captained by Polly Ann Young and consisted of the gals. . . . Polly Ann, you know, is the sister of the famed Loretta Young and Sally Blane, and in what private life a girl could have in a trio like that she is Mrs. Carter Hermann. Mr. Hermann came with her for the two weeks' location trip and anyone who would brave Death Valley after the last of May must be truly in love.

★ We Went to College

(M-G-M)

There should be a law against wasting a Charles Butterworth or a Una Merkel, to say nothing of throwing around the talents of Walter Catlett and Hugh Herbert. But since there aren't such judicial measures, we might as well get on to the review of this picture. It concerns three sentimental grads who decide on a reunion at the alma mammy after too many years out in the cold world wrestling for a living. Una Merkel is happily, if unromantically, married to Professor Hugh Herbert. But when she sees Walter Abel, her undergraduate flame, Una realizes she's missed the Real Thing and sets about making up for lost time. The fact that her former boy friend has a nice little wife of his own (Edith Atwater) and that Hugh is a good husband and never beats her, doesn't stop Una. The situation, you can see, has plenty of hilarious possibilities but it all falls pretty flat. And that in spite of some of the best laugh landers in celluloid who struggle nobly with the lines dished out to them.

Preview Postscript

Charles Butterworth was born in the shadow of Notre Dame University quite a few years ago and went there to school also quite a few years ago. After graduating, he stayed around long enough to pass his bar exams, then headed straight for the South Bend News-Times and became a cub reporter. Having always been a murder story fiend, Charles B. decided to try Chicago for work and from there went to New York. A comedy monologue at the Press Club turned out to be funny and encouraged by his editor, Mr. B. left the printer's ink for the stage. Now he's under long-term contract to M-G-M. Ethel Sutherland, of New York, is his wife and they're both familiar figures at first-nights and fight-nights. Mr. Butterworth thinks he's still a reporter at heart, though, since he always finds himself jotting down things people say to him on the cuff, tablecloth, etc. . . . Hugh Herbert hails from the sidewalks of New York along with other eminent Americans and movie stars. A prehistoric brand of "talking" pictures gave him his first chance to get in movies. He was the "voice" behind the screen for all the male characters in pictures which came to a neighborhood theatre. A stock company manager heard the Herbert voice and offered him a job in a Fall River, Mass., stock company. And thus to Broadway, where he gained triple fame as actor, director and author of plays and vaudeville sketches.

★ The Arizona Raiders

(Paramount)

For a western opry this is pretty good fare. In the first place it's a Zane Grey story which gives it a good start. In the second place the action is balanced with good dialogue and in the third place the casting is good. Larry Crabbe makes a likable hero, doing all the required cowboy cut-ups with an undeniable dash. Marsha Hunt is the gal whom he saves from a fate worse than death—in this case the loss of her family's ranch to a shyster lawyer. Ray Hatton comes through with some good comedy and a couple of wisecracks that deserve framing. Grant Withers has another chance for some rough stuff and delivers with a punch. If you're a rodeo enthusiast or just crazy over horses, you'll find some scenes of trick riding and round-ups highly entertaining and exceptionally well photographed.

★ Trailin' West (Warners)

We can't decide whether to call this a poor historical picture or a poor western. Let's say it's a little of both and let it go at that. The Civil War provides an excuse for extra gun-play while Abraham Lincoln and Dick Foran motivate the action. Dick finds himself with a secret service job to sleuth out the gold shipment situation. He is sent trailin' West and has himself one grand time rescuing papers stolen from him, gold shipments and ladies in distress. There are Indians, too, if you like that sort of thing. Dick Foran plays the role with such enthusiasm that he manages to lend credence to it. Paula Stone does the best she can under the circumstances. Eddie Schubert takes top acting honors with Robert Barrat, as Abraham Lincoln, running a close second.

Preview Postscript

Now there's a third member of the Kibbee tribe in the fillums. It's Milt Kibbee, Jr., son of Milt Kibbee, brother of Guy and also a member of the cast on this one. . . . Dick Foran was kept busy changing from cowboy costume to evening clothes. He was playing in "Public Enemy's Wife" at the same time and would rush madly from location at Chatsworth at noon every day to the Warner studio in town to play the playboy millionaire all afternoon. Dick much prefers Westerns, however, in spite of being voted one of the best-dressed lads to graduate from Princeton.

★ Ticket to Paradise

(Republic)

If you run into this picture at your neighborhood theatre you'll not feel gypped. There are a lot of laughs and that's something after all. The story concerns Roger Pryor's predicament when he becomes involved in a taxi crack-up and comes through alive with nothing on his mind but taxis. Roger really had several other things on his mind before, including steel contracts. But Wendy Barrie gives him something else to think about. She's madly in love with him, too, but Uncle Claude Gillingwater puts his expensively shod foot down and flatly refuses to listen to wedding bells. So Roger and Wendy set about proving that the Pryors are good enough for anybody even if they are rather vague on just what Roger might have been. Their efforts almost drive Uncle to an early and scandalous grave before all is beautifully cleared up. You will want to see more of Claude Gillingwater after his capable handling of this role, and you will find the leading characters good comedians. Luis Alberni, E. E. Clive and John Sheehan deserve mention in minor roles.

Preview Postscript

E. E. Clive is an old hand at pictures, having completed his 1,139th role with this one. He's done everything from slap-stick comedy to Shakespearean tragedies, besides operating many theatres both here and in England. At one time he ran the Los Angeles Biltmore and the Hollywood Playhouse. Mr. Clive was the originator of the portable theatre which made one-night stands all over the British Isles. This idea was hatched just after his graduation from the University of Wales and Mr. C. says it was about time he had an idea, having not entertained a thought for four years. . . . Claude Gillingwater and Roger Pryor had had more than a grand reunion when they met on the set of this picture. Over thirty-four years ago, Gillingwater had known Roger's father, Arthur Pryor, very well, and had often bounced Roger on his knee.

★ And Sudden Death

(Paramount)

After buying the provocative title of last year's absorbing essay on the death that rides with reckless drivers, Paramount went sissy and turned out a picture which lacks all the hard-boiled qualities which gave the essay its merit. "And Sudden Death" is a meek little affair about a handsome police officer, a haughty society girl and her weak-kneed brother. Randolph Scott is a representative of the law who is something of a crusader against careless driving. He arrests Frances Drake, to whom speed laws mean nothing due to the fact that her father is a wealthy and influential business man. The handsome cop and the expensive lady fall in love, and she promises to keep an eye on her speedometer. Returning from a party one evening with her drunken younger brother (Tom Brown) she is involved in an accident which costs the lives of several children. Frances goes to jail, refusing to tell that her brother was at the wheel at the time of the accident. The thing preys on the brother's mind until he finally drives his car off an embankment and confesses all on his deathbed.

Preview Postscript

This proved to be one of the most costly productions in some time as far as "props" were concerned. Twenty-two cars were smashed to smithereens before the director felt satisfied with the effects. One was a heavy sedan which was driven through a rail and smashed up—all of which was a real accident, since it had not been the intention of the company to crash up that car a-tall. A broken car, patched up to make an elegant appearance, had been assigned the role. But arriving on location, it refused to budge; the cost of the day's production was too high to wait for another, so the good car was immediately purchased from a cameraman and sent to its death. . . . The city of Los Angeles permitted the use of Griffith Park for many location scenes, allowing white lines to be painted on roads, fences built, etc. The California Highway Patrol helped stage many of the crashes and safety agents coöperated with brake tests, highway gadgets, traffic signals, etc. There were no accidents during the making of this picture, an unusual record for a celluloider of this type. A specially constructed glass was used in all the crash scenes to protect the passengers in the cars and heavy clothing and padding were worn by them to lessen the shocks. In Hollywood there are five or six men and women who make an excellent living by doing all the stunts that you see in movies—car crashes, parachute jumps, burning building jumps, etc., while the stars look on and approve or disapprove.

Between You 'N' Me

(Continued from page 62)

18. Joan Blondell as a girl friend with whom I go bicycle riding.
19. Robert Montgomery as a friend who takes care of the car.
20. Edna May Oliver as my Grandma.
21. Warner Baxter as my Grandpa.
22. Janet Gaynor as my very modest girl friend.—C. Egge, Jackson, Minn.

$1.00 PRIZE LETTER
Stardom Ahead

It is very pleasant to watch a young unknown rise from comparative obscurity to almost star billing in a short time, especially if the person is deserving of it. A few short months ago I went to see "Rose Marie" and besides Nelson Eddy, I saw a young man who did an excellent portrayal of Jeanette MacDonald's erring brother. I left the theatre very much impressed by his good acting and determined to watch his progress closely. You
imagine my delight when, three w
I saw this same young man c
"Next Time We Love." Ea
to see his recent "Speed," a
Let's see more of this
Of course, you all knov
James Stewart! Good
Kenyon, Winnipeg, Ca

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Pity the Sm

Why are the studio
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have missed a good picture. "
tel" or "A Midsummer Night's
never have made a second a
here.—L. Ullery, South Brownsv

Henry Fonda's visit to New York's smart St. Moritz Hotel was brief, for he had to board a fast boat for London where he's appearing in "Wings of the Morning."

THE ONE CLEANER
GOOD FOR ALL
WHITE SHOES
GRIFFIN
ALLWITE

STARS
MOVIE
RITES!
IR LIVES, LOVES,
NS
he • Gary Cooper • Jean Arthur • Carole Lombard • Clark Gable • Margaret Sullavan • Henry Fonda • The Dionne Quintuplets • Shirley Temple • Freddie Bartholomew • And many other headliners are featured in the latest issue of
SCREEN ALBUM
Fall Edition on Sale Everywhere 10c

MORE GOOD NEWS

Wallace Beery whispers a good one to Venita Varden Oakie while the bearded Jack laughs alone.

Harmon Nelson followed by Mrs. N., Bette Davis.

rances Langford and Ken Dolan at the Trocadero.

(*Continued from page 23*)

perturbed about the romantic publicity he received on his recent singing tour. He intimates that girls didn't really pursue him relentlessly, as the newspapers stated, and that he didn't live in mortal fear of being surrounded and carried off by a band of marauding females. He does admit, however, that the ladies were nice to him.

■ ■ ■

Recent reports of a Garbo-George Brent romance are untrue. MODERN SCREEN employs, at great expense, a staff of Pinkerton men who do nothing but follow Garbo about. We haven't seen any of them, since they're too busy following Garbo, but we have it on excellent authority that up to now Mr. B. has not been a guest at the Garbo domain.

Talked to Bob Taylor over the lunch table at M-G-M a few days after his return from a trip to New York. It was Bob's first glimpse of Broadway, and vice versa. In the struggle, it appears, Broadway came out first, for Bob lost a goodly percentage of the Taylor haberdashery when he was surrounded by enthusiastic fans wherever he made a public appearance. One night he had all the buttons pulled off his coat. And here we've been thinking Hollywood was crazy!

■ ■ ■

This month's report on the Jean Harlow-Bill Powell romance: Jean and her mother have moved into a small home in Beverly Hills only a few blocks from the Powell mansion. When we suggested she was gradually moving in on Mr. P. she denied it and told us she simply liked the neighborhood. Incidentally, her former home was sold to Nat Levine, the producer, for $80,000. And the new home—Heaven forbid—doesn't even have a swimming pool. It's that simple and unpretentious.

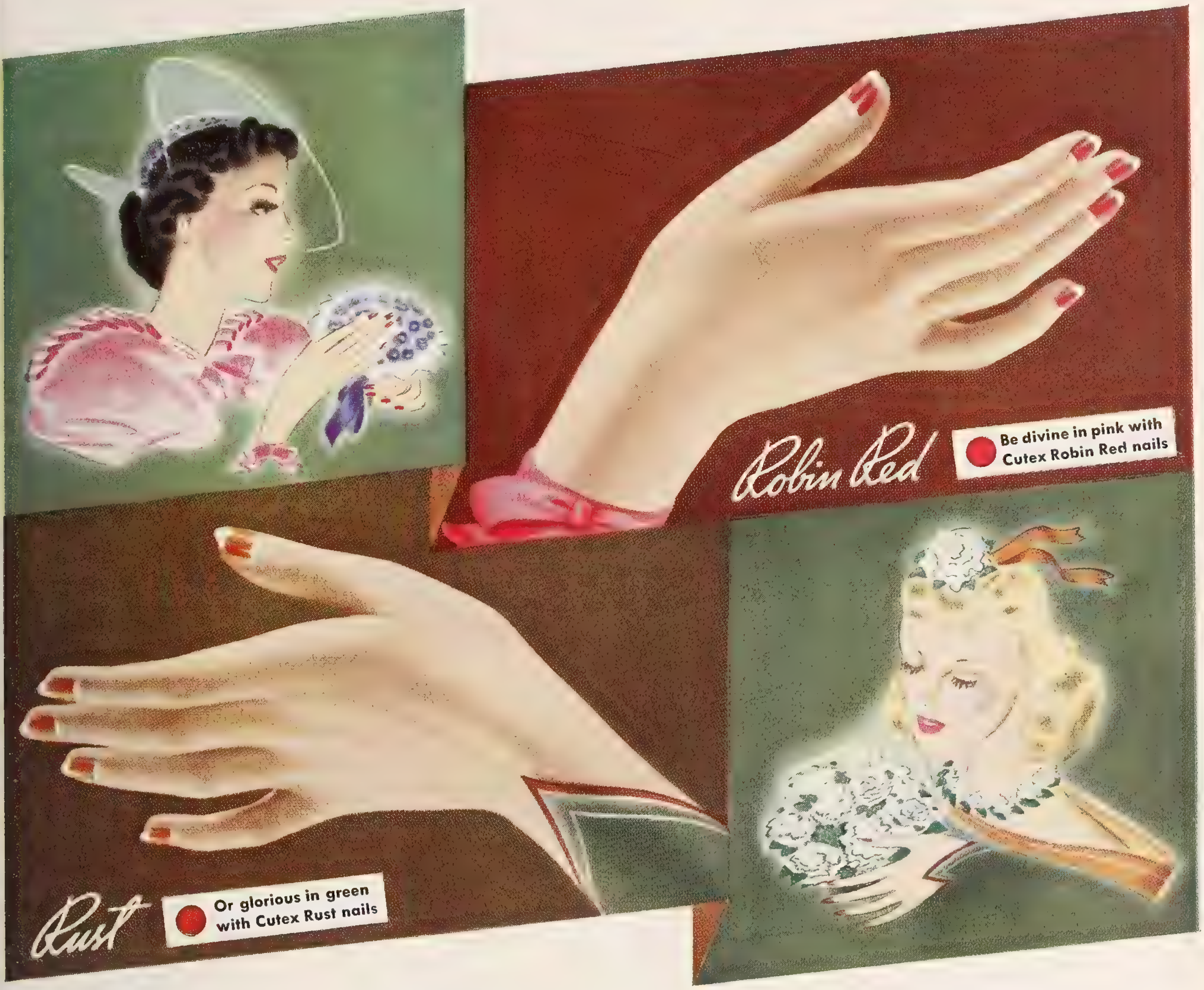
■ ■ ■

The publicity department at RKO-Radio would have you believe that Bert Wheeler and Bob Woolsey are acting as their own technical advisers on their current picture "Mummy's Boys." Says the press dept.: "Much of the action in the picture is laid in Egypt. Two years ago when the pair of comics was on a tour of the world, they flew into Cairo and spent three days in that historic region. When questions of a technical nature arise, Director Fred Guiol calls upon either Wheeler or Woolsey for advice." And gets it, no doubt.

Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

BRIDESMAIDS AT 2 SMART LONG ISLAND WEDDINGS

Chose these new "Smoky" nail shades


Robin Red
Be divine in pink with Cutex Robin Red nails
Rust
Or glorious in green with Cutex Rust nails

IF there's one place where a color scheme is thought out as carefully as a symphony—it's at a wedding. So it's extra significant that bridesmaids at two recent Long Island weddings chose the new Cutex Robin Red and Rust!

Cutex Robin Red is a new smoky red that really does go with everything. Even girls who are afraid of deep reds will like it. It's just enough accent for pale colors, not too gay with white, and goes wonderfully with deep, rich browns and greens.

Cutex Rust is a grand new color. A subtle, smoky Sun-Tan shade, it's fascinating with brown, green, gray, yellow—and never looks garish on sun-tanned hands!

If you're conservative, you can still be beautiful. *Cutex Rose* is divine with all pastels, and gets along beautifully with all the bright, "difficult" colors so popular in the summer.

These three shades will give every dress you own that up-to-the-minute look!

And don't forget, the new Cutex formula is a stronger, finer lacquer that resists fading in the sun and holds its true color for days. It's more economical, too, because it doesn't thicken . . . it's usable right down to the last drop in the bottle!

All 9 lovely Cutex shades are correct—created by the World's Manicure Authority. They go on smoothly, stay on, never crack or peel. At your favorite shop—35¢. Cutex Lipstick to harmonize—50¢.

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Crème POLISH
CUTEX
CRÈME POLISH
Crème
POLISH
RUST

Your 2 favorite shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, Polish Remover and sample of Lipstick for 14¢

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Victor Hugo's is Paris in Los Angeles! Here Hugo himself, managing owner, personally welcomes the world of society and of Hollywood to the delights of good eating and good digestion. When diners pause to smoke their Camels, Hugo himself gives the nod of approval. "Our guests know fine tobaccos as well as fine foods and proper service," he says. "They have made Camels the outstanding favorite here." Camels help to give one that delightful sense of having dined well. Try Camels. Enjoy their delicate fragrance and mellow taste. Camels open up a new world of pleasure, where mildness and rare flavor reign supreme. They set you right—and never get on your nerves!

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END YOUR SNAPSHOT—WIN TRIP TO EUROPE!

See Page 24

Modern Screen

CTOBER 36

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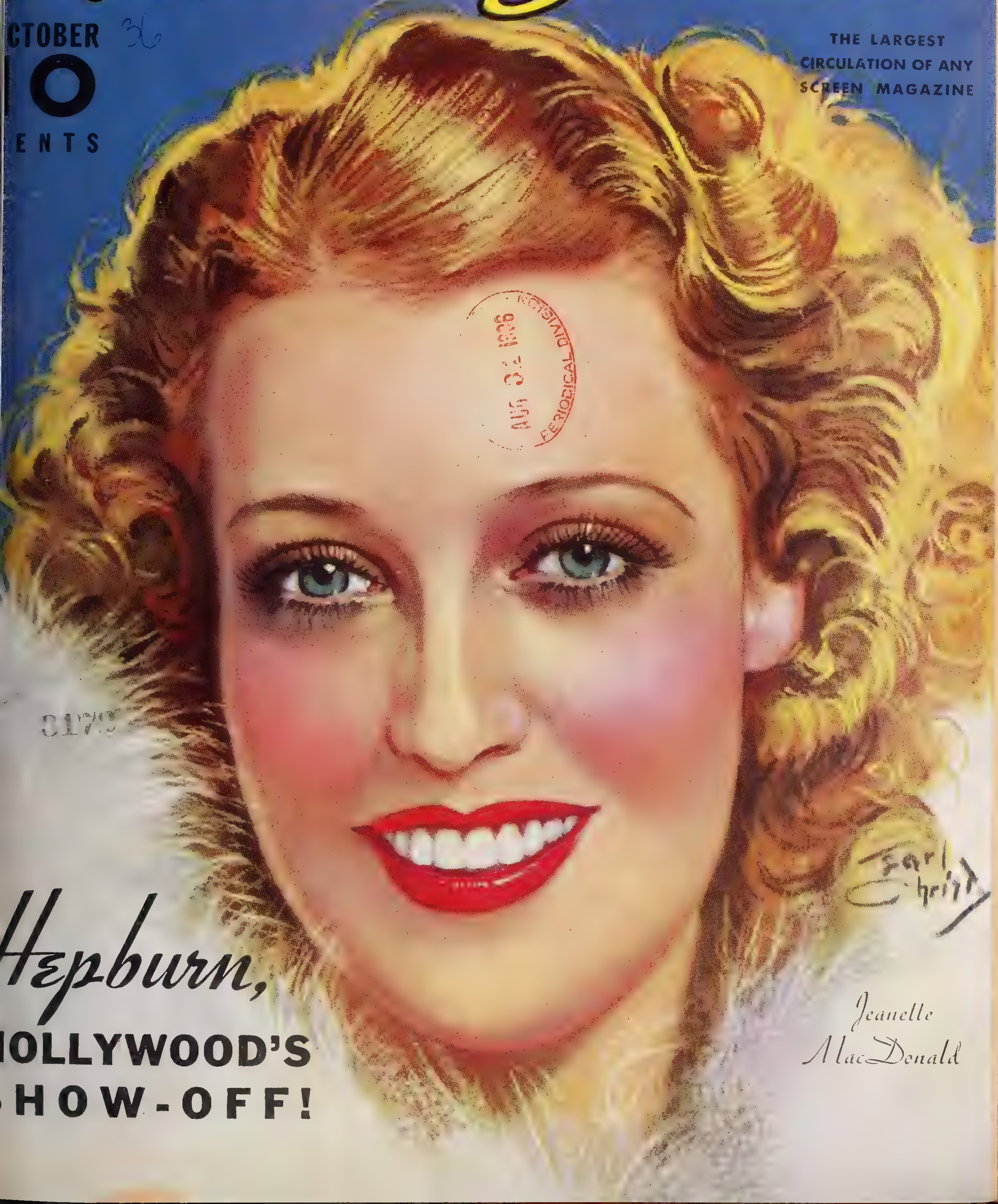
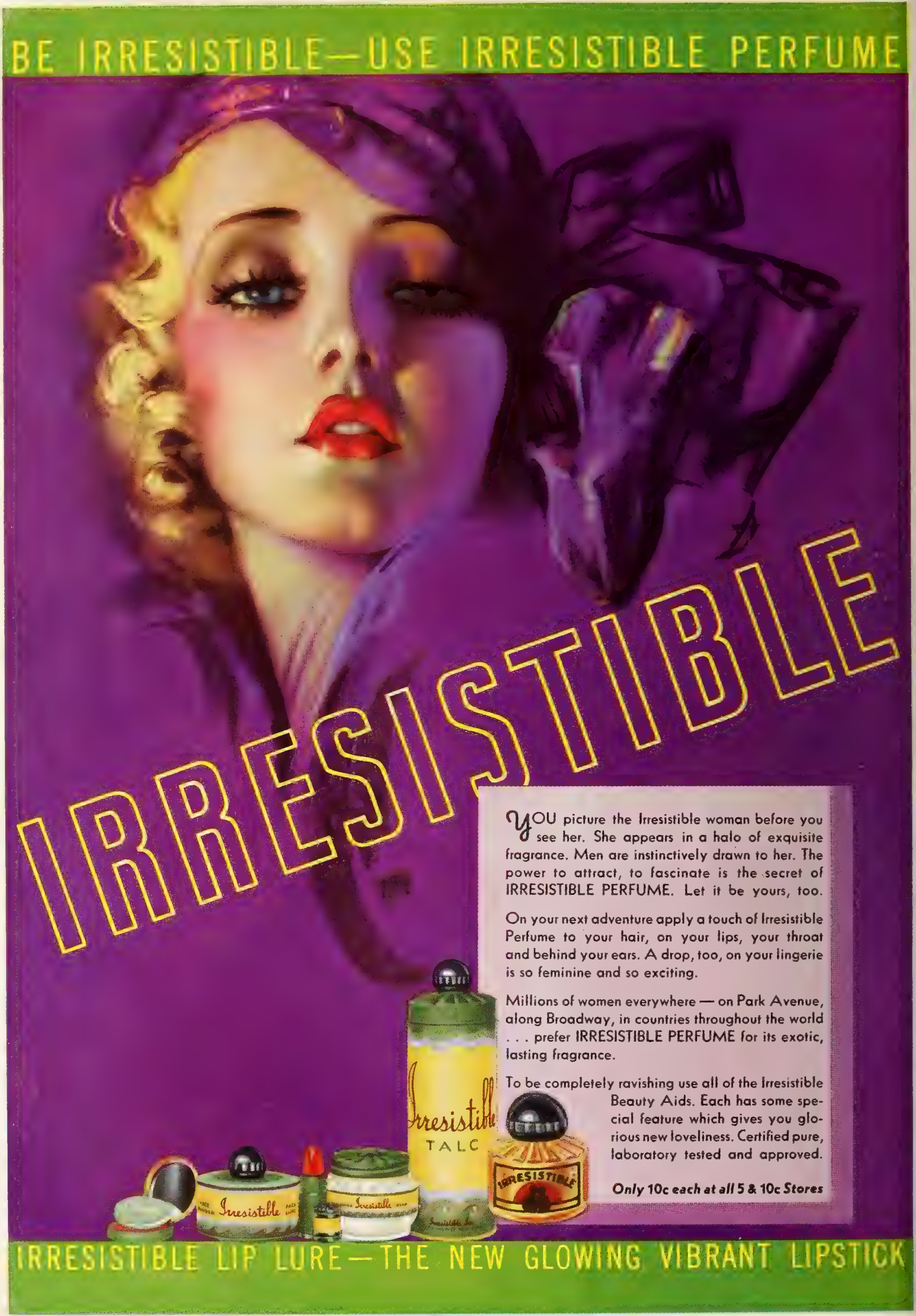


Jeanette MacDonald

Hepburn,
HOLLYWOOD'S
HOW-OFF!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SAYS POLITE SOCIETY

"A Splendid Idea!"

SAYS MODERN DENTIST

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(*But the civilized way to build firm gums is* IPANA *and* MASSAGE)

YOU'RE RIGHT—quite right. This is a social crime! The girl is a barbarian—a social outlaw! But before you dismiss her—before you turn the page—listen to the frank opinion of a modern dentist.

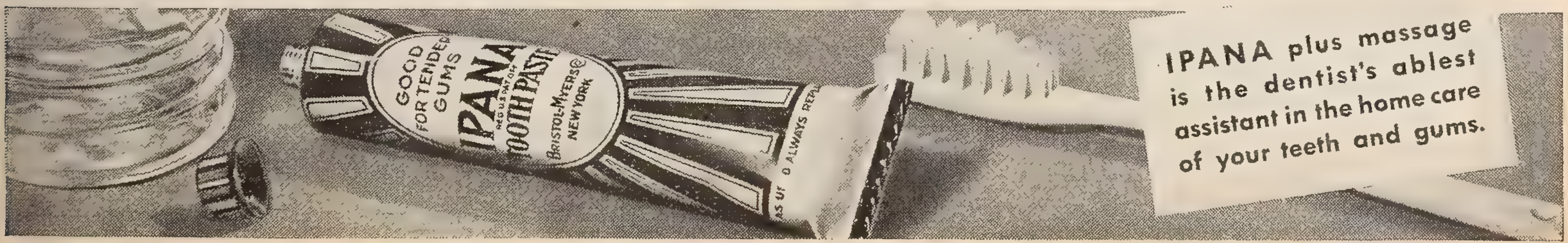
"A crime? Nonsense! I hope millions of people see this picture! It may be shocking to some people but, from my professional viewpoint, it's a perfect lesson in the proper care of the teeth and gums. If more people chewed as vigorously, there would be a lot less evidence of tender, ailing gums—of that serious dental warning—'pink tooth brush'."

Today's soft foods rob our gums of the vigorous chewing they need for sturdy health. Denied this natural work and exercise, they grow flabby, tender, sensitive! And when they signal that sensitiveness, when they flash that warning "tinge of pink"—see your dentist.

"Pink tooth brush" doesn't always mean that you are in for serious trouble—*but your dentist should be the judge.* Usually it only means gums underworked and over-sensitive—gums that need exercise—gums that will quickly respond to the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

It is very simple to rub a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. You'll soon feel a tingle of new circulation—new life. Gums look better, feel firmer. They show a grateful response to this new stimulation. For Ipana is especially made to benefit your gums as well as clean your teeth.

Young or old—play safe. Even before you have a first warning of danger, adopt this modern *dental health* routine. You'll certainly be far safer from the really serious gum troubles.



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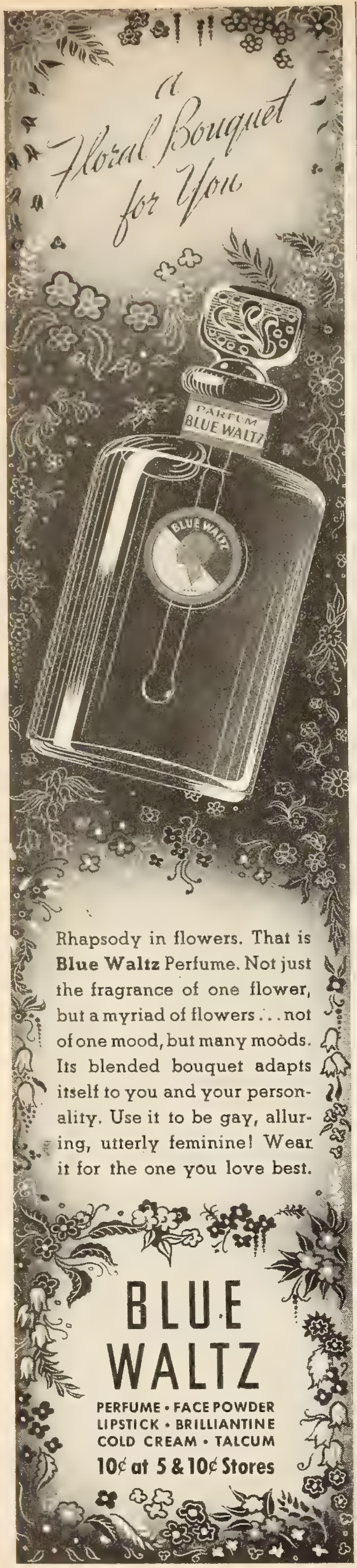

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modern screen

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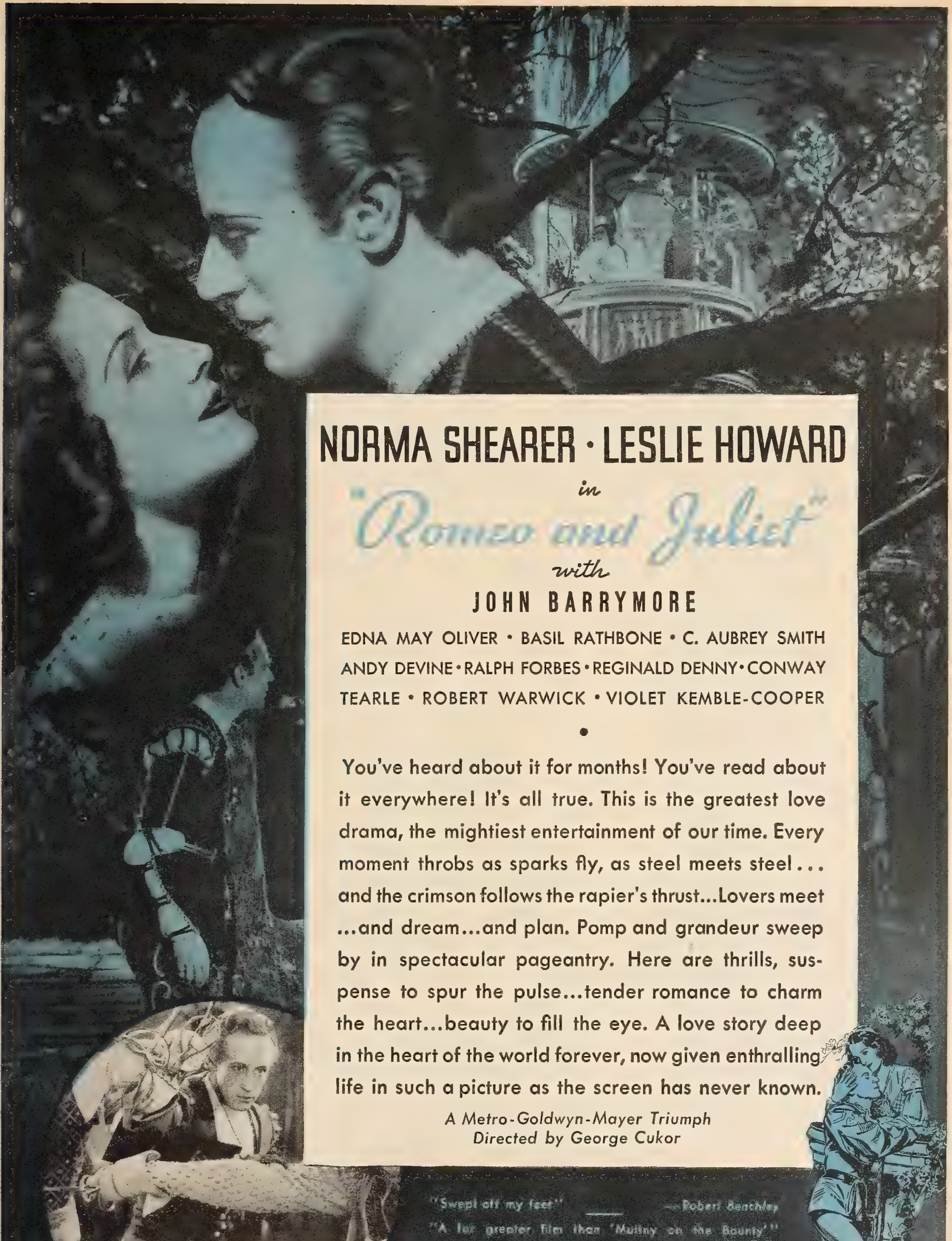


NORMA SHEARER · LESLIE HOWARD

in

"Romeo and Juliet"

with

JOHN BARRYMORE

EDNA MAY OLIVER • BASIL RATHBONE • C. AUBREY SMITH
ANDY DEVINE • RALPH FORBES • REGINALD DENNY • CONWAY TEARLE • ROBERT WARWICK • VIOLET KEMBLE-COOPER

•

You've heard about it for months! You've read about it everywhere! It's all true. This is the greatest love drama, the mightiest entertainment of our time. Every moment throbs as sparks fly, as steel meets steel... and the crimson follows the rapier's thrust...Lovers meet ...and dream...and plan. Pomp and grandeur sweep by in spectacular pageantry. Here are thrills, suspense to spur the pulse...tender romance to charm the heart...beauty to fill the eye. A love story deep in the heart of the world forever, now given enthralling life in such a picture as the screen has never known.

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Triumph
Directed by George Cukor

"Swept off my feet" —Robert Benchley

"A far greater film than 'Mutiny on the Bounty'" —Jim Tully

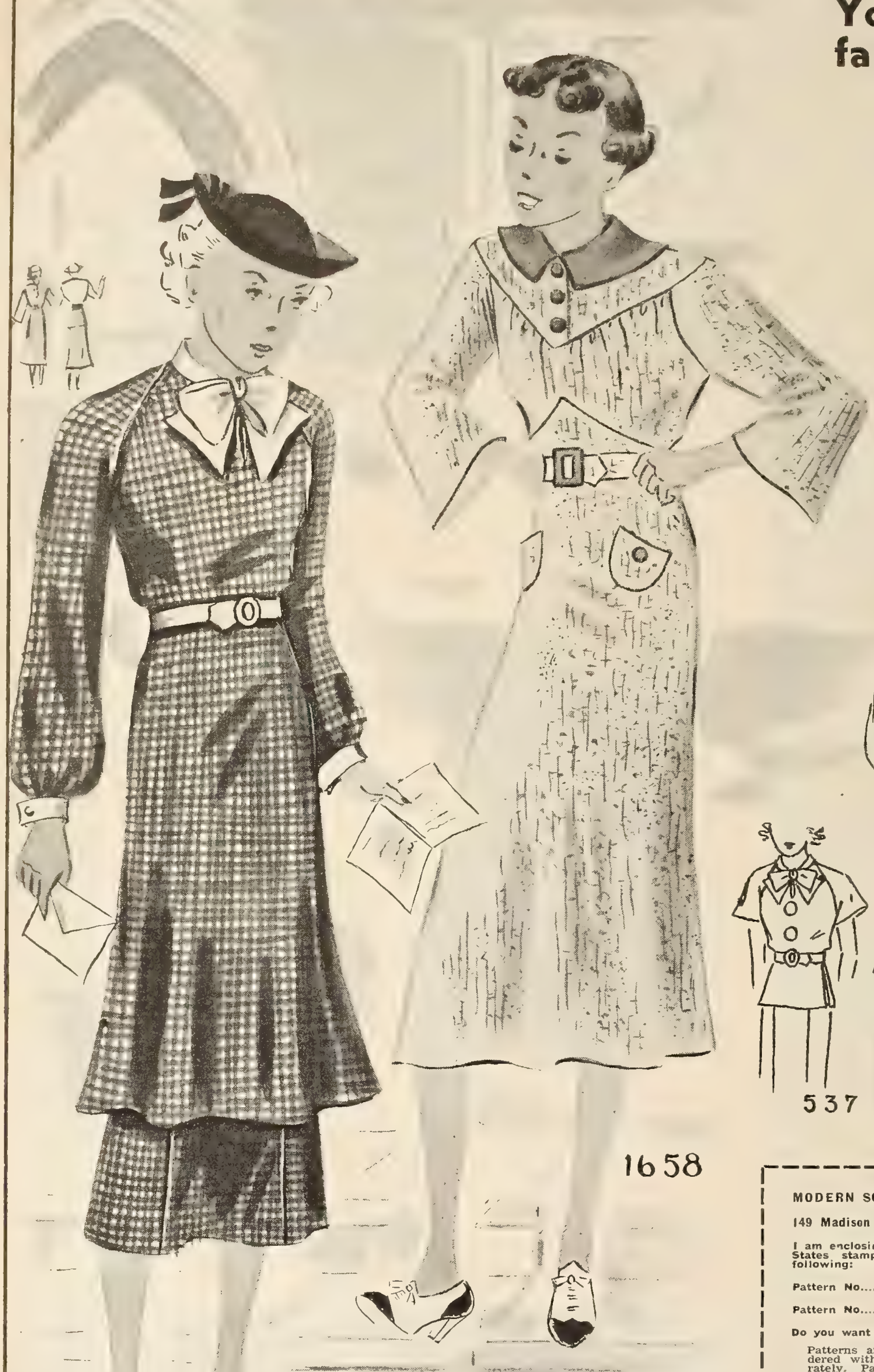
"List it among the screen's major achievements" —Walter Winchell

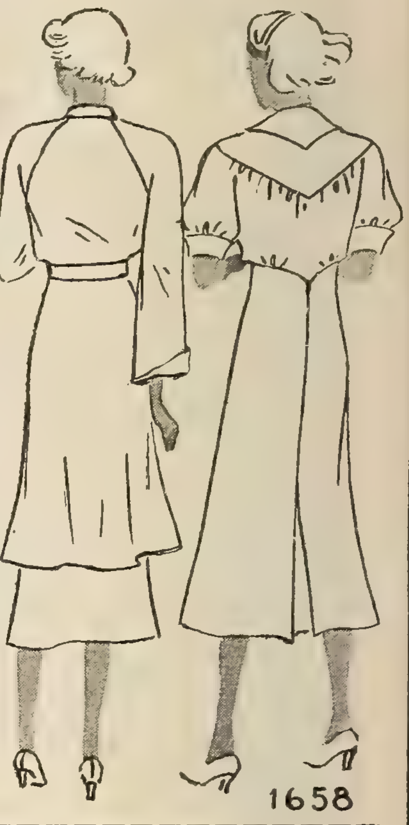
"I think the modern American girl has many things to learn from the Juliet of Norma Shearer, and I advise her to go about learning them right away" —Anita Loos

modern screen patterns

Young ideas in fall woolens for school girls

537—Even the younger set is taking to tunics. This model is unusually smart made up in a novelty woolen with contrasting collar, cuffs and belt. The raglan shoulder and sleeve fullness at wrist is new. 1658—Here is a dress adaptable to various fall fabrics. The yoke detail with bloused fullness below is flattering to young figures. Both of these patterns come in sizes 11, 13, 15, 17 and 19 years.





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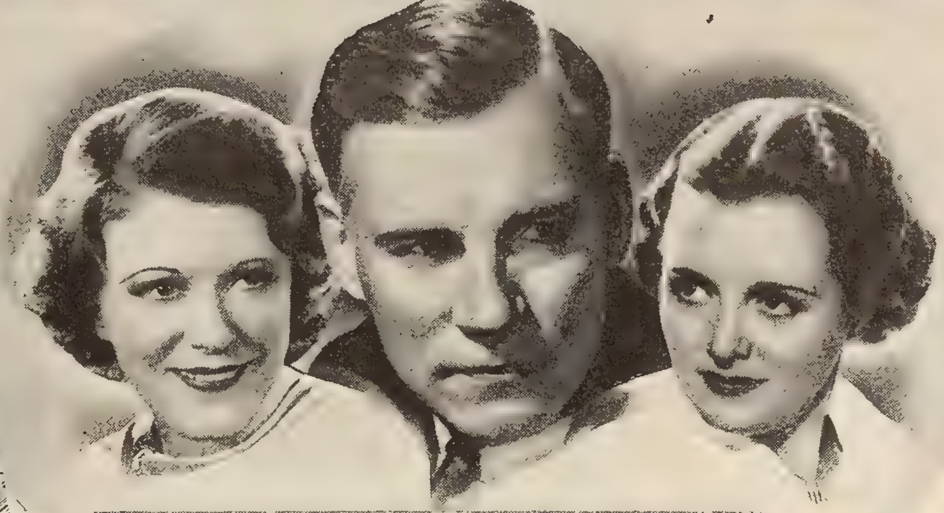

by SINCLAIR LEWIS

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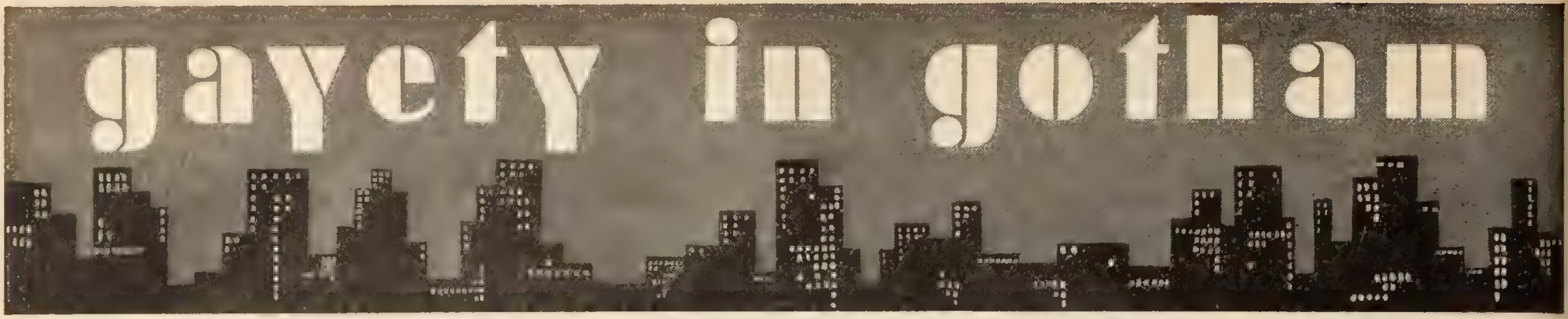


Right, Mag Sullavan's broken arm made a visit to the Big City a necessity, but she stayed on for pleasure.

Holidaying in Manhattan, Wendy Barrie is snapped leaving the Sidewalk Cafe of the St. Moritz Hotel.

Irene Dunne's European jaunt was partly business, partly fun. As a result, she's all set now for her role in "Madame Curie."

The stars vacation in New York!

BY MACK HUGHES

DESPITE THE fact that the thermometer continues to reach new early Fall heights, movie stars travel across the country to visit the greatest resort in the world—New York.

Look at Robert Taylor. Most any girl would. For his very first vacation, he chose gay Gotham. Never before having been east of Beatrice, Nebraska, it was still no problem for him to know where to spend the idle moments his studio allowed him.

However, no sooner was Bob settled in his tower suite at the Waldorf-Astoria than the fun began! First of all, there were interviews—and Bob confides that they scare him plenty, because he doesn't ever seem to know what to say or when to say it. There was that young woman from one of the trade papers, for instance. She was neither impressed nor at a loss of words when meeting a celebrity.

Taylor confided with a broad grin, "The first thing she asked was, 'How long do you think your luck will hold out? Do you expect to get by on your looks forever—or do you intend to learn to act'?"

With a twinkle in his eye, Bob admitted he wasn't so sure his luck, if any, *would* hold out, but he had high hopes of learning to act. "Take Gary Cooper," he explained. *"There's* the handsomest man you could find, and he certainly has made the grade. And look at Clark Gable. But then Gable was an actor before he went into pictures, so perhaps he doesn't count. Maybe I'll have to trust that my luck will hold out until I can really give a perfect performance."

The fan interest was so great in Bob Taylor's presence in New York that his hotel management installed a figurative finger print system for admission to his suite. Not only did people congregate outside his hotel, but one (*Continued on page 99*)

A Valiant Picture For a Valiant Star

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

IT WAS a strange title for a book, "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie," so when it came out some months ago I sent out and got it, and I read it through at one sitting.

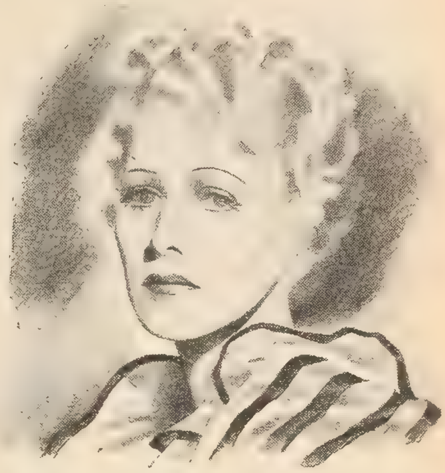
Women are often brave, perhaps always brave; but to be valiant implies also gallantry and an indomitable spirit. And here were both a valiant woman and a remarkable story, the woman an outcast and a pariah in a small Louisiana town, but humorous and generous, the story one of pure courage and sturdy regeneration. It was evident that there was a great motion picture here. Carrie had no illusions. If the French half of her was cautious the Irish half would dare anything, and had. But the picture began, of course, when one day a small boy with two buckeyes in a treasure box wandered into that secret garden of hers and told her she was not bad; and Carrie promptly fell in love with him.

Here was everything for a picture, humor and pathos and deep human understanding. There was nothing mawkish about Carrie. Sometimes she told herself she was crazy, and sometimes that she was an old fool, but her love for this boy and later on for a small waif of a girl is the very essence of womanhood. For the time came when Carrie had to plan so that she could face them both without shame, and the picture is a story of that struggle.

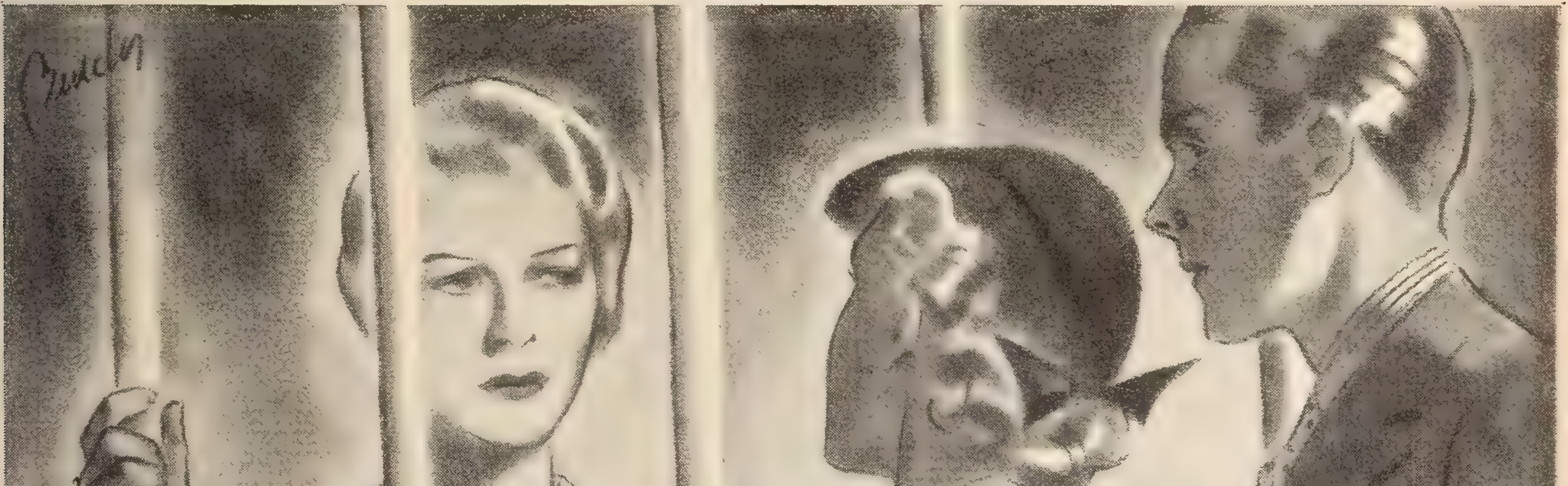
I intend to see the picture, of course. I want to see Carrie leaving behind her Cemetery Road and the easy money of her past, and escaping into a life where as she says she will go straight if she has to sling dishes in a restaurant. And I want to see her with her waifs that incongruous three against the world, and watch them slowly and successfully conquering that world. Also I want to see Gladys George as Carrie. I know her work, which is that of a fine dramatic artist, and her own story, which is one of ups and downs, and for a long time mostly downs.

SHE HAS a long record of achievement behind her. She narrowly escaped being born in a theater, for her parents were actors. She was on the stage herself at the age of three, and as a youngster in small towns paraded the streets with a sandwich board which said: "Wouldn't you like to see me tonight at ——— Theater?" It is quite typical of her life that she got her first real chance while nursing a badly broken nose, and not surprising that after almost seven hundred riotously successful appearances as the star of "Personal Appearance," some one took a plane and signed her up for Carrie in this picture.

She will play it with skill, understanding and honesty, for Carrie was always honest, even with herself. But above all she will play it as she has lived, valiantly, with courage and an indomitable spirit.



GLADYS GEORGE, *famous American actress, who makes her screen debut in Paramount's "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie," with Arline Judge, John Howard, Harry Carey, Dudley Digges, William Collier, Sr., Isabel Jewel, Charlene Wyatt, Jackie Moran, Maude Eburne, from Barry Benefield's best seller, produced and directed by* WESLEY RUGGLES.



What was sacrifice to her, if it could bring them happiness?

A tender love scene from "To Mary—With Love," co-starring those favorites, Warner Baxter and Myrna Loy. It's sure-fire entertainment. Put it on your "must" list.

Above, the long-awaited "Romeo and Juliet," with Leslie Howard and Norma Shearer. Below, Frances Farmer and Bing Crosby in "Rhythm on the Range."

reviews

. . . A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES

BY LEO TOWNSEND

★★★★ Romeo and Juliet (M-G-M)

Once more Hollywood brings Shakespeare to the picture houses for what is hopped will be a happy meeting between Avon's bard and the paying customers. On the whole, "Romeo and Juliet" is an earnest effort to put Shakespeare on film. It's a lavish production, done with taste and an eye for beauty. The Shakespearean verse is ably handled by most of the cast and the effect, after listeners become accustomed to it, is pleasing. The romance of old Verona, in the hands of Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard, is often compelling and beautiful to watch. Miss Shearer's "Juliet" is more adequate than brilliant. At times her reading is excellent, but there are moments when her limited voice range fails to give her lines the majesty and beauty that were written into them. Leslie Howard's "Romeo" is played with more restraint than one would expect of the headstrong and dashing young Montagu, but his performance makes up in polish what it lacks in excitement. Of the supporting cast, the outstanding players are Edna May Oliver as the nurse, Basil Rathbone as Tybalt, C. Aubrey Smith as Lord Capulet and John Barrymore as Mercutio. George Cukor's direction is excellent and it, perhaps, goes without saying that Mr. Shakespeare's script leaves nothing to be desired.

Preview Postscript

For ten years M-G-M has been planning to film "Romeo and Juliet." Not a word in the screen play has been used that is not Shakespeare. Oliver Messel, an Englishman, was brought over to aid in the designing of costumes. Messel spent two months in Verona, Italy, studying, sketching and photographing works of art, architecture, costumes and hairdresses in museums. Every important work of art of the Fifteenth Century was photographed, and when completed the studio had a library of almost ten thousand photographs. From the countless pictures taken in Verona, Cedric Gibbons, head of the art department at the studio, constructed a city of clay in miniature. From this beginning grew the final elaborate sets used on the lot as the film's background. Five hundred women were employed for several months to create the 1,250 costumes which the picture demanded. So intricate were the fashions of the period that many of the costumes required countless yards of hand stitching. A hundred and fifty tailors found several months' employment working on the men's costumes, which in many instances needed entire hand work also.

★★★ To Mary—With Love (20th Century-Fox)

This is one of the most pleasant bits of screen entertainment this season has offered. It might be mentioned right now that Mary is Myrna Loy, which should be good news to the ten million Loy addicts around the country. With a performance that measures up to her work in "The Thin Man," Miss Loy, with the help of the deft direction of John Cromwell, makes this a picture which should—if you'll pardon the phrase—go on everyone's "must" list. The story paints the adventures of a married couple against a background of the past decade—from the Dempsey-Tunney fight and the Lindbergh flight through the crisis of 1929 and up to now. It doesn't particularly attempt to trace social developments during that period, but it presents a thoroughly engrossing picture of what the period (*Continued on page 12*)

THE PICTURE OF THE YEAR!

● Screen history will remember 1936 as the year of Warner Bros.' herculean picturization of "Anthony Adverse." In sheer physical grandeur and emotional immensity, here is a picture that dominates the screen of the year as completely as Hervey Allen's mighty novel dominated the world's bookshelf in its two-year reign at the top of the best-sellers. Reader millions who called it impossible to film will now acclaim it as impossible to describe—as it sweeps through three heroic generations, across the turbulent frontiers of three continents, to pack highlights of the 495,000 most exciting words ever put on paper into 2¼ hours of high-tension entertainment. The supreme adventure of your movie-going career awaits you in—

"ANTHONY ADVERSE"

From the biggest and biggest-selling novel of modern times, by

HERVEY ALLEN

Starring, among scores of featured players,

Fredric MARCH

With a cast of more than 2,000 including

Olivia de HAVILLAND

Anita Louise · Donald Woods
Edmund Gwenn · Claude Rains
Louis Hayward · · Steffi Duna
Gale Sondergaard · Billy Mauch · Akim
Tamiroff · Ralph Morgan · Henry O'Neill

Directed by MERVYN LeROY

● Another "Anthony Adverse" would have to be written to catalogue all that is to be seen in the 412 scenes of the photoplay. Accurate description seems beyond the power of words. It is, like all miracles, a thing that must be seen to be believed—a crushing answer to those who said a picture could never be made equal to the book.

TO MAKE "ANTHONY ADVERSE" COME TRUE ON THE SCREEN

The novel Hervey Allen turned hermit four years to write was read 11 times by Sheridan Gibney in planning the screen play . . . 17,437 fans wrote letters asking Warner Bros. to give Fredric March the title role . . . Sets were built in duplication of scenes in France, Italy, Switzerland, Cuba, Africa and America . . . Olivia de Havilland won her role before the public knew her, studio officials having seen her tests in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Above, Robert Young, Gene Raymond and Barbara Stanwyck in "The Bride Walks Out." Below, Franchot Tone and Jean Harlow make "Suzy" entertaining.

A tense scene from "Give Me Your Heart," featuring Kay Francis, Helen Flint and newcomer, Patric Knowles, whom you're sure to add to your list of favorites.

(Continued from page 10)

did to one couple. Warner Baxter is competent as the husband and Jan Hunter is excellent as a friend of the family, in love with Myrna.

Preview Postscript

Myrna Loy and Warner Baxter were photographed watching the Dempsey-Tunney fight at Philadelphia! This is how that feat was accomplished: The studio obtained newsreel prints of the fight, and "rear projected" these pictures on a screen in back of the players, who moved as they would ordinarily. The regular studio camera then photographed the whole thing. . . . No mishaps marred this production's 34-day schedule, although Myrna Loy's cold, caught two days after she began work, threatened progress for a while. Finding herself getting hoarse, she had a recording of her voice made before and after the cold, and evened the difference by pitching her lines a few tones higher. She spent most of her spare time on the set, as usual, reading deep and heavy tomes. When not engaged in that she was busy knitting jink afghans. . . . Warner Baxter spent most of his time gazing into space, dreaming about the north woods vacation he was going to take right after the last shot on the flicker was made.

★★★ Rhythm on the Range (Paramount)

This flicker combines a Western drama with a set of swell songs and emerges as first-rate entertainment. In fact, it might be mentioned in passing that, judging by Mr. Crosby's avoirdupois, Paramount should have put him on horseback a couple of years ago. Off to a slow start, "Rhythm on the Range" gathers momentum just about the time Martha Raye arrives on the screen. Martha Raye is a comedy songstress whose debut in pictures is, to put it mildly, terrific. She's a grand comedienne with a style all her own. Fortunately, the producers have teamed her up with Bob Burns, the Arkansas Philosopher of radio renown, and the two of them walk away with the show. Song hits include "Empty Saddles," "I Can't Escape from You" and two grand comedy numbers, "You'll Have to Swing It" and "I'm an Old Cowhand from the Rio Grande." In the supporting cast are Frances Farmer, Lucille Gleason, George E. Stone, Warren Hymer, James Burke and a bull with soulful eyes whose name is Cuddles.

Preview Postscript

Bing Crosby had two friends visiting him while on location. They came up for the fishing and were determined to get some in spite of bait being a big problem. They finally decided on grasshoppers, so Bing and his friends set out one morning armed with flat paddles, intending to swat down some bait. Bing swears he chased one fellow clear to Bishop before getting anything to swat. Discouraged, the fishermen returned to the hotel, remarking that they would pay a nickel apiece to get some of those grasshoppers. Next morning, bright and early, Bing was awakened by a loud rapping on his bedroom door. Standing outside were two of the natives, carrying large paper sacks. They had taken the fishermen at their word and had $9.45 worth of grasshoppers on hand. The real pay-off, however, came when Bing was requested to work all day, for the company was leaving that night for Hollywood. . . . The first "blessed event" to occur in front of a camera was another distressing situation. A pastoral scene of great beauty had just been photographed at the cost of considerable time and effort. So perfect was it that the director took a good long scene of it and was just going to call "cut" when from behind a tree strolled a cow and proceeded to produce its calf.

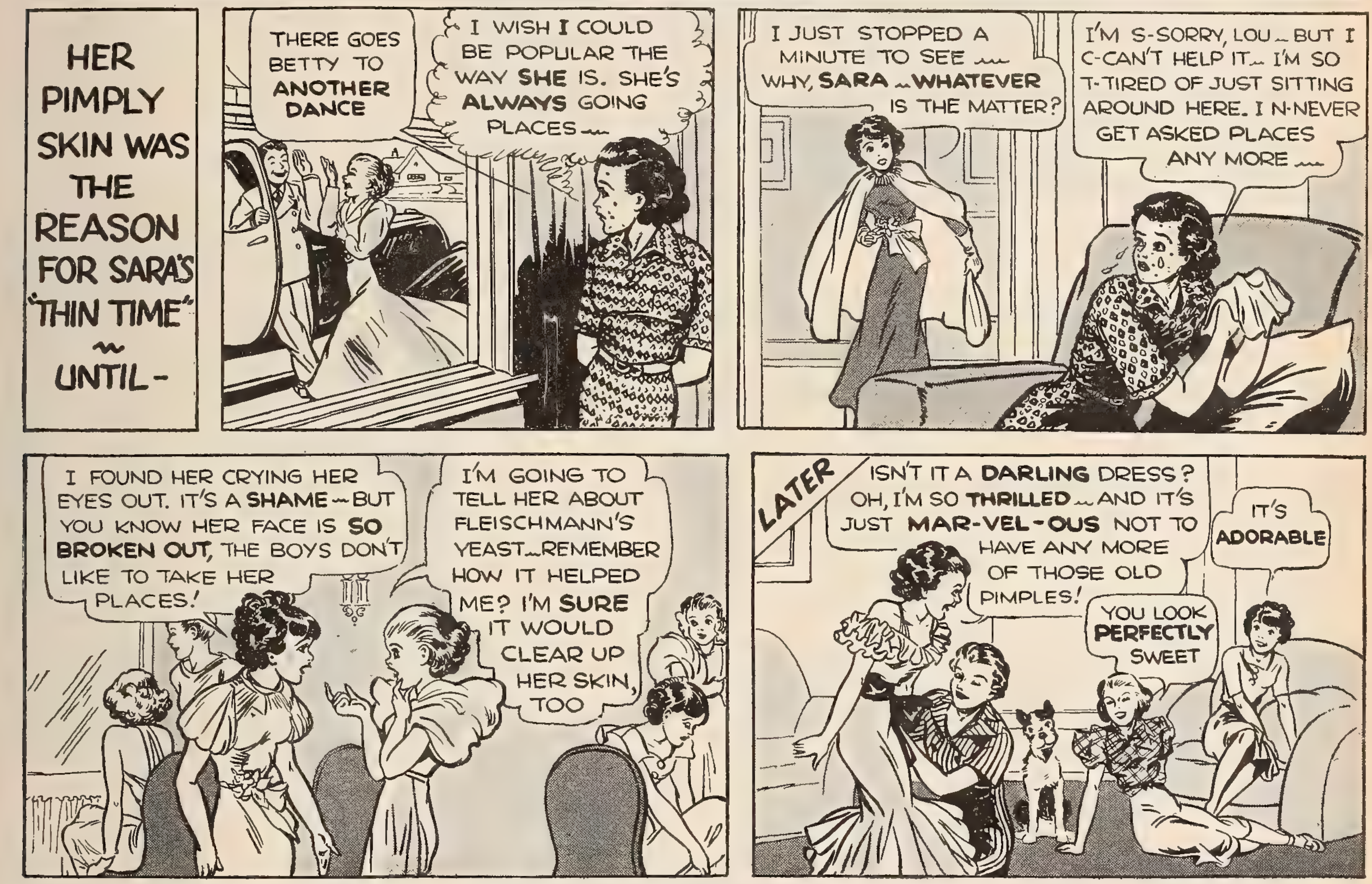
★★★ Pepper (20th Century-Fox)

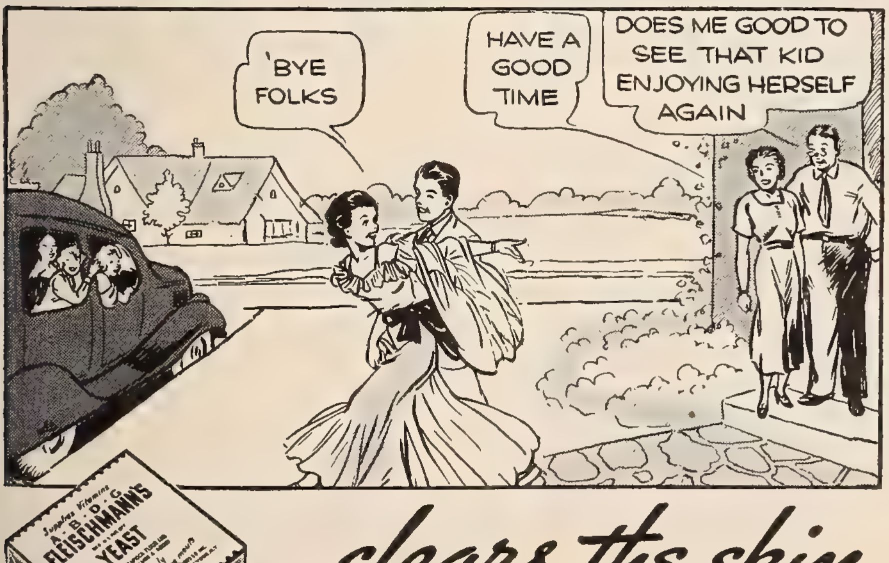
"Pepper," you may have guessed, is none other than our friend, Jane Withers. Here she's the Tomboy Terror, leader of a toughie gang from the slums. Jane has her busiest time to date keeping widows and orphans happy, crabby millionaires pleasant, and their spoiled daughters glad to marry policemen instead of foreign nocounts. The children will simply love every breathless moment of it and the oldsters will be entertained, albeit a bit weary before the final tomato is thrown. For the plot practically hangs on the aforementioned fruit, what with Pepper's gang depending solely on them as ammunition for getting what they want. And they want plenty. Irvin S. Cobb gets a role this time that suits him admirably—that of the moneyed grouch who has suffered from indigestion for years and is cured by Pepper and fourteen hot dogs. Slim Summerville makes an excellent street-sweeper (with a lot more to do in the picture, however, than that) and Ivan Lebedeff couldn't be improved upon as just a gigolo. Muriel Robert is attractive in the unattractive role of a spoiled darling, and Dean Jagger is the handsome cop who finally wins her expensive heart.

Preview Postscript

This flicker marks the eighth picture for eight-year-old Jane Withers, and her second starring role. It was in *(Continued on page 107)*

NOBODY ASKS *ME* OUT ANYMORE!


HER PIMPLY SKIN WAS THE REASON FOR SARA'S "THIN TIME" ~ UNTIL-
THERE GOES BETTY TO ANOTHER DANCE
I WISH I COULD BE POPULAR THE WAY SHE IS. SHE'S ALWAYS GOING PLACES ...
I JUST STOPPED A MINUTE TO SEE ... WHY, SARA ... WHATEVER IS THE MATTER?
I'M S-SORRY, LOU ... BUT I C-CAN'T HELP IT ... I'M SO T-TIRED OF JUST SITTING AROUND HERE. I N-NEVER GET ASKED PLACES ANY MORE ...
I FOUND HER CRYING HER EYES OUT. IT'S A SHAME -- BUT YOU KNOW HER FACE IS SO BROKEN OUT, THE BOYS DON'T LIKE TO TAKE HER PLACES!
I'M GOING TO TELL HER ABOUT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST ... REMEMBER HOW IT HELPED ME? I'M SURE IT WOULD CLEAR UP HER SKIN, TOO
LATER
ISN'T IT A DARLING DRESS? OH, I'M SO THRILLED ... AND IT'S JUST MAR-VEL-OUS NOT TO HAVE ANY MORE OF THOSE OLD PIMPLES!
IT'S ADORABLE
YOU LOOK PERFECTLY SWEET


'BYE FOLKS
HAVE A GOOD TIME
DOES ME GOOD TO SEE THAT KID ENJOYING HERSELF AGAIN

Don't let Adolescent Pimples make YOU feel neglected and forlorn

PIMPLES are often a real calamity to girls and boys after the beginning of adolescence—from about 13 to 25 years of age, or even longer.

During this period, important glands develop and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the entire system. The skin becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast is an effective remedy for adolescent pimples. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then—with the cause removed—the pimples vanish!

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast *regularly*—a cake about one-half hour before each meal. Eat it plain, or in a little water until your skin is entirely clear. Start today.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated

Modern Screen's Hollywood editor, Leo Townsend, presents our Medal to those most importantly connected with "The Gorgeous Hussy." Left to right, Lionel Barrymore, Director Clarence Brown, Joan Crawford, Leo Townsend, Robert Taylor and Producer Joseph Mankiewicz.

Modern Screen takes pleasure in presenting its Award of Merit to the ultimate in film entertainment, and so

MODERN SCREEN
AWARD FOR EXCEPTIONAL MERIT

WE SALUTE "THE GORGEOUS HUSSY"

"The Gorgeous Hussy" and all those who had a part in making it the great entertainment it is, are in order for hearty congratulations. Joseph Mankiewicz, the producer of this Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer special, Clarence Brown, its director, and Joan Crawford, Robert Taylor, Lionel Barrymore, and Franchot Tone, as its more important players, each comes in for his share of praise.

Highlighting an important period in American history, "The Gorgeous Hussy" brings to the screen a drama that is at once powerful and timely. It represents the highest in screen entertainment, a picture which you cannot afford to miss.

Each month Modern Screen will present a medal to the most outstanding production about to be released, the picture which we feel will contribute most to your enjoyment and appreciation of the art of movie-making. Let this award serve as your guide to the best type of picture production available. Watch for it every month from now on.

Joan Crawford in a love scene with Bob Taylor from "The Gorgeous Hussy."

Modern Screen's Medal-Award picture, "The Gorgeous Hussy," a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production, reviewed by Leo Townsend

"The Gorgeous Hussy" covers that robust period in our nation's youth when Daniel Webster and John Randolph matched oratory on the Senate floor, when Andrew Jackson became the seventh President of the United States, when a pretty woman became the unofficial First Lady of the Land.

"The Gorgeous Hussy" presents Washington in the first half of the Nineteenth Century, when America struggled vainly to remain a union. John Randolph, valiant defender of States' Rights, crossed verbal swords with Daniel Webster, the Senator from Massachusetts who, as Washington small-talk had it, was born "with a silver constitution in his mouth." Homespun Andy Jackson, with his pipe-smoking wife, arrives in the Capitol to take his seat in the Senate and remains to guide the nation's destiny.

All this is threaded together by the presence of Peggy O'Neale, pretty daughter of an innkeeper whose hostelry is the home of Randolph, Webster and Jackson. Peggy is in love with John Randolph and devoted to Andy Jackson. However, she marries a young naval lieutenant, "Bow" Timberlake. After his death, Peggy gives all of her time to Andrew Jackson.

On the eve of his ascendancy to the presidency, Jackson's wife dies. Since Peggy is his closest friend in Washington, she virtually becomes First Lady during the stormy Jackson administration. Her devotion to him is so great that she gives up a planned marriage to John Randolph because of differences of opinion on national policies, and becomes the bride of John Eaton.

Although it has been given a magnificent production, "The Gorgeous Hussy" is distinguished mainly by its acting. As Andrew Jackson, Lionel Barrymore may be said to carry off first honors. Joan Crawford, in the role of Peggy O'Neale, should win herself new followers. Excellent also are Beulah Bondi as Mrs. Jackson, Melvyn Douglas as John Randolph, Robert Taylor as "Bow" Timberlake, Franchot Tone as John Eaton, Sidney Toler as Daniel Webster, and James Stewart as a young newspaper man.

HEY, YOU SISSIES! THAT'S NO GHOST— IT'S JACK KINNEY. TURN AROUND AND CHASE HIM
WHOOOOOO
PUFF PU
BUT WAIT, CHILDREN— WHAT MAKES YOU SO SURE THIS IS MY JACK?
'CAUSE HIS SHEET'S GOT TATTLE-TALE GRAY—AND MOM'S ALWAYS SAYING YOUR CLOTHES ARE FULL OF IT—'CAUSE YOUR SOAP DOESN'T GET 'EM REALLY CLEAN....
I KNEW IT, MRS. KINNEY. WHY DON'T YOU BE SMART LIKE MY MOTHER AND USE FELS-NAPTHA SOAP? SHE SAYS IT'S GOT HEAPS OF NAPTHA RIGHT IN THE GOLDEN SOAP AND GETS CLOTHES WHITER'N ANYTHING
HA! HA! IT IS JACKIE.
FEW WEEKS LATER
YES, THEY'RE FOR YOU SUSIE—FOR SHOWING ME HOW TO GET THE GRANDEST WASHES OF MY LIFE!
WHOOPIE! SKATES! I'M GONNA TELL EVERYBODY TO CHANGE TO FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

Listen, little Susie—tell everybody that Fels-Naptha Soap is safer, too. Wonderful for daintiest silk things. And easier on hands because every *golden* bar holds soothing glycerine.

© 1936 FELS & CO.

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"
with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

short cuts to sweet success

Maureen O'Sullivan may use old-fashioned recipes, but her kitchen and kitchen equipment are decidedly modern, as the electric waffle iron she's using above indicates. (Right) The recipe for making these delectable cream puffs, with custard filling, is yours for the asking.

BY MARJORIE DEEN

ARE YOU equipped to be a charming hostess and an efficient housekeeper? Well, it's just too bad if you're not, according to Maureen O'Sullivan. She feels that there are so many modern and comparatively inexpensive ways to improve your entertaining and homemaking technique that a woman is foolish, indeed, who ignores them.

"I'm still enough of a daughter of Old Ireland to revere tradition in many things," winsome little Maureen informed me across the tea table.

"I want to have little treasures around the house," she continued, "that have mellowed with age and that I cherish because of association. But I must say that when it comes to the way a home is run, I like to see things being done in the most modern way imaginable. However, short-cuts and modern methods are but the means to an end for there can be no modern substitute for old-fashioned hospitality and old-fashioned foods. Why, I've yet to have my fill of Old-Fashioned Chocolate Cake—a traditional American favorite that I've adopted with the greatest enthusiasm."

Then Maureen went on to describe some of the other foods that she has discovered over here, while we were busy "discovering" what an unaffected actress and sweet person is this little colleen. Being one of the few stars in Hollywood who does not have to watch her diet, she was not afraid to mention sweets as her favorite foods.

All sorts and varieties of cake, I was told, appear with great frequency on the O'Sullivan table. But the chocolate cake already mentioned and a delectable Chocolate Marshmallow Roll meet with the highest praises of hostess and guests alike. Great favorites, also, when company comes, are Cream Puffs—light, golden, home-made shells, filled with a smooth custard cream.

I was able to get the recipes for all three—which you'll find in this month's Modern Hostess leaflet. The coupon at the end of this article will bring you a free copy of this little leaflet, promptly. If you've never written in for one before, you have a treat in store for you. This month, for instance, I'm sure you'll agree immediately that the sweets just mentioned sound good. Then when you

You don't have to know how to cook to be an expert in the kitchen, claims Maureen O'Sullivan. What's more, she proves it!

receive your attractively printed copy you'll discover that the recipes given you by Maureen are so easy to follow that they practically guarantee perfect results.

"Maids may come and maids may go," Maureen informed me laughingly, as she gave me the recipes to copy down, "but woe betide any servant who can't turn out a delicious product by following the directions I give her for making my favorite desserts."

I'M NOT a cook myself," Maureen admitted, "but I'm an expert with a good waffle batter and waffle iron. Crisp, crunchy waffles with plenty of butter and syrup always make a hit. And put this down for your readers: the syrup should be heated so that when you pour it on hot, it melts the butter and doesn't chill the waffle. That suggestion was made to me by a Vermont fan when she sent me a large jar of her state's famous product. I've followed her advice religiously ever since! Try it, yourself, and see if you don't think it's an improvement. Banana waffles with whipped cream are a great idea, too, especially for card-party luncheons. I'll let you have my two favorite waffle recipes, if you'd care to have them."

Would I care to have them? Why, I practically grabbed them in my anxiety to find something new to make in my waffle iron. And how about you? Well, you'll find one of the waffle recipes in the leaflet and the other one at the end of this article, so be sure to try them.

"For an informal Sunday evening supper or an after-a-preview party," Miss O'Sullivan continued, "I like to place one of the attractive, modern toaster trays on one corner of the buffet. The little glass dishes that fit into the tray are then filled with condiments and different spreads —some

(*Continued on page 100*)

Are *you* as strict as your doctor in choosing a laxative?

TODAY, the doctor studies "Prevention" as closely as anything in his profession. He tries to guard his patients from even a single error which may affect their health.

Before approving a laxative, for instance, he sets up a strict standard of requirements which must be fully met. This code is printed below, point by point. And *every* point is important to your welfare.

WHAT DOCTORS DEMAND OF A LAXATIVE:

It should be dependable.
It should be mild and gentle.
It should be thorough.
Its merit should be proven by the test of time.
It should *not* form a habit.
It should *not* over-act.
It should *not* cause stomach pains.
It should *not* nauseate or upset digestion.

EX-LAX CHECKS ON EVERY POINT

You need not memorize the list above. But remember this one fact: Ex-Lax checks on *each* and *every* point the doctor looks for in a laxative.

Physicians everywhere use Ex-Lax in their own homes for their own families. For more than 30 years, mothers have given it to their children with perfect trust. Since Ex-Lax was first introduced, many laxatives have come and gone. Yet Ex-Lax remains the outstanding leader. It is the largest-selling laxative in the whole, wide world.

CONVINCE YOURSELF OF THE FACTS

Try Ex-Lax the next time you need a laxative and see how accurately it meets the doctor's requirements. It *is* gentle. It *is* thorough. It is *not* upsetting. Not nauseating. Not habit-forming—no increased dosage necessary.

Ex-Lax does *not* work like a strong, violent purgative. Its action so closely approximates normal that, except for the relief you enjoy, you scarcely know you have taken a laxative.

A REAL PLEASURE TO TAKE

Unlike harsh, bitter purgatives, Ex-Lax tastes just like pure, delicious chocolate. It's pleasant for anyone to take, especially the youngsters. And it is equally effective for children and grown-ups.

At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes. Or if you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, mail the coupon below.

TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!
(Paste this on a penny postcard)
Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170 MM-106
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.

Name ....

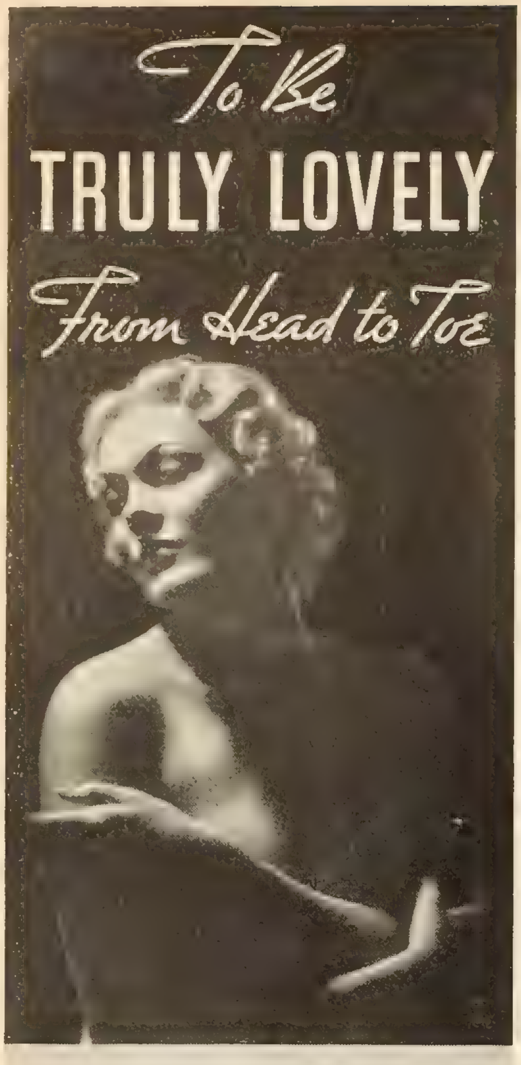
Address ....

City.................................. Age........
(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., Montreal)

When Nature forgets – remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE



For Real Beauty, You Must Have a Soft, Alluring Skin—Free From Pimples and Blemishes

SMOOTH, satiny shoulders—lovely skin "all over"—a radiantly clear, youthful complexion—men admire them and modern style demands them.

To be truly lovely, you must rid *all your skin* of ugly blemishes—end pimples and eruptions on face and body—have a lovely complexion from head to toe. And thousands are doing it, with complete success.

Doctors know that the real cause of ugly blemishes is often a lack of Vitamin B Complex. With this vital element lacking, intestinal nerves and muscles become weak and sluggish. Poisons accumulate in the body. And constant skin eruptions result to rob you of beauty.

In such cases, pleasant-tasting Yeast Foam Tablets work wonders. This pure, dry yeast supplies Vitamin B Complex in ample quantities—strengthens intestinal nerves and muscles, and restores natural functions. Poisons are thrown off. And the skin quickly clears—becomes smooth and lovely.

Start now to win real, alluring beauty. Try Yeast Foam Tablets to restore your skin to youthful loveliness, as they have brought beauty to so many others.

YEAST FOAM TABLETS
YEAST

Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today — and refuse substitutes.

FREE! Mail Coupon for Trial Sample

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 N. Ashland Av., Chicago, Ill.
Please send FREE TRIAL sample of Yeast Foam Tablets. *MM 10-36*

*Name*____________________
*Address*____________________
*City*__________ *State*__________

between you

Bob Taylor letters win cash prizes

It's Bob Taylor month, girls, and are the letters hot! Because of the deluge of mail about Mr. T., we have devoted these columns to him exclusively.

$5.00 Prize Letter

Bob Taylor—Prince Charming

Hollywood is indeed a veritable Wonderland when it can manufacture a Robert Taylor overnight. Not even in story books has there been a Prince Charming to equal him. He is Youth in all its glory—slender, graceful, handsome, and intelligent. His youth is the youth that Johann Strauss tried to depict for us in his beautiful waltzes. Mr. Taylor has the power to bring his Youth to every member of his audience.

Hollywood seems to take pride in the fact that it is growing up, that it will soon be on a par with the legitimate stage. But I think the cinema and the stage will always be miles apart, one is real and the other is a shadow. While the producers are spending millions buying up stage productions, M-G-M has a goldmine right in its own back yard. I venture to say that Bob Taylor in the cheapest, simplest little story will make more money for his producers than the million-dollar reproduction of a stage play.—Bessie Bennett, Philadelphia, Pa.

$1.00 Prize Letter

Bob Taylor—Clothes Horse

I saw Mr. Taylor in "Broadway Melody" and like many other enthusiastic moviegoers, I left the theatre raving. When the second Taylor film came to town, I left the theatre a trifle skeptical. Bob Taylor was just too pretty and, as yet hadn't done any real acting. After Mr. T-s ensuing films, I left the theatre tired—yes, tired. Tired of gazing at a slick-looking fellow whose attire was always faultless, upon whose head not one beautiful hair was ever misplaced, and whose acting was invariably done to the tune of moonlight and the glamorous background of a rich man's playboy son.

So, to whom it may concern, there is my opinion of this excellent clothes horse. Until Robert Taylor proves that he can measure up to the standards of a real actor; until I can see his handsome pan slightly messed up; I remain the self-appointed president of the Anti-Robert Taylor and the Like Club.—Lollie Earley, Little Rock, Ark.

$1.00 Prize Letter

Bob Taylor—Rare Diamond

Let us take the case of Robert Taylor, the present heart-breaker and leading idol of the screen. Here is a personable fellow—straight of profile and clear of tongue. His are the attributes of stardom or that which the movie moguls call "box office." Yet they stupidly persist in casting him as a lollygagging lover and wrapping him in stories having an unmistakable odor. That

'n' me

"Private Number" found me two reels ahead of the story—a very meager plot for a talented actor. Let us not hide a diamond under a heap of paste pearls, although apparently the pearls may suggest permanence.—Bernard Eglyn, Philadelphia, Pa.

$1.00 Prize Letter

Bob Taylor—Unbearable

I suppose I'm very odd, in fact you may think I'm phenomenal, but I am not a Robert Taylor fan! Definitely not! In fact, I can't stand his stupid, sissy-fied characterizations and thus I avoid his pictures altogether. Perfect lover? Best looking actor? Rot! In my eyes, he is unbearable.

But—a large one—there is someone on the screen who fulfills my highest ideals of manliness, whose sincere portrayals have found a place in my heart, whose subtle humor intrigues me, whose six feet, three inches of boyish good looks causes ecstatic admiration from me. Who is this perfect male? None other than Fred MacMurray.—M. M. M., Brooklyn, N. Y.

$1.00 Prize Letter

Bob Taylor—Second Gable

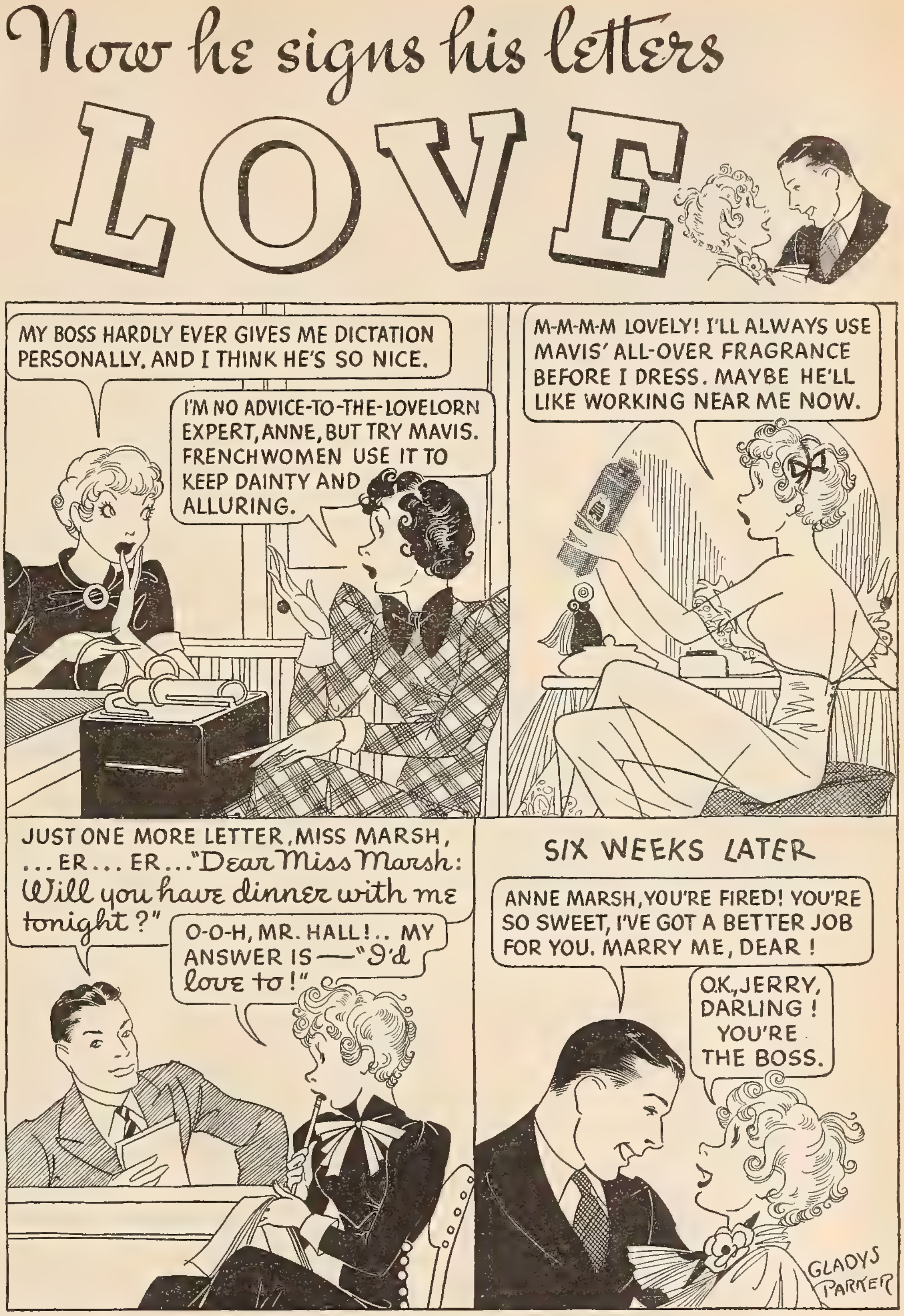
Here's an idea! Since Robert Taylor is being called the "second Clark Gable," and since both he and Gable are under contract to M-G-M, how about a picture starring both of them? The fans would have an opportunity to see both these stars at one time and so would be better able to judge for themselves whether or not Bob deserves such billing. Imagine what this would mean at the box-office: Clark Gable and Robert Taylor, in the same film, and contending for the affections of, say, Myrna Loy or Loretta Young. Why don't you Between You and Me-ers suggest what leading lady you would prefer for each of these gents?—O. Oneal, San Diego, Calif.

$1.00 Prize Letter

Bob Taylor—All Conceit

Why is everyone so ga-ga about Robert Taylor? I read recently that he is not (*Continued on page 106*)

Write us a letter and win a prize! It's as easy as that and such fun. Choose any movie topic that interests you—why you like certain players and dislike others, pictures you've seen, and some you'd like to see, why you like or dislike Modern Screen, etc., etc. Ten dollars in prizes are awarded each month for the six most interesting letters submitted—1st prize, $5; five 2nd prizes of $1 each. Send your full name and address. Modern Screen reserves the right to publish letters in whole or in part. Address: Between You and Me, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.


Now he signs his letters
LOVE
MY BOSS HARDLY EVER GIVES ME DICTATION PERSONALLY. AND I THINK HE'S SO NICE.
I'M NO ADVICE-TO-THE-LOVELORN EXPERT, ANNE, BUT TRY MAVIS. FRENCHWOMEN USE IT TO KEEP DAINTY AND ALLURING.
M-M-M-M LOVELY! I'LL ALWAYS USE MAVIS' ALL-OVER FRAGRANCE BEFORE I DRESS. MAYBE HE'LL LIKE WORKING NEAR ME NOW.
JUST ONE MORE LETTER, MISS MARSH, ... ER... ER..."Dear Miss Marsh: Will you have dinner with me tonight?"
O-O-H, MR. HALL!.. MY ANSWER IS—"I'd love to!"
SIX WEEKS LATER
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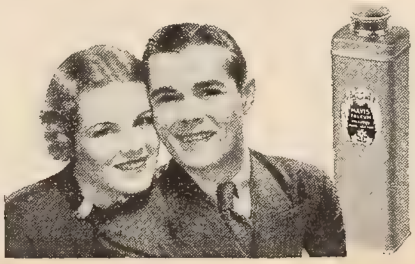

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Information Desk

If you would like to see a brief synopsis of your favorite's life in this department, fill in and send us the coupon on page 21. General questions, of course, will also be answered here. Those asked most frequently and the most interesting ones receive first preference. And not too many at a time, please. Address: The Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

NOTE: The following biographies are printed by popular demand. They are the ones most frequently requested during the last month by readers who have sent in the coupon at the end of the article. Each coupon has been tabulated, so if you have requested any of these, kindly consider yours automatically responsible.

ROBERT TAYLOR: Dr. S. A. Brugh's little boy with the big name, Spangler Arlington Brugh, has very definitely "arrived." In fact, Bob Taylor, as we're fortunately allowed to call him, is Fan Favorite No. 1. Born in Filley, Neb., on August 5, he later moved to Beatrice where he attended school. He had two years of college work at Doane, Neb., then finished his course at Pomona College, where, in addition to his outstanding dramatic work, he was a star tennis player. A role in the campus production of "Journey's End" won Bob a screen test, which was so bad that he was promptly sent back to his books. However, after graduation, Bob was given another test, signed to a contract and put into training by M-G-M. He played bit parts in a couple of big productions, leading roles in several little theatre plays, was loaned to Fox for "Handy Andy" in 1934 and finally made good in "Society Doctor." Tennis and horseback riding are his favorite sports, he plays the cello and piano, collects sweaters and is very superstitious about black cats and ladders. Six feet tall, he weighs 165 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. Bob owns a collie dog named Sport, his only pet. "The Gorgeous Hussy," with Joan Crawford, is our hero's latest, and he's now working on "Camille" with the great Garbo. Perhaps the love scenes in "His Brother's Wife" between Bob and Barbara Stanwyck were more realistic than usual. Anyway, Miss Stanwyck has been his feminine lead off the screen these many months. 'Tis said to be serious. You may write Mr. Taylor at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Washington Blvd., Culver City, Calif. If you want his photograph, be sure to send 25¢ along with your request—this is the standard price charged by the stars to cover printing and mailing.

ALLETA MILLER, Orlando, Fla.—You win! Alice Faye has never been married, much less to Rudy Vallee. Rudy's ex-wife is Fay Webb, which is probably why your friends were confused.

JANE WITHERS: This talented screen rascal was born in Atlanta, Ga., to Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Withers, on April 12, 1926. By the time she was 4, Miss Jane was Atlanta's child Garbo. She was featured in "The Toyland Review" and for two years was heard over the air on Station WGST, during which time she was learning French and Spanish, and taking to horseback riding. All hopeful, the family took their youngster to Hollywood, where they searched 7 long months for an assignment for her. A bit part in "Handle with Care" came in 1932, followed by other minute roles. Then nothing. So Jane returned to radio work and was starred in KFWB's "Juvenile Review," in which she sang and swapped gags with the M.C. Her ability to do impersonations—she can do over 40—as well as her skill at singing, landed her the "brat" part in "Bright Eyes," and a contract. Off-screen Jane is a wholesome little girl, full of personality and mischief. She likes swimming and skating, and her love of pets has caused her to accumulate a small menagerie. This brown-eyed, brown-haired, lovable imp is 4 feet 6 inches tall and weighs 68 pounds. Her next picture is "Pepper" to be followed by a musical, "Can This Be Dixie?" with Helen Wood and Thomas Beck. Under contract to 20th Century-Fox Studios, Box 900, Beverly Hills, Calif., you may write her there.

DOROTHY MILLER, Milledgeville, Ga.—Yes, Michael Bartlett did rather drop off the face of the earth for a spell. But he's popped up again as Marion Talley's leading man in Republic's "Follow Your Heart," which should be released shortly.

NELSON EDDY: His is a success story that IS a success story, and a long one to boot. Born in Providence, R. I., on June 29, 1901, the son of Isobel Kendrick and William Darius Eddy, both excellent singers, Nelson received his earlier education at the grammar and Normal schools there. Night school and correspondence courses completed it. He held a variety of jobs, among them those of telephone operator, shipping clerk in an iron works, newspaper reporter and copy reader, and finally advertising copy writer. In Providence Nelson had sung as a boy soprano in several churches but it wasn't until he was working on a Philadelphia newspaper that he began to wonder if his baritone voice might not be a means of livelihood. He sang with phonograph records, then took lessons from several prominent instructors in the United States, Paris and Dresden. In 1921 Mr. Eddy made an anonymous debut in "The Marriage Tax"; in 1924 he was singing with the Philadelphia Civic Opera Company; in 1931 he made a sensational New York debut; and in 1933 gave a concert in Los Angeles at which he received 18 encores. Screen tests were the outcome of this concert, and he was assigned minor roles in "Broadway to Hollywood," "Dancing Lady," "Student Tour" and was finally starred in "Naughty Marietta" and "Rose Marie." Six feet tall, he weighs 173 pounds and derives pleasure from swimming, motoring, tennis, dancing and sailing. He has blue eyes and blonde hair. Mr. Eddy can sing 32 operatic roles and in French, English, Italian, Spanish, Russian and Yiddish. He has never been married and is not engaged. "Maytime," now in production, will be the next Eddy-MacDonald opus. Write him at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Washington Blvd., Culver City, Calif.

MARIE LOUISE, Racine, Wis.—Dick Powell's next picture after "Stage Struck" will be "Gold Diggers of 1937," also with Joan Blondell. Miss Blondell made her screen debut in 1930 in "Sinner's Holiday." Her young son, Norman Scott Barnes, will be 2 years old on November 2nd.

MYRNA LOY: She was originally named Myrna Williams, became Myrna Loy for the movies and on June 27, 1936, became Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, Jr. During the Myrna Williams era she was born in Helena, Mont., where her father was a ranch owner, on August 2, 1905. When she was of high school age her parents brought her to Los Angeles. There she attended the Westlake School for Girls and later an art school. Myrna's ability as a sculptress attracted the attention of Rudolph Valentino and his wife, who gave her a part in "What Price Beauty?" in 1925. She was given other small roles and worked in the stage prologues at Grauman's Theatre in Hollywood, and as a dancer. Her first leading role was in "Renegade" in 1931. That was during her "vamp" days. Things began to look up when Myrna was assigned to "Animal Kingdom," and since that time she has risen to great popularity in straight acting roles. She is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 110 pounds and has titian hair and green eyes. She loves dancing, collects painting and sculpture, swims, plays tennis and rides. Miss Loy plays the piano and likes to read history and biography. Under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Washington Blvd., Culver City, Calif., her next picture will be "Libeled Lady" in which William Powell, Jean Harlow and Spencer Tracy are also cast.

RICHARD I. SMITH, Bellevue, Pa.—The principal players in "Charlie Chan's Courage" were Warner Oland, Drue Leyton, Donald Woods and Paul Harvey. This screen play was by Seton I. Miller. Drue Leyton, Raymond Milland, Mona Barrie, Alan Mowbray, Douglas Walton and E. E. Clive were the more important players with Mr. Oland in "Charlie Chan in London." The most recent Chan picture is "Charlie Chan at the Race Track," but the next has not been announced.

CLARK GABLE: Cadiz, Ohio, was William Clark Gable's birthplace on February 1, 1901. His mother having died in his infancy, Clark was brought up by his step-mother and grandparents. Educated in the Hopedale, Ohio, high school, he went to Akron, where he became a timekeeper in a rubber factory until he caught the "theatre bug" and began playing extra parts on the stage. He then alternated between the theatre and odd jobs. In Portland, Ore., he met Josephine Dillon, diction and elocution instructress, and married her in 1924. In 1927 Clark made his Broadway stage debut and followed it up with a series of other plays. It was in 1929 that he remarried. This was Rhea Langham, a society woman, from whom he is now separated. In 1931 Mr. Gable first appeared on the screen in "The Painted Desert," a Western, but that was only the first step. Look where he is today after a paltry five years! Clark is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 190 pounds, has gray eyes and brown hair and is known as a regular fellow. He likes to watch polo games and football, and his athletic diversions are golf, hunting, fishing, swimming and tennis. He collects firearms, and traveling is his favorite pastime. Clark and Carole Lombard have been palling around a lot lately, and a right nice off-screen team they make, too. Mr. Gable's next film is "Cain and Mabel" in which he is co-starred with Marion Davies, after which he and Joan Crawford are to be teamed in "Love on the Run." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Washington Blvd., Culver City, Calif., is his address.

JEAN SCHLEUNING, Lincoln, Neb.—Sorry, but the home addresses of the stars are a deep, dark secret. They can be reached through their studios. Humphrey Bogart is married to Mary Phillips. Dick Powell, not Bob Taylor, played with Will Rogers in "Too Busy to Work." Yes, both Mr. Taylor and James Stewart are in "The Gorgeous Hussy" with Joan Crawford, as well as Franchot Tone, Melvyn Douglas and Lionel Barrymore. Some cast!

TRAINS FOR HOLLYWOOD
INFORMATION DESK
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ROCHELLE HUDSON: This charming Miss hails from the late Will Rogers' home town, Claremore, Okla. Born there on March 6, 1916, she received her education in the Claremore grade school, the Oklahoma City high school and later at the Hollywood high school after her parents moved there. No sooner had Miss H. set foot in cinema city, than she determined to become a film star. After many futile attempts Rochelle signed with RKO in March, 1930, and made "Fanny Foley Herself." Five more RKO films followed, then Rochelle signed with Fox after her success in "Doctor Bull" with Mr. Rogers. Although Miss Hudson had no professional stage experience before entering film work, she had appeared in local performances and had taken dramatic lessons as well as instruction in singing, dancing and painting. Her hobby is hook rugs, she has 2 pet cats, likes to play tennis, swim and read good fiction. She has gray eyes and her favorite color is blue. Miss Hudson is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 100 pounds and has dark brown hair. She is not married. "Poppy," with W. C. Fields, is her most recent picture. Write her at 20th Century-Fox Studios, Box 900, Beverly Hills, Calif.

SALLY THATCHER, San Francisco, Calif.—Michael Whalen played the role of Dr. Luke's son in "The Country Doctor." Craig Reynolds was not in the picture.

JOHN BEAL: Here's another young man with a lengthy real name—John Alexander Blieding. August 13, 1909, was the date of his advent into this world in Joplin, Mo. There he attended grade school and entered whole-heartedly into the high school dramatics. He played leading roles and after school tinkered with settings and lights in the family barn. At the University of Pennsylvania he became an important member of the famous Mask and Wig Club, a dramatic organization. Upon graduation, John went at once to Jasper Deeter's famous Hedgerow Theatre in Pennsylvania. That was in 1930. Next came Broadway and a job as understudy and stage manager, followed by a supporting role in "Wild Waves." In "Another Language" he attracted wide attention and was promptly signed to make his screen debut in the film version of that hit in 1933. In 1934 John appeared in "Hat, Coat and Glove" and "The Little Minister," which really gave him a place in the cinema heavens. 1935 gave him three pictures: "Les Miserables," "Laddie" and "Break of Hearts." This year Mr. Beal has divided his time between the stage and screen. His most recent picture is "M'Liss" and he is scheduled for two more. They are "We Who Are About to Die" and "Mother Carey's Chickens." Weighing 150 pounds, he is 5 feet 10 inches tall and has brown hair and eyes. He is both an accomplished sketch artist and pianist. His wife is Helen Craig, who is most attractive, and they are very happily married. Mr. Beal's address is RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower St., Los Angeles, Calif.

SHIRLEY RICHARDS, Framingham, Mass.—Robert Kent was the lad who played Corporal Robert King in "The Country Beyond." He is slated to play in "King of the Royal Mounted" for 20th Century-Fox.

JOHN WAYNE: One of the more popular Western stars, Mr. Wayne was born in Winterset, Iowa, on May 26, 1907, the son of Clyde Leonard Morrisey and Mary Brown. His real name is Marion Michael Morrisey, which is probably why he changed it. Educated at the George Washington Grammar School of Keokuk, Iowa, and later at the Lancaster Grammar School in Lancaster, Calif., he then went to Glendale High School and from there to the University of Southern California. He was on the football team at that institution. During his junior year, John decided to leave and go into the motion picture business. His first job was that of prop boy and it was through this that he obtained his first crack at acting in "The Big Trail" in 1930. John is married to Josephine Saenz and they have two children. He has one brother, Emmet. Six feet 2 inches tall, he weighs 198 pounds, has dark brown hair and grey eyes. Quite naturally, he enjoys riding and watching football games, as well as playing bridge and poker. Under contract to Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif., his next picture will be "Coast Guard" with Nan Gray.

SIDNEY LERNER, Philadelphia, Pa.—There have been three versions of "The Witching Hour." In 1916 it was made by Frohman; in 1921 Paramount made the silent version of it; and in 1934 the same company released the talkie edition. Which one do you mean?

ALLAN JONES: Born in Scranton, Pa., on October 14, Allan inherited his Welsh father's fine tenor voice. Mr. Daniel H. Jones, a mine superintendent, saw to it that his son's vocal training was begun at the age of 4. At 8 he was singing in the church choir; at 10 he had resolved to pursue a musical career; at 11 he was a boy soprano; at 14 he was still with the choir, but singing alto. After that Allan developed into a tenor and to pay for his voice lessons ran errands, was a bank messenger, a laborer, coal truck driver and steam shovel engineer while attending high school in Scranton. He earned enough to enter the Syracuse University Music School, where, after a month of glee club singing, he won four scholarships. Came spring and Allan played a hunch. By staging a one-man concert in his home town he netted sufficient funds to take him to Paris to study. In the fall he returned, sang with the New York Philharmonic, then alternated between Paris and New York. He made a hit in opera, sang in musical stock in St. Louis, Boston and Chicago as well as on tour. Back in New York he was invited to make a screen test and signed to a contract. He has appeared in "Reckless," "A Night at the Opera," "Rose Marie" and "Show Boat," his latest. He's on tour at present, so there is no film scheduled for him. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 175 pounds and has dark brown hair and eyes. On July 26, 1936, Irene Hervey became Mrs. Allan Jones. Both have been married before. Irene has a daughter and Allan a son by the previous marriage. Write Mr. J. at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Washington Blvd., Culver City, Calif.

LORETTA YOUNG: She was born Gretchen Young in Salt Lake City, Utah, on January 6, 1913. Polly Ann Young and Sally Blane, her sisters, are also in the movies, though her brother Jack, now an attorney, was the first to take the step. There is also a younger sister, Georgiana, who is a likely candidate. Loretta is descended from American-English-French parents and was educated at Ramona Convent in Alhambra, Calif. Her screen career started when she was 4, as the baby in a Fanny Ward picture, but her real chance came when she answered a studio call for Polly, in the latter's absence, and was immediately awarded a role in Colleen Moore's "Naughty But Nice" in 1927. In 1929 she was a Wampas Baby Star, and now the name of Loretta Young ranks high in the cinema firmament. Outside of dramatic work she is interested in dancing and art, plays the piano and loves good music. Blue and white are her favorite colors, and salads and desserts her favorite foods. Loretta's hobby is shopping for pretty clothes, and she likes popular novels, attends the movies frequently and has a pet canary. She is fond of horseback riding, bicycling and ping pong, and likes to watch football games, horse races and polo. In 1929 Loretta married Grant Withers, but the marriage lasted only a year. Miss Young is 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 109 pounds and has light brown hair set off by huge blue-gray eyes. Her delicate coloring, plus her exquisite beauty, should be shown to good advantage in her latest picture, "Ramona," which is in technicolor. After that Loretta will be seen, along with Janet Gaynor and Constance Bennett, in "Ladies in Love." Under contract to 20th Century-Fox Studios, Box 900, Beverly Hills, Calif., you may write her there.

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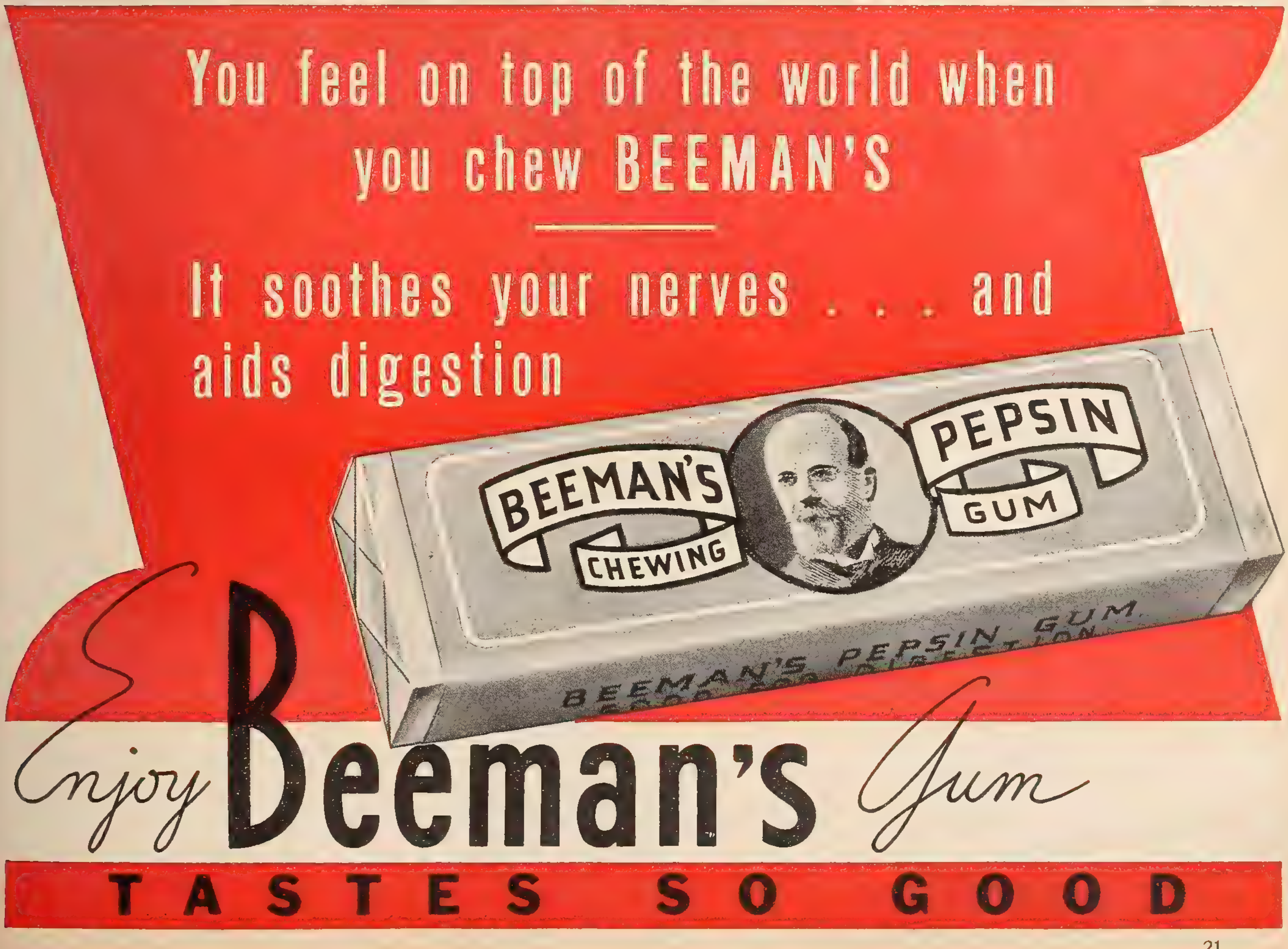
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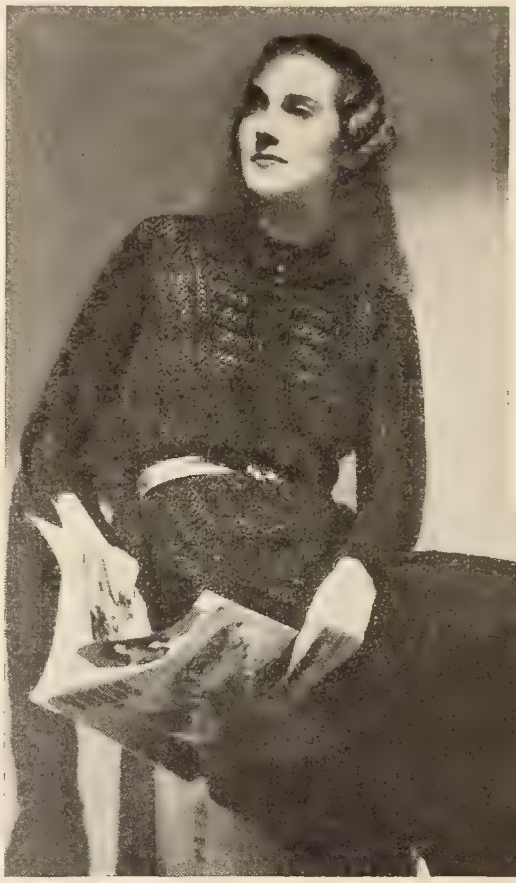

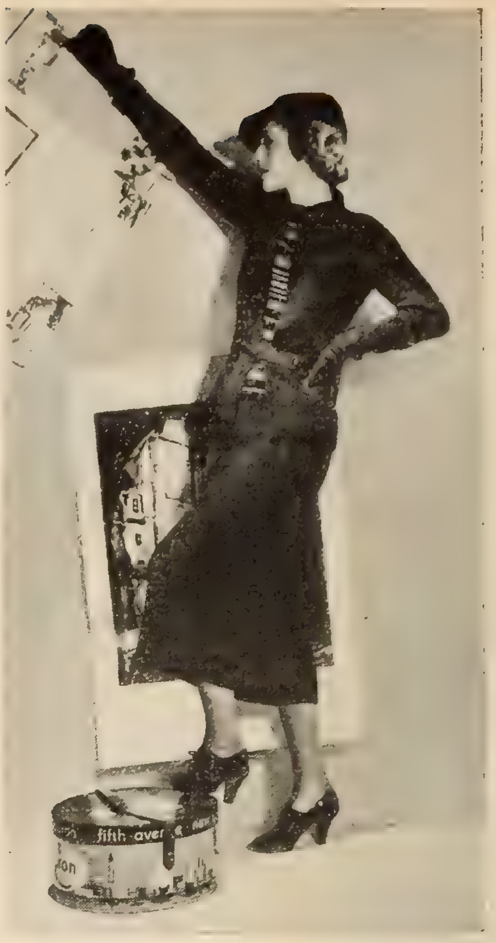

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stars' studio addresses

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Gaumont-British, Lime Grove, Shepherd's Bush, London, W.12, England.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Washington Blvd., Culver City, Calif.
Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif.
Republic Studios, 4024 Radford Ave., North Hollywood, Calif.
RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.
Samuel Goldwyn Studios, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
20th Century-Fox Studios, Box 900, Beverly Hills, Calif.
United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.
Walter Wanger Productions, 1040 North Las Palmas, Hollywood, Calif.
Warner Bros.-First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

ABEL, WALTER: RKO-Radio.
ACUFF, EDDIE: Warner Bros.
AHERNE, BRIAN: M-G-M.
ALBERNI, LUIS: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
ALBERTSON, FRANK: Free lance. Write him at M-G-M.
ALBRIGHT, HARDIE: Free lance. Write him at United Artists.
ALEXANDER, KATHARINE: Free lance. Write her at M-G-M.
ALEXANDER, ROSS: Warner Bros.
ALLAN, ELIZABETH: M-G-M.
ALLEN, GRACIE: Paramount.
ALLEN, JIMMIE: Paramount.
ALLEN, JUDITH: Paramount.
ALLEN, ROBERT: Columbia.
ALLWYN, ASTRID: 20th Century-Fox.
AMECHE, DON: 20th Century-Fox.
AMES, ADRIENNE: Free lance. Write her at Paramount.
ANDRE, LONA: M-G-M.
ANGEL, HEATHER: RKO-Radio.
ARLEDGE, JOHN: RKO-Radio.
ARLEN, RICHARD: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
ARLISS, GEORGE: Gaumont-British.
ARMETTA, HENRY: Universal.
ARMSTRONG, ROBERT: RKO-Radio.
ARNOLD, EDWARD: Universal.
ARTHUR, JEAN: Columbia.
ASTAIRE, FRED: RKO-Radio.
ASTOR, MARY: Columbia.
ATWILL, LIONEL: M-G-M.
AUTRY, GENE: Republic.
AYRES, LEW: Columbia.
BAKER, BENNY: Paramount.
BALL, LUCILLE: RKO-Radio.
BALLEW, SMITH: RKO-Radio.
BANCROFT, GEORGE: Columbia.
BARBIER, GEORGE: Paramount.
BARKER, PHILLIP: Walter Wanger.
BARNES, BINNIE: Universal.
BARNETT, VINCE: Universal.
BARRAT, ROBERT: Warner Bros.
BARRIE, MONA: 20th Century-Fox.
BARRIE, WENDY: 20th Century-Fox.
BARRYMORE, DOLORES COSTELLO: Paramount.
BARRYMORE, JOHN: M-G-M.
BARRYMORE, LIONEL: M-G-M.
BARTHELMESS, RICHARD: Warner Bros.
BARTHOLOMEW, FREDDIE: M-G-M.
BARTLETT, MICHAEL: Republic.
BAXTER, ALAN: Walter Wanger.
BAXTER, WARNER: 20th Century-Fox.
BEAL, JOHN: RKO-Radio.
BECK, THOMAS: 20th Century-Fox.
BEECHER, JANET: Paramount.
BEERY, NOAH, JR.: Universal.
BEERY, WALLACE: M-G-M.
BELLAMY, RALPH: Columbia.
BENCHLEY, ROBERT: M-G-M.
BENEDICT, WILLIAM: 20th Century-Fox.
BENNETT, CONSTANCE: 20th Century-Fox.
BENNETT, JOAN: Walter Wanger.
BENNY, JACK: Paramount.
BERGNER, ELISABETH: 20th Century-Fox.
BICKFORD, CHARLES: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
BLACKMER, SIDNEY: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
BLAKELEY, JAMES: Columbia.
BLANE, SALLY: Columbia.
BLONDELL, JOAN: Warner Bros.
BLORE, ERIC: RKO-Radio.
BOGART, HUMPHREY: Warner Bros.
BOLAND, MARY: Paramount.
BOLES, GLEN: Warner Bros.
BOLES, JOHN: RKO-Radio.
BOND, WARD: Columbia.
BOYD, WILLIAM: Paramount.
BOYER, CHARLES: Walter Wanger.
BRADLEY, GRACE: Paramount.
BRADY, ALICE: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
BREAKSTON, GEORGE: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
BREEN, BOBBY: RKO-Radio.
BRENDEL, EL: Warner Bros.
BRENT, GEORGE: Warner Bros.
BREWSTER, JUNE: RKO-Radio.
BRIAN, MARY: Free lance. Write her at Walter Wanger.
BRISSON, CARL: Paramount.
BRODERICK, HELEN: RKO-Radio.
BROOK, CLIVE: Gaumont-British.
BROWN, JOE E.: RKO-Radio.
BROWN, JOHN MACK: Republic.
BROWN, TOM: Paramount.
BRUCE, NIGEL: 20th Century-Fox.
BRUCE, VIRGINIA: M-G-M.
BUCK, FRANK: RKO-Radio.
BUCKLER, JOHN: M-G-M.
BURGESS, DOROTHY: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
BURKE, BILLIE: M-G-M.
BURKE, KATHLEEN: Paramount.
BURNS, GEORGE: Paramount.
BURRUD, BILLY: Universal.
BUTLER, JIMMY: Paramount.
BUTTERWORTH, CHARLES: M-G-M.
BYINGTON, SPRING: 20th Century-Fox.
CABOT, BRUCE: M-G-M.
CAGNEY, BILL: Republic.
CAGNEY, JAMES: Grand National, 1270 6th Ave., New York, N. Y.
CALLAHAN, MARGARET: RKO-Radio.
CALLEIA, JOSEPH: M-G-M.
CANSINO, RITA: 20th Century-Fox.
CANTOR, EDDIE: Samuel Goldwyn.
CAREY, HARRY: RKO-Radio.
CARLISLE, KITTY: Free lance. Write her at M-G-M.
CARLISLE, MARY: Paramount.
CARMINATI, TULLIO: RKO-Radio.
CARRADINE, JOHN: 20th Century-Fox.
CARRILLO, LEO: Columbia.
CARROLL, MADELEINE: Walter Wanger.
CAVANAGH, PAUL: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
CHANDLER, CHICK: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
CHAPLIN, CHARLES: United Artists.
CHASE, CHARLES: M-G-M.
CHATTERTON, RUTH: United Artists.
CHEVALIER, MAURICE: M-G-M.
CHURCHILL, MARGUERITE: Columbia.
CLARKE, MAE: Republic.
CLIVE, COLIN: Universal.
COBB, IRVIN S.: 20th Century-Fox.
COLBERT, CLAUDETTE: Paramount.
COLBY, ANITA: RKO-Radio.
COLLIER, CONSTANCE: M-G-M.
COLLINS, CORA SUE: M-G-M.
COLMAN, RONALD: 20th Century-Fox.
CONKLIN, PEGGY: Walter Wanger.
CONNOLLY, WALTER: Columbia.
COOK, DONALD: Republic.
COOPER, GARY: Paramount.
COOPER, JACKIE: M-G-M.
CORTEZ, RICARDO: Warner Bros.
COURTNEY, INEZ: Columbia.
CRABBE, LARRY: Paramount.
CRAWFORD, JOAN: M-G-M.
CROMWELL, RICHARD: Paramount.
CROSBY, BING: Paramount.
CUMMINGS, CONSTANCE: Gaumont-British.
CUMMINGS, ROBERT: Paramount.
DA PRON, LOUIS: Paramount.
DARRO, FRANKIE: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
DARWELL, JANE: 20th Century-Fox.
DAVIES, MARION: Warner Bros.

(Continued on page 70)

HERE'S Energy AND Alertness PACKED INTO A DELICIOUS BREAKFAST

CLAIRE TREVOR— CLAIRE TREVOR, BEAUTIFUL 20TH CENTURY FOX PLAYER IN "TO MARY... WITH LOVE," SAYS,"SHREDDED WHEAT HAS A DELICIOUS NATURAL FLAVOR ALL ITS OWN THAT JUST CAN'T BE BEAT! NO WONDER IT'S FIRST CHOICE OF MILLIONS."

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SHREDDED WHEAT

A Product of National Biscuit Company, bakers of Ritz, Uneeda Biscuit and other famous varieties!

Mail a snapshot of yourself today! You can win a screen

Prizes

Winners get a round trip to England with ALL expenses paid! Train fare of winners to and from New York will be provided for.

Upon arrival in England, winners will not only have free hotel accommodations, but elaborate entertainment and sightseeing as well.

Most thrilling of all—winners will take actual screen tests at the GAUMONT BRITISH Studios!

Rules

1. Contestants must fill in the coupon on page 25, attach it to their full-length snapshot or photograph and mail both to: NEW MOVIE TYPES CONTEST, care of MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.
2. If more than one snapshot or photograph is submitted, each must be accompanied by a coupon. Positively no snapshots or photographs will be returned.
3. The board of judges will select those persons, as winners, whom they consider the best screen types among the entrants. Their decisions will be final.
4. Provisions will be made for train fare of winners to and from New York.
5. The contest will close at midnight—September 30, 1936. No entries postmarked after that time will be eligible.
6. No employees of the Dell Publishing Company or Gaumont British or their families, may participate in this contest.

HAVEN'T YOU dreamed of screen fame, too? Then take advantage of this amazing opportunity to make your dream come true. A free trip to London on a luxurious ocean liner, carefree days, gay evenings and the once-in-a-lifetime opportunity of a screen test at the GAUMONT BRITISH Studios are placed within your reach in Modern Screen's easy-to-enter contest.

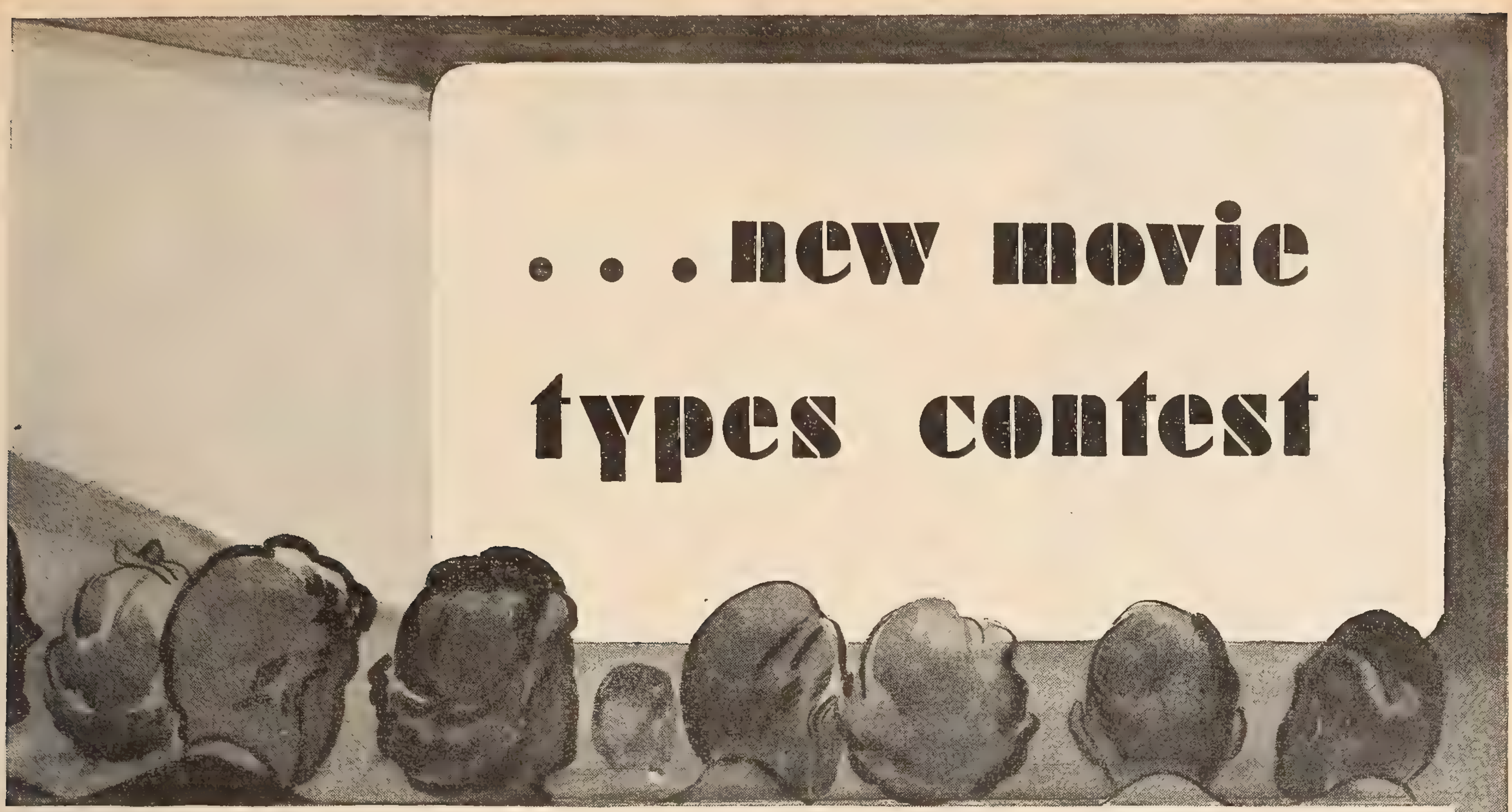
You don't have to be beautiful or handsome. All Modern Screen wants are "New Movie Types." It makes no difference whether you are male or female, tall or short, young or old, fat or thin, you may be one of the TYPES we are seeking.

Anyone can enter! Simply attach your photo—a snapshot will do—to the coupon on page 25 and send to NEW MOVIE TYPES CONTEST, care of MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York. N. Y.

We're making the road to stardom an easy one for you, and You, and YOU. A free and joyous trip to England with no expense, no struggle, and most exciting of all, we are offering you a stepping-stone-to-fame screen test at the GAUMONT BRITISH Studios.

Opportunity knocks but once—just clip the coupon, send us your picture and maybe YOU will be one of the "New Movie Types" we're looking for.

. . . new movie types contest



test and a free trip to England in this exciting contest

(Above left to right) Young Desmond Tester, who is a rave with critics despite his youth. He played in GB's "Nine Days a Queen" and will next be seen in "The Hidden Power" with Sylvia Sidney. Next, Richard Arlen and Lilli Palmer in a scene from "The Great Barrier"—the epic story of the Canadian Pacific Railroad. Constance Cummings and Ed. Lowe in GB's "Seven Sinners."

NEW MOVIE TYPES CONTEST,
MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Enclosed is a picture of:

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City..

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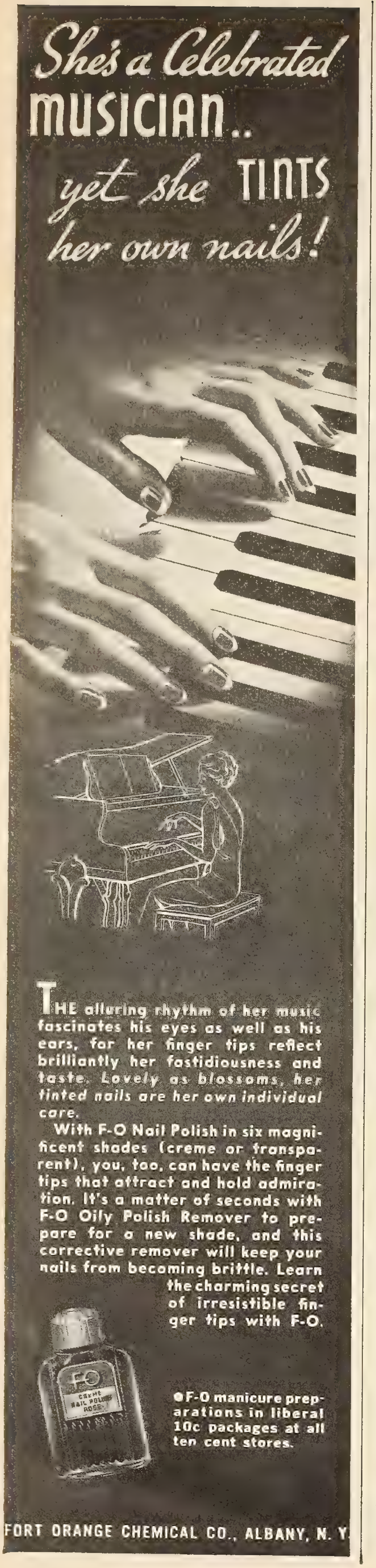

THE alluring rhythm of her music fascinates his eyes as well as his ears, for her finger tips reflect brilliantly her fastidiousness and taste. Lovely as blossoms, her tinted nails are her own individual care.

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●F-O manicure preparations in liberal 10c packages at all ten cent stores.

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modern screen

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Abdul the Damned (Columbia)	2½★
Absolute Quiet (M-G-M)	2★
The Amateur Gentleman (United Artists)	2½★
And So They Were Married (Columbia)	2★
And Sudden Death (Paramount)	1½★
Annie Oakley (RKO)	4★
*Anthony Adverse (Warners)	3★
Anything Goes (Paramount)	3★
*The Arizona Raiders (Paramount)	1★
August Week-End (Chesterfield)	2★
Below the Deadline (Chesterfield)	1★
The Bengal Tiger (Warners)	2★
Big Brown Eyes (Walter Wanger)	2½★
The Big Noise (Warners)	2★
Blackmailer (Columbia)	1★
The Bohemian Girl (M-G-M)	2½★
Border Flight (Paramount)	2★
The Border Patrolman (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Boulder Dam (Warners)	1★
The Bride Comes Home (Paramount)	3★
Brides Are Like That (First National)	2½★
The Bride Walks Out (RKO)	2½★
Bullets or Ballots (First National)	3★
Bunker Bean (RKO)	2★
The Calling of Dan Matthews (Columbia)	1★
Captain Blood (Warners)	4★
Captain January (20th Century-Fox)	3★
The Case Against Mrs. Ames (Walter Wanger)	3★
Ceiling Zero (Warners)	4★
Champagne Charlie (20th Century-Fox)	1½★
Charlie Chan at the Circus (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
*Charlie Chan at the Race Track (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Charlie Chan's Secret (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Chatterbox (RKO)	2★
Colleen (Warners)	3★
Coronado (Paramount)	1★
Counterfeit (Columbia)	2★
The Country Beyond (20th Century-Fox)	2★
The Country Doctor (20th Century-Fox)	4★
The Crime of Dr. Forbes (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Dancing Feet (Republic)	2★
Dancing Pirate (Pioneer-RKO)	3★
Dangerous (Warners)	3½★
Dangerous Waters (Universal)	2★
Desire (Paramount)	4★
*The Devil Doll (M-G-M)	3★
Devil's Squadron (Columbia)	2½★
Dizzy Dames (Liberty)	2★
Don't Gamble with Love (Columbia)	1½★
Dracula's Daughter (Universal)	3★
Drift Fence (Paramount)	2★
Dr. Socrates (Warners)	2★
Early to Bed (Paramount)	2½★
Earthworm Tractors (First National)	3★
East of Java (Universal)	2★
Easy Money (Invincible)	2★
Educating Father (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Everybody's Old Man (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Every Saturday Night (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Exclusive Story (M-G-M)	2½★
The Ex-Mrs. Bradford (RKO)	3½★
Fang and Claw (RKO)	2★
The Farmer in the Dell (RKO)	1½★
Fatal Lady (Paramount)	2★
First a Girl (GB)	2½★
The First Baby (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Florida Special (Paramount)	2½★
F-Man (Paramount)	1½★
Follow the Fleet (RKO)	4★
Forgotten Faces (Paramount)	2½★
Freshman Love (Warners)	2★
Fury (M-G-M)	3★
The Garden Murder Case (M-G-M)	2½★
Gentle Julia (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
The Ghost Goes West (United Artists)	4★
*Girls' Dormitory (20th Century-Fox)	3★
*Give Me Your Heart (Warners)	3★
Give Us This Night (Paramount)	1½★
The Golden Arrow (First National)	2½★
The Great Impersonation (Universal)	2★
The Great Ziegfeld (M-G-M)	4★
The Green Pastures (Warners)	5★
Half Angel (20th Century-Fox)	2★
The Harvester (Republic)	2★
Hearts Divided (Warners-Cosmopolitan)	3★
Hell Ship Morgan (Columbia)	2★
High Tension (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Hot Money (Warners)	2★
The House of a Thousand Candles (Republic)	2★
Human Cargo (20th Century-Fox)	2★
I Dream Too Much (RKO)	3★
If You Could Only Cook (Columbia)	4★
I Live My Life (M-G-M)	2★
I Married a Doctor (Warners)	3★
The Invisible Ray (Universal)	1½★
I Stand Condemned (London Films)	2★
It Had to Happen (20th Century-Fox)	2★
It's Love Again (GB)	3★
*Jailbreak (Warners)	2★
King of Burlesque (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
King of the Damned (GB)	1½★
The King Steps Out (Columbia)	3★
Klondike Annie (Paramount)	1★
The Lady Consents (RKO)	2★
Lady of Secrets (Columbia)	1★
Last of the Pagans (M-G-M)	2★
The Last Journey (Twickenham)	2★
The Last Outlaw (RKO)	2½★
Laughing Irish Eyes (Republic)	1½★
The Law in Her Hands (First National)	1½★
The Lawless Nineties (Republic)	2★
The Leathernecks Have Landed (Republic)	3★
The Leavenworth Case (Republic)	2★
Let's Sing Again (RKO)	2★
The Littlest Rebel (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Little Lord Fauntleroy (United Artists)	4★
Little Miss Nobody (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
The Lone Wolf Returns (Columbia)	2★
Love Before Breakfast (Universal)	2½★
*Love Begins at 20 (First National)	1★
Love on a Bet (RKO)	1½★
Magnificent Obsession (Universal)	2½★
Man Hunt (Warners)	2★
Mary Burns, Fugitive (Paramount)	3★
*Mary of Scotland (RKO)	3★
Meet Nero Wolfe (Columbia)	2½★
A Message to Garcia (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
A Midsummer Night's Dream (Warners)	5★
The Milky Way (Paramount)	4★
Millions in the Air (Paramount)	1★
The Mine with the Iron Door (Columbia)	2★
Miss Pacific Fleet (Warners)	1½★
*Mister Cinderella (Roach-M-G-M)	2★
Mr. Deeds Goes to Town (Columbia)	4★
Mister Hobo (GB)	2★
M'Liss (RKO)	3★
Modern Times (United Artists)	4★
Moonlight Murder (M-G-M)	2½★
The Moon's Our Home (Walter Wanger)	3★
The Morals of Marcus (GB)	1★
Murder by an Aristocrat (Warners)	1★
The Murder of Dr. Harrigan (First National)	2★
Murder on the Bridle Path (RKO)	2★
The Music Goes 'Round (Columbia)	2★
Muss 'Em Up (RKO)	2★
Mutiny on the Bounty (M-G-M)	4★
*My American Wife (Paramount)	3★
Next Time We Love (Universal)	3★
Nobody's Fool (Universal)	2★
O'Malley of the Mounted (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
$1000 a Minute (Republic)	2★
One Rainy Afternoon (Pickford-Lasky)	2★
One Way Ticket (Columbia)	2½★
*Our Relations (Roach-M-G-M)	1★
Paddy O'Day (20th Century-Fox)	1½★
Palm Springs (Paramount)	1★
Panic on the Air (Columbia)	2★
Parole (Universal)	2★
The Passing of the Third Floor Back (GB)	3★
Peg of Old Drury (Paramount)	3★
*Pepper (20th Century-Fox)	3★
The Petrified Forest (Warners)	4★
Petticoat Fever (M-G-M)	3★
The Poor Little Rich Girl (20th Century-Fox)	3★

movie scoreboard

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Poppy (Paramount)	4★
The Preview Murder Mystery (Paramount)	3★
Pride of the Marines (Columbia)	1★
The Princess Comes Across (Paramount)	3★
Prisoner of Shark Island (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Private Number (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Professional Soldier (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Public Enemy's Wife (Warners)	2★
Red Wagon (Alliance)	1½★
The Return of Sophie Lang (Paramount)	2½★
Revolt of the Zombies (Halperin)	1★
Rhodes, the Diamond Master (GB)	3★
Rhythm on the Range (Paramount)	3★
Riffraff (M-G-M)	2½★
Road Gang (First National)	2½★
*The Road to Glory (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Roaming Lady (Columbia)	2★
Robin Hood of El Dorado (M-G-M)	2½★
*Romeo and Juliet (M-G-M)	4★
Rose Marie (M-G-M)	4★
Rose of the Rancho (Paramount)	2★
San Francisco (M-G-M)	4★
Satan Met a Lady (Warners)	1★
Secret Agent (GB)	3★
She Married Her Boss (Columbia)	4★
Show Boat (Universal)	4★
Show Them No Mercy (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Silly Billies (RKO)	2★

Picture and Producer	General Rating
The Singing Kid (Warners)	3★
Sins of Man (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Sky Parade (Paramount)	2★
Small Town Girl (M-G-M)	3★
Snowed Under (First National)	2★
Soak the Rich (Paramount)	2½★
Song and Dance Man (20th Century-Fox)	1★
*Song of China (Douglas MacLean)	3★
Song of the Saddle (First National)	2★
Sons O'Guns (Warners)	3★
So Red the Rose (Paramount)	3★
Special Investigator (RKO)	2★
Speed (M-G-M)	1½★
Spendthrift (Wanger-Paramount)	2★
The Story of Louis Pasteur (Warners)	4★
Strike Me Pink (Samuel Goldwyn)	3★
Sutter's Gold (Universal)	2½★
Suzy (M-G-M)	2★
*Sworn Enemy (M-G-M)	1★
Sylvia Scarlett (RKO)	2½★
A Tale of Two Cities (M-G-M)	5★
These Three (Samual Goldwyn)	4★
Things to Come (United Artists)	3★
13 Hours by Air (Paramount)	3★
*36 Hours to Kill (20th Century-Fox)	1★
The Three Godfathers (M-G-M)	2★
Three Live Ghosts (M-G-M)	2★
Three on the Trail (Paramount)	2½★

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Three Wise Guys (M-G-M)	2½★
*Ticket to Paradise (Republic)	1★
Till We Meet Again (Paramount)	3★
Times Square Playboy (Warners)	1★
*To Mary—With Love (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Tough Guy (M-G-M)	2½★
*Trailin' West (Warners)	1★
The Trail of the Lonesome Pine (Paramount)	2½★
Trapped by Television (Columbia)	2★
Trouble for Two (M-G-M)	2★
Two Against the World (First National)	2★
Two in Revolt (RKO)	2½★
Two in the Dark (RKO)	2½★
Under Two Flags (20th Century-Fox)	3★
The Unguarded Hour (M-G-M)	3★
The Voice of Bugle Ann (M-G-M)	2½★
The Walking Dead (Warners)	2★
Wanted Men (British & Dominion)	½★
We're Only Human (RKO)	2★
We Went to College (M-G-M)	2★
Whipsaw (M-G-M)	2½★
The White Angel (First National)	4★
White Fang (20th Century-Fox)	2★
The Widow from Monte Carlo (Warners)	2★
Wife vs. Secretary (M-G-M)	3★
The Witness Chair (RKO)	2★
Woman Trap (Paramount)	1½★
Your Uncle Dudley (20th Century-Fox)	2★

You'll find this chart simple to follow and a valuable guide in choosing film entertainment. Instead of giving you the individual ratings of Modern Screen and authoritative newspaper movie critics all over the country, we have struck an average of their ratings. You'll find this average under General Rating, beside each picture. 5★, extraordinary; 4★, very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. Asterisk denotes that Modern Screen ratings only are given on films not reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

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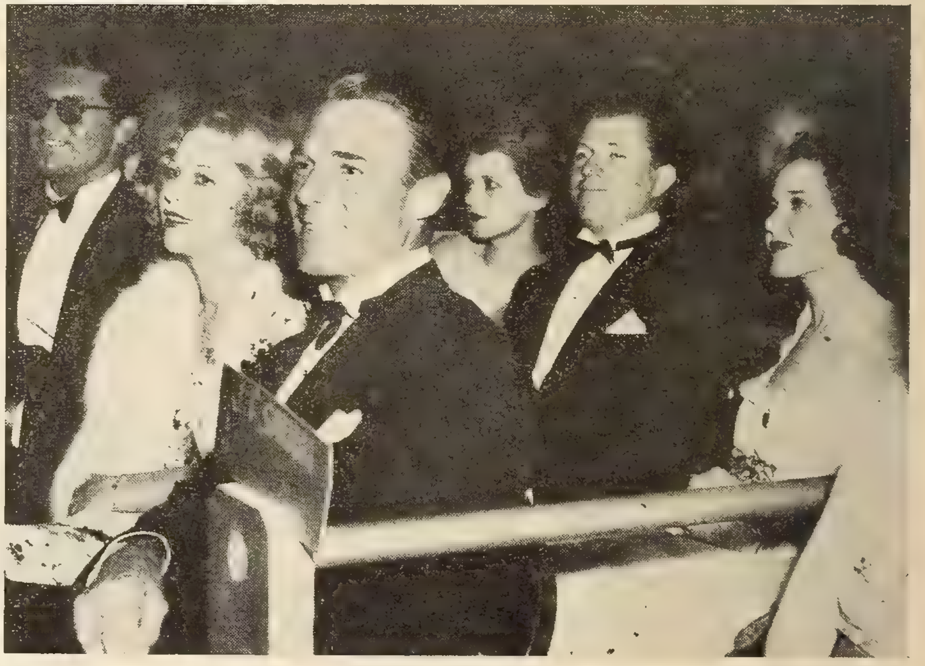
GOOD

Romances galore, lots of gay parties, and back-stage

Jeanette MacDonald's surprise birthday party was a huge success. Of course, Gene Raymond was there, and Nelson Eddy and Anita Louise came in for their share of cake and ice cream, too.

Sharing one box at the Actors' Fund Benefit, if you'll look closely you'll see: first row, Cary Grant, Glenda Farrell and Randy Scott; second row, Mr. and Mrs. Stu Erwin and Mary Brian, Cary's best girl.



BY LEO TOWNSEND

Joan Blondell and Dick Powell will probably have the judge pronounce them man and wife shortly after the state of California tells Joan she's a single gal again. And if you don't believe it's love you should see Joan walking around the Bel Air golf course with Dick these mornings—just to keep him company while he plays. It's amusing to note that despite their real-life courtship their studio doesn't consider them the proper romantic types for each other. Remember in "Colleen" Dick walked off with Ruby Keeler and Joan drew Jack Oakie? And now in "Stage Struck" they go their separate ways once more.

■ ■ ■

Shirley Temple is two up on most movie stars. She's fallen for three young men at once. The lucky trio is the Weidler boys, and they admit to being seven, nine and ten. They're Virginia's brothers and they're appearing in a singing number in Shirley's new picture, "The Bowery Princess." Any engagement rumors are unfounded, however, for the blonde siren has decided to complete her education before considering marriage.

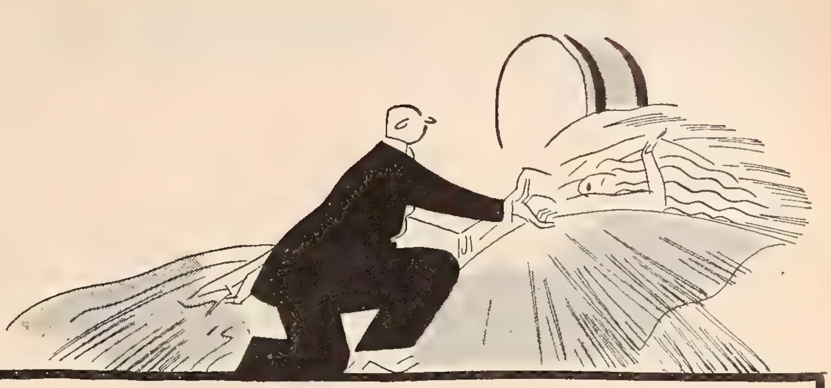
■ ■ ■

Arline Judge and Wesley Ruggles are enjoying a typical Hollywood separation. They still live in the same home, each in a different wing. At the moment Ruggles is directing his estranged bride in "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie." And last month they tossed an elegant party for a few hundred of their most intimate friends. Arline greeted the guests in a bathing suit and later, as the cool of the evening approached, changed into a frock. Perhaps the best remark of the afternoon was George Jessel's. When he arrived, he glanced about at the numerous guests disporting themselves at tables and at the bar and cracked: "I don't think this place will catch on."

■ ■ ■

And what popular singing star recently loaned his gal friend a thousand dollars and kept the young lady's jewels as security? The jools were returned when the gal paid back the thousand, plus interest.

NEWS!



chatter are still the stars' favorite pastimes this fall

Reading from left clock-wise, we have Norma Shearer, her hubby, Irving Thalberg, Doug Fairbanks, Sr., Gilbert Roland, Constance Bennett and Mrs. Doug (Lady Ashley) at the Actors' Fund Benefit.

Scotty snapped this popular foursome at one of their recent Trocadero splurges. Robert Taylor and his best girl, Barbara Stanwyck, Joan Crawford and hubby, Franchot Tone.

Mu. [illegible] accompanied by at le[illegible] three males, has gone back to the single standard. The lucky man in this case happens to be her husband, Captain Philip Astley, who recently journeyed to Hollywood from London to take Madeleine back to Europe for a vacation. "I didn't doubt that Madeleine was coming home," said the handsome Captain, "but I thought it was worth making sure."

* * *

Fred Astaire has a phobia against visitors on the set during rehearsals. For the final take it's okay, which reverses the way most of the stars feel about it. So a femme writer, interviewing Fred, decided to get at the bottom of this. "It seems silly to me, Astaire, your being so exclusive regarding arsals," she said. "Would it seem silly to " inquired Fred, "if I should want to see ir first draft on this story?" The jury is l out, but they'll probably be unanimous for uittal.

* * *

Anyone wanting to see the "Who's Who" at M-G-M these days simply drops in on the "Born to Dance" set. The Gables, the Harlows, the Crawfords, the Montgomerys and so on stand around in awed silence watching Eleanor Powell go through her routines. The gal is amazing, for her energy mounts as the day goes on, and by five o'clock when the rest of the cast has wilted, her dancing's at a peak. To top it all off she spends a couple of evenings a week with Jimmy Stewart at the Trocadero—dancing.

* * *

Instead of her planned trip to Honolulu, Kay Francis spent a couple of weeks recently in the Hollywood Hospital. According to medical reports her confinement was due to a pair of impacted wisdom teeth, but according to Kay it was due to costume changes for "Mistress of Fashion," her next picture. "Thirty-six changes," said Kay. "I envy the girls who complain because they have nothing to wear."

* * *

When Marlene Dietrich completed "The Garden of Allah" she wrapped up her accent and left immediately for Europe. Her reservations on the Normandie, for herself, daughter Maria, nurse and hairdresser called for two suites, including her own dining-room and a private sun deck, complete with

good news

(Right) Francis Lederer took time out from his ranching and various peace projects to appear for the Actors' Fund Benefit. Doesn't he look dashing here with lovely Anita Louise? Despite vigorous denials, those romance rumors still link Ross Alexander's name with Anita's.

(Below, right) Do you recognize these handsome Floradora Girls? Well, reading from left to right, they are: Toby Wing, Betty Furness, Olivia de Havilland and Patricia Ellis. (Left) Frances Dee and Joel McCrea make one of their rare public appearances at a social to-do—Katharine Cornell's West Coast opening in "St. Joan."

swimming pool. We can remember 'way back when it who wanted to be alone.

■ ■ ■

Watched Lew Ayres on the "Murder with Pictures he seemed to be carrying on without a trace of heartbreak. The fact that he was making love to Gail Patrick at the moment might have had something to do with it, of course. Gail was beautiful in a sireny black satin gown, long earrings—and felt bedroom slippers. It's a Hollywood trick for making tall gals see eye to eye with their heroes.

■ ■ ■

Talked to Isabel Jewell in the Brown Derby, and met her fiance, Owen Crump, a Hollywood radio producer. "I'm signing a life-term contract in October," said Isabel. "And," added Mr. C., "with no options." An ironic touch, if you will, was that Isabel was seated directly beneath a caricature of Lee Tracy. He was her steady beau for a long, long time—and not so terribly long ago, either.

ran out and he dressed the little lady down in good round American phrases, the kind more prevalent in Brooklyn than in Paris. And —surprise!—she knew exactly what he meant, and tried out a couple of her own in return. Result: a spanking for the mademoiselle and a promise to be good.

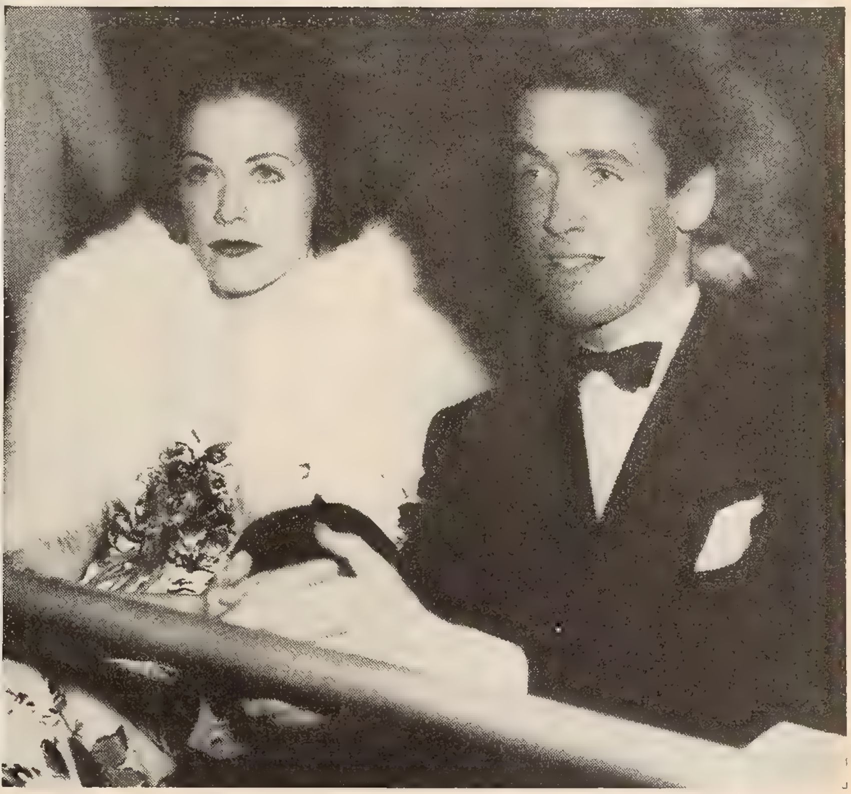
■ ■ ■

"Ah, Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou, Romeo?" This classic line from "Romeo and Juliet" could well have been asked by any visitor to the set during the picture's production. For Romeo, between scenes, was equipped with horn-rimmed glasses and a pipe, hardly fitting accessories for the fanciest lover in old Verona, but constant companions for Leslie Howard. But it makes one wonder if fair Juliet would have rushed to the balcony for a guy in horn-rimmed glasses.

good news

(Left) Scotty snapped some more staunch troupers for the Actors' Benefit. Here's a pair we defy you to identify without our help. Give up? It's Paula Stone and her famous dad, Fred Stone, as the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman.

(Below, left and right) Claudette Colbert and her doctor-husband, Dr. Joel Pressman, are merely spectators at the Benefit. And Eleanor Powell and Jim Stewart, at a nearby box, seem to be very much that-a-way. Annahoo, they give a marvelous imitation of it. Or is Jim merely beauing his leading lady, as is Hollywood's custom. They're in "Born to Dance," y' know.



The big battle at the moment is the one being caused by the invasion of radio into Hollywood. With a number of the big air shows selling their tooth paste and so forth from these parts, the demand for picture names has become, to coin a word, terrific. For instance, for his appearance in a 20-minute radio version of "Men in White" Clark Gable received $5,000. And what miffed the boys on the check-writing end was the fact that Mr. G. grabbed his pittance and walked out without allowing the program's sponsors to photograph him. Seems there was a clause in the Gable contract which stated he was not to be touched after the check changed hands.

* * *

Before leaving on a stage tour to try out gags for their forthcoming picture, "A Day at the Races," the Marx Brothers rented a Hollywood theatre for a rehearsal. The theatre manager neglected to mention that he had rented the place for two hours at noon for a political rally, and the boys were taken somewhat by surprise when the theatre filled up and the speeches began. But Harpo rose to the occasion and, unrecognized, got off a stirring speech extolling the virtues of the candidate, whom he had never seen before. Later, when the hat was passed Harpo stuffed it with bills. "It was for the good of the party," said Harpo. "And besides, it was stage money."

* * *

Beauty Hints Dept.: They spent twelve hours trying to give Ginger Rogers a shampoo in "Swing Time." Soap, it seems, won't stay frothy long enough to photograph. Beaten eggs were poured on the Rogers' tresses, but they collapsed under the Kliegs. So they heaped whipped cream on her, but it was no go. "As for me," moaned Ginger, "I'll take vanilla." "That's it!" yelled the director. And that's what you'll see Ginger being shampooed with—vanilla ice cream.

* * *

Jean Arthur's press agents would have you believe that the head of her studio recently received a request for an autographed photo of Miss A. from a 9-year-old fan. "I understand she's married," said the youthful admirer, "so don't tell her husband. I don't want to cause any trouble."

CHERAMY

April Showers

TALC

April Showers
Talc
CHERAMY
Paris
New York

28¢

THERE'S glorious fragrance—*the perfume of youth*—in April Showers Talc. There's luxury supreme in its soothing, smoothing touch. Yet the cost is low for quality so high.

No wonder it's the most famous and best loved talcum powder in the world!

Exquisite... but not Expensive

At Vic McLaglen's tennis party: Herb Mundin, Wendy Barrie, ye host, and Binnie Barnes.

Wonder how Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster felt when they did a broadcast of "The Barker." They were once married—remember?

Ned Sparks was struggling with a violin when we watched him on the set the other day. He was scheduled to play it in a scene, but the thing baffled him. "Here," said the director, "let me show you. I took lessons for ten years. From Sparks' dead pan came: "Do you want to wait that long for this scene?"

■ ■ ■

Note on the Classics: A certain Hollywood gent, when asked if he liked "Romeo and Juliet," shook his head. "I can't stand any of Shakespeare's stuff," replied the scholarly critic. "I didn't like 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' and I didn't like 'A Tale of Two Cities'." He probably won't even like "Anthony Adverse," by W. Somerset Dickens.

■ ■ ■

Jean Muir and the Warner Brothers have called off their feud and Miss M. is once more a fair-haired gal on the lot. Jean's a young lady of decided opinions, but her studio contended they didn't hire her for that particular talent. A few opinions about acting were permissible, provided it was the Muir acting. So now Jean's keeping her views on directing and producing to herself and the dove of peace once more flies over the Warner studio with—according to observers—a long-term contract in its beak.

■ ■ ■

Sound men and director Richard Boleslawski became pretty frantic one day on the "Garden of Allah" set. Marlene Dietrich was doing a scene, and doing it well, but each time they played it back there was a grating noise on the sound track. They scoured the place and couldn't discover a thing that might be causing it, until someone cast a suspicious eye toward the camels on the set. The camels, it was discovered, had a nasty habit of gnashing their teeth. They were immediately given to understand that on a Dietrich picture teeth-gnashing is done only by La Dietrich herself, and occasionally her director.

(*Continued on page 97*)

Six Beauty Experts witness the proof that Glazo does not thicken!*

GLAZO
Liquid Polish
RUSSET

"Thrilling!" ... they said, of Glazo's beauty!
"Amazing!" ... they exclaimed, when they saw...

GLAZO refuses to thicken in the bottle!*

HAS anything ever made you madder than trying to get a decent manicure from a partly used bottle of nail polish turned thick and gummy?

Amazingly, almost unbelievably, that problem has been solved . . . by Glazo. Given just ordinary care, Glazo now stays completely perfect and usable right down to the last drop in the bottle.

All stores now have this marvelous, perfected, non-thickening Glazo. Recognized as the loveliest of nail polishes... world-famous for its fashion-approved colors, for its *extra* days of long, unblemished wear, without chipping, peeling or cracking.

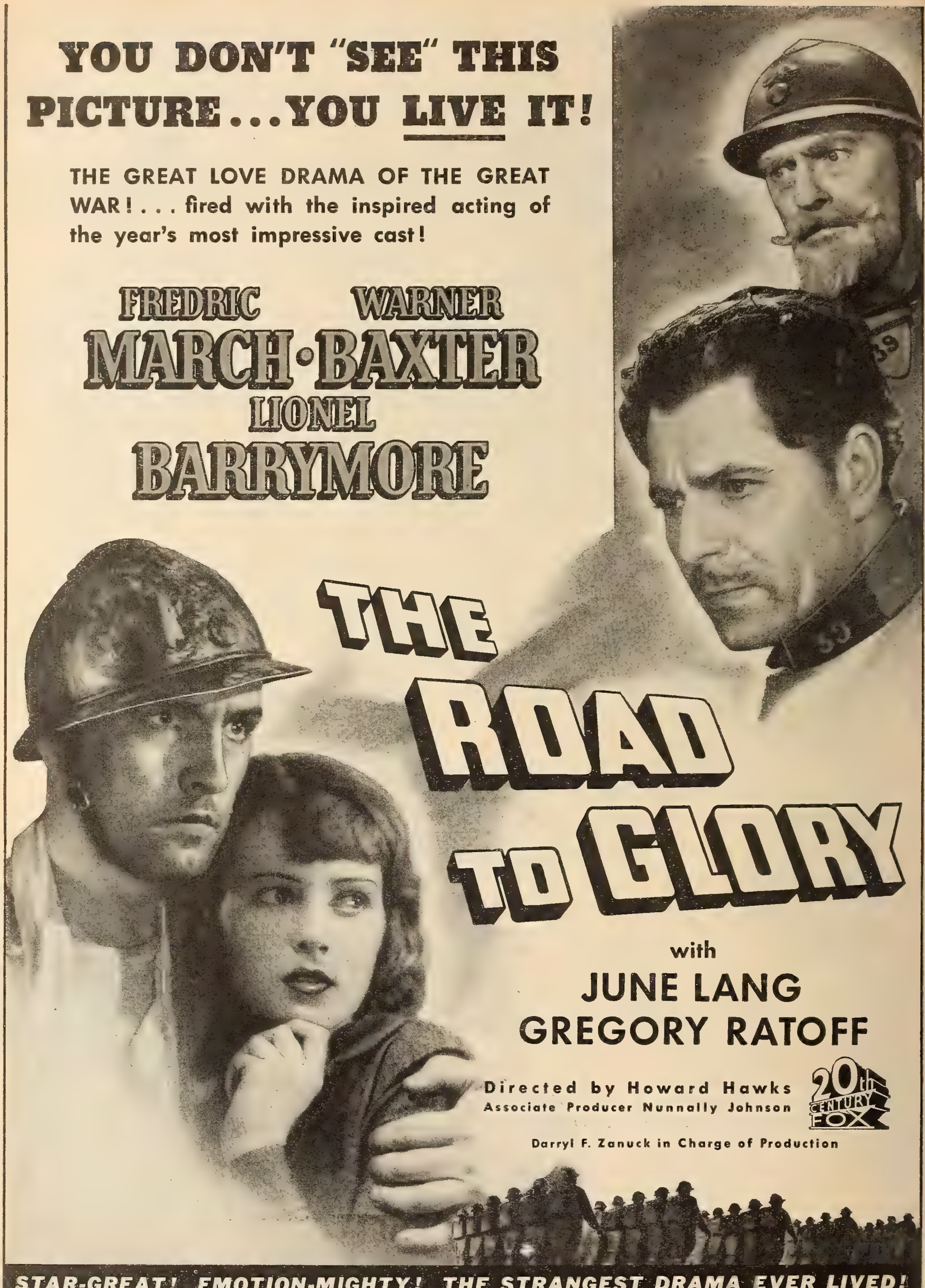
Profit by the nail polish experience of fashion experts, beauty authorities and millions of other smart women. Choose Glazo for its unequalled beauty. You'll remain a Glazo enthusiast for its perfection of quality.

Expensive internationally known nail polishes and popular domestic brands alike were hopelessly lost when competing with Glazo in the "thickening" test. (See the box below.)

Almost as amazing... Glazo beauty, Glazo quality, costs you only 20 cents.

GLAZO . . . *now only* **20¢**

*PROOF (what the beauty experts saw): In identical bottles, left open for 12 days, Glazo was tested against ten other brands. Glazo stayed as perfect, as usable as ever... evaporated less than 10%. Every one of the others became thick, gummy, unfit to use... evaporated an average of 45%. These other brands ranged all the way from expensive, internationally known lines to well-known popular domestic polishes.



YOU DON'T "SEE" THIS PICTURE...YOU LIVE IT!

THE GREAT LOVE DRAMA OF THE GREAT WAR! . . . fired with the inspired acting of the year's most impressive cast!

FREDRIC MARCH · WARNER BAXTER
LIONEL BARRYMORE

THE ROAD TO GLORY

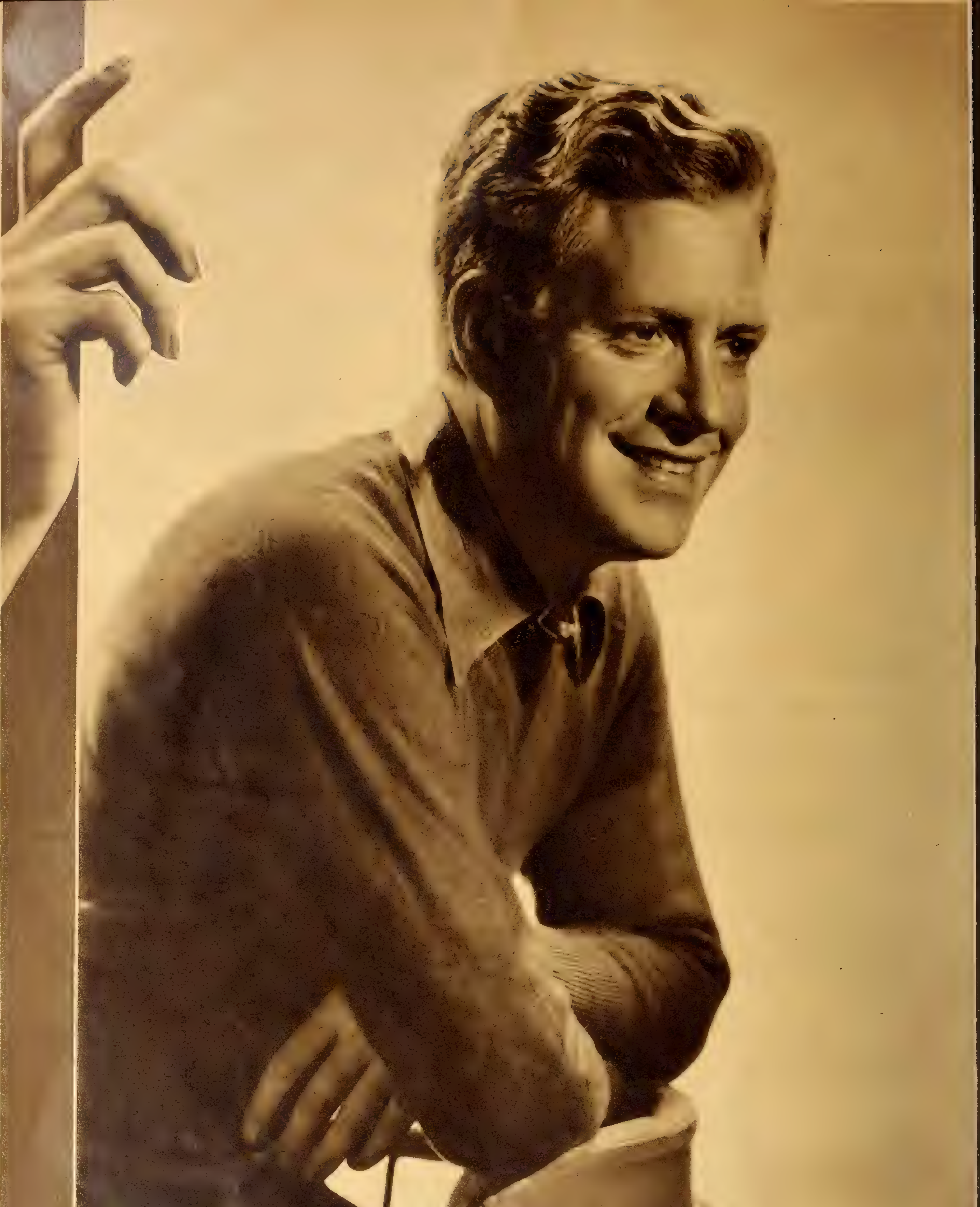
with
JUNE LANG
GREGORY RATOFF

Directed by Howard Hawks
Associate Producer Nunnally Johnson
20th CENTURY FOX
Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production

STAR-GREAT! EMOTION-MIGHTY! THE STRANGEST DRAMA EVER LIVED!

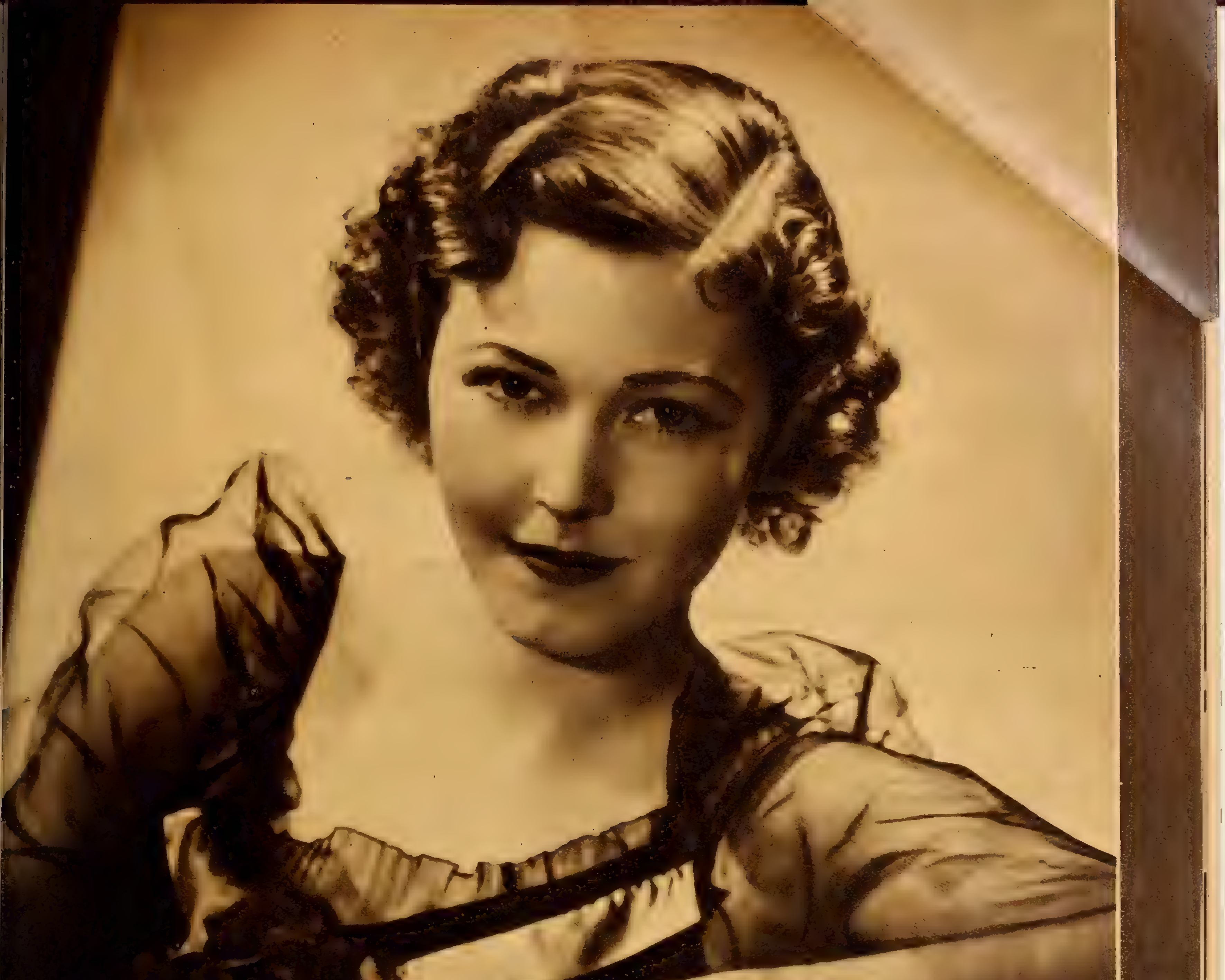
ELEANOR POWELL

"Born to Dance." What could be a more apt title for a picture starring the light-footed and rhythmic Eleanor? Recovered completely from the breakdown that took her out of a stage show, she makes a screen return in step with Buddy Ebsen.



NELSON EDDY

It seems as if we can't print enough pictures of Nelson Eddy to suit you, so here's a slick new informal shot of the popular fellow. As you may know, he will be seen and heard next in "Maytime" with Jeanette MacDonald.



JOSEPHINE HUTCHINSON

Josephine is one recruit from the eastern stage who has fallen for California and the screen. She's been taking a vacation since making "I Married a Doctor" and after a brief stage appearance, she returns to make a new picture.

ROBERT TAYLOR

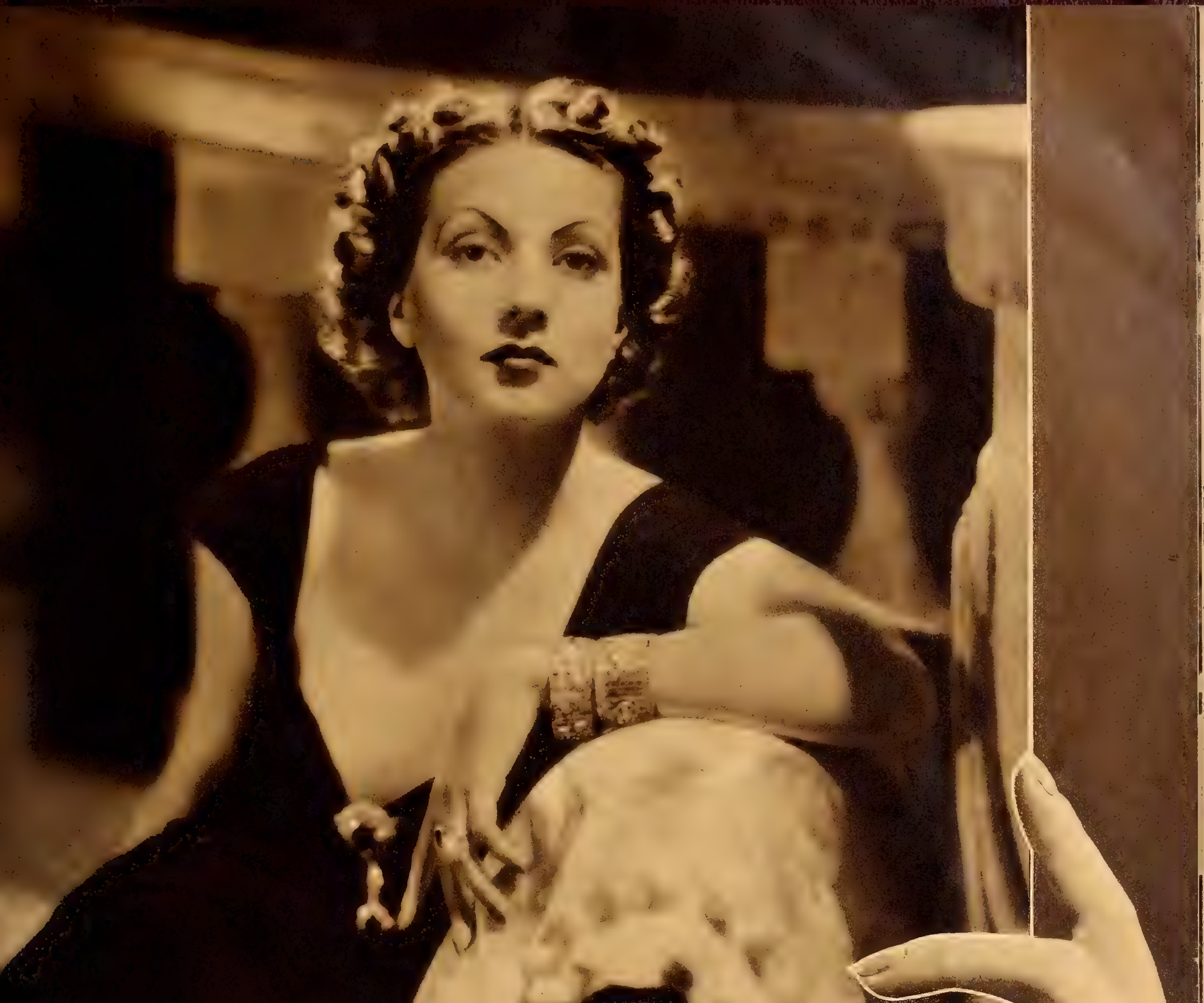
If Mr. T. ever doubted his popularity, his first trip to New York convinced him almost too forcibly. The poor gent was mobbed! He still dates La Stanwyck and is Armand to Garbo's "Camille."

GLENDA FARRELL

Glenda must have felt funny off her home lot to make "High Tension" with Brian Donlevy, for she's not a player who hops from studio to studio. Back at Warners now, she's in "Gold Diggers of 1937."

RANDOLPH SCOTT

Randy gets along in his quiet Southern way. And no one so far has been able to lure him from his pleasant bachelor state. He has just shed the buckskin trappings he wore in "The Last of the Mohicans."



ANN SOTHERN

She's as versatile in her looks as she is in her acting. Isn't this the perfect pose of the sophisticate? Yet actually, Ann's one of Hollywood's sweller scouts—no hokum nor fuss. "Walking on Air" is her newest picture.

Katie swore that she'd be different—and there's no doubt that she is!

BY HARRY LANG

KATIE WANTS to be herself. She wants to do as she jolly well pleases, and most of the time she does. If, in so doing, she steps on somebody's corns, well, that's their lookout. And if anybody doesn't like what she does, they can go jump in a lake as far as Katie is concerned.

Fear? Say, Katie Hepburn has no more fear in her than you'll find in a plastered sailor. She's not afraid of strangers or friends, directors or studio bosses, kings or people who write movie columns.

There was the day, for instance, she came to the set boiling because of a crack taken at her in the morning paper by a famous film writer. Other movie people—stars and directors, even—quail before the power of that writer's word. Any other star, bawled out in the column as was Katie, would have cringed. Katie merely stood in the middle of the stage, that day, yelled across to one of the studio publicity men:

"Hey, you!! Where's that so-and-so who wrote that about me in the morning paper?"

Trembling, the press-agent averred he hadn't any idea where the writer was.

"Well, I just dare you to bring her on this set!" shouted Katie.

THE PRESS-AGENT sneaked out and reported to his boss what had happened. Great precautions were taken to keep the all-powerful columnist away from Katie from then on. What Katie would have said, had they met, would probably have had the columnist's wrath on the collective head of RKO studios for the rest of seven lifetimes. And it's a press-agent's job to prevent things like that.

But Katie doesn't give two toots in a tornado about a press-agent's job, or anybody else's besides her own. As a matter of fact, she'd just as soon demand a press-agent's dismissal, as not. Like the day she stood on the street and threw rocks at the second-story windows of the studio publicity departments. Her "unit-man," the chap who writes the blurbs about her, stuck out his head, dodged a stone, and asked her what she wanted.

"Throw me down the book of stills," she yelled. "I wanna see 'em."

"I can't throw 'em down. They'd get mussed up," he protested. "I'll bring them, if you'll wait, or you can come up an' get 'em."

Katie hit the ceiling. She'd be triple-distilled et cetera, if she'd wait. "Throw 'em down, or I'll break up this whole building," she screamed. In the racket, the publicity chief appeared. He didn't stick out his head. He tiptoed down a back way, got a studio boss, and carried the stills out to Katie, still thundering in the street. After demanding that the boss forthwith fire the press-agent, Katie sat on the curb, while he and the studio big-shot waited, calmly selecting the stills she wanted.

(P. S.—The press-agent was *not* fired.)

Of course, it *is* difficult to reconcile Katie's protestations of contempt for press-agents and her assertions that she doesn't care what's written or printed about her, with

Hepburn, hollywood's show-off!

What prompts this unpredictable redhead's goofy goings-on? Is she sincere or just an exhibitionist?

her own reactions. Katie somehow manages to see just about every article about her that gets into print. The press-agents who work with her believe, implicitly, that she subscribes secretly to a clipping bureau. "Maybe she doesn't," they admit, "but how can she see so many pieces about herself if she doesn't?"

ANYWAY, it's axiomatic that no matter what is printed about her, Katie raises the nether regions about it. She's known as the most un-pleaseable person in movies, when it comes to publicity. And if you don't think that's tough on the boys and girls who try to earn their forty or fifty a week by writing about Katie without getting fired, then you ought to see the air of apprehension that pervades the studio's press department when someone wants to do a story on La Hepburn!

But enough of Katie and press-agents. Let's giggle at some of the other things she does, now. And let's give her, too, the whole-hearted admiration she rates for some of the hearty, fine, regular-guy things she does. In all Hollywood, you'll find no star as cordially hated as Hepburn, and at the same time, as cordially worshipped. There are those who have reason for both.

Among her staunchest admirers is old Mary Gordon, one-time stage actress, not long ago reduced to extra work, to live. During one of Hepburn's pictures, she was hired just because her Scotch accent was good, and they needed some real Scotch burrs in the back-stage chatter. For the same picture, they were making tests of character actresses for a small role in the picture. One "name-actress" after another tried out and couldn't fit the role. Mary Gordon asked for a chance. They laughed at her. "We need somebody who's *known,*" they told her.

Mary plucked together her nerve and went to Hepburn herself and told her story.

"Sure you'll take the test," Hepburn exploded. And Hepburn forthwith exercised her autocratic power on the set—and believe me, it *is* power! Before another day was past, old Mary Gordon took the test. And what's more, she clicked, and got the role. And more, from that role on, Mary's star has risen in Hollywood—and she's out of the extra ranks and in the wanted-player stratum. Hepburn doesn't sit back and gloat over how good she was to

Mary, though. Now that Mary's got her job, let her look out for herself—particularly when Katie's around with that devilish "candid camera" of hers. One of Katie's prize shots is a posterior view of Mary Gordon, tying her shoelace. It's as undignified a position as any nice old lady would want to be photographed in. But Katie took it.

Katie and that camera are dynamite. She delights in getting the most outrageously unposed sneak-shots of her friends and enemies and co-workers. Her collection of amazing pictures is large.

Yet—Katie won't stand being candid-camera-ed! She can dish it out, but she can't take it. She knows that off-stage she looks like a gargoyle on vacation. Without any make-up, with her hair flying as though it had never known a comb, with the outlandishly unladylike clothes she affects, and with her penchant *(Continued on page 83)*

the gentle

Victor McLaglen is one of those great men whose deeds

THE REAL Victor McLaglen is a man of whose existence you have never had the faintest suspicion. I know, at least, that I never had the most remote conception of what he was all about until I talked with him for three hours a short time ago.

I'd talked to him, briefly, once before. I'd seen most of his pictures. I'd heard him say, "Sez you" to Eddie Lowe's "Sez me." And I'd taken him at the "sez-you" valuation. Heroic, but hard.

I'd seen him in "The Informer" and that should have forewarned me. For only a man with great pity in his heart, with his senses strung to humanity's suffering, could have given us so superbly, so convincingly the poor, stupefied, inarticulate Informer. But all I saw was the superb performance. All I felt was impatience with Hollywood for having allowed so splendid an actor to go so long without the proper material.

To be completely, if tactlessly, honest I didn't think I'd like him. I didn't think we'd have anything in common. He was the kind of man, I thought, who cared about nothing save horses and war and taking his luck as he found it.

How wrong I was!

I thought I knew quite a lot about Victor McLaglen. I knew that he was an Englishman (naturalized American citizen now, which is not generally known) and that his father was an Anglican bishop. I knew that there were eight stalwart McLaglen brothers and one sister and that he had been everywhere in the world—an adventurer, a soldier of many fortunes.

And I'd heard how, when there seemed to be no new worlds left for him to conquer, no new wars to fight, he had drifted back to London feeling, he said, "like a spectator in an empty theatre after the curtain has gone down." It was then that he had been intrigued by the novel adventure of motion pictures and had played his first part in, aptly, "The Call of the Road."

He married an English girl, daughter of an army officer, whom he had met at a wedding. He has been sixteen years on the screen and that, with the just awarding of the Academy prize, those sixteen years finally were crowned with what should, so obviously, have been their face value all along.

THESE THINGS I knew and you may know them, too. But of the man who has emerged from the shell of so much hard living, with such vast reservoirs of tenderness for his fellow men, and such love of home and profound, abiding love of his children—of this man I had no idea at all.

For the man I didn't know existed is a lover and a connoisseur of roses. I didn't know about his cherished rose-gardens at home or that he tends the flowers as wisely, as expertly, as faithfully as a Burbank might have done. He didn't tell me, but a close friend of his did, that even on wild rainy nights, no matter how late he may come home, he goes out into the garden to see how his roses fare.

Above, Margot Grahame and Victor McLaglen in a scene from the prize-winning sensation—"The Informer."

I had no idea how sensitive is the man who dwells inside that seemingly hard-weathered exterior—but after I had talked with him a friend told me what seemed to be the essence of Victor McLaglen, the last word. One day, some time ago, his young son proudly brought home a rather hideous terra cotta statuette of a famous radio star. The famous star had given it to the boy and he treasured it, even as he admired the star. He placed it, conspicuously, atop the victrola cabinet in the very beautiful McLaglen living-room. Someone objected, "The idea! A thing like that in here!" But Victor, quietly, intervened on his son's behalf. And the statuette remained there. For Victor understood, you see, that the crude little object was precious to his son. And far better to have a crude and jarring note in a room than to hurt the shining pride and pleasure of a child.

And that, my friends, is Victor McLaglen.

I KNEW, actually, very little about Victor's "Sports Center" here in Hollywood. It hasn't been publicized. And what I know I gleaned from Victor's studio associates, not from Victor. I learned that he started the enterprise some six months ago for the purpose of presenting soccer to Southern California. And for this he built a stadium which seats ten (*Continued on page 76*)

Winners, Bette Davis and Vic, appraise "Oscar," the Academy Award.

Vic McLaglen, all dressed up, will next be seen with Binnie Barnes in "The Magnificent Brute."

BY GLADYS HALL

ruffian

speak eloquently for him

Are you influenced by screen you'll be amazed to read what

His role in "Magnificent Obsession" made a different person of Robert Taylor. It took him weeks and weeks to return to normal living and thinking.

Ginger Rogers, as the temperamental, tempestuous movie star of the comedy, "In Person," continued to act the role at home with amusing results.

BY KATHARINE HARTLEY

HAVE YOU ever come away from a picture, so affected by its mood that it took hours, maybe days, for you to snap out of it? Have you ever come away from a picture, so affected by its leading character that you found yourself walking and talking and thinking and acting just like him? Of course, you have! Dozens of times!

Psychologists call it "personality transference." But don't let that alarm you—it happens in the best of families. It happens to the young girl who sees "Anna Karenina," and then goes around acting tragic and martyred in the best Garbo manner for a month afterward. It happens to Jim, when Ronald Colman, in "A Tale of Two Cities," inspires him to grow cynical about life and heroic about love—till that wears off a few days later. It happens to Dad. Dignified, after seeing Lewis Stone in a typical Lewis Stone role. Giddy, after Frank Morgan. It happens to Mother, too, and even to Aunt Ella. If Aunt Ella saw "David Copperfield," three to one she was bossing you all over the place, just like Edna May Oliver—until, in self-defense, you took her to see sweet May Robson! Not one of us is immune!

But here's the point. If you and I, and Jim and Dad, and all of us other mere observers are so easily influenced by screen portrayals, think what must happen to the stars who actually do the portraying! How much more susceptible they must be! After all, we watch a character for only an hour and three quarters, and it touches us. But the star has been acting that part—creating it, living it, being it—for a couple of weeks, at least!

An experience Bob Taylor had shows just how deeply a role can get under a fellow's skin!

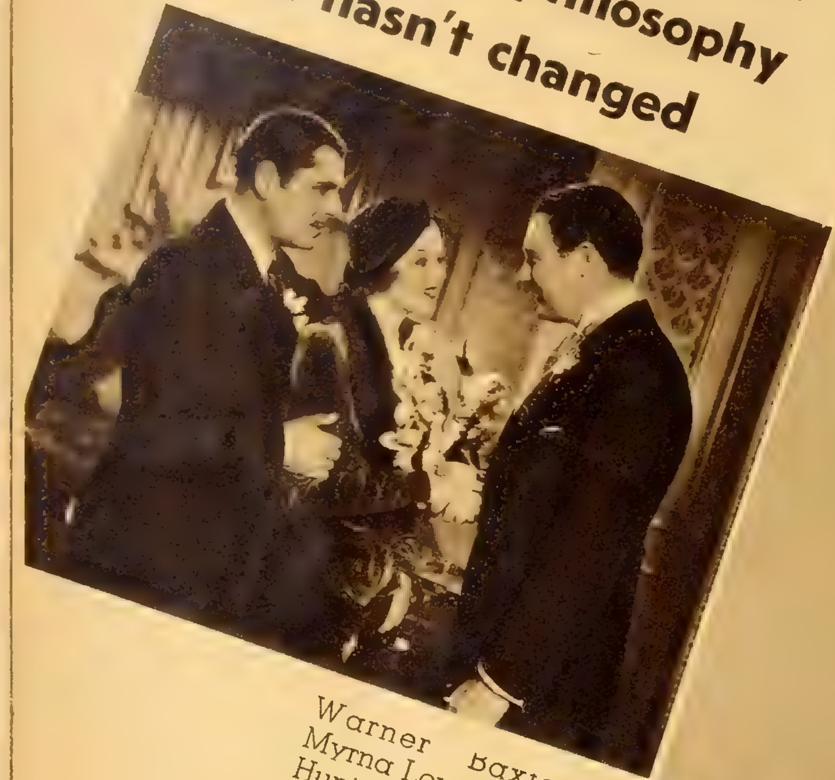
Some time ago Bob left his home lot to go to Universal to play opposite Irene Dunne in "The Magnificent Obsession." He was gone fourteen weeks. When he returned, all his friends said, "What have you done to yourself? You've changed. You look older."

In telling me about it Bob said, "I not only looked older, but I felt older. I was older. The part of Bobby Merrick did that to me. In the beginning he was young,

. . . their roles have

the game's the thing

Warner Baxter has known lean times and days of plenty, but his philosophy of life hasn't changed



Warner Baxter, Myrna Loy and Ian Hunter in a scene from "To Mary—With Love."

BY REGINALD TAVINER

YOU CAN'T eat your cake and have it, too? Well, maybe not, but Warner Baxter does. That is, he does now.

Time was, and not so very long ago, either, when Warner had to content himself with the crumbs that fell from Hollywood's table. Now he cuts himself any slice he wants. It took both sides of the picture to bring about his present philosophy of life.

"What life means to me?" he repeated, thoughtfully. "That's taking in a lot of territory, isn't it? I think life is very much like a merry-go-round. You don't know which horse you have to ride."

He knew which horse he wanted to bet on, though, even if it did take the nag quite a while to win.

Hollywood is very fond of talking about the "breaks." You get 'em or you don't. Anybody in Hollywood will tell you how a jack-rabbit jumping through a windshield landed like Lady Luck plumb in Warner's lap; how that freak of fate got him his "break" in "In Old Arizona," and how he's been sitting on top of the world ever since.

It's all true, too. Nobody will admit it quicker than Warner himself. But like so many Hollywood truths it's only a half-truth. Hollywood won't bother to dwell upon the stamina it takes to stick around waiting for the rabbit, never knowing whether one is going to jump or not.

That's why Warner Baxter, the star, is far more humble in spirit than he ever was while he was knocking around the various lots in the old silent days looking for a job. The fat years have taught him more than the lean ones ever could. That's why he doesn't comprehend his own popularity, doesn't really believe the size of his own pay-check or the overflowing stacks of his own fan mail. "I always had the feeling that it would come," he said, "and that inner conviction was what enabled me to carry on when times were tough, of course. Now that it has come, I'm still wondering what it's all about."

And, now that he's got it, he's wondering just what it was he wanted.

Warner put it like this: "I (*Continued on page 93*)

Rosalind Russell has had a very busy past year and now Columbia has borrowed her for the leading role in "Craig's Wife," opposite John Boles.

she's no flirt

She'd love to be, though, but Roz goes right on being a lady and detests it

BY MARTHA KERR

WANT to be dishonest," said Rosalind Russell, her rown eyes alive and sparkling. "I'm tired of being a ady.' I'm bored with being refined. I want to have ysterics. I want to throw things. I want to be slatternly nd seductive. I want to make love and be torrid. I want be mysterious and glamorous and unpredictable and ightly mad.

"Perhaps the word 'dishonest' is something of a mis-omer. I know that the dictionary definition reads some-ing like this: Dishonest; lacking in honesty; fraudulent; ntrustworthy; false. The 'false' part is the only part pplicable to what I mean. I don't mean, of course, that want to be dishonest about paying my bills, doing my b to the best of my ability, meeting my obligations. But wish that I could be, as it were, false to myself. I wish at I could create an illusion. I wish that I could be mething, or someone, I am not.

"Every great artist of the stage and screen has been nsational in one way or another. Bernhardt was notori-us for her temperament. Valentino, Barbara La Marr, hn Gilbert, Garbo, Dietrich—all of them have worn ystery like a garment, headlines like a crown.

"It doesn't pay to be regular. It's detrimental to be ice. People don't go to the theatre or to pictures to see their next-door neighbors go through their paces. They want some strangeling to make them aware of the many mysteries of man and woman."

Rosalind, in brown slacks and leaf-green sweater, poured tea as we sat on the chintz divan in the living-room of her white brick house in Beverly Hills.

SHE CONTINUED to kick over the traces. She was saying, cinnamon-toastishly, "I'm getting along all right as I am. My salary has been increased. But I think I'd make a shorter cut to the enviable heights if I were not as I am. If I could scream and have hysterics when producers do not cast me as I would like to be cast. If I could be temperamental and walk out when things are not to my liking. If I could stage emotional scenes, tear my hair and gnash my teeth to get my way.

"Even in little things—take this interview, for instance. I should be receiving you as Theda Bara once received the Press—swirled in clouds of incense, swathed in furs in midsummer, the room Oriental and dimly lit, the effect—tremendous. Soft-footed attendants should appear from nowhere with frail glasses and amber liqueurs. But what do I do? I did plan to be wearing a silken something when you arrived. I just (*Continued on page 91*)

the small towner

John Boles is one of the few stars eager to admit he was born in "the sticks." On completing "Craig's Wife," he will do "Cuban Cavalier."

BY JAMES REID

John Boles tells, for the first time, why he is glad

I'M GLAD that I come from a small town," John Boles told me. "I'm glad that I married a girl from a small town. If I hadn't I don't think I'd be where I am today. And I'm positive that I wouldn't be as happy as I am."

I jotted down those words in my memory. Here was a surprising statement from a movie star. Plenty of stars have been born in small towns, but most of them like to forget it. If they do admit that they were born in "the sticks," they hasten to add that they left early.

Clark Gable, for example, was born in Cadiz, Ohio, which won't be a city for one thousand years. You never heard anyone crediting Cadiz with Clark's rise to fame and fortune. In his teens, the restless Mr. Gable felt the lure of larger towns, packed his bag and pulled away. Grace Moore has said that if she hadn't felt confined by the smallness of Jellico, Tennessee, and if she hadn't left it, she never would have become a singer or lived a rich, full life. There are a score of other famous examples.

Yet, John Boles was giving me, in all seriousness, just the opposite kind of story—John Boles, the handsome sophisticate; the smooth-mannered, well-tailored man-of-the-world; the poised actor, the gifted singer. He was trying to tell me that a small town in Texas, named Greenville, was largely responsible for his being what he is, and where he is, today. And I didn't laugh.

John Boles may be an actor—but he confines his acting to studio sound stages. He may know theatrical "lines"—but only the microphones hear them. He is probably the least publicity-conscious person in the movies. He can't be bothered, planning poses when it's so much easier, just being himself. That isn't the standard way of becoming A Personality Off-Screen, but it is John Boles' way. It is also half the explanation of his screen naturalness. It all traces back to Greenville, Texas.

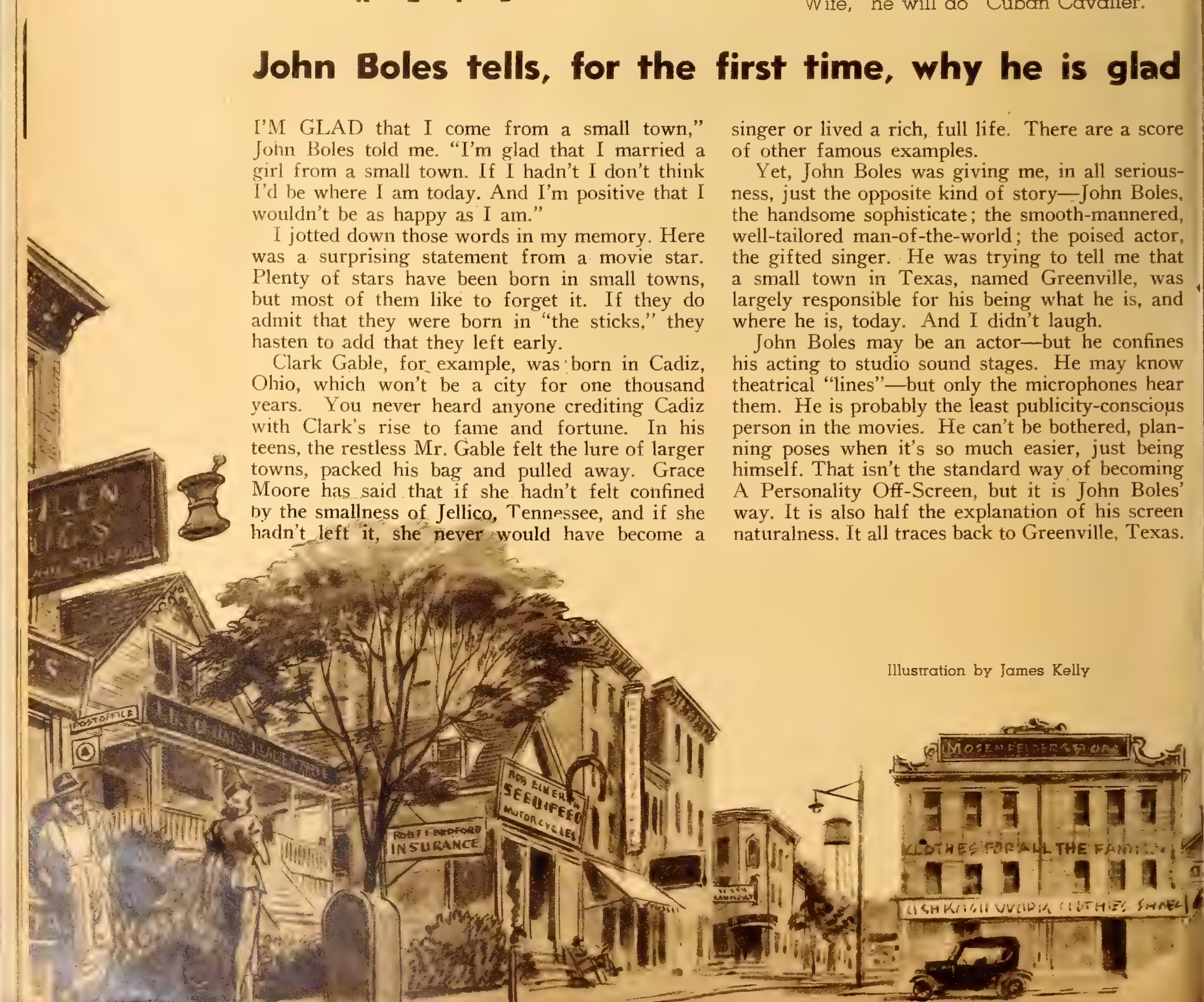


Illustration by James Kelly

Boles and his young daughter, Marcelite, are a familiar duo at Hollywood sports events. A friend of Miss M.'s is with them.

John Boles claims that one reason why his marriage is a success is because Marcelite Dobbs, his wife, is a small-towner, too.

he's not a city slicker stepping out on gay Mazda Lane

I pried into the reasons behind his attitude toward the old home town, after he made that statement.

"Well," he said, "I suppose one of the reasons why I had a good time in Greenville was that Greenville is in Texas. There's a lot of Texas in my blood. Both my mother and father were born there, and they couldn't imagine any better place to live. Neither could I, unless it's California.

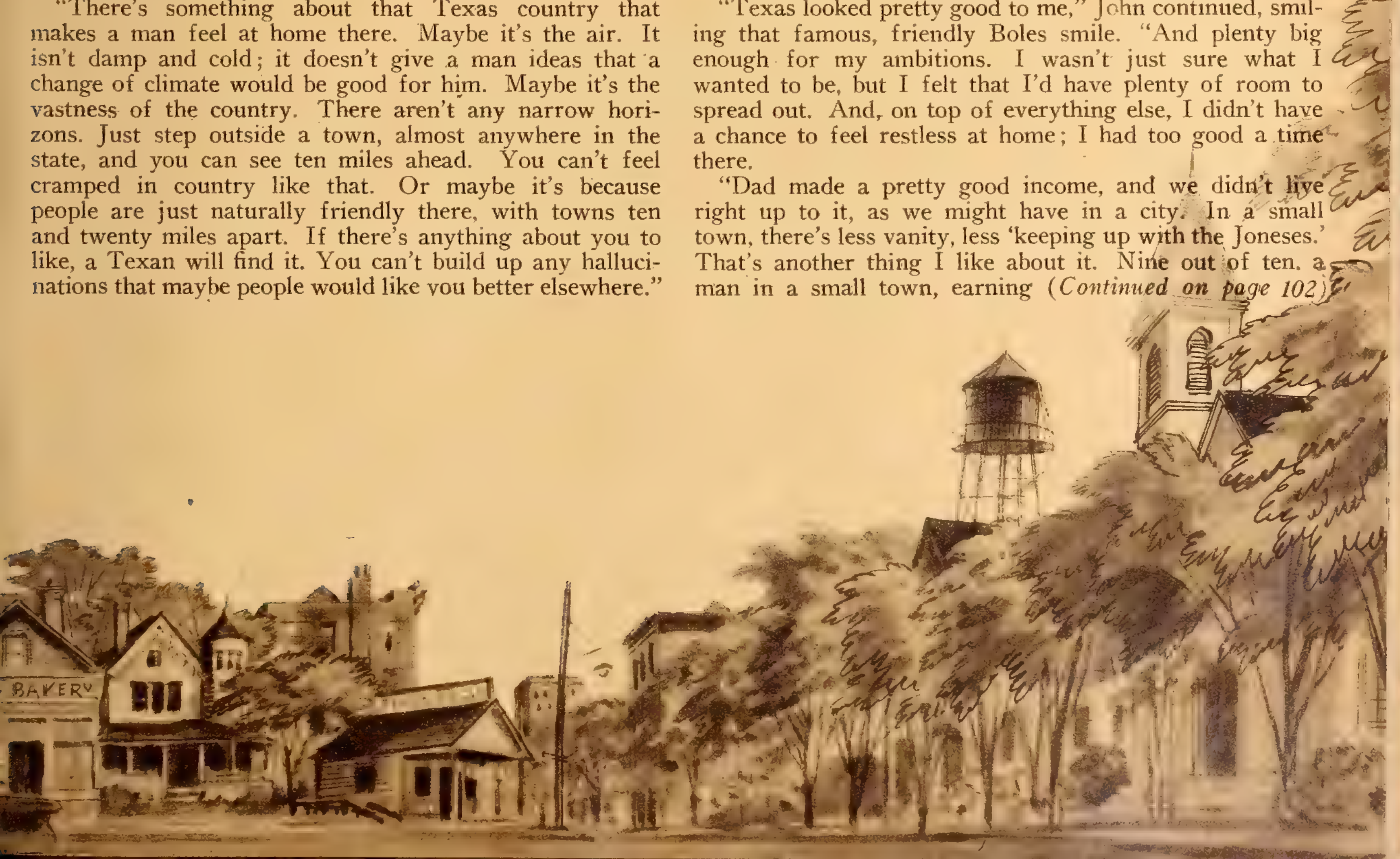
"There's something about that Texas country that makes a man feel at home there. Maybe it's the air. It isn't damp and cold; it doesn't give a man ideas that a change of climate would be good for him. Maybe it's the vastness of the country. There aren't any narrow horizons. Just step outside a town, almost anywhere in the state, and you can see ten miles ahead. You can't feel cramped in country like that. Or maybe it's because people are just naturally friendly there, with towns ten and twenty miles apart. If there's anything about you to like, a Texan will find it. You can't build up any hallucinations that maybe people would like you better elsewhere."

He paused, as if to ask if he were making himself clear—to an Easterner. After all, we were a long way from Texas, sitting in a suite in the Hotel Plaza in New York City—not too high to escape the rhythm of the traffic. This was the place where the movies had found him. But that was not through any of John's planning, I discovered. It took several whirls of the wheel of chance to get him away from the Lone Star State.

"Texas looked pretty good to me," John continued, smiling that famous, friendly Boles smile. "And plenty big enough for my ambitions. I wasn't just sure what I wanted to be, but I felt that I'd have plenty of room to spread out. And, on top of everything else, I didn't have a chance to feel restless at home; I had too good a time there.

"Dad made a pretty good income, and we didn't live right up to it, as we might have in a city. In a small town, there's less vanity, less 'keeping up with the Joneses.' That's another thing I like about it. Nine out of ten, a man in a small town, earning

(*Continued on page 102*)



her

You will be as amazed

BY FRANC DILLON

As Merle appears in "Love and War."

AT THIS late day it would be a trifle ambiguous to tell you that Merle Oberon is a success in motion pictures. But what made her a success, will she marry handsome David Niven and when, what sort of a future has she to anticipate and what part the stars in the heavens played in helping her to be a great actress, is an entirely different matter. It was purely accidental that I learned the answer to these questions.

I don't know any more about astrology than you do, but according to Mabel Walrath Smith, Hollywood's pet astrologer, the position of the planets at the moment of your birth has everything to do with what will happen to you when you reach Hollywood, Lacrosse, Kansas, or Salem, Oregon, or wherever your big life work happens to be. Whether you believe in it or not, Hollywood does and it's a rare day when some motion picture star, writer or producer doesn't visit Mrs. Smith's studio.

BETWEEN pictures Merle Oberon spends most of her play time on an old fishing barge just off the coast of Santa Monica, but on this particular day the stars were good to me and as I passed her dressing-room at United Artists studios, I heard a voice that I immediately recognized as Mrs. Smith's saying, "Your chart is 80 per cent good and that's very unusual."

It's fascinating to listen to her telling people what the stars did or should have done for them. I couldn't pass up a good story so I knocked on the door and begged to be allowed to listen. There were no objections.

"This girl has the best chart of any star in Hollywood," Mrs. Smith said to me, and added, "If there is a better one I haven't seen it and I've cast most of them."

Only a few days before Merle had declared very forcibly that women shouldn't have careers.

"This is no business for any woman to be in," Merle protested, bringing up the subject again. "Hurrying to get to the studio, worrying over contracts, fighting with producers, working till all hours. I should be home having children."

"Oh, but you will have children," Mrs. Smith interrupted. "Your chart very clearly proclaims you a true mother as well as a successful actress. You must have children to complete your circle of happiness. There are three indicated in your chart but they may not all be your own. You may adopt one."

"Do tell me when I'm going to get married," Miss Oberon begged, apparently thinking that marriage should come before the children.

"Would I be happy married to a person born in March?" she asked. But not being sure of the exact date, her secretary immediately began a telephone search for David Niven, the young man under consideration.

WHILE THEY waited for the necessary information, the reading continued. According to Mrs. Smith, the planets couldn't have been better behaved than they were when the little star was born. Everything was propitious to guarantee her the brilliant future she is just beginning to realize.

Estelle Merle O'Brien Thompson was born in Hobart, on the tiny Island of Tasmania, on February 19, under the Sign of Aquarius. So were George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Clark Gable and many other famous people. So many great men of science were born under this sign that it is often referred to as the "scientific sign of the Zodiac."

Venus, the Goddess of Love, has showered gifts on her with a lavish hand. It is the aspect of Venus to her first house that denotes a beautiful countenance, reflecting gentle thoughts. But more than that she is also endowed with that elusive something called charm.

Remember Maggie's description of it in the play, "What Every Woman Knows"? "If you have it, you don't need to have anything else. And if you don't have it, it doesn't much matter what else you have."

But Venus, in a generous mood, gave Merle many other qualities to make her the fascinating person she is. The dreamy expression in her eyes, however, was a gift from Neptune.

SHE HAS a somewhat romantic outlook on life, but while she is affectionate, she has a great deal of self-control. She will expect her mate to lavish his love upon her, however, and he will. But when her love has cooled toward someone and she detaches herself from him, no one else can ever fill her place in his life. She never tires you; in fact her company is always desirable.

Ruling the emotional nature, Venus makes her a bit capricious at times in her likes and dislikes, and in case

guiding stars

as was Merle Oberon to learn what the stars predict for her

she sees too much of a person (unless she is very fond of him or her), she may become temporarily indifferent or bored.

"Barring accidents, you will live to be very old and can be a star to the end of your days if you wish," Mrs. Smith declared.

"I certainly don't want to," protested Merle. "I want to work just long enough to earn sufficient money to raise and educate my children. I don't want to work any longer than necessary and I want children more than anything in the world."

"But when you retire from acting you could and will become a producer," Mrs. Smith told her. "You may act in your own pictures."

Merle thought she would like very much, "Being out of it but not in it," as she expressed it.

AT HEART she is an aristocrat. She is the type who can speak the truth—even if it hurts—in a gracious, courteous manner, without making enemies. Mercury's aspect to the midheaven and to Neptune indicates a fertile mentality and strong imagination. There is a minor aspect to Mercury, which indicates some worry at times, but the same aspect enables her to think deeply and will spur her on to even greater accomplishment. Although she is very feminine, she thinks like a man.

The position of Mars denotes considerable initiative; an inner aggressiveness and driving power, which enable her to get what she wants. Endurance, tenacity and tremendous ambition are also strong in her make-up. She has a terrific, quiet power within her that is all compelling. If she came into a room where there were a hundred people, she would command the immediate attention of everyone without making a sound or lifting a finger.

The ability to realize her ambitions through courage and tenacity, to lay her plans and carry them through, has been well illustrated in her life so far. At seventeen, having graduated from La Martinere College in Calcutta, India, she decided she would become a motion picture actress.

"I wasn't stage-struck, really," she told me in her clipped British accent. "That is, not any more than any other seventeen-year-old girl is, but I decided that being an actress was the (*Continued on page 80*)

Merle and David Niven were meant for each other—so say the stars.

meet the wife . . . !

BY KAY OSBORNE

There are many good reasons why everyone is predicting happy days for Fred MacMurray and his brand-new, beautiful bride.

SUPPOSE your best beau were suddenly whisked right off good old *terra firma* and ensconced star-high in a cinema sky—what would you—and he—do about it? Would the rarefied atmosphere go to his head, and would your heart go to your boots? Nine times out of ten, most certainly! Suppose your Johnny, Jim, or Tim, were suddenly catapulted from your unglamorous arms to the siren ones of such beauties as Carole Lombard, Claudette Colbert, Katharine Hepburn and—more dangerous—to the siren arms of more than a thousand dollars a week. What kind of "ye olde fighte" would you put up? The wrong kind probably.

Listen, then—for it well might happen to you—how two people did survive the greatest of all romance obstacles, stardom, to a happy "I pronounce you man and wife" finish.

That day, back in New York, in the summer of 1934, when Fred MacMurray told Lillian Lamont that Paramount and he had finally signed a contract, Lillian's heart did not drop to her boots as you might expect. It soared with his honestly, sincerely, unselfishly. "Oh, darling, it's wonderful. I know you'll succeed!" No tears for the parting to come. No "Promise me you'll write, promise you won't forget me!" Not a word about their engagement. Not even by inference did she display a sense of possession. She did not advise him how he should behave "out there," nor did she suggest clothes to be taken with him.

THEY SPENT their last evening together as they had spent many evenings. After the last curtain of "Roberta"—Lillian was a model in that show, Fred a band musician—they met at the stage door, walked over to Times Square, wandered into their favorite sea-food restaurant, split a large red lobster between them, and Lillian ordered a

It took Fred MacMurray nearly three years to get Lillian Lamont to say "yes," but he finally succeeded.

Lillian Lamont's (now Mrs. MacM.) brains have stood her in good stead during her two years in Hollywood.

tall glass of iced tea. As she sat there straw-sipping it, Fred began to sing softly and whimsically,

"Prettieth little girl I ever thaw
Thippin' thider through a thwa-aw-aw."

Lillian laughed. "Goof!" It was the only reference to their love-agreement. Though a little later, after Fred had "walked" her home, and they stood at her door, he did say, "As soon as I get a little money ahead I'll send for you, Lily." Her eyes flashed. "Not on your life. Don't even say a thing like that. Makes me feel like a peasant sweetheart left behind 'in the old country.' When *I* get enough money ahead I'll come out!"

If your beau became a screen idol overnight, how would you handle the situation —and marry him, too?

So Lillian put into practice her first "Don't be a hanger-on!" rule. When Lillian arrived here a month or so after Fred, she had already "cinched" a modeling job at a well known Hollywood shop. "I wouldn't have come to Hollywood without a job for anything," she says.

What's more she lived on and within that salary—in a town where to spend more than you make is the greatest temptation. She took a small unfurnished apartment near the shop so she could be within walking distance. She did not buy a car, though everyone told her, "You simply can't get along here without a car. Simply can't, that's all!" She sent back East for her furniture, and had it shipped out the cheapest way, by slow boat freight. Her furniture is typical of Lillian. Early American, the real thing—not cheap veneer imitations. When it arrived she realized that she lacked only one thing to make her apartment complete—a small breakfast set for her dinette. Fred surprised her with one. That and the tiny diamond engagement ring he gave her this last Christmas were the only gifts she would ever accept from him.

You must have many questions—questions you would ask yourself in the same situation, with a best beau rising rapidly to stardom. Anticipating some of them, they are:

To visit or not to visit him on the set? Lillian answered this one in the negative: True a visit on the set could be explained as nothing more or less than a proper interest in Fred's work. But it might also be construed as something else—eagle-eyed jealousy. Lillian preferred not to run that risk, even at the sacrifice of what would have been a pleasure to any girl. For two years Lillian stayed away from Fred at work and it wasn't until after her appendicitis operation this spring that Fred finally insisted on her presence. She was recuperating at Leslie and Ann (Dvorak) Fenton's ranch when Fred went to Gallup, New Mexico, on location for "The Texas Rangers." Knowing that the clear air and sunshine would put the bloom back into Lillian's cheeks he sent for her. And she went, for there only the desert could see her pride in the tall young man who was riding swiftly to even greater fame.

What to do about Hollywood curiosity? Since the day when Fred first became "news"—after the preview of "The Gilded Lily"—news-

(*Continued on page 85*)

Grace Moore is an inspiration and challenge to every plump girl and woman.

will you take a dare for *Beauty!?*

Introducing Mary Marshall

For some time, in the city where she lives, Mary Marshall has been carrying on a unique kind of beauty culture. She owns no shop with a fancy name on the plate glass window. She lives in an apartment and has a husband and a baby and a household to run. A great portion of her time, however, goes in helping people to be better looking.

It started with her friends. Then the friends brought their friends and acquaintances and so on. She helps them to get slim or plumper, as the case may be, tells them what to do about their hair and fixes their faces up and all that sort of thing. She has, literally, worked miracles—and has asked not one thin dime in payment. She's a personal friend of mine and I told her that was pretty silly and wouldn't she write some articles for MODERN SCREEN? She said yes. I asked her, too, if she'd answer, personally, letters from you on problems of diet, exercise, make-up, hair-dos, charm, poise and all the rest of those things which go toward making a pretty girl beautiful and a beautiful girl irresistible. She said yes, again. So here she is, and it's up to you to take advantage of her good nature!

—*The Editor*

THE TROUBLE is, with this beauty stuff, that many of you know what you ought to do, but you don't do it. The beauty-writing clan has tapped out on its typewriters enough appeals to your common sense and to your desire for the rewards which a slim figure, a pretty face, and a smart, trim, chic appearance bring into your lives—enough appeals, I say, to fill a couple of libraries. I shall start my little course of lectures on a different tack: I *dare* you to make a good earnest bid for beauty! I'll bet you you can*not* be one hundred per cent better looking six months from now! There! Maybe that's rash and not so tactful, but maybe it will get some results.

Having commenced in this high-horsey vein, let me hasten to turn around and say something nice, lest you think me a very disagreeable woman, indeed. I'll help you on this dare, if you want me to. For example:

Let's say that, knowing in your bones that you should go on a diet to lose or gain weight—either one—you have not as yet made any effort in that direction, for one reason or another. Perhaps you

While only five-foot-one, Norma Shearer has learned to conceal her shortness cleverly.

Jean Arthur used to wish she could be "different." How did she realize that ambition?

BY

MARY MARSHALL

Our expert tells how these four stars won beauty bets. She challenges you to do the same—and you can by taking her advice

heartily detest most of the foods prescribed on most diets. Perhaps you think it would be terribly inconvenient, in your household, to try a diet. Whatever the reason, do this: send me a list of the things you've eaten and drunk for the last week. Breakfast, luncheon and dinner—and don't leave out the in-between snacks, if any. If you can't remember accurately enough, start today and keep a record for a week. Send this list to me, in care of MODERN SCREEN, and write down, too, your age, height and weight, and your bust, waist and hip measurements. Tell me, also, the foods you like best and the foods you simply cannot eat—or think you can't. I'll plan a personal diet for you, as fast as I can open the letters and type out the answers. That will start you out in the right direction, and next month I'll have another personal service stunt ready for you. Please enclose a stamped, return envelope in your letter to me. Do be honest about this and don't forget, accidentally on purpose, to include the fattening things you've been eating, for instance, which you know you "hadn't oughter." Don't try to impress me with this list. I don't want to be impressed—I want to help.

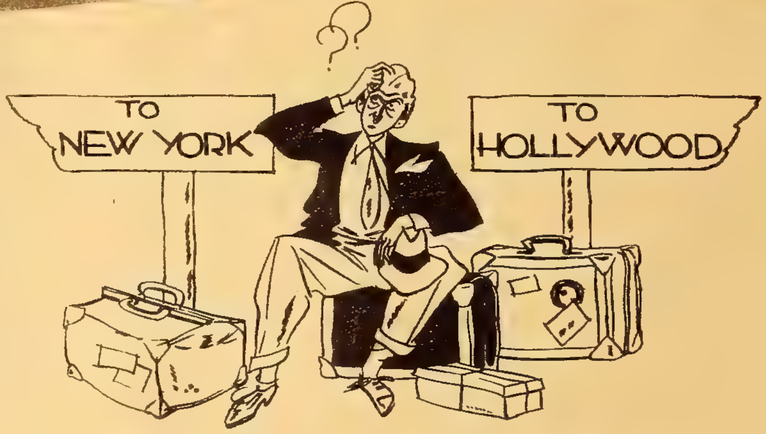
WHAT'S MY reason for going to all this trouble—trouble to you, and trouble to me, too, b'gosh? This is the reason: I hear people, constantly, saying, "I don't see why I don't lose!" Or, "I don't see why I don't gain!" Mark my words—there *is* a reason, always, barring glandular difficulties to be found in the food you put in your stomachs. Lumps and bulges can be taken off by exercise; downright overweight and underweight come from eating too much, too little, or the wrong foods. And now let's speak of other things.

My ideas about this beauty business might be summed up as follows: to correct any fault of figure or face, nothing is too much trouble. People should be ready to spend time, effort, thought and money, if they can spare it, to slim down or round out a figure, to slice down bulges, to clear up a bad skin and to improve dopey looking hair. The superficialities of beauty—the make-up, the hair-dos, the

(*Continued on page 95*)

Joan Crawford has to fight weight constantly, but you'd never suspect it.

BY ROBERT McILWAINE



John Beal is one movie actor who is in constant demand for both stage and screen roles, and above, he's snapped with Anne Shirley during the filming of "M'liss."

two - career guy

Meet John Beal, who is picturedom's perennial "new face"

PERHAPS most people don't take movie scouts with their constant cry for new faces seriously, but John Beal is not one of these. His unique attitude may prove one of his claims to fame, but the fact is John not only heard and heeded the "scout cry," but went even further and planned his life and career according to its dictates.

"It's an old and true saying," John recalls, "that grass never grows on a busy street and that is a reason why I'm a part-time guy in the movies and in the theatre both. They're constantly shouting for new faces, so when I finish a picture in Hollywood, I immediately grab a train for New York. When I arrive in the seething city, I do a play and, with the first sign of its decline in popularity, I return to the Coast and the sound stages.

"But the gag is that by the time I get back, the casting men have forgotten me, so I'm practically just what the director ordered—a new face. Then, when I've finished a picture or two, my brand-new face returns to the Broadway stage."

You will have to admit that young Mr. Beal has a well-thought-out design for living—and it's practical, too. Scarcely ten years ago, John left Joplin, Mo., to enroll at the University of Pennsylvania. During his scholastic training there he joined the Mask and Wig, as famous a dramatic organization as the Yale Puppeteers.

Distinguishing himself in the professionally-turned-out amateur plays, he soon found himself hunted and haunted by those hounds of the Hollywood hills, the talent scouts. It is part of the duties of this gentry to descend upon little theatre groups annually with proffers and promises of California *gelt* for those who can withstand the more or less rigorous test of sound and celluloid.

John Beal proved a natural victim of the good scouts, but to their dismay and almost to (*Continued on page 79*)

Mrs. George MacDonald—Jean Parker to you —with her handsome, new husband.

Here is Jean Parker, as sweet as she is pretty, and as sensible as she is sweet.

jean grows up

Little Miss Parker knows that you also can make your dreams come true

BY MARY SHARON

JEAN PARKER is married. This, in itself, warrants a story. Yet, the real story of Jean, as she is today, must detail the incidents and adventures that have come into her life during this exciting last year, before her marriage to good-looking, young George Macdonald. Idealistic as her romantic marriage has been, it is really only one vital link in the chain of development that has brought her from girlhood to wifehood.

Jean is an anomaly. Not yet twenty-one, she has the poise and assurance of a woman of thirty, yet she has managed to keep her dreams intact.

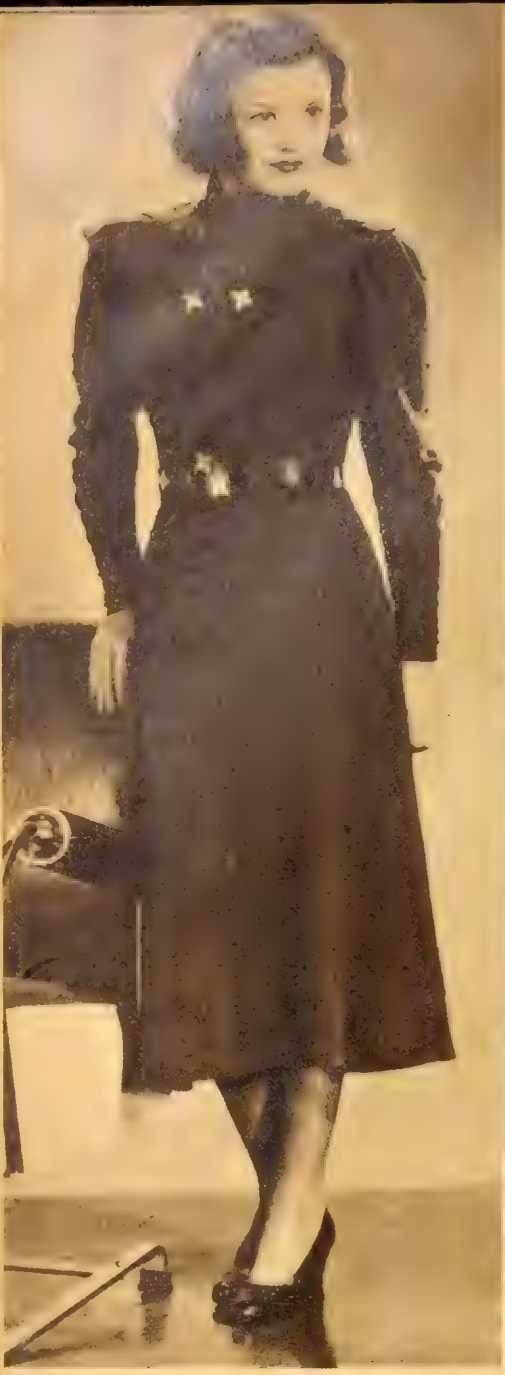
We talked in her dressing-room, where she was being fitted for the costumes she wears in "The Texas Rangers." So much has happened since our last visit together, and the sum total of these happenings have made a young lady of Jean.

"Jean, you've grown up!" I accused her.

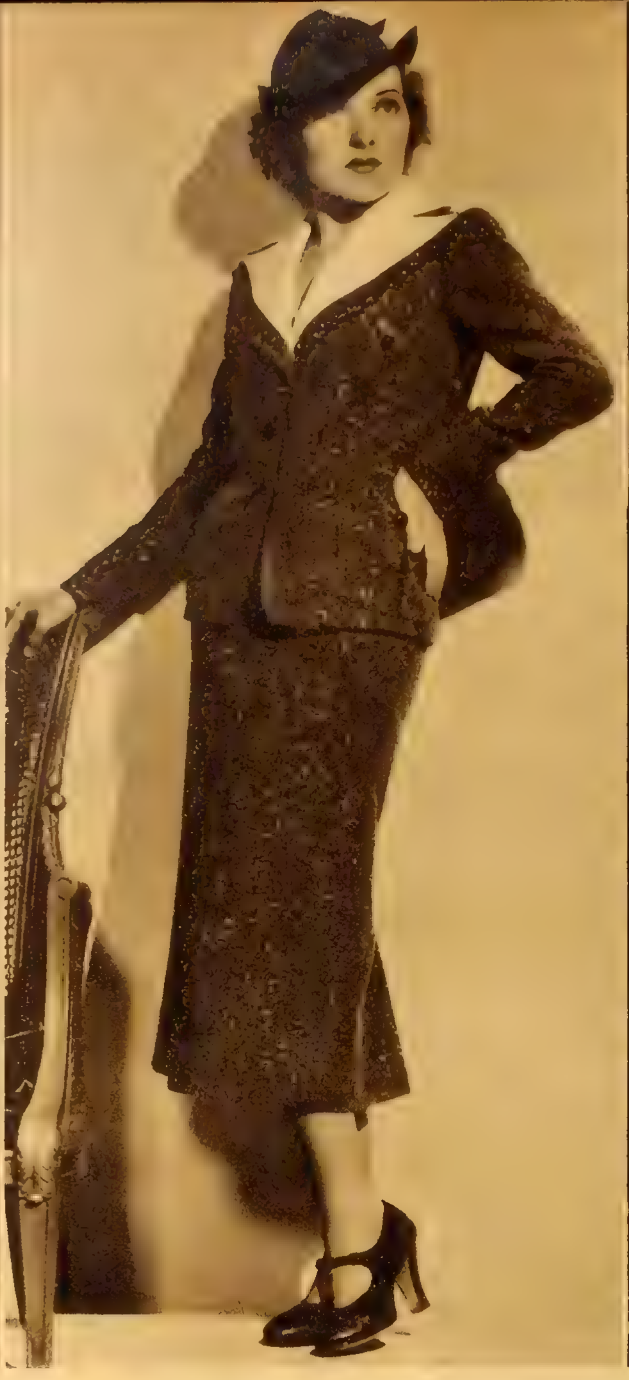
"Is that a crime?" she asked, laughing. "I would hate to think that these last seven months have left me the same girl I was before they came along."

Certainly, no girl has ever lived through a more joyously exciting period. Seven months ago, the studio called Jean on the 'phone and asked her to prepare for a hurried trip to London. An agreement had been accepted by cable for her to appear opposite Robert Donat in "The Ghost Goes West."

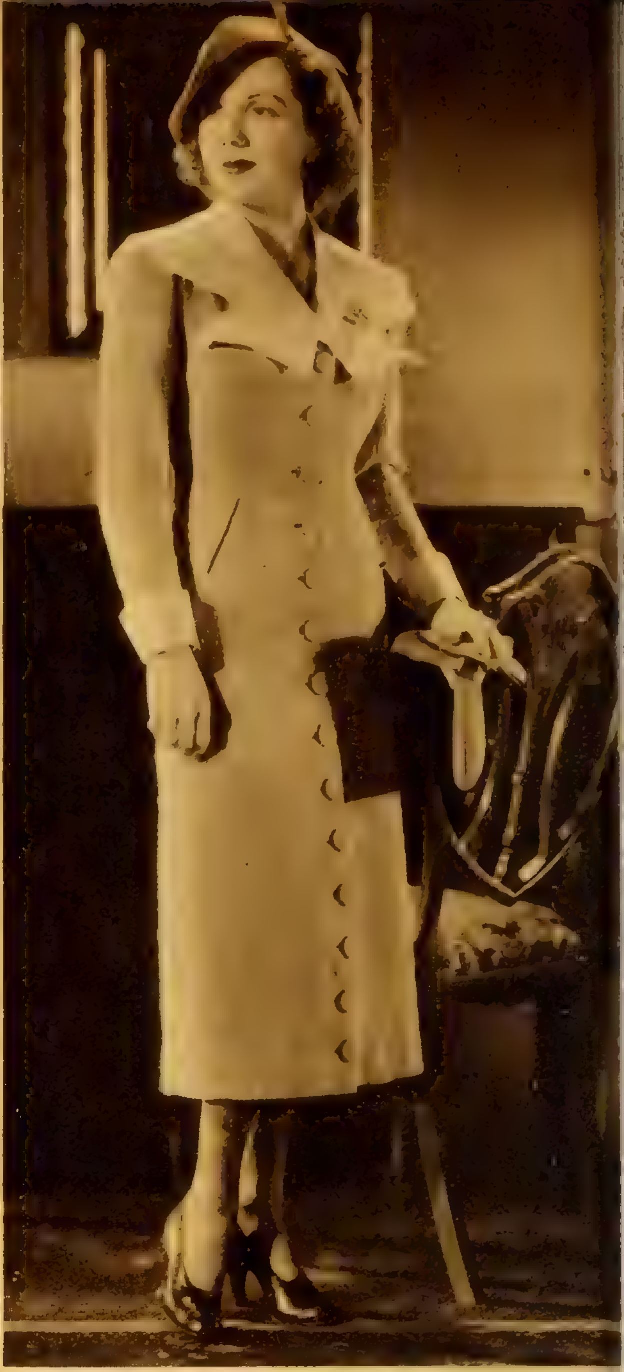
Jean was thrilled at the news, for she had dreamed of going abroad some day to work in pictures. What thrilled her quite as much, was the news that she would be Donat's leading lady, for he has been her favorite actor even since he appeared in "The Private Life of Henry VIII." So many things she had (*Continued on page 78*)



Simone Simon wears a young and very charming gray wool crepe dress embroidered in chenille. The fitted bodice and wide skirt are new. Silver stars for buttons and belt trim.



Pat Paterson's trim green tweed suit is flecked in white and the white accent is further stressed by the becoming collar worn out over the jacket. Pat's accessories are black.



A classic type of coat dress in gray woolen checked in white is Louise Latimer's first fall buy. The wide white collar is unusual. Her accessories are in a darker shade of gray.

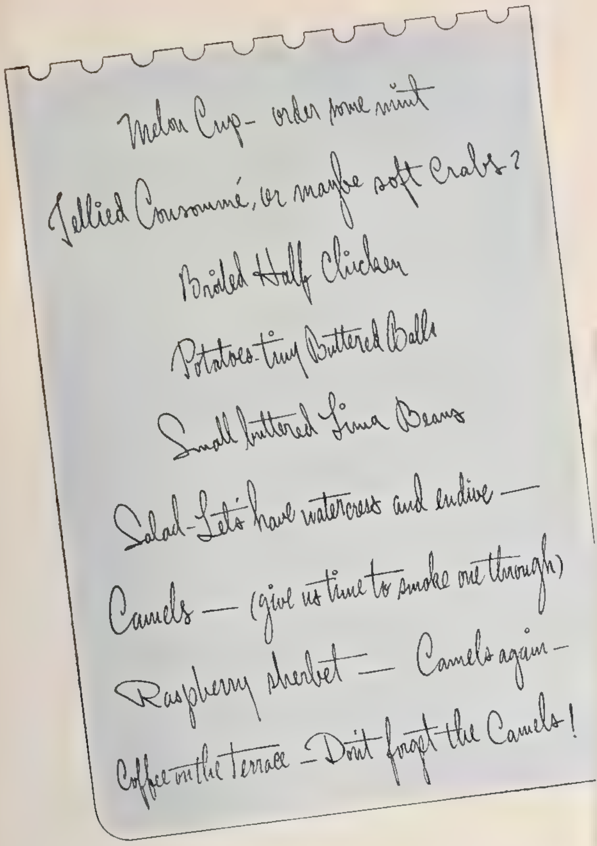
THE MORE I read your interesting letters, the more certain I am that none of you is interested in tossing your money away on the passing whims of fashion. What you want are good clothes of real quality and smart design that will go through one or several seasons of steady wear without getting that last year's hangover look.

Fall probably is the hardest time of the year for economical shopping. In the first place, if you buy a new coat, you can't skimp on good material or fur—if you do, you are throwing away your hard-earned money. And when you buy a dress, no matter to what practical purpose it is to be put, it takes much more thought and care in selecting than a spring print or a summer cotton. While you definitely want new fabric and color interest, you also want something that will be versatile enough to edge in on all sorts of activities. And you want it at a price.

It's an old saw to repeat that quality is more to be desired than quantity—yet year in and out it is proved that this is one of the soundest of the fashion axioms. It's one that you'll find every really smart Hollywood star dressing by.

Putting your money down on a first fall outfit isn't unlike a good bet in a horse race—you wonder whether your entry will win, place or merely show. You certainly don't want to just "show," so shop with an eye to picking a winner. The whole trick is to get a few of the top fashion trends in mind, then you are not so likely to be carried away with the first bright color you see or the flashiest fabric in the place! On the other hand, you

Place your money



Melon Cup - order some mint

Jellied Consommé, or maybe soft Crabs?

Broiled Half Chicken

Potatoes-tiny Buttered Balls

Small buttered Lima Beans

Salad-Let's have watercress and endive —

Camels — (give us time to smoke one through)

Raspberry sherbet — Camels again —

Coffee on the terrace - Don't forget the Camels!

Dinner notes jotted down by a famed Baltimore Hostess

MRS. NICHOLAS GRIFFITH PENNIMAN III

Mrs. Penniman is a descendant of two signers of the Declaration of Independence. Another forefather was one of the founders of the Bachelors' Cotillion, exclusive to Baltimore's first families. Mrs. Penniman is widely known as a charming hostess, a genius in fine Southern cookery. "When entertaining," she says, "I always serve plenty of Camels. Between courses and after, Camels taste *so* good. I've noticed that they help digestion and add so much to that satisfying sense of having dined well!"

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A few of the distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, *Philadelphia*
MISS MARY BYRD, *Richmond*
MRS. POWELL CABOT, *Boston*
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., *New York*
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II, *Boston*
MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR., *Wilmington*
MRS. WILLIAM I. HOLLINGSWORTH, JR., *Los Angeles*
MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGHORNE, *Virginia*
MRS. JASPER MORGAN, *New York*
MRS. LANGDON POST, *New York*
MISS LUCY SAUNDERS, *New York*
MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN RENSSELAER, *New York*

Presidential Room, Mayflower Hotel, Washington, D. C. Says Fred Wiesinger, maître d'hôtel: *"We serve a cosmopolitan clientele of noted diplomats and gourmets who favor Camels."*

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TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
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COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

. . . Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS...Turkish and Domestic...than any other popular brand.

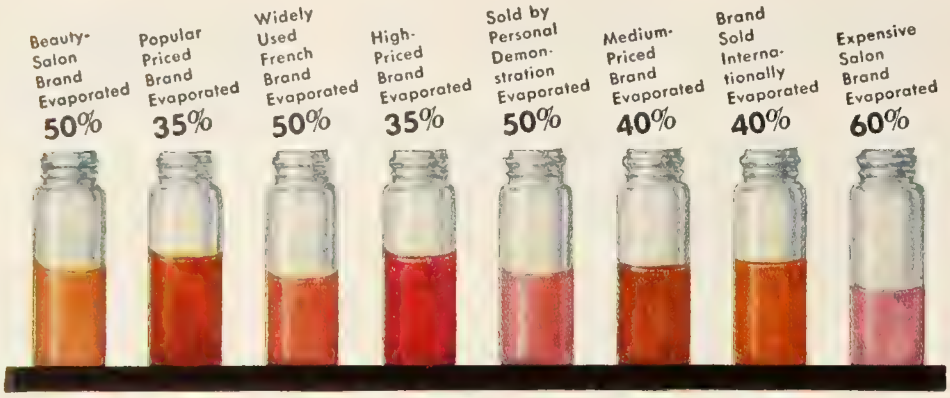
Smoking Camels between meals and after has a welcome effect on digestion

The excitement of having a good time—whether at home or "abroad"—often keys up the nervous system. Tenseness results, slowing down the activity of digestive fluids.

Scientists have shown that the supply of these fluids—alkaline digestive fluids—is helped back to normal by smoking Camels. Definitely, Camels encourage good digestion . . . give a generous "lift." Their costlier tobaccos furnish a fitting accompaniment to the subtle flavors of fine food. Being mild, Camels never tire your taste. So, hostess or guest, let Camels give you pleasure during meals and after. They set you right!

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE — SMOKE CAMELS

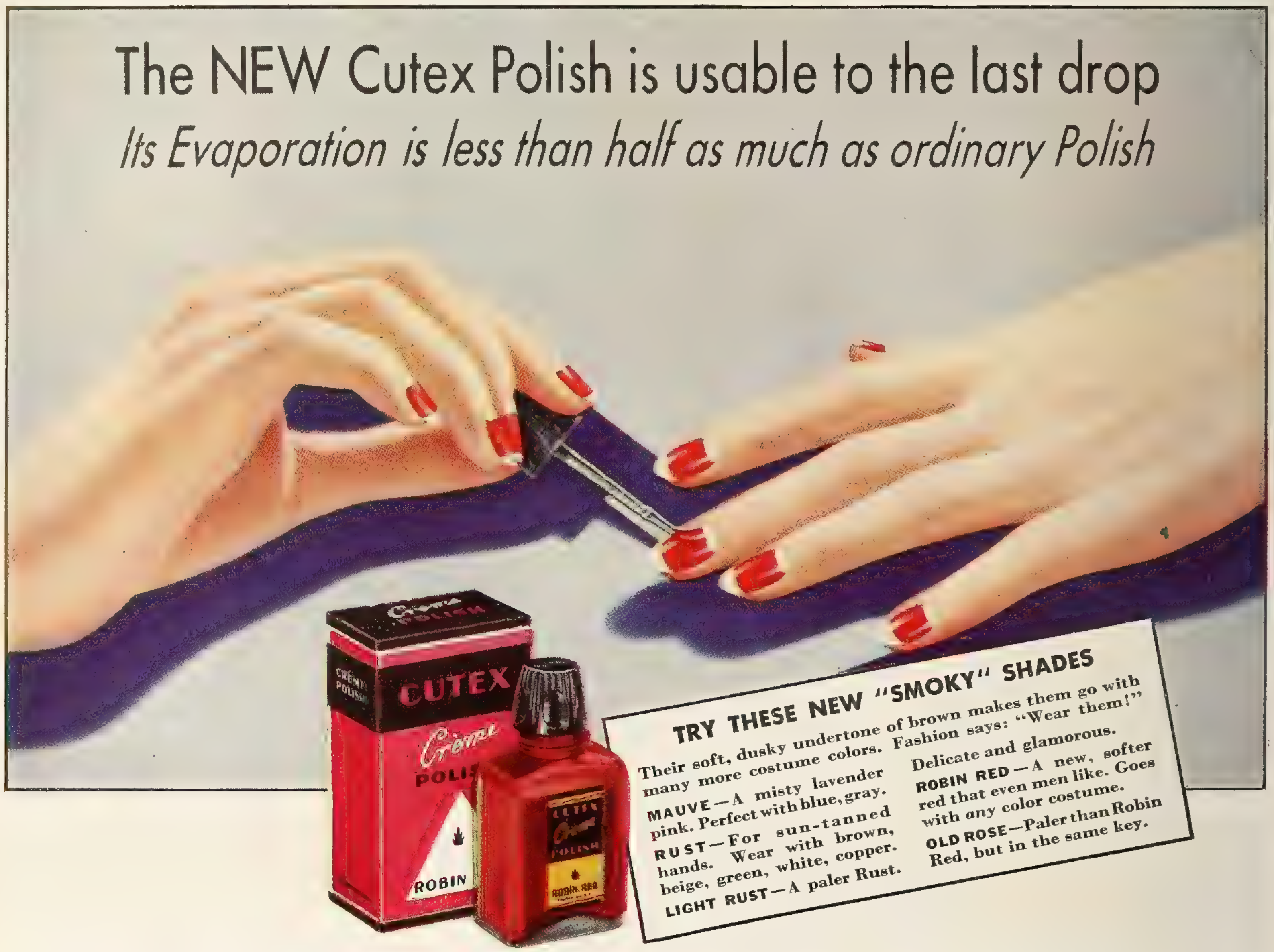
Does your Nail Polish get Thick and Gummy?



In 14-day test, 8 popular Brands of Polish became thick and unusable,
Evaporated 35% to 60%

The NEW Cutex Polish is usable to the last drop

Its Evaporation is less than half as much as ordinary Polish



TRY THESE NEW "SMOKY" SHADES

Their soft, dusky undertone of brown makes them go with many more costume colors. Fashion says: "Wear them!" Delicate and glamorous.

MAUVE—A misty lavender pink. Perfect with blue, gray.

RUST—For sun-tanned hands. Wear with brown, beige, green, white, copper.

LIGHT RUST—A paler Rust.

ROBIN RED—A new, softer red that even men like. Goes with *any* color costume.

OLD ROSE—Paler than Robin Red, but in the same key.

WE deliberately uncorked 10 bottles of nail polish—2 of our New Cutex—Clear and Crème, and 8 popular rival brands—and let their contents stand exposed to the air for 14 days.

The result was amazing! The 8 rival brands clearly showed an evaporation of 35% to 60%! All were found to be thick and gummy. But the New Cutex Polish evaporated *less than* half as much as the competitive brands. Came through the test as smooth-flowing, as easy to apply, as ever!

Think what this means to *you* in terms of nail-polish value! Practically no loss by evaporation—even when standing for many days in an entirely uncorked bottle. No thickening and drying while standing. Usable down to the last drop—a distinct saving!

Add this new economy feature to Cutex's already impressive list of advantages—its finer lacquer and longer wear, its easier application, its freedom from chipping and peeling, its 10 smart shades, and its new and wonderful sun-resisting property—and you'll never put up with any ordinary polish again.

There's no question about the value you get for your money when you buy Cutex. So *little* money, too—the New Cutex still sells at the old economical price of 35¢ a bottle, Crème or Clear! Stock up today in all your favorite shades.

Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

Mail coupon today for complete Cutex Manicure Kit containing your 2 favorite shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, Polish Remover and sample of Cutex Lipstick for only 14¢

Northam Warren Sales Company, Inc.
Dept.6M10, 191 Hudson St., New York, N.Y.
(In Canada, P.O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 14¢ for 2 shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, as checked, and Polish Remover. Mauve ☐ Rust ☐ Light Rust ☐ Robin Red ☐ Old Rose ☐

(Also sample of Cutex Lipstick will be included)

Name______________________________

Address____________________________

City State

reel romance becomes real

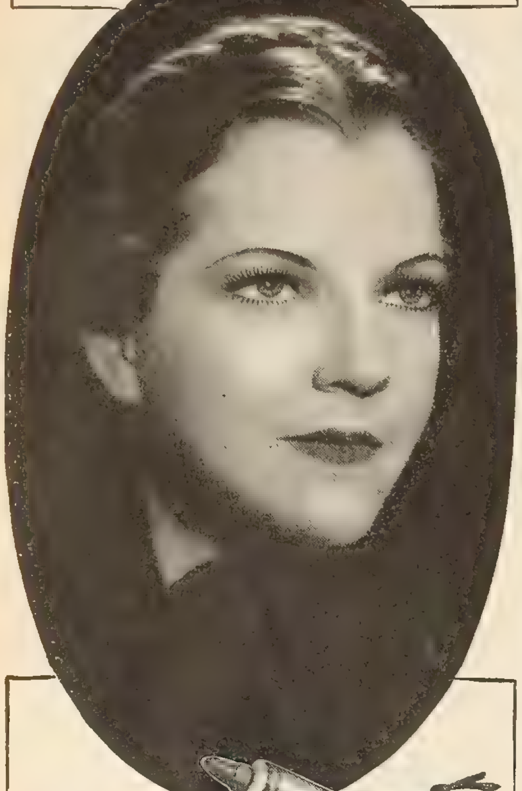
They say—and "they" seem to know—that Dick Powell and Joan Blondell will wed immediately after Joan's divorce.

Well, girls, that popular he-man, Henry Wilcoxon, is no longer a bachelor, for Sheila Browning is the Missus now.

John King, who is beauing Gail Patrick about these days, took her to Victor McLaglen's recent tennis fun-fest.

Johnny Downs, you know, is very attentive to Eleanore Whitney. Here they are at the Arline Judge-Wesley Ruggles merry shindig.

Eye Make-up in Good Taste



Maybelline Cream Mascara — Black, Brown and Blue—with brush in dainty zipper bag. 75c

SOME are born beautiful — others acquire beauty. If you aren't a *natural* beauty, then the most natural thing in the world is to *acquire* beauty. Encourage yourself! Begin with your most important beauty feature—your eyes. Make your eyelashes look twice as long, twice as luxuriant—quickly, easily, with a few deft brush strokes of Maybelline. Dark, soft, silky lashes add a sparkling depth to eyes, which heightens the whole charm and expression of the face. Do as the most exquisitely groomed women of Paris and New York do—choose pure Maybelline Mascara, in either the new Cream form or the ever-popular Solid form.

The smoothness and ease of application of Maybelline Mascaras, their naturalness of color and lack of gumminess, have won them unequalled popularity among beauty-wise women the world over. Tear-proof. Harmless. Not beady on the lashes.

Open your eyes to a new and lovelier beauty—with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Obtainable at leading toilet goods counters. Generous introductory sizes at leading ten cent stores. Try them—you'll discover a totally new and enjoyable beauty experience.

Eye Shadow Blue, Blue-Gray Brown, Green Violet

Eyebrow Pencil—Black Brown, Blue

Solid Form Mascara—Black Brown, Blue

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

Maybelline

The World's Largest Selling Eye Beauty Aids

Stars' Studio Addresses

(Continued from page 23)

DAVIS, BETTE: Warner Bros.
DAVIS, OWEN JR.: RKO-Radio.
DEANE, SHIRLEY: 20th Century-Fox.
DEE, FRANCES: 20th Century-Fox.
DE HAVILLAND, OLIVIA: Warner Bros.
DEL RIO, DOLORES: Columbia.
DE MILLE, KATHERINE: Paramount.
DEVINE, ANDY: Universal.
DIETRICH, MARLENE: Paramount.
DINEHART, ALAN: 20th Century-Fox.
DIX, RICHARD: Columbia.
DIXON, JEAN: Columbia.
DODD, CLAIRE: Warner Bros.
DONAT, ROBERT: United Artists.
DONLEVY, BRIAN: 20th Century-Fox.
DONNELLY, RUTH: Warner Bros.
DOUGLAS, MELVYN: M-G-M.
DOWNS, JOHNNY: Paramount.
DOYLE, MAXINE: Warner Bros.
DRAKE, FRANCES: Paramount.
DRAPER, PAUL: Warner Bros.
DUMBRILLE, DOUGLAS: Columbia.
DUNA, STEFFI: RKO-Radio.
DUNBAR, DIXIE: 20th Century-Fox.
DUNN, JAMES: Columbia.
DUNNE, IRENE: Universal.
DURANT, JACK: 20th Century-Fox.
DURANTE, JIMMY: M-G-M.
DVORAK, ANN: RKO-Radio.
ERNEST, GEORGE: 20th Century-Fox.
EBSEN, BUDDY: M-G-M.
EDDY, NELSON: M-G-M.
EILERS, SALLY: Universal.
ELDREDGE, JOHN: Warner Bros.
ELLIS, MARY: Paramount.
ELLIS, PATRICIA: Warner Bros.
ELLISON, JAMES: Paramount.
ERIKSON, LIEF: Paramount.
ERROL, LEON: Free lance. Write him at Columbia.
ERWIN, STUART: M-G-M.
EVANS, MADGE: M-G-M.
EVANS, MURIEL: Republic.
FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, JR.: United Artists.
FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, SR.: United Artists.
FARMER, FRANCES: Paramount.
FARRELL, CHARLES: Republic.
FARRELL, GLENDA: Warner Bros.
FAYE, ALICE: 20th Century-Fox.
FAZENDA, LOUISE: Warner Bros.
FELLOWS, EDITH: Columbia.
FETCHIT, STEPIN: 20th Century-Fox.
FIELDS, W. C.: Paramount.
FLYNN, ERROL: Warner Bros.
FONDA, HENRY: Walter Wanger.
FORAN, DICK: Warner Bros.
FORBES, RALPH: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
FORD, WALLACE: Free lance. Write him at Columbia.
FOSTER, NORMAN: Paramount.
FOSTER, PRESTON: RKO-Radio.
FRANCIS, KAY: Warner Bros.
FRAWLEY, WILLIAM: Paramount.
FROMAN, JANE: Warner Bros.
FURNESS, BETTY: M-G-M.
GABLE, CLARK: M-G-M.
GAHAGAN, HELEN: RKO-Radio.
GALLAGHER, SKEETS: RKO-Radio.
GALLIAN, KETTI: Paramount.
GARBO, GRETA: M-G-M.
GARGAN, WILLIAM: Columbia.
GAYNOR, JANET: 20th Century-Fox.
GEORGE, GLADYS: Paramount.
GIBSON, HOOT: RKO-Radio.
GIBSON, WYNNE: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
GLEASON, JAMES: RKO-Radio.
GODDARD, PAULETTE: United Artists.
GOMBELL, MINNA: Free lance. Write her at 20th Century-Fox.
GORDON, C. HENRY: M-G-M.
GORDON, GAVIN: Republic.
GORIN, IGOR: M-G-M.
GRABLE, BETTY: RKO-Radio.
GRAHAME, MARGOT: RKO-Radio.
GRANT, CARY: Paramount.
GRANVILLE, BONITA: United Artists.
GRAY, NAN: Universal.
GWENN, EDMUND: M-G-M.
HADEN, SARA: 20th Century-Fox.
HAINES, WILLIAM: Republic.
HALE, ALAN: RKO-Radio.
HALEY, JACK: 20th Century-Fox.
HALLIDAY, JOHN: Paramount.
HAMILTON, NEIL: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
HARDIE, RUSSELL: M-G-M.
HARDING, ANN: RKO-Radio.
HARDWICKE, SIR CEDRIC: Gaumont-British.
HARDY, OLIVER: M-G-M.
HARLOW, JEAN: M-G-M.
HAYDON, JULIE: M-G-M.
HAYES, HELEN: M-G-M.
HAYWARD, LOUIS: Universal.
HEALY, TED: M-G-M.
HENRY, CHARLOTTE: Republic.
HENRY, WILLIAM: M-G-M.
HEPBURN, KATHARINE: RKO-Radio.
HERBERT, HUGH: Warner Bros.
HERSHOLT, JEAN: M-G-M.
HERVEY, IRENE: M-G-M.
HILLIARD, HARRIET: RKO-Radio.
HOBSON, VALERIE: 20th Century-Fox.
HOLDEN, GLORIA: Universal.
HOLLOWAY, STERLING: 20th Century-Fox.
HOLMES, PHILLIPS: Free lance. Write him at Republic.
HOLT, DAVID: Paramount.
HOLT, BETTY: Paramount.
HOLT, JACK: Universal.
HOPKINS, MIRIAM: Samuel Goldwyn.
HORTON, EDWARD EVERETT: Universal.
HOWARD, JOHN: Paramount.
HOWARD, LESLIE: Warner Bros.
HUDSON, ROCHELLE: 20th Century-Fox.
HUGHES, CAROL: Warner Bros.
HULL, WARREN: Warner Bros.
HUME, BENITA: M-G-M.
HUNT, MARSHA: Paramount.
HUNTER, IAN: Warner Bros.
HUNTLEY, G. P. JR.: Universal.
HUSTON, WALTER: Free lance. Write him at United Artists.
HUTCHINSON, JOSEPHINE: Warner Bros.
HYAMS, LEILA: RKO-Radio.
JANNEY, WILLIAM: Republic.
JASON, SYBIL: Warner Bros.
JENKINS, ALLEN: Warner Bros.
JENNINGS, MAXINE: RKO-Radio.
JEWELL, ISABEL: M-GM.
JOHNSON, KAY: RKO-Radio.
JOLSON, AL: Warner Bros.
JONES, ALLAN: M-G-M.
JONES, BUCK: Universal.
JONES, GORDON: RKO-Radio.
JORY, VICTOR: Columbia.
JUDGE, ARLINE: 20th Century-Fox.
KARLOFF, BORIS: Universal.
KARNS, ROSCOE: Paramount.
KEATING, FRED: Columbia.
KEELER, RUBY: Warner Bros.
KEENE, TOM: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
KEITH, IAN: RKO-Radio.
KEITH, ROSALIND: Paramount.
KELLY, PATSY: M-G-M.
KELLY, PAUL: Paramount.
KELLY, WALTER C.: Republic.
KELTON, PERT: M-G-M.
KENT, ROBERT: 20th Century-Fox.
KIBBEE, GUY: Warner Bros.
KIEPURA, JAN: Paramount.
KING, JOHN: Universal.
KNAPP, EVALYN: Republic.
KNIGHT, JUNE: M-G-M.
KRUGER, OTTO: Universal.
LAMONT, MOLLY: RKO-Radio.
LANDI, ELISSA: United Artists.
LANE, LOLA: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
LANG, JUNE: 20th Century-Fox.
LANGDON, HARRY: Columbia.
LANGFORD, FRANCES: M-G-M.
LA RUE, JACK: Free lance. Write him at United Artists.
LATIMER, LOUISE: RKO-Radio.
LAUGHTON, CHARLES: M-G-M.
LAUREL, STAN: M-G-M.
LAWRENCE, ROSINA: M-G-M.
LAWTON, FRANK: Universal.
LAYE, EVELYN: M-G-M.
LEDERER, FRANCIS: United Artists.
LEE, BILLY: Paramount.
LEE, DIXIE: 20th Century-Fox.
LEE, DOROTHY: RKO-Radio.
LEYTON, DRUE: 20th Century-Fox.
LIGHT, ROBERT: Warner Bros.
LINAKER, KAY: Warner Bros.
LINDEN, ERIC: M-G-M.
LINDSAY, MARGARET: Warner Bros.
LLOYD, HAROLD: Paramount.
LODGE, JOHN: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
LOMBARD, CAROLE: Paramount.
LORD, PAULINE: Columbia.
LORING, ANN: M-G-M.
LORRE, PETER: Columbia.
LOUISE, ANITA: Warner Bros.
LOWE, EDMUND: M-G-M.
LOY, MYRNA: M-G-M.
LUGOSI, BELA: Universal.
LUKAS, PAUL: 20th Century-Fox.
LUKE, KEYE: 20th Century-Fox.
LUPINO, IDA: Paramount.
LYON, BEN: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
MacDONALD, JEANETTE: M-G-M.
MACK, HELEN: RKO-Radio.
MacLANE, BARTON: Warner Bros.
MacMAHON, ALINE: M-G-M.
MacMURRAY, FRED: Paramount.
MALA: M-G-M.
MANNERS, DAVID: Free lance. Write him at Republic.
MANNORS, SHEILA: Columbia.
MARCH, FREDRIC: 20th Century-Fox.
MARGO: Free lance. Write her at M-G-M.
MARSH, JOAN: RKO-Radio.
MARSH, MARIAN: Columbia.
MARSHALL, HERBERT: RKO-Radio.
MARTINI, NINO: United Artists.
MARX BROTHERS: M-G-M.
MATTHEWS, JESSIE: Gaumont-British.
MAYNARD, KEN: Columbia.
McCOY, COL. TIM: Columbia.
McCREA, JOEL: Samuel Goldwyn.
McFARLAND, SPANKY: M-G-M.
McGUIRE, JOHN: 20th Century-Fox.
McHUGH, FRANK: Warner Bros.
McKINNEY, FLORINE: Republic.
McLAGLEN, VICTOR: 20th Century-Fox.
MELTON, FRANK: 20th Century-Fox.
MELTON, JAMES: Warner Bros.
MENJOU, ADOLPHE: Paramount.
MERCER, BERYL: Free lance. Write her at Republic.
MEREDITH, BURGESS: RKO-Radio.
MERKEL, UNA: M-G-M.
MERMAN, ETHEL: Samuel Goldwyn.
MICHAEL, GERTRUDE: Paramount.
MILJAN, JOHN: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
MILLAND, RAY: Paramount.
MITCHELL, GENEVA: Columbia.
MONTENEGRO, CONCHITA: 20th Century-Fox.
MONTGOMERY, DOUGLASS: Gaumont-British.
MONTGOMERY, ROBERT: M-G-M.
MOORE, DICKIE: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
MOORE, GRACE: Columbia.
MOORE, VICTOR: RKO-Radio.
MORAN, POLLY: M-G-M.
MORENO, ANTONIO: 20th Century-Fox.
MORGAN, FRANK: M-G-M.
MORGAN, RALPH: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
MORGAN, HELEN: Universal.
MORLEY, KAREN: Warner Bros.
MORRIS, CHESTER: Columbia.
MORRISON, JOE: Paramount.
MOWBRAY, ALAN: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
MUIR, JEAN: Warner Bros.
MULHALL, JACK: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
MUNDIN, HERBERT: 20th Century-Fox.
MUNI, PAUL: Warner Bros.
MURPHY, GEORGE: Paramount.
MURPHY, MAURICE: 20th Century-Fox.
NAGEL, CONRAD: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.

(Continued on page 72)

Good Looks start UNDER your Skin...
BLACKHEADS are discouraged
PORES look smaller
LINES fade

Miss Katharine Aldridge—"I keep my pores fine, skin fresh looking, with Pond's Cold Cream."

When you keep your UNDER SKIN working

YOU can have the prettiest features in the world—but if your skin is spotty with little faults, nobody calls you "a pretty girl."

And girls with less claim to good features are "good looking"—simply *because they have a clear, fresh skin!*

You can have a clear, fresh skin, too! Fight lines and blackheads and coarse pores where they start—just *under* your skin!

Rousing . . . deep down!

Skin faults appear when tiny hidden glands, blood vessels and cells in your underskin function poorly. It's their work to keep your *outer* skin glowing and young. You must keep them at it! And you can—by faithful use of Pond's invigorating deep-skin treatment.

Most faults start underneath

Below that dark layer are tiny glands, cells, fibres which keep your outer skin flawless. When they function poorly—skin faults start!

Pond's Cold Cream, with its specially processed oils, travels deep into the pores. Right away it floats out the dirt. Your skin feels wonderfully clean—*is* wonderfully clean!

Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream for a brisk, rousing deep-skin treatment. Feel the blood tingling? . . . Face glowing? A sign you're rousing lazy glands, cells, blood vessels to a fresh start!

Do this regularly. Note the quick improvement! At once your color is livened. Your skin is toned. Soon pores are looking smaller, lines softening into smooth skin. Those blackheads you used to dread, come less and less.

Mrs. William Jay Iselin
"Pond's Cold Cream leaves my skin toned up—glowing! I never have blackheads and blemishes."

Remember this

Here's the simple daily treatment worked out by Pond's. It does more than cleanse your skin.

Every night, pat in Pond's Cold Cream to loosen dirt, make-up. Wipe it all off. Pat in more cream briskly—to rouse your *underskin,* keep it working properly, so annoying little faults *can't* spoil your looks.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin becomes softer every time—smoother for powder. You are pretty now—simply because your skin is so good looking!

Start in at once. The coupon brings a special 9-treatment tube of Pond's Cold Cream.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE
and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

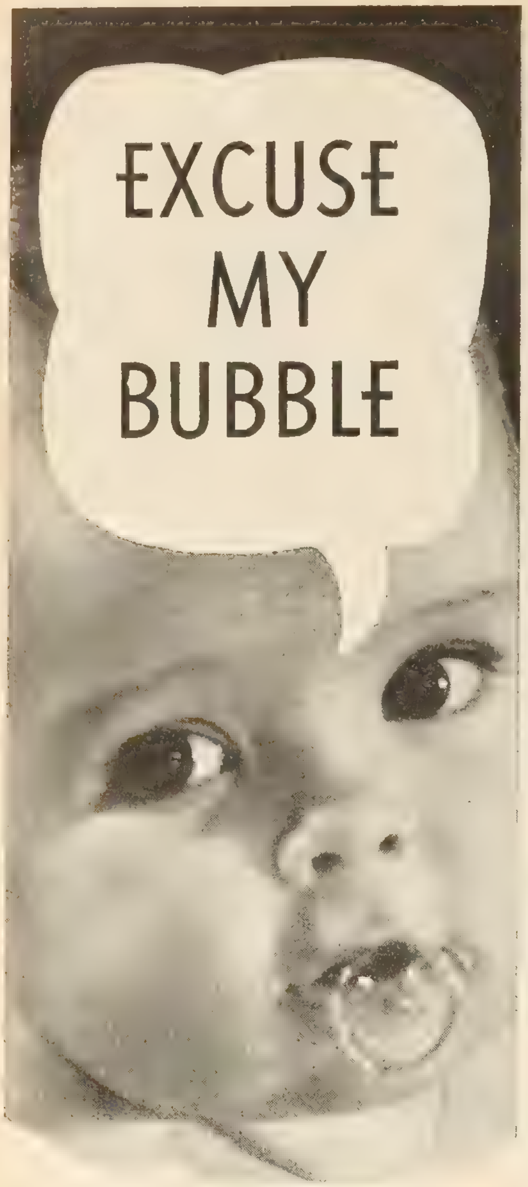
POND'S, Dept. K-50 Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name______________________________

Street______________________________

City____________________State__________

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company



Gee I'm happy! I've had my MENNEN OIL RUB like hospitals give

"Pardon my enthusiasm—but I can't help bubbling over with satisfaction. Why? 'Cause mother just gave me my daily body rub with Mennen Oil. That's the *Antiseptic* oil they use in hospitals.*And boy, do germs hate it! As near as I can figure out, this oil covers me with a film of safety . . . from head to foot. It gets down into my skin folds and creases . . . where germs love to hide and start trouble. My doctor says that Mennen Oil keeps me safer and healthier. Am I glad? Gosh, *yes*. And *your* baby will be, too, if you rub him daily with Mennen Antiseptic Oil."

**Nearly all hospitals important in maternity work use Mennen Antiseptic Oil on their babies daily. Your baby deserves it, too.*

W. G. Mennen

MENNEN *Antiseptic* OIL

It's Mother's Day in Hollywood! Arline Judge and son, Wesley, Evelyn Venable with Dolores and Karen Morley with Michael.

NIXON, MARIAN: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
NOLAN, LLOYD: Columbia.
NORTON, BARRY: M-G-M.
NUGENT, EDWARD: Free lance. Write him at Republic.
OAKIE, JACK: Paramount.
OBERON, MERLE: Samuel Goldwyn.
O'BRIEN, GEORGE: 20th Century-Fox.
O'BRIEN-MOORE, ERIN: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
O'BRIEN, PAT: Warner Bros.
OLAND, WARNER: 20th Century-Fox.
OLIVER, EDNA MAY: M-G-M.
OLSEN, MORONI: RKO-Radio.
O'NEILL, HENRY: Warner Bros.
O'SULLIVAN, MAUREEN: M-G-M.
OVERMAN, LYNNE: Paramount.
OWEN, REGINALD: M-G-M.
PALEY, NATALIE: RKO-Radio.
PALLETTE, EUGENE: Free lance. Write him at Warner Bros.
PARKER, CECILIA: M-G-M.
PARKER, JEAN: M-G-M.
PARRISH, GIGI: Republic.
PATERSON, PAT: Walter Wanger.
PATRICK, GAIL: Paramount.
PENDLETON, NAT: M-G-M.
PENNER, JOE: RKO-Radio.
PEPPER, BARBARA: RKO-Radio.
PERRY, JOAN: Columbia.
PICKFORD, MARY: United Artists.
PIDGEON, WALTER: Universal.
PITTS, ZASU: Paramount.
PONS, LILY: RKO-Radio.
POWELL, DICK: Warner Bros.
POWELL, ELEANOR: M-G-M.
POWELL, WILLIAM: M-G-M.
PRYOR, ROGER: Republic.
QUALEN, JOHN: 20th Century-Fox.
QUIGLEY, JUANITA: M-G-M.
QUILLAN, EDDIE: Free lance. Write him at Republic.
RAFT, GEORGE: Paramount.
RAINER, LUISE: M-G-M.
RAINS, CLAUDE: Warner Bros.
RALPH, JESSIE: RKO-Radio.
RALSTON, ESTHER: Paramount.
RATHBONE, BASIL: M-G-M.
RATOFF, GREGORY: 20th Century-Fox.
RAYMOND, GENE: RKO-Radio.
REED, PHILIP: United Artists.
REGAN, PHIL: Republic.
RHODES, ERIK: RKO-Radio.
RICE, FLORENCE: M-G-M.
RICHMAN, HARRY: Columbia.
ROBERTI, LYDA: M-G-M.
ROBERTS, BEVERLY: Warner Bros.
ROBERTSON, GUY: Republic.
ROBINSON, BILL: 20th Century-Fox.
ROBINSON, EDWARD G.: Warner Bros.
ROBSON, MAY: M-G-M.
ROGERS, CHARLES: RKO-Radio.
ROGERS, GINGER: RKO-Radio.
ROGERS, JEAN: Universal.
ROLAND, GILBERT: 20th Century-Fox.
ROMERO, CESAR: Universal.
ROONEY, MICKEY: M-G-M.
ROSS, SHIRLEY: M-G-M.
RUGGLES, CHARLES: Paramount.
RUSSELL, ROSALIND: M-G-M.
RUTHERFORD, ANN: Republic.
SCHILDKRAUT, JOSEPH: Columbia.
SCHUBERT, MARINA: Paramount.
SCHUMANN-HEINK, MME. ERNESTINE: M-G-M.
SCOTT, RANDOLPH: Paramount.
SEARL, JACKIE: 20th Century-Fox.
SELLON, CHARLES: 20th Century-Fox.
SELWYN, RUTH: M-G-M.
SEWARD, BILLIE: Columbia.
SHANNON, PEGGY: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
SHAW, WINIFRED: Warner Bros.
SHEA, GLORIA: Columbia.
SHEARER, NORMA: M-G-M.
SHERIDAN, ANN: Warner Bros.
SHIRLEY, ANNE: RKO-Radio.
SIDNEY, SYLVIA: Walter Wanger.
SILVERS, SID: M-G-M.
SIMON, SIMONE: 20th Century-Fox.
SKIPWORTH, ALISON: Paramount.
SLEEPER, MARTHA: M-G-M.
SMITH, C. AUBREY: United Artists.
SMITH, QUEENIE: Universal.
SOTHERN, ANN: RKO-Radio.
SPARKS, NED: Warner Bros.
STANDER, LIONEL: Columbia.
STANDING, SIR GUY: Paramount.
STANWYCK, BARBARA: RKO-Radio.
STARRETT, CHARLES: Columbia.
STELLING, WILLIAM: 20th Century-Fox.
STEN, ANNA: United Artists.
STEPHENS, HARVEY: M-G-M.
STEPHENSON, HENRY: M-G-M.
STEVENS, ONSLOW: Universal.
STEWART, JAMES: M-G-M.
STONE, FRED: RKO-Radio.
STONE, GEORGE E.: Warner Bros.
STONE, LEWIS: M-G-M.
STONE, PAULA: Warner Bros.
STUART, GLORIA: 20th Century-Fox.
SULLAVAN, MARGARET: Universal.
SUMMERVILLE, SLIM: 20th Century-Fox.
SWARTHOUT, GLADYS: Paramount.
TALBOT, LYLE: Columbia.
TAMIROFF, AKIM: Paramount.
TAYLOR, KENT: Paramount.
TAYLOR, ROBERT: M-G-M.
TEASDALE, VERREE: Paramount.
TEMPLE, SHIRLEY: 20th Century-Fox.
THOMAS, FRANK M.: RKO-Radio.
THOMAS, JAMESON: Republic.
TIBBETT, LAWRENCE: 20th Century-Fox.
TIBBETTS, MARTHA: Columbia.
TOBIN, GENEVIEVE: Warner Bros.
TOMLIN, PINKY: Universal.
TONE, FRANCHOT: M-G-M.
TRACY, LEE: Universal.
TRACY, SPENCER: M-G-M.
TRAVIS, JUNE: Warner Bros.
TREACHER, ARTHUR: 20th Century-Fox.
TREE, DOROTHY: Warner Bros.
TREEN, MARY: Warner Bros.
TREVOR, CLAIRE: 20th Century-Fox.
TWELVETREES, HELEN: 20th Century-Fox.
VALLEE, RUDY: Warner Bros.
VELEZ, LUPE: M-G-M.
VENABLE, EVELYN: Republic.
VINSON, HELEN: Gaumont-British.
WADSWORTH, HENRY: M-G-M.
WALBURN, RAYMOND: Columbia.
WALKER, JUNE: 20th Century-Fox.
WALKER, RAY: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
WALTON, DOUGLAS: RKO-Radio.
WARE, IRENE: 20th Century-Fox.
WAYNE, JOHN: Universal.
WEIDLER, VIRGINIA: Paramount.
WEISSMULLER, JOHNNY: M-G-M.
WELLS, JACQUELINE: Free lance. Write her at Republic.
WEST, MAE: Paramount.
WESTLEY, HELEN: RKO-Radio.
WHALEN, MICHAEL: 20th Century-Fox.
WHEELER, BERT: RKO-Radio.
WHITE, ALICE: Gaumont-British.
WHITNEY, ELEANORE: Paramount.
WILCOXON, HENRY: United Artists.
WILLIAM, WARREN: Warner Bros.
WILLIAMS, CLARK: Universal.
WILLIAMS, HUGH: 20th Century-Fox.
WILSON, DOROTHY: Paramount.
WILSON, LOIS: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
WILSON, MARIE: Warner Bros.
WING, PAT: Paramount.
WING, TOBY: M-G-M.
WINNINGER, CHARLES: 20th Century-Fox.
WITHERS, GRANT: Paramount.
WITHERS, JANE: 20th Century-Fox.
WOOD, HELEN: 20th Century-Fox.
WOODS, DONALD: Warner Bros.
WOOLSEY, BOB: RKO-Radio.
WRAY, FAY: Columbia.
WYATT, JANE: Universal.
YOUNG, LORETTA: 20th Century-Fox.
YOUNG, POLLY ANN: Free lance. Write her at 20th Century-Fox.
YOUNG, ROBERT: M-G-M.
YOUNG, ROLAND: United Artists.

A kingdom all his own

What a grand start a modern youngster gets! Everything specially for him . . . even a special laxative!

MOTHER . . . Isn't it logical that a baby will thrive best on *special* care? After all, his system is a delicate thing. Tender. Still growing.

That's why you probably have a *special* baby tub for your baby . . . use *special* soap . . . *special* powder . . . and a *special* food formula, of course.

Doctors say the same logic should follow in the laxative field. They say a baby should have a *special* laxative, too. For it stands to reason that if his system is too delicate for adult food, *it is also too delicate for "adult" laxatives!* That's why doctors recommend Fletcher's Castoria—the laxative made especially *and only* for children.

Fletcher's Castoria is mild . . . gentle . . . and above all, SAFE. It will never upset your baby's stomach because it works chiefly in the lower bowel. It won't cause cramping pains because it contains no harsh drugs.

It contains no purging irritants—no narcotics—nothing that could harm the tiniest infant system. In fact, a famous child specialist said he couldn't write a better prescription than Fletcher's Castoria.

You'll be glad to know that children love the taste of Fletcher's Castoria. They take it willingly—without the least complaint. And that is most important. Because, as you know, the fight a child puts up against a laxative he hates can upset his entire nervous and digestive system!

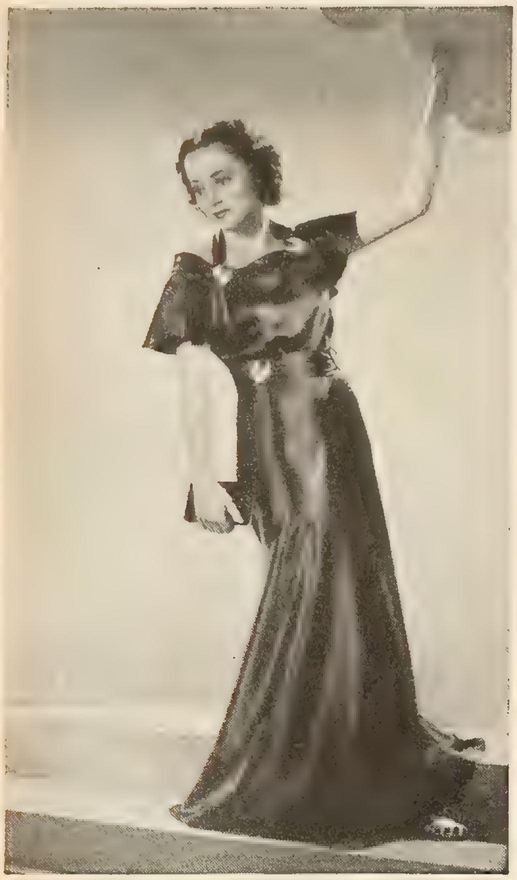
Chas H. Fletcher

CASTORIA

The laxative made especially for babies and growing children

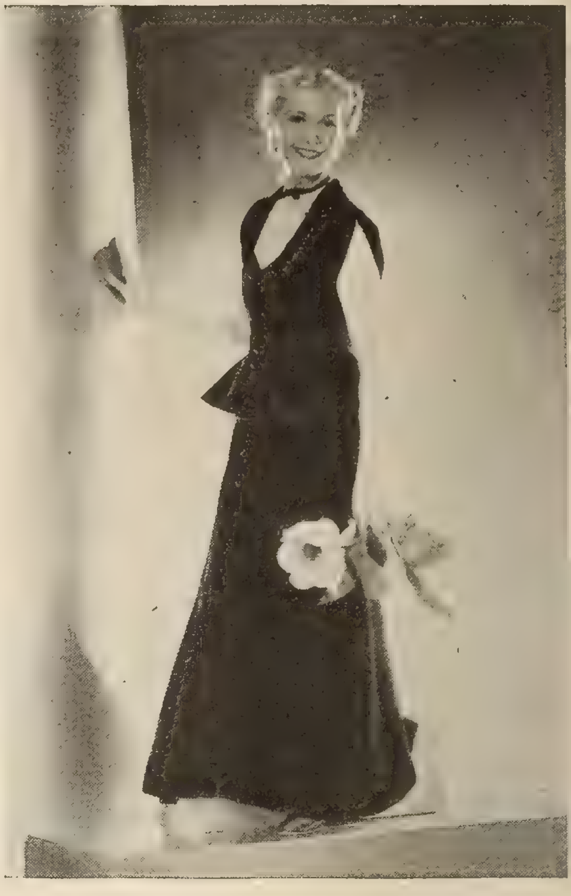
So, mother, think twice when your child next needs a laxative. Give him the laxative millions of mothers have faith in . . . the laxative made especially for children . . . FLETCHER'S CASTORIA. Thousands of doctors prescribe it. Every drug store sells it. Why not get the economical Family-Size bottle tonight—it saves you money. The signature Chas. H. Fletcher appears on every carton.

"anthony adverse"



Left, Olivia de Havilland wears Orry-Kelly's copy of her screen costume. In lustre satin, he has changed the girdle of his original sketch, shown last month, adding striking clips instead.

Right, Anita Louise in the adaptation of her loveliest costume from the picture. It is made of velvet with the new flaring peplum silhouette and a metal lace vestee. Both dresses given by Studio Styles.



It's not too late to win one of nine handsome prizes!

PRIZES

1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th prizes will be original Orry-Kelly dresses adapted from costumes worn in "Anthony Adverse." Given by Studio Styles, Inc.

5th—A pair of Delman shoes, copied from shoes worn in the film.

6th—A beautiful Pichel handbag.

7th—Two pairs of new fall suede gloves by Hansen.

8th—Harriet Hubbard Ayer beauty kit.

9th—Six pairs of sheer Phoenix hosiery.

RULES

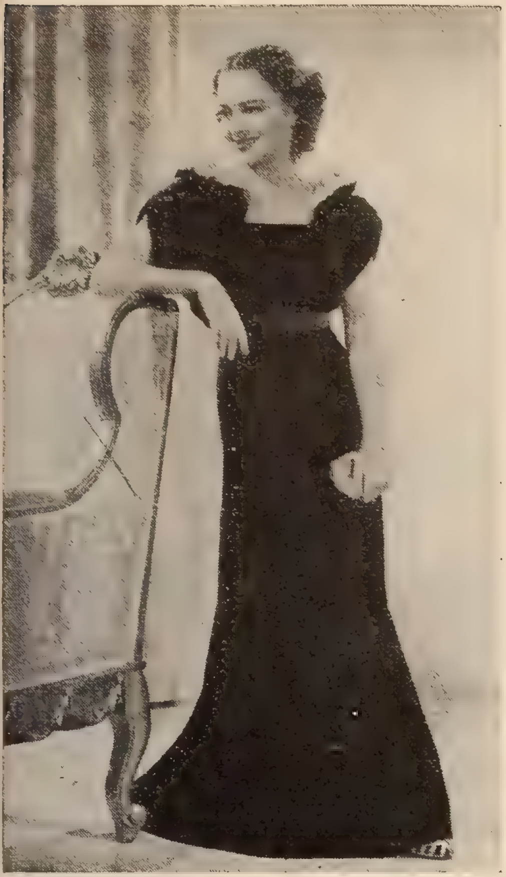
1. Write fifty words on the subject, "How Screen Clothes Have Helped Me to Dress Smartly." The words "a," "an," "the" will not be counted.
2. Mail your letter to "Anthony Adverse" Fashion Contest, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.
3. The contest will close on midnight of September 30, 1936. No letters postmarked after that time will be eligible.
4. State your preference and size in gowns, according to the descriptions given here. Include also your shoe, glove and stocking sizes. This is not counted in the fifty words.
5. In judging, consideration will be given to neatness of presentation and aptness and originality of expression.
6. The four best fifty-word essays, on the given subject, will each win one of the four dresses shown. And the next five will win prizes as listed under "Prizes" on this page.
7. The decision of the judges (Miss Bird and the editors of MODERN SCREEN) will be final. No contest entries will be returned.
8. No employees of MODERN SCREEN or members of employees' families are eligible to compete.

LAST month you saw Orry-Kelly's original sketches of the four beautiful dresses which you have a chance to win—but this month you see both Olivia de Havilland and Anita Louise modelling the completed dresses, which were copied from costumes they wore in "Anthony Adverse." You'll have difficulty deciding which you would rather win for they are all stunning and are made in the richest fabrics and trimmings of the new season. Studio Styles, Inc., gives them away as the first four prizes in this exciting contest.

And not only these dresses as prizes but five additional ones including a big,

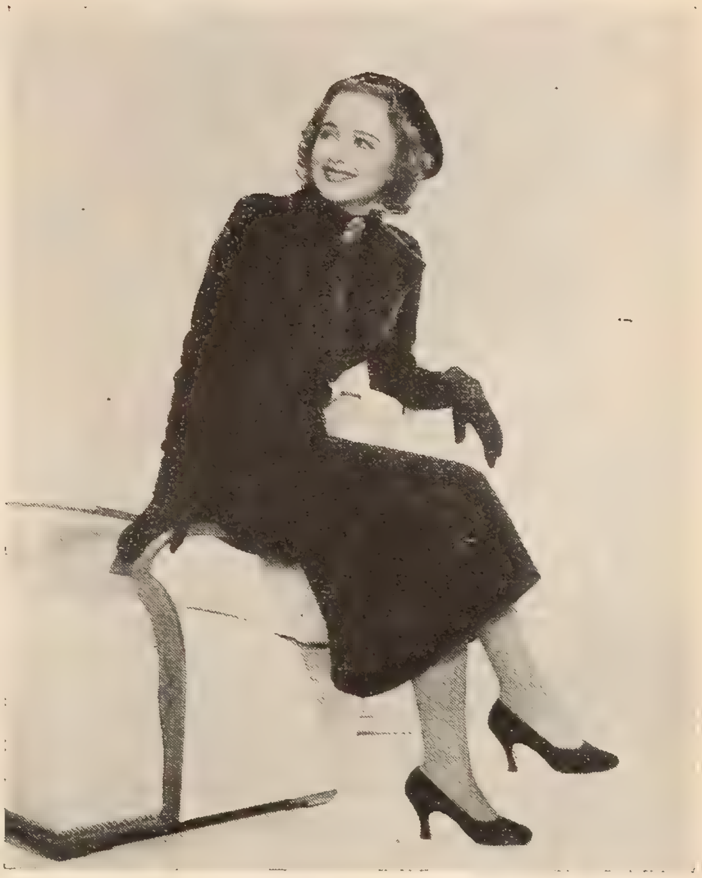
(*Continued on page 98*)

fashion contest



Smart daytime dress in Marten hair wool and metal shot satin top. Worn by Olivia and given by Studio Styles.

Left, Olivia, again, in rich velvet with beautiful collar of pearls and rhinestones. Orry-Kelly adaptation.



You'll never know how easy dyeing is until you use RIT

NEW COLOR—"NEW" DRESS
Only you and Rit will know it's an old dress—your mirror will say it's lovely today!

FADED LINGERIE SPARKLES
Tint underthings quickly and beautifully, with Rit colors that resist washing!

FRESH TONES FOR HOSIERY
Save odd stockings by matching their color with Rit... or revive faded hose with new shades.

GLOWING TABLE LINEN
Rit makes luncheon and bridge linens so gay and festive. You can *change* them at will.

SMARTLY COLORED BED LINEN
Spreads, sheets and pillow cases can have the loveliest shades—and still launder beautifully!

TO FRESHEN CURTAINS
French Ecru Rit gives curtains the sunniest color that never seems to wash out! Not a "surface color" that has to be renewed each time!

Never say "Dye"—say RIT!

Dyeing is a "laughing matter" now—you do it with a smile on your face because Rit has eliminated the muggy, steaming boiling that's so hard on you and on your clothes! There's one ingredient in Rit *found in no other tint or dye* that makes colors soak in deeper... faster... easier.

And the results are glorious! Radiant clear color without a smudge or streak! Shades that you thought only a professional dyer could create. All at a cost of only a few pennies.

Try Rit soon—and you'll bless the chemist who made dyeing so easy!

Dissolves instantly! Rit is a powder wafer—easier to measure, won't sift out of the package like loose powder dyes.

ONLY RIT GIVES FAST COLORS WITHOUT BOILING
Follow Simple Directions on Package

NOT A SOAP!

RIT TINTS & DYES

ALSO WHITE RIT COLOR REMOVER
The safe, sure way to take OUT color, remove stains, whiten fabrics... harmless as boiling water!

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dissolves in 40 seconds
FAST COLORS WITHOUT BOILING

STOP USING *half-way* TOOTHPASTES —USE FORHAN'S

DOES BOTH JOBS

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So often we learn too late that beauty may be ruined by half-way care of the teeth. We ignore the dangers of failing gums! There is no excuse for taking this chance. Forhan's gives you *double protection.* It cleans and brightens teeth and at the same time *safeguards your gums.*

SAVES GUMS

Forhan's is different from all other toothpastes. It was created by an eminent dental surgeon. When you clean teeth and massage gums with Forhan's you are doing exactly what so many dentists advise. Phone for a tube now. Costs no more than most ordinary toothpastes, and ends ordinary half-way care.
Also sold in Canada.

Forhan's

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Indelible Darkener for Eyelashes and Brows. (Ideal Darkener for Mustaches.) *One application lasts 4 to 5 weeks.* $1 at Drug, Dept. Stores. Send 25c for Trial Size.

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HUSH CREAM DEODORANT
HUSH LIQUID DEODORANT
HUSH
HUSH Stick Deodorant
CREAM LIQUID POWDER STICK

The Gentle Ruffian

(*Continued on front page 45*)

thousand people. Behind the soccer enterprise was still another thought. He wanted to raise money for his private charity—which is the feeding of families who are unable to buck the red tape of organized charity, and so do not get fed. With the money, earned during the period of half a year, he fed seventeen thousand persons last Christmas day. His meat bill alone was $5,183.

From that nucleus has developed the Sports Center, where amateurs of all persuasions may meet, train, practise and compete. The onlooker may behold two hundred and fifty mounted cavalrymen on parade, one hundred and fifty Red Cross workers at work, one hundred and eighty Boy Scouts drilling football, baseball and soccer players in action, the Flying Escadrille tuning up—and Victor supervises it all, paying for everything but asking nothing other than that the boys behave themselves and put things where they belong.

And now, additionally, Victor has set apart $1,000 for an experimental laboratory which he plans to turn over to licensed radio amateurs. He is establishing a club of short-wave radio operators as another unit of his Center. He is recruiting a group of fifty licensed youths for whom he will erect a separate club house equipped with lathes, electrical meters and gadgets, complete broadcasting and receiving equipment. He is quoted as saying, "I plan to train the boys to be of assistance to Los Angeles in the case of some major disaster. I believe that radio amateurs comprise the finest element of American youth, and because I am personally interested in them, I would like to see them work out their problems in an efficient and complete laboratory." And he added, "All that I ask is that I be allowed to stick my nose into their radio shack from time to time to observe how they are getting along."

He believes that the survival of the fittest is the law of life, always has been and always will be. And that the law of love is for the fit to help those less fit in the difficult business of surviving. "We *are,*" said Victor, "our brothers' keepers."

Victor talked of human beings. As he talked he walked, up and down the narrow confines of his dressing-room, every now and again driving his clenched fist into the open palm of his hand, the gesture he used so often as "The Informer"—a gesture which is habitual with him. He was saying that we have not, really, emerged from barbarism. There are still strange places on the earth's surface where men and women are not yet civilized, where they are still in the process of adaptation to their environment. There is cannabalism. And he said, "And we, who think ourselves so civilized, so enlightened—when we compare ourselves to the Neanderthal—have we progressed so far? We have invented words to play with. We have built clever toys. We have more skillful tools to work with. But basically—what do we wear, still, upon our feet? The hides of animals, don't we? And upon our bodies, for clothes and for adornment, we still wear the wool from the sheep, the hide of the leopard, the pelt of the fox and the raccoon, the feathers from birds, the scales of the snake and the fish. We still eat the flesh of animals whose circulatory blood system is the same as our own. We still kill, some of us, when our mate is taken from us. We still pray to our gods to feed and clothe us.

IS war barbarism or not? Aren't we still plotting and planning ways and means of torturing, of annihilating our fellow men? And in the most monstrous and hideous ways possible and for the same age-old reasons?

"Did the Saints, the early Christian martyrs, suffer more than our cancer victims? Did barbarism know any agony more prolonged, more barbaric, than the sufferings of our unemployed, our misfits who go through years and years of starvation?

"Do our gods grant us much more of bounty and beneficence than did the gods of old? In Ireland, I know, people live under conditions which would not be borne by a pig. They pray, they spend their lives on their knees—but they still eat potatoes, if at all.

"I might be called a pagan, an agnostic," said Victor. "I only know this world. I am not worrying about the next. I also know that, for the most part, men who do not know are kinder than those who say they do. Perhaps it is because we realize that this little human family of us all is here for only a short span of life—and why not be kind to each other, why *not* be tolerant for that little time?

"When Luther Burbank was asked what he thought about the world to come, he said something to the effect that this world was so beautiful, so bountiful, he had no time to worry about other worlds to come. If they did come, that would be all right. But if they did not, then this world had been beautiful and fulfilling enough. He loved life, all of it. He had his work to do and he had done it to the best of his ability. The fruits of his labor were spread over the surface of the earth he loved—and it was enough.

"And it is enough for me," said Victor, stopping his pacing for a moment, gazing out at the golden sun over the shadowy hills. "That is, roughly, my credo."

"Out of it all," I said, "what is the best thing in life, do you think? What is the best thing your life has given you?"

"My children," said Victor McLaglen, with such sincerity and simplicity as raised a lump in my throat. "I am in love with my children. The only reason other things matter is because they may, in one way or another, profit my children. Well, they're all we have, you know. To equip them for life is the best we can do and it is what we are here for. There is nothing more worth while.

"My boy Andrew is fifteen. My girl Sheila is twelve. And they have more than lived up to every one of my expectations. They are truthful, honest and loyal. That is all that matters.

"I have never raised a hand to either one of them, in all their lives. I have never raised my voice to them. I have never had to speak to them twice. They have done everything I ever hoped they would do and they are everything I ever hoped they would be. Andrew is a fine scholar and an athlete. He is taller than I am right now. He will be taller than any of the McLaglens. Though he doesn't look much like me in the face," smiled Victor, "he's good looking. And his spirit is as sturdy and upstanding as his body.

"Sheila is an equally fine scholar and athlete. She is a charming little hostess. She is a lady. I get a kick out of going home unexpectedly on occasional afternoons and, unbeknown to her, I'll watch her serving tea to her friends and I'll stand there, grinning to myself, proud as Punch of her poise and graciousness.

"I HAVE tried, with everything in me, to be a good father to them. I believe they love me, not only because I am their father but also because I am their friend—and they know it. I never coerce them in any way. I never say 'Don't,' or 'You can't.' They may read what they please, believe as they please, choose what they want to do in life.

"I would not want my son to lead the life I led as a youth, nor to do many of the things I've done. I am ashamed of many of them. I can only hope that, by using some of my experiences as warning and wisdom for my son, I may be justified. I try to give him everything good I have done and learned and thought—everything bad I try to keep from him, save as the knowledge I gained may serve him."

And I wish that I might write what Victor told me about the way he has instructed his son. I can't. It's too intimate. But every father in the land would profit by it and every son would grow to hold manhood high and womanhood sacred if they could grow by Victor's measuring rod.

He has made it his pride and passion in life to give his children the right kind of a home—the beautiful place in the La Crescenta hills—the right kind of background. He hopes that his daughter will not, when the time comes, make the mistake of marrying some futile, unworthy fellow. It would break his heart, he said, if she should ever have to worry about whether the rent was paid or not—all of her bright cherished youth gone dull and gray from nagging worries. And he hopes that the right schools and right associates will give her a standard from which she will not deviate later on.

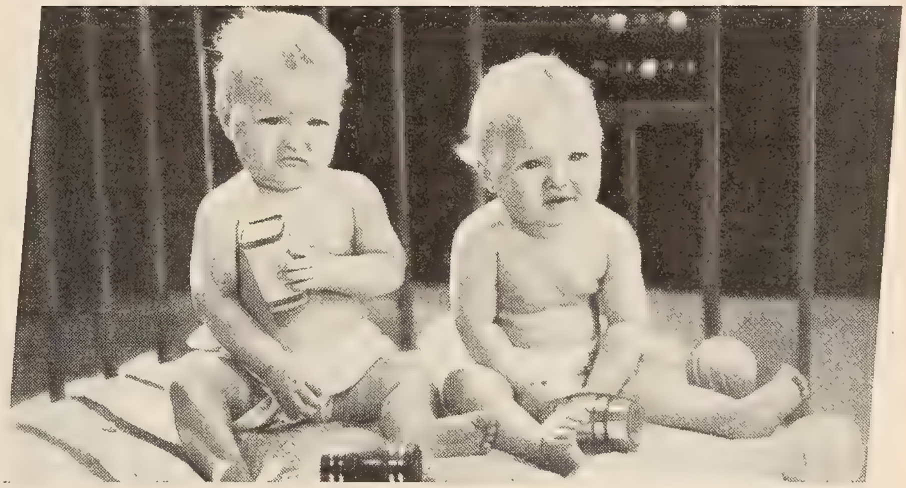
"They love their mother," Victor told me, "and they love me—that makes a home. The love of a mother for her children," he added, "the love of a father for his children is the only real love."

Then, and only then, did we mention "The Informer" and the Academy prize about which I had thought we would talk most of the time. Victor is proud of the prize. He is pleased. There is enough of the boy in him still to cherish trophies and awards. But he said, "It was the easiest part I ever played. And John Ford says it was the easiest picture he ever had to direct. Shakespeare was right, you know, when he said 'the play's the thing.' It's the *whole* thing. You can't do something with nothing, you know. An actor has got to have a part he can get his teeth into. It's far harder work to stand around with nothing worth while to do, with no lines to say worth saying, than it is to play a part like 'The Informer.' That meant something.

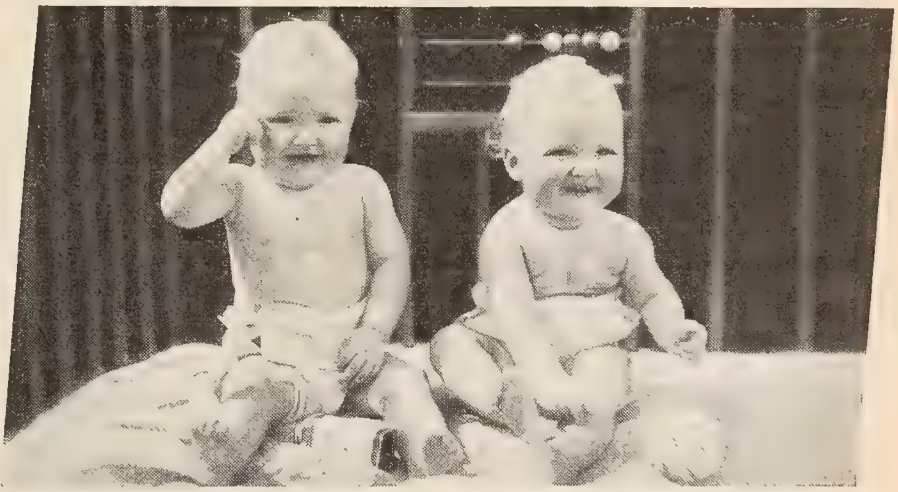
"Now, of course," laughed Victor, "the real work begins—the effort to find the right stories for me. It may sound funny, but I don't think they've ever understood me before in the studios. I don't want to play Shakespeare, haven't the slightest desire to go highbrow. I'd like to do the life of John L. Sullivan, or play Bill Sikes—characters with blood and bones and a reason for being. I like my work. I like acting. Mostly because it's given me the ability to do what I've wanted to do for my family. And when I get a part like 'The Informer' it's sufficient unto itself. I don't know what I'm to do next. They've rented me out here at Twentieth Century-Fox to Universal. The story's called 'The Magnificent Brute,' said Victor. "The work I do makes possible for me the only important thing in my life—the right kind of life for my children."

I can't end on a better note than that. That's Victor MacLaglen!

● *"Well—well! It looked like we were going to have a kind of unexciting morning—but see what brother's just found . . . a can of Johnson's Baby Powder! Goody! . . . I'll see if I can't swap my spoon for a sprinkle from his can! . . ."*



● *"Empty! . . . We might have known it—it was too good to be true! I was almost beginning to feel that lovely, silky powder sliding down my back, and all smooth and tickly under my chin. Just a dream—that's all."*



● *"Look—do you see what I see? Mother coming with the honest-to-goodness, full-up Johnson's can. She's shaking some powder into her hand—bet she likes the feel of it, too! Baby! . . . the darkest hour is just before the dawn!"*

• • •

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● *"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder—I keep a baby's skin soft and smooth as a rose-petal—protected from chafing and rashes. I'm made of the softest, finest Italian talc—no gritty particles and no orris-root . . . Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream make babies happier, too. And don't forget Johnson's Baby Oil for tiny babies!"*

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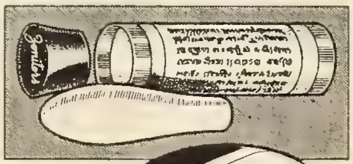
Each in individual glass vial



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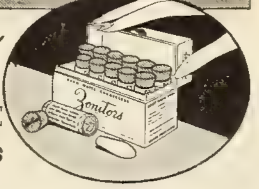

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Jean Grows Up

(*Continued from page 63*)

dreamed of doing became a reality on this trip.

She had never traveled by plane. Had never been abroad. Had never been to New York. Yet within twenty-four hours after she was told to prepare for the trip, she was winging her way to New York accompanied by her guardian, Mrs. Wright, in a fast plane. She had her first glimpse of the big city, and it was hardly more than that for they had to take a taxi to the dock at breakneck speed in order to catch the steamer. Once in England, she relaxed and enjoyed her work as if she were on a vacation. She worked five months on the picture.

"And such a grand five months," she breathed. "There is no hurry over there. The restfulness and beauty of the whole countryside won me instantly. I would like to live in England some day. I did not have any night work, so we spent our evenings and Sundays doing the things I had always planned to do.

"Honestly, I would never have come back if they hadn't sent for me," she laughed. "Suddenly, they cabled for me to come home to do 'Farmer in the Dell,' and the mad rush was on again.

"The trip back was grand. We ran into a heavy storm. My grandfather used to tell me about the beauty of storms at sea and when I saw it myself, I knew what he meant. I felt let-down, when we were getting ready to go ashore, as if I had reached the end of a grand experience. Mrs. Wright and I were fussing around with our baggage. Then, I looked up and saw the man I knew I was going to love.

I KNEW it the first minute I looked at him. I had always hoped that love would come to me like a miracle. And it did. I saw George. I didn't know who he was, but I waited around pretending to be looking after my bags, hoping that some mutual friend would happen along and introduce us. I had never wanted to meet a man, as I wanted to meet him. I knew that he felt the same way, because our eyes had met for the briefest instant.

"But nobody came. And after all, a girl can't go up to a young man, and introduce herself. So I went over to the steward to speak about my trunks. Then, when I went back to join Mrs. Wright, the miracle had already happened. George was standing there, laughing and talking with her.

"Truly, if I live to be a hundred, I will never be so glad and happy as I was at that moment. Mrs. Wright didn't know what had happened to me and she said casually, 'Jean, this is George, whom Aunt Kitty is always telling us about.' It was as simple as that. I have known George's Aunt Kitty for several years and she has often told me about his career and his little escapades. I never listened very carefully. Certainly, I never dreamed that he would turn into Mr. Right before my eyes. Yet, that is how it was.

"We rode uptown together and that ride was a revelation to both of us. We found that we understood each other. We thought alike in everything.

"George knows a great deal about the theatre. He has been the moving force behind a little group of players in New York, known as the Washington Square Theatre Players. They produce plays after the manner of The Theatre Guild. George is a good newspaperman, too. He was the assistant editor of the Great Neck News, his hometown paper.

"We spent five hours together the day we met, for I had to hurry back to Hollywood. Yet, we understood each other entirely and knew, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that we were meant for each other. When we said goodbye, it was with the understanding that when we met again, it would be to marry."

So much has been said and written about her school-girl romance with Pancho Lucas. Another girl would refuse to mention it, now that real love has come to her. It is characteristic of Jean not to discount the value of this early emotion.

"I love George more than I have ever dreamed possible," she told me with sweet sincerity, "but I am not the one to deny that earlier affection of mine. It was sweet and true. I can see where it was a step in my development."

Born in poverty and nurtured on unhappiness, Jean has maintained a deep, spiritual understanding and belief that is broader than church or creed. She calls it humanness and perhaps she is right. But whatever name it is given, Jean has something that many people live their entire lifetime without finding. It is a necessary something for lasting success, too. It is this quality that has made her sure of herself and her destiny, yet has kept her humble.

THERE is a man in Hollywood who has guided Jean since she came to pictures. Little is said or written about him for he shuns publicity. At the end of a long career in which he has guided the destinies of many celebrities, he is content to live quietly each day. He is Samuel Karper, dramatic coach, and he will soon be eighty years old. Yet, of all her friends, Jean respects and heeds Samuel Karper's advice in everything. She reads the books he advises, pursues her studies along the outlines he gives her. Of all those who were close to her, it was to Samuel Karper that she confided the secret of her sudden and beautiful romance with George. When they slipped away to be married, they carried with them Karper's blessing and good wishes. And it is to his house that George and Jean like to go when they have time left for calling.

In order to help Jean with her career, George has given up his own as a newspaperman. His writing experience and knowledge of the theatre are helping him to build a new one for himself in the scenario department of a major Hollywood studio. He chose a lot where Jean is little known, so there would be no conflict between their careers.

They are making their beginning together as Mr. and Mrs. in a doll-like furnished bungalow in Westwood. The sun streams in through chintz-curtained windows. George has his desk and easy-chair in the living-room. The green and ivory kitchen is exactly right, with crispy curtains at the windows and a bright flower box outside. Jean has a real talent for home-making.

Jean didn't want a career as an actress in the beginning. However, after signing her contract, she threw all her energy into doing her job well. She has never refused anything she has been asked to do. She has tireless and unbounded enthusiasm for everything she undertakes. She is utterly fearless, too. She proved this when she accepted the role of Tony in "Sequoia."

In this picture of forest life, she was called upon to do things which even seasoned animal trainers would not undertake. Yet, she never flinched from her tasks, even though she was reminded repeatedly that she was facing death and disfigurement every time she entered the barred set where she worked. For her scenes with the deer and the puma, the studio had men stationed outside the enclosure with rifles drawn ready to protect her if anything went wrong. Yet, they knew and Jean knew that if anything did go wrong, protection would be too late to do very much good. One quick thrust and she would be disfigured for life, if not fatally injured.

She had only one rule to guide her. The trainer told her not to flinch if the puma grabbed her with its claws or teeth as this would invite an attack. So, when it did grab her, as the small scars still attest, Jean did not give any evidence of fear.

People were amazed who watched her work. Yet, they needn't have been, for she had something behind her fortitude. She had Faith. She knew that she would be able to do what was required of her, and fear had no place in her scheme of things. It has none, now.

Two-Career Guy

(Continued from page 62)

his own surprise, he didn't succumb to their lures. To this day he wonders if it was sound judgment or just Irish luck that prevented him from falling into their eager hands.

"Had I gone to Hollywood at graduation, I would have at best been a flash in the pan. I don't know how I subconciously realized this, but a sincerity and firmness of purpose must have guided me. It surely wasn't experience or wisdom. Besides, the theatre was my first goal.

"You know, I guess it was part of my early ambition in Joplin that inspired me to come to New York and carve a career for myself. In small towns your life is so restricted that, if there's any originality in you at all, you have a strong desire to shake off the shackles. There," grinned Beal, "I guess *that* was turning a neat phrase."

However, landing on the New York stage did not by any means solve John's problem insofar as rejecting movie offers was concerned. For, no sooner was the last act curtain down than up came more picture bids.

"But I didn't weaken," declared John triumphantly. "I not only said 'no' definitely, but practically forgot that there was even anything as wavering as a 'perhaps' in my vocabulary. However, persistence eventually did wear me down, for I finally agreed to make *one* movie.

WHEN 'Another Language' was finished they wanted me to stay for another. They really wanted me to sign for several and that is when I realized the importance of taking a stand and sticking to it. Now, more than ever, I realize the necessity for keeping a clear perspective and this can only be done by occasionally getting away from the thing you are doing, so that you can look back on it without prejudice."

But the law has finally caught up with John Beal. He is going to make another movie and as soon as that is finished, he will begin his next. In fact, there will be six in a row. He owes that many to his lenient studio.

Perhaps it was Mrs. Beal, as smart as she is pretty, who suggested that John re-

SHE HAD HIGH HOPES FOR HERSELF IN NEW YORK, *BUT...*
I'M SORRY, MISS HART. BUT I'M AFRAID YOU WON'T DO.
THAT'S ALL I HEAR EVERYWHERE I GO!
OTHER GIRLS GET JOBS! WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME?
BAD BREATH IS A REAL HANDICAP TO A GIRL LOOKING FOR WORK, MISS HART. WHY DON'T YOU SEE A DENTIST?
MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS.
A WEEK LATER-
NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!
I'M CERTAINLY GLAD YOU CAME TO NEW YORK!
SO AM I-SINCE I GOT MY GRAND NEW JOB-
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Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

WHY let bad breath interfere with success—with romance? It's so easy to be safe when you realize that by far the most common cause of bad breath is . . . *improperly cleaned teeth!*

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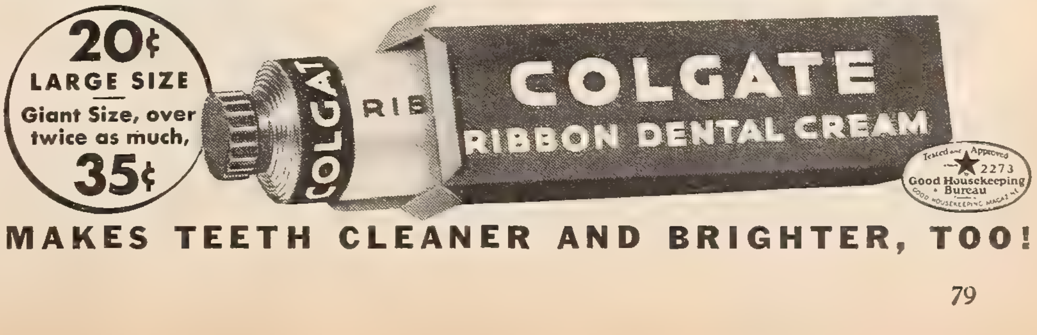
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She's pretty — but men avoid her. She's good company—but girls let her alone. She's simply out of things. *And why?*

Well, bluntly, because underarm perspiration odor makes her unpleasant to be near.

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MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ON SANITARY NAPKINS. Make sure that you can never offend in this way. Use Mum!

turn to Hollywood before story ideas were settled—so that he could start fighting if necessary. How Mrs. Beal figures that occasionally movie casting is synonymous with battling—well, we've already said Mrs. Beal is smart.

But John inevitably prefers to stick around New York until the last moment; in fact, until the studio heads actually demand his return. In remaining, he not only enjoys a little more time with his wife, who is herself a stage actress, but they occasionally can have fun "putting it on" together. Putting it on, John explains, is getting dressed up and going places.

"And whenever Helen is dolled up, everybody gives a look. She's so lovely. She's a swell actress, too. She understudied the leading woman in 'Russet Mantle' last winter and when the girl was out ill, Helen stepped in and gave a slick, polished performance. I know, because I had the lead opposite her. It was the greatest thrill I've ever experienced—our playing together. We had dreamed of the time when it would happen, but never dared hope it would be so soon."

John Beal would like to be able to last ten years as an actor, but admits that if he shouldn't, he could make a nice living and be quite content as an illustrator. His hobby is sketching. In fact, he claims that that is how he wreaks his vengeance on too inquisitive interviewers. After leaving the most prying of them, he runs home, finds a pencil and puts down his impression of his recent tormentor.

Oh, let us not forget Mr. Beal's singing lessons! Yep, one a day at assorted hours. He hopes to graduate soon to regular appointments. Now you know that his vocations are acting, sketching and singing and his ambition is to excel in each. It is his contention that anyone who can succeed in one of the arts can master all the others.

Here is an actor who has a unique point of view regarding the cutting-room floor, that famous cemetery in which are buried a player's "best" performances. Beal claims that the ultimate outcome of a characterization is entirely up to the player himself, which is contrary to many an actor's usual alibi that the cutter, editor or director so mangled his fine portrayal as to make it totally useless when it finally appeared on the screen.

"I BELIEVE," says John, "that if the individual performer puts enough into his portrayal, no matter how the picture is cut, there will remain enough to form a favorable impression on the movie-goer and, incidentally, it is the fan and not the professional critic who decides the length of a player's movie life. The people who pay their dimes and quarters have to believe the characters they see on the screen and can quickly spot any phoniness. True, they may not stop to analyze 'what's wrong with this picture,' but they unerringly know that it falls short somewhere along the line and they resent it."

Beal believes that there are as fine actors in the movies as there ever have been on the stage. Gary Cooper, for instance, is stepping along to the very top. James Stewart and Henry Fonda, John predicts, will go on for ten or more years, as will Robert Taylor. Incidentally, John wishes that he were getting as much money as Taylor is reputed to make. Perhaps, Taylor does, too.

You've been seeing Beal in "M'Liss" with Anne Shirley. He plays the rural lad you have come to know and love. Although this is not the type role he prefers, he plays it to the hilt. He wants to graduate from the juvenile to straight leads and character roles and hopes some day to do the sort of parts Leslie Howard has come through the years to create in so distinguished a manner.

So—it looks as if John Beal would like to live long enough professionally to play "Romeo."

Her Guiding Stars

(*Continued from page 57*)

quickest way to make money, which I needed, and that I could earn more in pictures than on the stage. I persuaded my uncle to take me with him to London on a holiday. When he had to return to India, I hadn't been able to make any progress so I persuaded him to leave me there. He gave me enough money to last a month and my return ticket home."

THE rest is history—how she cashed her ticket when her money ran out because she was determined to succeed. It took courage. She had never been alone before in her life and she found trying to get extra work in pictures quite different from the sheltered life of an English army officer's daughter in India.

In her chart, the aspect of Venus, which brings gifts from unexpected sources, and Neptune, which rules the motion picture business, to the Sign of Cancer, under which come cafes, dining-rooms and eating places, clearly indicates that she would contact someone in such a place who would take an unusual interest in her beauty and ability as an actress. And so it happened. One day when she had a day's work as an extra, Alexander Korda and his wife saw her in the studio dining-room. At Mrs. Korda's insistence, her husband arranged to meet her, gave her a screen test and signed her to a personal contract. Her never-to-be-forgotten scene as the beautiful Anne Boleyn in "The Private Life of Henry VIII" followed, and her career was launched.

"Everyone wants to be a success," Merle said. "If I'm to be in this business or any business, I want to be as good as I possibly can."

Merle is one star who would go without work and stint herself as to finances rather than make a picture she thought unworthy. She must approve the story before she can do her best work; and she has excellent judgment. No matter what her work is she does it in the best possible manner. She tries to make the most of herself and has done an excellent job so far.

The Moon and Venus symbolize the emotions but the ascendant (hour of birth) must also be considered. In Merle's chart the Moon and Venus show powerful emotions—subservient to her mind, however. In an argument she will win without losing her temper, her dignity or your respect.

The position of the Sun and Moon shows that she will sympathize with and understand people of all classes but will find comparatively few from whom she will receive any great inspiration.

Men will treat her with respect, consideration and kindness and bring her happiness either through financial success, or the gratification of her ambitions and personal desires. The opposite sex will not only play an important part in her life's destiny, but she will also be fortunate to them, providing there is a dramatic or a love interest involved.

IN addition to an harmonious planet in the position of the heavens ruling public affairs and partnerships (matrimonial or otherwise), there is one of an inharmonious nature also, warning her to be careful of partnerships unless they are thoroughly investigated before consummation. A man who has been previously unhappily married and divorced would not be altogether fortunate for her if she were considering a romance seriously enough to marry him.

Due to the aspects of Uranus to that portion of the heavens ruling friendships, hopes and wishes, many interesting and pleasant surprises will come through friends and social affairs. The position of this planet, which has much to do with our hunches, denotes that at least 90 per cent of her first intuitions will be proven to be correct.

Every thirty-seven years the Planet Saturn comes into opposition to the Planet Neptune, which rules the motion picture industry. This opposition started on March 20th, this year, which explains why things have been upset in many studios, why pictures have been postponed, why stars have passed away and why, generally, a lot of trouble has been brewing in the industry. Saturn is sometimes an unruly old Planet, acting as a depressive, a retarder. And so, unless both those planets are well aspected in your chart this year, this may account for those sleepless nights.

Miss Oberon is one of the fortunate ones, for there are no adverse aspects to Saturn, Neptune, Venus or Mars in her chart during 1936 and 1937.

However, the early fall of this year is not particularly fortunate for a long trip or for investments. Her vitality may not be quite up to normal. She should take the utmost caution in driving. There is no serious accident indicated during this period but there may be a good scare due to an accident involving minor injuries to someone else which could have been serious. Again she is fortunate, due to the good aspects in her chart.

But in an 80 per cent good chart, there's that other 20 per cent to be considered, and at the time of Merle's birth, Saturn was in that portion of the heavens ruling the father and the home, denoting that her early environment was not all that could have been desired and that her father would not have the care of his daughter. It also shows she might never see her father, due to his death either before or shortly after her birth.

"Isn't that amazing?" Miss Oberon exclaimed in a whisper. "My father died a few months before I was born."

SATURN was up to mischief and caused her early life to be very mixed up. "It was just hash," Mrs. Smith declared, "but very well-seasoned hash because you seasoned it to suit yourself. You have the knack of doing the right thing at the right time. Even when you do what is apparently the wrong thing, it will often turn out advantageously."

The way Neptune is aspected makes her very psychic, especially when she is quiet. By relaxing quietly she can always get the answer to any problem that worries her.

"That's what my friends say," Miss Oberon agreed. "One time in England I asked Douglas Fairbanks what I should do about a picture and he said there was no use telling me because he knew that I

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DICK POWELL picks most YOUTHFUL LIPS

HERE ARE THE LIPS DICK POWELL SAW

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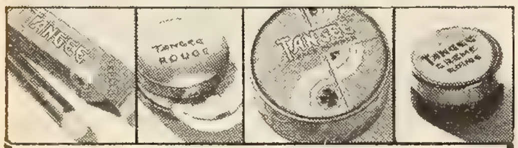

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Between scenes of "They Met in a Taxi," Chester Morris shows his leading lady, Fay Wray, a story about himself in his favorite magazine, Modern Screen.

had made up my mind what I was going to do."

The Planet Neptune indicates there were worries over money matters during her early life. (Miss Oberon was nodding her head vigorously.) But the aspects from the Moon to Jupiter, as well as from the Moon to Mercury, show that she would eventually take trips and voyages and contact those who would see in her the true artist and born actress she really is.

The Planet Jupiter, by its position in her chart, denotes discernment and judgment, not only to recognize opportunities, but the ability to take advantage of them. She is ever on the alert. What might be overlooked by many as of no consequence, she may find of momentous import. If someone throws away a stone she will make it her cornerstone. Opposition only spurs her on.

At this point a telephone message brought the information that David Niven's birthday is March first and so the question of her marriage came up again. Merle seemed as anxious to have it answered as does everyone else, particularly David. Everyone knows that he has been her favorite escort for more than a year, that she helped to get him a motion picture contract and has done everything to further his career.

"He is a Pices person," Merle volunteered. "Will we get along well together?"

YOU do get along well together," Mrs. Smith laughed. "Pices people are strongly influenced by the Planet Neptune and they quite often choose people for their mates who are born under the Sign of Aquarius," she continued.

"The hour of your birth makes you his master and the hour of his birth makes him your master. It is a fifty-fifty proposition. Your likes and dislikes are similar and you should be perfect pals. The seventh section in your chart and the seventh section in his chart (ruling partnerships and marriages) indicate that the friendship between you will result in marriage. It will be a marriage of love with no thought of ambition or gain on either side, but it would not be a good idea to marry this year. The most propitious time for it is in the spring of 1937."

"That's what I thought," Merle agreed, indicating clearly that she had made up her mind before she asked the question.

"In 1937 Miss Oberon will make the best picture she has made up to that date. This picture will convince the producers that she is an actress of unusual talent, to which the public will agree. Negotiations will be carried on and plans laid for it long before it is made. It will be made in England or it will have an English background. It will be a costume picture and have something to do with royalty."

And Merle leaned over and whispered to me that her hopes are set on making the life of Anne Boleyn or "Tudor Wench," either of which would fit this description.

"Your next picture will be a very good one, too," Mrs. Smith said. "What a chart this girl has!" she exclaimed. "If producers only knew what a find they have in Merle Oberon."

Bringing up four-year-old Mary Esther and making a screen comeback in "Hollywood Boulevard" are certainly keeping Esther Ralston busy these days.

Hepburn, Hollywood's Show-Off!

(*Continued from page 43*)

for dashing awkwardly about making unpretty faces, she knows that candid-camera shots of her would be devastating. They are, when any cameraman can get 'em. But that's why Hepburn does all her dodging around; it's not her fear of crowds. Timidity?—twaddle! It's fear of lurking cameramen. And woe betide the studio cameraman who takes an unposed picture of Katie in an unwary moment. His job isn't worth a casting-director's promise!

ONCE in a while, she becomes motherly with her leading men. She did with John Beal. He was a naïve sort of newcomer, frightened by pictures. Katie sensed it, and took him under her wing. Throughout "The Little Minister," she nursed him along. She even astounded the company one night by coming down during night takes, when she wasn't in the scene, merely to "cue" Beal with her off-stage voice, rather than let somebody else do it. She knew Beal would respond to her own voice better than to a stranger's. Katie was all dressed up—and the workers on the RKO lot still set time by referring to "The night when Katie came to the lot dressed up!"

Other times, she'll just about worship her leading man. Like Charles Boyer. It was a common sight to see Boyer and Hepburn between shots on "Break of Hearts." Boyer sitting in a chair, talking about himself; Hepburn sitting on the floor before him, her head resting on his knee and her red hair flying wild over his legs. Her eyes would be turned to his face with a look of placid adoration on her face.

And still other times, she won't care for her leading man at all. Like in "Mary of Scotland." You see, Fredric March has star-ideas of his own. Freddie is a big shot and he knows it. Katie can't big-shot him and get away with it, at all. And so she more or less ignored Mr. March, save when the script called for them to get together.

The crews of her pictures like Katie more than the companies. She holds with the grips and the prop men and people like that; talks with them and plays with them, while she ignores her fellow players. She even drops in, unexpectedly, and visits an obscure studio worker at his side-street bungalow, just to meet his wife and kids. She's done that, several times. Yet she wouldn't turn around to acknowledge an introduction to a visiting king or queen, if she didn't feel like it.

On the set, they usually treat her with respectful awe. Most of them call her "Miss Hepburn." A few privileged ones call her "Katie." Sometimes they refer to her, but not to her face, as "La Hepburn." A negro chauffeur, attached to the company, read that designation, and calls her "Ell Ay Hepburn." But it remained for one brash, second-assistant director to top the nicknames. One day, he called her "Toots." To her face! Everybody waited for the lightning to strike and the thunder to roll and the world to be torn asunder while the brash one shrivelled in the heat of Hepburn's ire.

Hepburn stared at him, first in amaze-

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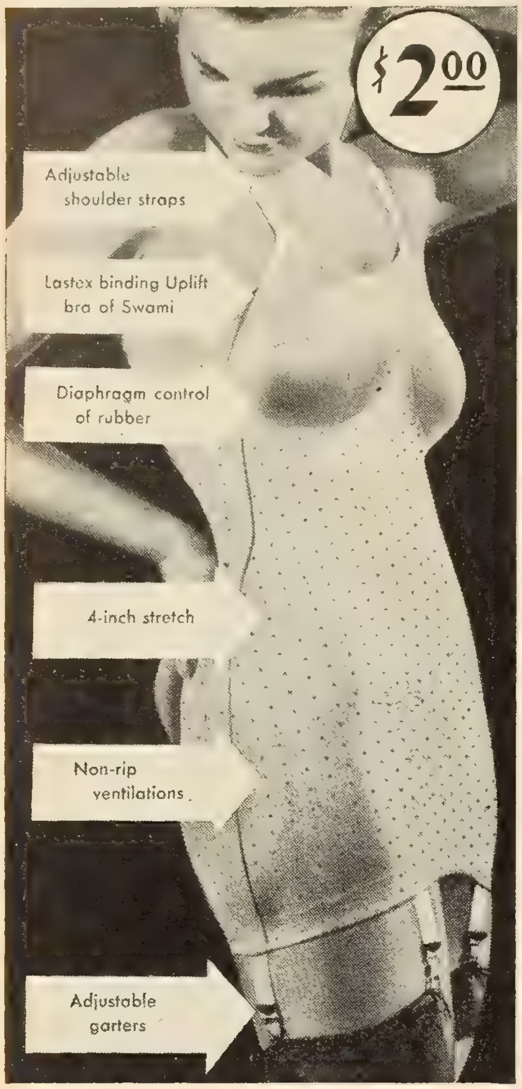
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Katie Hepburn drew a picture plum in "Mary of Scotland." She plays the title role in this dramatic tale, with John Carradine as her secretary, Rizzio.

ment. Then she grinned and took it. And ever since then, he's been calling her "Toots" and getting away with it.

About her nerve, her fearlessness, there are hundreds of tellable tales. Like the time she crawled, at life's risk, across a narrow parallel some forty feet above a studio floor, just to tie up loose shoestrings that threatened to trip Director Dick Wallace and send him hurtling to injury or death. Wallace didn't know the laces were about to trip him; no one else saw it, but Katie; she couldn't warn him lest a "take" be spoiled. So she crawled out and did the obvious thing.

She won't have extras or doubles for dangerous scenes. That's old stuff, but it's true. Her friends hail that trait as a proof of Katie's sweet and soft heart—"she wouldn't ask anybody else to do anything she herself wouldn't do." Others insist it's just another phase of exhibitionism. I only know that whatever it is, Katie gets a kick out of it.

Yet, the moment you accuse her of exhibitionism, you get balled up again. She does such paradoxical, inconsistent stunts. By her own edict, her stage is closed tighter than the U. S. Treasury to visitors. Yet, one day an old, half-blind woman, related distantly to one of the bit players on her show, wanted to see the scenes being shot.

"No," said Katie. But she saw to it that, at considerable time and expense, a loud-speaker hook-up was attached to the microphone on the set, and the wires run from the stage to Katie's dressing-room. There she let the half-blind old lady sit through the day, listening to the scenes being shot, but not watching them. And every once in a while, Katie'd stroll to the mike and make an ad-lib remark over the loud-speaker to her guest. Another time, she insisted on the closed-stage rule when important visitors wanted to get on, and didn't give a hang for all the pleading of the studio executives who didn't want to offend the big shots. Yet, the same day she read a lot of off-stage lines with gestures, even though she wasn't required to—merely because a girl wanted to see her act!

Sometimes, even the studio stagehands, the technical crew, the other players on the set, get into Katie's hair, psychologically speaking. There was the temperamental moment recently when, doing a rather intimate scene with her leading man, she stopped in the midst of it.

"I want," she ordered, "everybody to turn his back and not watch!"

And so, because Hepburn's word on the stage is law, everybody save the cameraman, the director and the man on the lights, had to turn away while she emoted! The next day, a columnist wrote: "Hepburn is never really happy except when she's thinking up some new trick to prove she's really an eccentric." Katie was tough on press-agents for days after that . . . . !

Amateur psychologists, even amateur psychiatrists, have tried to figure Katie out. Professional ones haven't, because they don't get a chance or the job. Because so many half-baked analyzers have worked on Katie, knowing half the facts, all sorts of weird tales have been written. And that's where the fiction of her overpowering shyness began.

I rather imagine that there's no complex at all, in the picture. I don't think Katie's ridden by fear; on the contrary, instead of having fear for people and crowds, I believe she's got a colossal contempt for them. I don't think she's shy or timid, because no shy or timid person could do the things she does and get a kick out of them.

Maybe she *is* putting on an act. I do know, in support of that view, that Katie said, "They want their stars to be 'different,' do they? Well, all right, I'll show them somebody who can be 'different!' I'll be myself—and three other people, too."

And I think that's just exactly what she's been doing. She's being herself—and once in a while, she lays it on thick, and adds a few touches. Being herself is natural, because she always has been. Her parents believed in self-expression, and Katie had pretty much her own way. Her dad, a doctor, was so broad-minded that he used to take Katie along on surgical cases and medical visits and even child-birth trips, because he thought she ought to know that it wasn't really the stork who brought 'em. She was never hedged about with "must" and "mustn't" when a child, and so she never learned to put on the act of conformity with convention or etiquette and things like that. She did what she wanted to, when she wanted to, and she still does.

But since she doesn't give a darn what anybody thinks about it, let's not bother to find excuses for her. She doesn't want them—so she says!

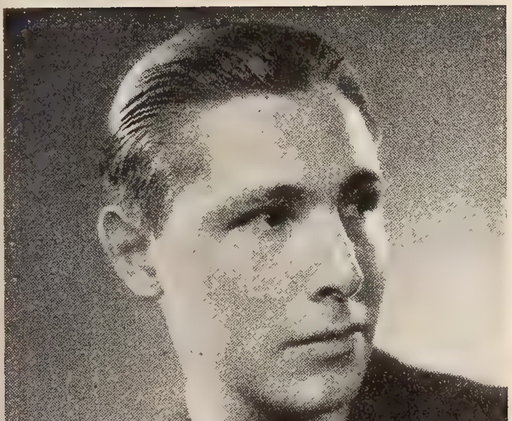
Meet the Wife!

(Continued from page 59)

mongers wanted to know about "this Lamont girl." Many a girl would have been glad to tell all, under these circumstances. "Of course, we are engaged. Of course, we will be married. We have been in love a long time," sort of a "hands off, he's mine" statement. But not Lily. After careful deliberation both of them agreed to say nothing on the subject, and Fred made it known to his publicity department that he would grant no interviews about Lily—or about his mother—or allow them to be interviewed. Like Fred Astaire he did not see what these personal matters had to do with his career. He made only one exception to this rule, an interview which he granted MODERN SCREEN on his "Trial Engagement."

Another thing, which was Lily's own suggestion, was that Fred go out with whom he pleased, when he pleased. But this suggestion never bore fruit. Neither of them ever went anywhere without the other. As a matter of fact, they didn't go anywhere very much. Several nights a week Fred and Lily would go out to dinner and to a movie afterward, sometimes alone, sometimes with Fred's mother. And often, on Sundays, Lillian would entertain in her own little apartment.

She is an excellent cook (born and brought up in the South) and would start early in the morning preparing her meal. No cold-cuts-and-potato-salad from the corner delicatessen either! Southern fried chicken, no less, with fresh asparagus, fresh peas, hot biscuits and honey, and a home-baked cake to top it off. Neither she nor Fred ever drink more than one cocktail, but there are always some good ones for the guests. (The few times I've seen Fred at cocktail parties, he was wandering around, drinking milk!) These guests, incidentally, were usually the Fentons, Director Mitchell Leisen, Dean and Antoinette Jagger, and Mrs. MacMurray. After dinner they usually played games—Monopoly, Up and Down the River, or Card-throwing-in-the-hat. Fred and Lily are never "lovey-dovey" in public, never demonstrative in front of other people. It's a



Sam Taylor's tri-weekly radio chats are always amusing and informative. Modern Screen's Hollywood news commentator can be heard over Station WOR at 7 p.m., every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Tune in and get the latest gossip!

IT'S IN THE AIR...

CHOOSE YOUR MAKEUP BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES
UNITED AIR LINES

THE PRETTY STEWARDESSES
WHO RIDE THE AIRWAYS
WELCOME THIS NEW
Beauty Principle

"Absolutely indispensable. I never fly without it!" says United Air Lines Stewardess Virginia Thyer.

"Smart and natural!" says Hazel Maulsby. "Keeps you good-looking *wherever* you are."

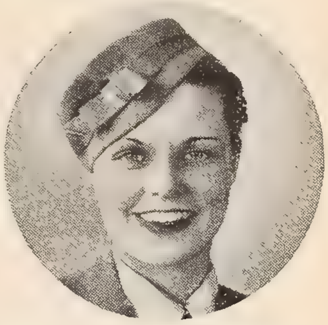
"Perfect! A real blessing," says United Air Lines Stewardess Hazel Cochran.

PRETTY GIRLS who fly away – and pretty girls who stay at home – they're both quick to tell you that there's something new in makeup. Something new . . . and very much better . . . a *matched* makeup keyed to your own personality color, the color that never changes, the color of your eyes.

More than a million women have already discovered Marvelous the Eye-Matched Makeup, the scientifically color-harmonized face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow, and mascara that make you look your very best.

Nine out of ten women who try this new makeup (by actual count) say they like it lots better.

There's no excuse now for misfit makeup. Your drug or department store has Marvelous the Eye-Matched Makeup—each item 55¢ (Canada 65¢). Why don't *you* try this new way to better grooming . . . make the most of your natural loveliness? The man you like best will like you better . . . when you choose your makeup *by the color of your eyes!*



"Most flattering makeup I've ever worn," says Viola Hart, Stewardess, United Air Lines.

55¢ each
MARVELOUS

Harmonizing face powder, rouge lipstick, eye shadow, or mascara, only 55¢ each (Canada 65¢). Ask for DRESDEN type if your eyes are blue; PATRICIAN type if they are gray; CONTINENTAL type if your eyes are hazel; PARISIAN type if they are brown.

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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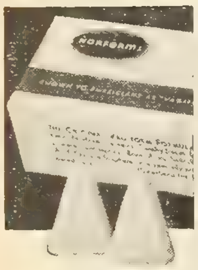
by **RICHARD HUDNUT**

FEMININE HYGIENE

made easy



NOTHING COULD BE EASIER

Norforms are small, convenient, antiseptic suppositories completely ready for use. They require no awkward apparatus for application. They leave no lingering antiseptic smell around the room or about your person. They are dainty and feminine, soothing and deodorizing. Many women use them for this deodorizing effect alone.

EVERY DAY, more and more women are adopting Norforms as the most modern, convenient and satisfactory form of feminine hygiene.

Norforms are easy-to-use antiseptic suppositories that melt at internal body temperature, and spread a protective, soothing film over delicate internal membranes—an antiseptic film that remains in effective contact for many hours.

- A distinctive and exclusive feature of Norforms is their concentrated content of *Parahydrecin*—a powerful yet harmless antiseptic developed by Norwich, makers of Unguentine. *Parahydrecin* kills germs, yet Norforms are positively non-injurious. There is no danger of an "over-dose" or "burn."

MILLIONS SOLD EVERY YEAR

Send for the Norforms booklet "The New Way." It gives further facts about modernized feminine hygiene. Or, buy a box of Norforms at your druggist's today. 12 in a package, with leaflet of instructions. The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, New York.

NORFORMS

for modern feminine hygiene

© N. P. Co. 1936 Known to Physicians as "Vagiforms"

great relief after some of the coy cooing that one sees going on in and out of Hollywood.

HOW to meet competition? It's a known fact that most girls coming to Hollywood, if they're not actresses, are overwhelmed by a terrifying sense of inferiority, of being put in the shade by Hollywood's hundreds of glamorous beauties. You will notice if you should go to the Vendome for lunch that everyone of the female stars there looks as though she had just stepped out of the beauty parlor—hair freshly coiffed, skin freshly facialed, etc. She looks that way because, nine times out of ten, that is exactly where she has stepped from. When a star lunches at the Vendome it usually means she's not working, and when she's not working it invariably means she spends the morning at a beauty parlor. Looking at all these lovely ladies and realizing that Fred would be looking at them, too, did Lily suddenly say to herself, "Gosh, I must have my hair done a different way—perhaps like Merle Oberon. I must get lipstick like Norma Shearer's, a flattering big hat like that one Virginia Bruce is wearing. Maybe I should have 'the works' down the street at Westmore's or is Ann Meredith's better for beauty treatments?" Did she decide immediately to have herself done over, Hollywood style, to meet Hollywood competition? Fortunately, she did not. Lillian Lamont just went on being herself.

Lily is one of those rare individuals who, like time and tide, is unchangeable. For years she has been parting her hair in the same middle line. For years she has been wearing the same shade of lipstick. She has never had a facial or a massage and since her skin is beautiful and fair she sees no reason why she should start now, just because it's being done. For years she has been wearing transparent pearl nail polish. She continues to do so, and goes regularly, once a week, at the same time, to the same place, for her manicure. For years her wardrobe has consisted of two tailored suits for work, two sport suits for play, two afternoon dresses for tea or cocktail time, two dinner dresses and two evening dresses. Everything simple and in the best of taste, everything worn at the proper time. She takes care of her clothes, too, and today proudly boasts two wearable outfits that she bought two years ago in New York. Being a model she naturally has a keen clothes-sense and always looks smart.

So many men fall in love with one girl only to find, a few years later, that she is quite another person. This transformation is the ruination of more engagements and marriages than most people imagine. This is one fault which Fred MacMurray will never have to find with Lillian. People have marveled that stardom has wrought no change in Fred. Lillian—his wife since that memorable Sunday night when they flew to the marrying justice in Yuma—is, to a great extent, responsible.

Should your beau become a matinee idol—and with talent scouts everywhere, anything can happen—you might remember this story and let it guide you. Fred and Lily may not be a glamorous couple—but they have a better chance at happiness than most people in this topsy-turvy town!

Here's one more question that you might ask. How can you keep from being jealous of his fame? Like Lillian, get a terrific kick out of it!

Their Roles Have Affected Their Lives

(*Continued from page 47*)

But it was weeks before I got to the place where I could feel like myself again!"

Ginger Rogers had a similar experience once, but with an entirely different kind of role. Remember her as the tempestuous, temperamental movie star in "Personal Appearance"? Spoiled, conceited, troublesome, egotistic—all the things that the real Ginger is not?

At least, all the things the real Ginger was not until she started making that picture. Then something happened. At first Ginger didn't realize it was happening. Not until her Mother, Leila, brought it to her attention in no uncertain manner.

"I can laugh about it now," Ginger said. "And so can Mother, but I guess she was pretty fed up at the time. I was beginning to act at home the same way I was acting on the set! Talking loud and tearing my hair, and raving and ranting and pouting and stomping and throwing things around!

"It was the first time anything like that had ever happened to me. Always, before, I had left my work at the studio, when I went home at night. But for some reason this role 'got' me, and made an entirely different person out of me. As a matter of fact, I have a theory why! Maybe it'll interest you. It's simply this. I believe that all women, deep down inside, would like to be temperamental—and would be, if they could get away with it—because 'scenes' substantiate our ego, make us feel important, attract attention! So we borrow or affect temperament most easily, because, subconsciously, it's a quality we want! Consciously, of course, we recognize it as stupid, vain, selfish. I'm quite sure that's why I let it get the best of me.

"And how it got the best of me! One evening it suddenly occurred to me that my agent hadn't called me for three days. I was incensed. Did he think I was some extra girl to neglect me like that? In the past I had never thought a thing about not hearing from him for three weeks, but this wasn't the past—it was during 'In Person,' after all. Mother came in at that moment, and I let her have it. I told her nobody paid any attention to me at all, anymore. I wasn't getting the consideration I deserved even in my own house. My nerves were worn to a frazzle. It was about time they realized I had feelings, and treated me accordingly. Oh, I told her a lot of things. And I punctuated my remarks with an occasional thump on the table, and once a slipper at the ceiling. When I got through, she applauded!

"Mother said, 'What scene is that, dear?'

"That cured me."

Ginger was lucky. She recovered from her "role persecution" quickly and without a scar. But compare her experience with one Jeanette MacDonald had. Jeanette once played a role which changed the entire path of her life. A role that caused her to be rumored dead. A role that forced her to Europe. A role that made her change her entire personality. It is one of the most amazing stories in the history of motion pictures.

SOME years ago a royal scandal spread throughout Europe. A famous Princess had found her Prince Consort with an-

She's No Flirt

(*Continued from page 53*)

didn't get around to it. I never do get around to it. I invite you down for tea in the broad afternoon. I scream at my maid, "We want tea and cinnamon toast and home-made cookies!

"I could, at least, press a button. I don't need to refer to the cookies as 'home-made.' But I do. The door is opened, not into a conservatory where Peruvian orchids rear their poisonous heads but into a garden where stock and snapdragons nod their everyday faces. I should be telling you a fantastic tale of a broken heart and a love affair on the Côte D'Azur. You wouldn't know the difference and it would be a story. Instead, I state honestly that I would like to be dishonest, raw and ribald instead of refined.

"I can't be honest," said Rosalind then, her clear, amused voice dropping an octave, "about what is in my heart. I can be honest only about the things outside my heart.

HERE is an example of what I mean. Trifling, but trifling things are often very indicative. The other day when we met at the studio, I had on a beige suit, trimmed with leopard cuffs and collar. You mentioned, and very nice of you, that it was attractive. I should have retreated into the collar, looked leopardish and seductive and purred a noncommittal answer. But what did I do? I told you that the leopard was an old rug I'd had about the house for years, hoping that I'd have a chance to recline upon it in Elinor Glynnish abandon and do my stuff, but that I finally got tired of waiting and cut the beast up and wore him.

"I should be able to flirt. Every woman should flirt—yes, married or single. It's a gentle, social art. It's healthy. I can't flirt. I simply cannot. I always think how funny it would look. I give a man a firm grip of the hand which tells him all and promises nothing. I look him in the eye and meet him on his own ground, and not the marshy, quicksand ground of the siren, either. Besides, it seems like cheap toying with a divine fire.

"Flirting," continued Rosalind, "is First Aid to the ladies. I remember one time in New York when I went with a girl I knew to call on a famous producer. We both wanted stage roles. The girl was little, blonde and cute. She rushed over to the producer instantly we were admitted. She leapt upon his knee. She mussed his hair. She toyed with his watch. He patted her arm. They cooed. I sat in a chair, at a distance. I knew that I should stake a claim on the other knee. I couldn't. I just sat. I didn't have a word with him.

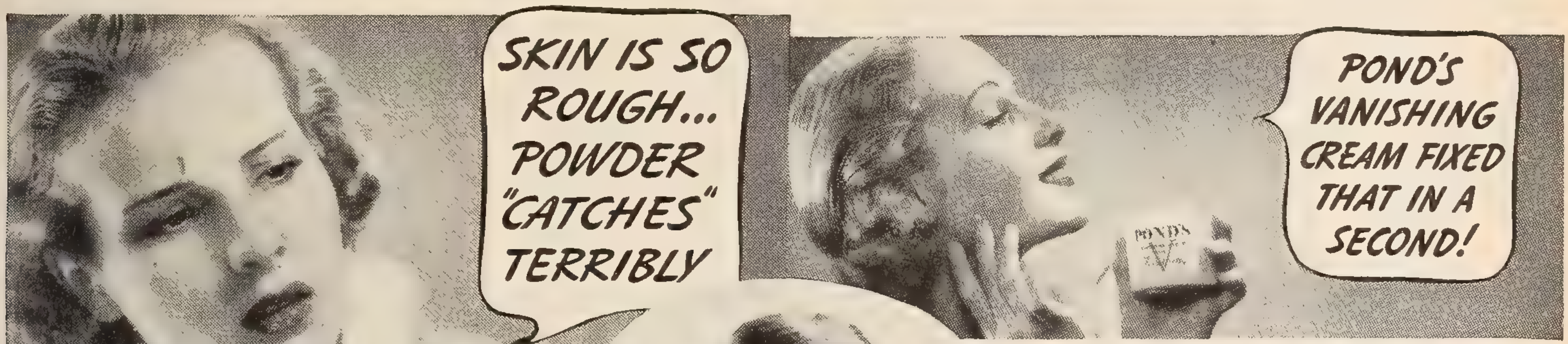
"Just the other day, for another instance, a girl friend and I were driving to the beach in my car, when two lads gave chase. They kept pursuing us. I finally bellowed to them to go away and to stay away! My friend was genuinely shocked. What harm could they do us and what's more, I could have been normally coy and feminine about it, couldn't I?

"I couldn't," said Rosalind. "I have never been able to fall in with the idea that any male pursuit of any female is either flattering or amusing. I prefer to leave that phase of life to its own dignity.

"Another time," mused Rosalind, "a good friend of Producer Dwight Wiman's gave me a letter of introduction to him. A very laudatory letter. I needed to use it, but I didn't. I felt embarrassed. I couldn't picture myself standing shyly by while Mr. Wiman read the letter. I would have had to flutter and be feminine. I carried the thing until it was too crumpled and tattered to deliver. It never was delivered.

"Probably," said Roz, with the warmth always in her voice when she speaks of home, "my home-training accounts for some of my deplorable frankness and lack of artifice. When a girl is brought up with a brace of brothers and sisters, she gets into the habit of being herself, or else. What chance had I to put on airs, to be mysterious and feline? My sisters would soon have seen through me and would jolly well have pinned me, a squirming butterfly, to the wall. My brothers would have asked me how I got that way. On the other hand, we were brought up to observe, to have respect, for each other's reticences. We shared the common family life. We kept our inner lives to ourselves. I still do.

"This reticence is bad," Roz said. "It doesn't make for 'copy.' You see, I can open my mind and pour forth the contents for what they are worth. I can't


SKIN IS SO ROUGH... POWDER "CATCHES" TERRIBLY
POND'S VANISHING CREAM FIXED THAT IN A SECOND!
POND'S

For a smooth, lasting make-up . . . First melt away roughness

ALL READY to go out . . . then you start to powder. But, somehow, your powder just won't go on smoothly. It "catches" on every tiny roughness on your skin.

Do you know, you can smooth off those roughnesses—in an instant—by simply *melting* them!

Those "powder catchers" are really dried-out cells on top of your skin . . . old, dead ones. As your skin keeps drying out, they flake off part way. And there they cling, loose and harsh . . .

But one application of a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream) melts them right away —and out comes your true, smooth skin!

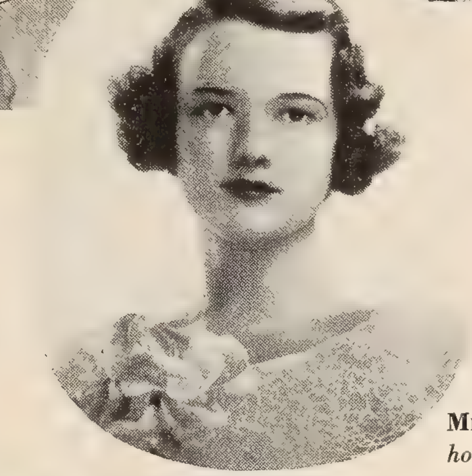
A prominent dermatologist explains: "The instant a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream) touches dried-out cells on surface skin, these cells melt away. New cells come into view, that give the skin a smooth, fresh appearance.

"Moreover," he adds, "Vanishing Cream, regularly applied, helps to keep the skin in a constantly softened condition."

Now you know why Pond's Vanishing Cream is an instant skin softener, a marvelous powder base.

For a smooth make-up—After cleansing, put on a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It gives a fine-texture look, a wonderful smoothness. Powder and rouge go on evenly. No need to make up again for hours!

Overnight for lasting softness—To keep your skin softened at all times, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream every night after cleansing. It won't smear the pillowcase. As you sleep, your skin gets softer by the minute!



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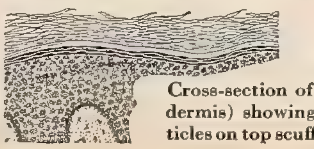

Outer Skin

Cross-section of the outer skin (epidermis) showing how dried-out particles on top scuff loose, catch powder.

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"NO WONDER—LANDER'S BLENDS HAVE D-O-U-B-L-E THE PERFUME"

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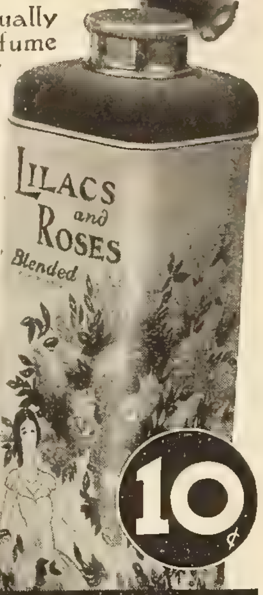
Then, after every bath, dust yourself liberally with these exquisite double-strength, double-scent talcums . . . each blend protected by U. S. copyright . . .

Lilacs & Roses; Lavender & Pine; Orchid & Orange Blossom; Sweet Pea & Gardenia; Carnation & Lily O' the Valley.

AT ALL DIME COUNTERS



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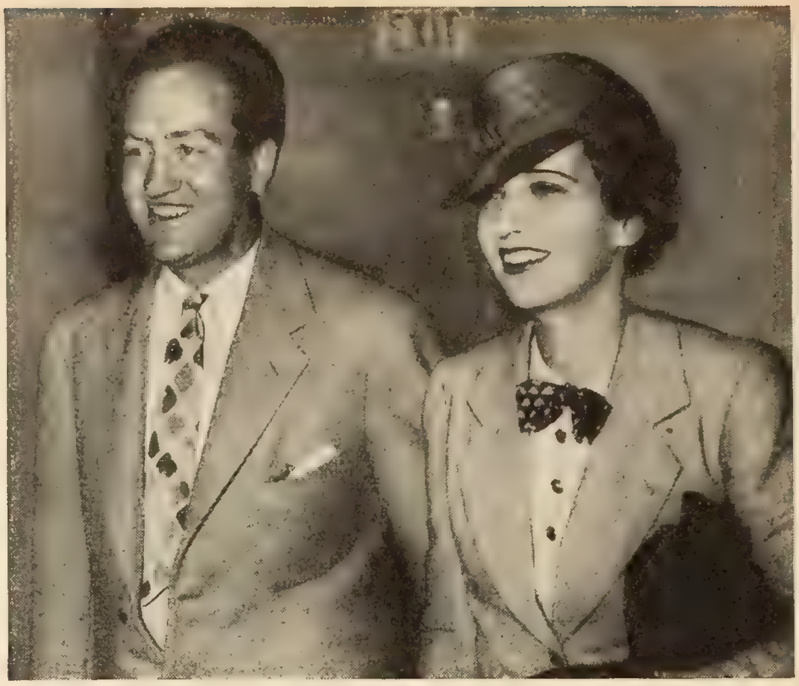

Kay Francis and Delmer Daves are still Hollywood's most romantic twosome. After a siege with a troublesome tooth, Kay is reporting for work now on the "Mistress of Fashion" set

open my heart. Not for copy.

"I must live my own life. And I do, even in Hollywood. I have my own ways and means. Oh, no, nothing very mysterious about them. Just that when I go away—and I often do—I find places of which other people do not know. I never go to Palm Springs or Arrowhead. I follow my own trail.

WHEN it is necessary," laughed Rosalind, "I do a little Baroness Munchausening. And that reminds me, I must tell you one of the very best and loveliest lies I ever thought up. A few weeks ago a rumor got abroad that I was 'hearting'—isn't that a quaint description of keeping company with?—a certain young man, with whom I do go about quite a bit. It happened to be absurd. We are friends. Really friends. Such things can be, you know. One day on the set of 'Under Two Flags,' I was besieged with questions. Such as, was I in love with this young man and, if not, then whom? And so on. And why didn't I go places and get into columns and do things and so on and on. I finally remarked, coolly but decisively, 'But, you see, I am engaged. I am engaged to be married. I am going home in the spring for the wedding. He is a doctor. He lives in Buffalo.'

"Immediately the Press got wind of it. The grapevine system sizzled. I was called upon for details. His name, they asked, what was my bridegroom's name? Dr. Jo I told them. 'Dr. Jo what?' they wanted to know. I said, 'Just Dr. Jo.' 'Yes, but his last name,' they wailed. 'Jo,' I repeated. And then, inspirationally, 'Dr. Jo-Jo.'

"It seemed too good to drop. I told my young friend about it—the boy with whom I had been rumored as romancing. And we put our heads together and decided to go through with the story, to materialize Dr. Jo-Jo. We planned to hire an unknown actor from Central Casting. We decided that he must be stout, middle-aged, slightly bald, slightly myopic and a most unromantic looking gent. My young friend, Dr. Jo-Jo and I would then go to the Trocadero one Saturday night. I would wear very gorgeous garments. I would be dripping with orchids or, perhaps, sun flowers or something. Rather wilted, anyway.

"I would do the best acting of which I am capable. I would give every evidence of being completely, even hysterically enamored of Dr. Jo-Jo. I would gaze into his eyes. I would be oblivious to my surroundings. I would dote. I would fawn. I would ogle. My young friend, in the meantime, who knows everyone in town, would circulate and mention to all and sundry that the famous Dr. Jo-Jo was over there with Roz, that I was madly in love with him, that there was, of course, no telling about women, that we were to be married in the spring, and then off to Buffalo!

"It was a magnificent idea," laughed Roz, "I think I only abandoned it because I didn't quite have the nerve. It would have had to be done awfully well, with great sincerity and verve. But I mistrusted my ability to carry it through for more than the first ten minutes. My awful honesty would doubtless have risen up to confound me.

"I really think," said Rosalind, after we had laughed Dr. Jo-Jo back to Central Casting, "that I would be much farther on in my career if I were able to do things like that, if I could be a bit dishonest as I go along. I've never had an 'angel' in my life. I've never been able to use feminine wiles to gain my professional ends. I have a brother-in-law, for instance, who could have done me many favors, and would have done them gladly, I know. I couldn't ask him. I have, by some compulsory law of my being, to stand on my own two feet and get only what I earn. Women shouldn't stand on their own two feet. To stand on a man's feet is much more rapid transit."

Reluctantly I rose to go. Roz offered to drive me home. We went up to her lovely blue and mauve bedroom. There was a fire whispering on the hearth. Calla lillies in tall vases. Books stacked on tables. One silver-framed portrait dominated the room. It pictured a lean young face, with eager boyish eyes and a man's stern mouth.

I said "Rosalind . . . ?"

She must have known what I meant, that I had a clue, that there was a question, half answered. . . .

She said, "It happened quite awhile ago. He died, you see."

. . . Ask The Modern Hostess to Send You Maureen O'Sullivan's Delicious Dessert Recipes—See Page 101

The Game's the Thing

(Continued from page 52)

know that I don't really want a string of race-horses or a hundred-thousand-dollar yacht. But I make myself believe I want them, because in order to be happy we've always got to have a goal in view—something which is beyond reach for the time being, but something to look forward to. When I was struggling to achieve success I thought I wanted it because success would mean comfort, security; and when I had that I thought I wanted luxury—you know, a nice house, nice cars, a swimming pool. Now I guess the only things left in a material way are race-horses and yachts."

"I guess we're never satisfied, are we?" Warner remarked. "I used to think that if I could ever make a thousand dollars a week I'd be the happiest man in the world, because what could anybody want with more than that? What could they do with it, what could they spend it on? I could have everything I wanted on a thousand dollars a week, but when I was getting a thousand a week I began visualizing five thousand. Twenty-five thousand a picture, then a hundred and twenty-five thousand. Happier? No, not if you consider only the money, but we've got to either climb or slip. The happiness comes from the knowledge that we're not slipping, but still climbing. The money is only the barometer that shows us whether we're going up or down."

Warner knows that he will never again get the same thrill, no matter how much money he makes now, that he got when he received his first thousand-dollar check. That thrill has gone forever, for although he has long since passed it, that figure was the high-water mark of his life. The thrill has gone; it is only satisfaction that remains.

You envy him? Don't bother—because, oftentimes, he's envious of you. Especially if you've got to work hard to save a little to get something you really want.

"Looking forward to getting a certain thing you desire very much but can't have just yet is the spice of life," said Warner, "and the effort of getting it is what makes life worth while. It isn't the goal, but the game that counts."

If you don't believe him, if you feel that it's easy to talk from where he is and that you'd be tickled to death to change places with him, he's ready to prove that he isn't merely trying to kid you.

"Eat to satiation of something you especially like," he says, "For instance, stuff yourself with a Christmas dinner every day. Pretty soon you'll find yourself getting sick of turkey."

DON'T think for a moment that Warner Baxter has lost any of his zest for life. He hasn't. Don't think that he doesn't want to keep on making pictures. He does. He has just signed a new contract with 20th Century-Fox for three years, four pictures a year.

He's looking forward to having six months out of every twelve for leisure, too.

"If I had all the money in the world and had to amuse myself for all twelve months every year," he said, "I'd be miserable. I've got to work to keep myself mentally and physically healthy. But I feel now that I've reached the place where I want to relax a bit as well. Why, do

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you know that I've never even been to Europe?"

"That's something I've been anticipating all my life," he said, "an anticipation, you might say, that I've been keeping in the hole. By means of travel I hope to bridge the most difficult transition in any actor's career; the change from romantic leading roles to character parts. To do that, in Hollywood, you've got to go away and come back again. When that time comes for me I think Europe will make it easier."

Warner's present picture, "To Mary—With Love," indicated pretty plainly that the studio at least doesn't think that Warner has to cross that bridge as yet. By the same token, "Prisoner of Shark Island" showed that he could if it were necessary. Warner himself isn't exactly worrying about it, but unlike any other actor who has ever been a Hollywood matinee idol, he views it from afar with a feeling akin to relief.

"I've been trying for quite a while to get away from the straight romantic roles," he said, "You can't imagine how I feel making love on the screen to these young girls in their teens. I look at myself in the mirror and I know it's ridiculous. Even the more mature leading ladies strike me as pretty young."

One of Warner's most marked peculiarities, the more genuine because without precedent in the movie sphere, is that he doesn't believe he's still romantic. He doesn't believe that girls all over the country are just as crazy about him as they ever were, although the box-office returns convince everyone else that they are.

His psychology is exactly the opposite from that of the baldheaded man in the front row who thinks that any chorine should be glad to give him a tumble.

"That means watching the waistline and so on," he said, "and quite frankly it'll be a relief to be through with that. As it is now Mr. Zanuck can run his eagle eye over me any morning and tell at a glance if I've gained so much as an ounce."

He feels the same way about make-up, too—it's a nuisance putting it on. Not only that, but he has an instinctive dislike for powder, rouge and all the other things the camera demands because he's essentially a man's man. Perhaps that's why the ladies love him.

WARNER has learned that it's the simple things of life that really count. In one way he was far happier when he had his dreams—dreams which since have become reality and so have lost the illusory quality that makes bubbles shine so beautifully when you blow them in the air; captured, they aren't bubbles any more.

Then he could bum around down on Main Street, going into those quaint little Mexican chili parlors, without anybody knowing him. Popular belief to the contrary, there isn't a drop of Latin blood anywhere in Warner, but he does like his chili and such. Now one of his greatest pleasures is fixing whole bucketfuls of it for his friends. He has to fix it himself now because he can no longer go down to the little parlors in Sonoratown without stopping traffic.

Summed up briefly, Warner Baxter believes that in order to be happy every human being must have:

1. The privilege of working as a means to an end. Whether it's a job to make a living or keeping house to make a husband happy, it's all the same. One must be striving toward some sort of goal, preferably an illusive goal that will take a long time to reach.

2. The capacity to enjoy the things that one has, whether they be many or few. A poor child with one doll will derive far more enjoyment out of life than a millionaire's pampered brat who is given everything in the toyshops. Adults, in the last analysis, are merely children grown up.

3. An unshakable confidence in yourself that you're ultimately going to get what you go after. Warner believes that it doesn't actually matter in the least whether you ever get them or not—it might even be better that you don't—nevertheless you must have the abiding faith that you're going to because that's the important thing. By confidence, however, he means confidence—not ego. Ego is a thing which Warner Baxter conspicuously lacks.

He had started to count the points off on his fingers, but as he got to the third one he stopped. He didn't seem to have any more points for the other two fingers.

"Why," he said, quite surprised, "that's about all, I guess. If you stop to consider those things you'll find they include all the rest, don't they?"

There seems to be no limit to Elissa Landi's talents, what with writing, singing and acting. And here she is pinch-hitting for Nino Martino's accompanist, while Nino rehearses his songs for "The Gay Desperado."

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Will You Take a Dare for Beauty?

(*Continued from page 61*)

frills and folderol—let them be reduced to their simplest essentials. Use make-up, certainly, but don't count upon it to cover up a bad skin. Get a permanent or a finger wave—sure—but not until your hair is glossy with health, which means proper shampooing, plenty of massage and brushing and at least an occasional treatment from those two beauty doctors, the fresh air and the sun.

You who are overweight or lumpy, let's consider the girdle problem. You need a girdle. Any old thing won't do. A little wisp of lastex won't do. Here's where you have to spend some money. You may resent that. Well, you must learn to hold your stomach in without the aid of a properly fitted, properly boned or stiffened girdle—the kind that costs more—or you must be willing to sacrifice something to the price of a good foundation garment. One or t'other, and 'tis better, my dears, if you set your teeth and make up your minds to get a good girdle, somehow, for it will do more things for your figure than holding the tum in.

If you live in or near a large city, or town hie yourself bucketty-bucketty to the corset department of the best store and have a girdle fitted and made to your measure. Be particular as all get-out about it, too. Time spent now will be trouble saved later. Don't let the saleswoman shove you around or argue you into something you don't want. If you're marooned way out in the sticks, there's the mail service, carried on by every large store in every large city, waiting to assist you. Give your measurements accurately and describe in detail what you want.

Of course, if your figure problems aren't too knotty, you need not have a girdle made to order. But shop around and choose carefully. Remember that a good garment will wash, the garters won't be pulling off all the time, it will stay put, and the superior workmanship will render it a great deal more comfortable. Then, do—for the love of mud—wear the thing consistently. Don't park it in the bureau drawer. Don't take it off after dinner, just when you need it most.

In the meantime, here's an exercise that will do a fine amount of slimming where you probably need it most—on the hips and rear. It's a dancer's stunt. Sit on the floor. Grab your ankles firmly with your two hands and pull your feet up off the floor. You'll probably tip over sideways or backwards, and that's just the idea. Roll around on the floor, from one side to the other, in this position. Keep it up—even if you do get into some pretty funny positions. Do it for ten minutes every morning.

AT the beginning of this article, there are pictures of four very good-looking women whom you may know—Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Grace Moore and Jean Arthur. I picked 'em because not one of these four is an authentic beauty, and yet they all give the illusion of being so. I picked 'em because each one of these four has, in a sense, taken a dare for beauty's sake. They've worked and struggled and persevered and experimented; three of them—Norma, Joan and Grace—have had quite a fight against that old meanie, fat; Jean Arthur had to fight a tougher foe—a lack of distinction, a mousiness of personality, a "not good, not

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bad" appearance that got her exactly nowhere on her first try for Hollywood fame five or six years ago.

Norma Shearer is an inspiration—and a challenge—to all short people. If she had let herself go, she would be at this point, after having had two babies, a plump, roly-poly little party. Notice that she always holds herself up to her full height. She has no tum whatsoever. Try standing very straight and tall, all the time, short girls, and see how it pulls you in, in front, and lengthens your waist. Stretch your body at every point and lumps won't have a chance to settle on you anywhere. If you can't remember to stand up to every inch of your height all the time, do a stretching exercise for twenty minutes every morning—that'll make you remember!

Joan Crawford is an inspiration—and a challenge—to all big girls. Joan's a big girl herself. Look at her shoulders. And then look at her hips. Undoubtedly, you remember some of the old pictures of Joan, when she weighed one hundred and forty-five in her Charleston costume. Now she weighs—and has weighed for five or six years—around a hundred and twenty. Joan is up almost every morning at six-thirty. You get up at six-thirty and do the hip-rolling exercise I've given you and then go take a shower and have a light breakfast. Joan doesn't sit any more than she has to. On the set, between takes, she'll walk about. She never drinks. It so happens that she hates liquor.

I might mention in passing, however, that if all you imbibers, occasional or otherwise, would cut out the cocktails and stuff entirely, you'd be surprised how the slimming down process would hasten along. You big girls with big, hearty appetites—watch the meat and the starches. Eat a little meat, of course, but not nearly as much as you have been eating. You'll be surprised to notice how, if you cut down on the meat, you'll find yourself cutting down on the rest of the meal, too. You'll be surprised how little starch you need in your diet. A slice of crisp toast for breakfast. A baked potato a couple of times a week. No sandwiches, crackers, spaghetti, noodles or cereal.

Joan Crawford dotes on ice cream and once a week she has a small—a very small—portion of chocolate ice cream for dessert. If you would have the will power to make a small and occasional—a very small and a very occasional—concession to your pet appetite, I'd never complain. But how many of you would have the will power? I betcha you'd be off and eating half a pint of the stuff, huh? You want to take the bet? Fine!

GRACE MOORE is an inspiration—and a challenge—to every plump girl and woman in the world. If Miss Moore let herself go, she'd be fat all over and particularly heavy around the chin. A few years ago, as you may remember, she was anywhere from twenty to thirty pounds heavier than she is this minute. You're all familiar with the story of how she set her teeth and made up her mind she'd go back to Hollywood and win picture success. 'Tisn't so hard to understand how she slimmed down her body—again, we all know *how* it's done, pretty much—but time and again I've heard women wondering out loud what she did to her face. No, she did not have any operation performed. No, she didn't even go near a plastic surgeon. Why should she have? There wasn't anything the matter with her face—'twas a pretty face, but it just needed slimming down. Maybe your face is like that, huh?

Then, my dear, in addition to getting busy with a diet, which will help slim you down all over, do this: every night or morning—or both—put great quantities of cold cream under your chin and all the way down your neck to the base of your throat. Do your hands up into fists and put cold cream on them, too. Now "walk" your fists up from the base of your throat to the under-chin line and, when you get there, give it extra pressure. Go back and forth under your chin out to the jaw line. Don't press too hard as you get close to the ears. Keep that up for ten minutes a day, or more, and see if it doesn't show results. Oh, you haven't time—it's too much trouble? Well, in that case, of course . . . Oh, you say it *isn't* too much trouble? That's more like it!

Jean Arthur is an inspiration—and a challenge—to every girl in the world who wishes she could be "different"—who wishes she could "make herself over." With Jean Arthur, it has, largely, been a question of personality. She has, to be sure, changed the color of her hair and that has added glamor for the job she's doing. Do I think that you should change the color of your hair? Not if you're a young girl. You might give some thought to brightening rinses, however, if your hair is drab and uninteresting. Older women who find themselves going pepper-and-salt—or prematurely and unattractively grey—I see no reason why they shouldn't "do something about it." But please go to a good place, get a good operator and have a good job done.

However, with Jean Arthur, as I said, it's more a question of personality. Her looks have not changed materially, for Jean was a pretty enough girl, though lacking in distinction when she retired from the cinema field, just about licked, a few years ago. She got married and gave up all thought of continuing with her career. Her husband urged her to do some stage work in New York, confident that, with stage success behind her, Hollywood would plead for her to come back. He encouraged her to throw a dare in Hollywood's face, in a way. Well, she did, and Hollywood did and now look what's happened! And what's this to you, you ask. This: If you feel that you are making rather a muddle of things in your community, in your efforts to be a distinctive and popular individual, I advise you, instead of bucking the field—instead of laying yourself open to further snubs and slights from your associates—to retire for a spell. Go into seclusion and check up on yourself. Overhaul the figure and the face and see what can be done about clothes. Don't worry and fret and stew over things, but concentrate upon improvement. Get a job, if you can. If you already have a job, throw yourself into it more enthusiastically. Have some kind of work to do, even if it isn't a salaried job. Read all the good books you can get your hands on. Listen to the best radio programs. See the best movies and plays, too, if you can. Try to develop. Try to grow.

Then, when you feel a little more confident, give a hen party. I mean just that. Give a luncheon or a bridge or something. Don't make the slightest bid for male attention—they'll be coming to you, soon enough. The girls at your hen party will *have* to invite you in return, you see, and in that you'll gradually and easily get back into things.

Well, are there any helpful pointers here for you? In these articles, I want not only to advise you on improving your figures and your faces, I want to help you to be happier individuals as well. If I don't hit your particular trouble in these pages, write to me about it. My name is Mary Marshall. The address is MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. The fee? A three-cent stamp and a return envelope. That's all.

More Good News

(*Continued from page 32*)

While most gals are worrying about removing a few pounds, Gladys George, who plays the lead in "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie," had to worry about putting on ten pounds for scenes in the picture in which she was to portray an aging woman. She tried milk, and it didn't work, and she tried steaks, and they didn't work. So Paramount told her to go home and go to bed. So Gladys spent a week in bed, on salary, and returned ten pounds heavier and convinced that the movies are wonderful.

* * *

Perhaps you didn't know that seven is regarded by Joan Crawford as her lucky number. She doesn't carry her superstition so far as to insist on seven leading men in her pictures, but she likes to see the number turn up on such things as automobile license plates. In case you think Joan has no influence you ought to know that her white roadster which she drives to the studio every day bears the license: 7C7777. Nice going, eh?

* * *

Valiant may be the word for Carrie, but patience is the word for gals in love, says Toby Wing. A few years back—when she was just a girl—she cast an admiring eye at Tom Brown. Young Mr. B. returned the admiring glance, but romance was blighted when they discovered Toby was taller than Tom. Time Marched On, and they met again one night at a preview a few months ago and found Tom was now tall enough to look right over the blonde tresses of Miss Wing. Fifty years from now Toby will probably be saying, "And that, my dears, is how I met your grandfather."

* * *

Generosity Dept.: The Young Men's Athletic Club of the Island of Malta (the home of the chocolate malta) wrote to Ginger Rogers asking her for one of her stockings. Seems they wanted to raffle it off to help needy young men of Malta. Know what Ginger did? She gave those guys a whole pair.

* * *

More fun these evenings is watching Roland Young's mustache do tricks in "Give Me Your Heart." In a closeup scene with Kay Francis you first see Mr. Y.'s upper lip completely hidden by foliage. You look again and the mustache has suddenly become half its former size. That's what a scene with Kay Francis will do to a guy.

* * *

When Director Willie Wyler whizzes by on that motorcycle it's always worth while to get a look at what's hanging onto the rear seat. Luise Rainer has been a frequent hanger-on, and ex-wife Margaret Sullavan often goes for an airing of an evening. But the surprise came the other night when the Wyler vehicle was spotted in Beverly Hills and the dignified passenger—if one can be dignified on the rear end of a motorcycle—was Ruth Chatterton. We found out later Ruthie was doing it on a bet. Seems Mr. W. had been brave enough to go for a spin in her airplane.

* * *

Bette Davis, as we go to press, is still battling it out with the Brothers Warner. She walked out of her part in "God's Country and the Woman" after a long siege over differences of opinion regarding the Davis salary. Beverly Roberts stepped into the part and Bette stayed home sharpening the lance in preparation for a long fight. Last we saw her she and hubby Harmon Nelson were celebrating the finish of his engagement as singing-pianist at the Roosevelt.

* * *

Hot Weather Note: Production was going full blast on "Cain and Mabel," the Marion Davies-Clark Gable picture, right through the heat wave. The temperature was too much for the electricians up in the "rafters," so they manned their lights attired in shorts. Came an order from an executive commanding them to put on their trousers, that working in shorts on a Marion Davies picture was undignified. The guys put their pants on, but ten minutes later Marion herself had the order reversed. "I don't care what they take off," said Marion. "Comfort comes first."

(*Continued on page 115*)

OH WENDY, THERE'LL BE SUCH GORGEOUS GIRLS AT THE BALL . . . AND I'M SO DRAB!
NOW DON'T FRET SO, GLORIA JUST LEAVE IT TO WENDY!
FIRST THE EYE SHADOW AND NOW A BIT OF WINX MASCARA AND—VOILA! OH GLORIA, IF YOU COULD SEE YOURSELF!
PATRONESS: THE MEN SEEM FASCINATED—I MUST ASK JACK WHO SHE IS
WHO IS THAT GIRL, JACK? IT CAN'T BE JUST THE VEIL
I DON'T KNOW BUT I'M GOING TO. WHAT EYES!
BUT JACK, YOU MAY NOT LIKE ME SO WELL WHEN I UNMASK . . .
SUCH ALLURING EYES COULD BELONG ONLY TO A BEAUTIFUL GIRL GLORIA!

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CORN PLASTER

*A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

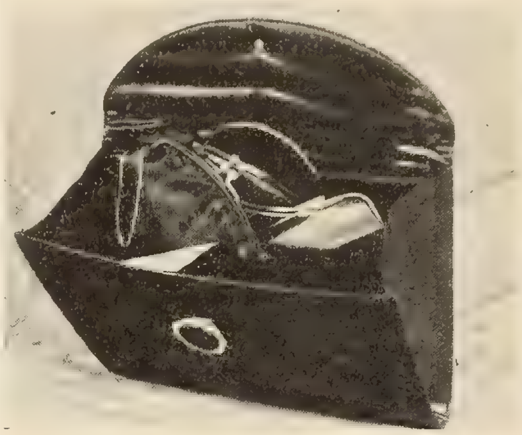
"Anthony Adverse" Fashion Contest

(Continued from page 75)

shoes made to your order, two pairs of gloves, six pairs of stockings and a beauty kit. What girl could wish for a more thrilling chance—and so easy! All you have to do is to write fifty words on "How Screen Clothes Have Helped Me To Dress Smartly."

Read the rules, admire the prizes and write your fifty glowing words—who knows but what you will have either a new dress or some new accessories this fall, just for the mere writing!

Don't miss the full description of the five additional prizes as pictured below.



The 6th prize in this easy contest is a smart, black calf envelope handbag from Pichel, Inc., with complete fittings. And the 7th prize is two pairs of Hansen gloves. One in red kid with chevron design, and one pair in green suede with arrow trim.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER

Here are some more grand prizes. Beautiful Delman shoes made to your size in patent leather, suede, kid or the satin of these originals, made for Olivia de Havilland. Also, a ten-piece Harriet Hubbard Ayer beauty kit with lipstick, rouge and powder in your individual shades. And, below, six pairs of Phoenix "dul sheer" hosiery in the new fall shade, "Bittersweet."

Gayety in Gotham

(*Continued from page 8*)

evening after a radio broadcast, a youngster was so anxious to get his autograph that he hung onto the rear bumper of Taylor's taxi until a policeman stopped them. A broken arm in a sling didn't daunt the boy's efforts. However, he was rewarded by being taken into the cab for the balance of the trip and would even have been invited in for a sandwich except for the lateness of the hour.

HOWEVER, it was not too late for the crowd of girls who stood at the hotel entrance. With an envious glance at his hero, our free-rider remarked, "Gee, Mr. Taylor, de dames sure are crazy over you!" Which observation, doubtless is correct.

Wini Shaw, upon hearing Taylor's mob scene experience, lamented the fact that stars had so little private life. "Why, I'm doing personal appearances around New York and had to take a week off to rest up, I'm so worn out. And when I think of those still ahead, I cringe. I do so hate being pulled apart and that's what they do whenever we appear in public."

With only one night left in town, Bob Taylor checked off his last-minute jobs. As we sat enjoying the hotel's twenty-fifth floor breeze, we were startled by this young star's conscientiousness when he remarked, "I've got to spend most of this evening autographing pictures because we leave on tomorrow's plane."

"Oh, what I would give to be allowed to travel by plane again," sighed Wini. "But the studio has refused me permission. Said they couldn't afford to take a chance. And do I love flying! You know, I used to go up with the boys of the Devil Squadron out in Hollywood before I signed my new contract. But since then, I'm not even allowed to get *in* a plane."

Margaret Sullavan is another star who lately visited New York. Mag was combining business with pleasure. Her main object was to consult a specialist about her broken arm and, as is often the case, she stayed on for a nice vacation.

Miss Sullavan dropped in on some friends at a smart hotel for tea. Arriving during the sultry part of the afternoon, she made herself comfortable in a club chair, throwing her slim legs over the side, thus spoiling the dignified illusion created by her large picture hat.

No sooner was she settled than she confided, "You know, I think I'm slipping." And hastily explained that it was in pictures and not out of the chair that she meant. "No matter how much I might care for Henry Fonda, I could never remarry him," she rambled on, "because it would look as if I only took him back because he has become a success. Oh, well, it's just another case of where they won't let us be ourselves."

Margaret Sullavan's greatest attraction is her speaking voice. It is the most thrilling in captivity except, perhaps, Ethel Barrymore's. Ethel Colt, the latter star's lovely talented daughter, once made this observation, too.

Sipping tea at the St. Moritz's popular Sidewalk Cafe I noted Wendy Barrie surrounded by three very attentive young men. Wendy had hopped East to see about doing a Broadway play this fall. Evidently she didn't "come to terms," for it wasn't more than a week before Miss Barrie planed back to appear in "Girl of the Jungle" for Paramount.

IRENE DUNNE, one of the screen's more reticent ladies, dropped into town for a brief spell, too. She was here just prior to her trip to Europe and for a few days upon her return from the grand vacation she spent abroad.

You know, Irene accomplished quite a bit on her European trip. Leave it to Miss Dunne to mix business with pleasure. For she spent a lot of time with Eve Curie, the daughter of Madame Curie, who discovered radium. Since Irene is being starred in a story about the life of Madame Curie, it was pretty shrewd of her to get real inside information about her life and habits. No doubt the star's screen portrayal will be a knockout.

"I'm going back to the Coast and to my new home," commented Miss Dunne contentedly. "I've worked hard, but I've been singularly lucky. The story's the thing and mine have been mostly good, luckily."

One of her summer's greatest thrills was that Irene took her mother along on the European trip and her husband took them both, so that made it a family affair and, as the star avers, "It's no cinch to get my family together at one and the same time!"

"How can I be

More Attractive?"

a thousand women a day write Ginger Rogers

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"POWDER in your color harmony shade gives you more beauty than other shades," says Ginger Rogers, "because it is created to enliven your skin with youthful radiance, and dramatize your individual type." Max Factor's Powder, $1.

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"MAX FACTOR's Super-Indelible Lipstick will dramatize your lips with an alluring, lasting color," says Ginger Rogers, "by the magic of its color harmony shades." $1.

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"SCREEN stars," says Ginger Rogers, "use Max Factor's Rouge because the color harmony shades add an exquisite, lifelike color that gives new appealing beauty." Try it and note the difference. 50¢.

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Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"* . . . FREE.

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Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
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Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	
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SKIN Dry ☐ Oily ☐ Normal ☐	*AGE*	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐

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Needs no water to apply—really waterproof!

TATTOO your eyelashes with this smooth, new cream mascara and your lashes will instantly look twice their real length; the South Sea enchantress' own way of achieving truly glamorous eyes. More waterproof than liquid darkeners; won't run or smear. Easier to apply than cake mascaras. Won't smart. Harmless. Actually makes lashes soft and curling, instead of brittle and "beady." Complete with brush in smart, rubber-lined satin vanity . . . 50c.

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Mashes a bushel of tomatoes into juice in 20 minutes—a bushel of apples into sauce or butter in 30 minutes. Wonderful for grape juice, jellies, jams, preserves. A daily time saver for preparing soups, vegetables, desserts. Endorsed by doctors for straining infants' foods and special diets. Easy to operate and clean.
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stayed at the St. Moritz in New York a day before entraining for Hollywood. This time the Silent One spoke her piece. When asked what her next film would be, she remarked, "Ironically enough, 'Camille'."

Greta seemed pleased with the selection of her leading man, since the studio assigned Robert Taylor to the part before she returned. This, incidentally, is the first time she has not had the choice of who was to play opposite her. "But," remarked Garbo, "I could not have done better myself. I admire Mr. Taylor's work and will be pleased to appear with him."

And so they come to Gotham's gayety for purposes of fun or business, en route to Europe or just to stroll down Fifth Avenue or up Broadway to get away briefly from oranges and options.

Short Cuts to Sweet Success

(Continued from page 17)

sweet, some spicy. Assorted slices of bread are arranged on a wooden board and the guests are expected to 'toast their own.' You see," she summed up with a twinkle in her laughing Irish eyes, "I switch on my hospitality with the same ease that an Irishman turns on the blarney. In order to be able to go in for this sort of entertaining both my apartment in Hollywood and my house at the beach are well supplied with the newest gadgets and the most up-to-date equipment procurable."

This is true of most Hollywood homes, I've discovered. "And why not?" you'll argue, "they can afford it!" Which is true enough, yet I think the real reason lies deeper than that. For working around the studios must tend to make the players conscious of the fact that a great deal of time can be saved and many jobs simplified by taking complete advantage of the marvels of ingenuity turned out by inventors. You couldn't spend a day where pictures are being made—surrounded on all sides by sound cameras, microphones, Klieg lights, rain-makers, and so on without becoming mechanical-minded. What's more natural, then, than that the stars should demand efficiency in their homes?

It's a funny thing, though, that the same does not hold true nearly as often among other classes of people. For instance, a man who insists upon the last word in motor cars will profess complete satisfaction with home equipment as outmoded as the horse-and-buggy. While the city worker, who would scorn an office or factory that did not have the latest improvements made possible by modern science, travels in the evening (in an air-conditioned electric train, no doubt!) to a home in the suburbs where the kitchen has changed but little and has received but scant consideration in the family budget since Grandma's day!

You remember Grandma, of course! She's the one who claimed that she preferred elbow grease to any of these "newfangled contraptions." She baked with a coal range, toasted over an open flame, stood in a hot kitchen by the hour juggling flapjacks and banging a huge black waffle iron around.

And always cheerful about it, bless her. Well, I, for one, don't believe it. But even admitting that she might not have complained openly, still, that doesn't mean that we, today, should accept her standards as our own when modern inventions are on hand to come to our assistance.

Such things as the electric toaster, waffle iron, percolator, range and refrigerator, simplify our everyday living, while the electric-mixer substitutes for elbow grease in a most satisfactory fashion. "Cream the butter until light and fluffy" most recipes—Maureen's included—will tell you. "Beat egg whites until stiff," "Stir until thoroughly blended," "Add first mixture slowly, beating constantly." These and similar directions you have read and followed times without number. They can be done by hand, of course—given the right amount of time and effort. They can be done in half the time and with none of the effort with a modern electric-mixer.

Yes, "Time Marches On," in the home

Just twenty-four hours after Allan Jones' divorce became final, he married lovely Irene Hervey. The wedding took place in Irene's Beverly Hills home.

as well as in the studios. The silent movies of the past are the curiosities of today. And in the field of sound pictures yesterday's marvel will be relegated, tomorrow, to the nearest junk pile. And to that same junk pile should go the old-fashioned kitchen with its outmoded, work-making equipment. Cling to the high traditions of old-fashioned hospitality and old-fashioned foods, as Maureen O'Sullivan suggests, but achieve the charm they represent in a modern way.

And now there is just room enough left to remind you to send for a copy of the Maureen O'Sullivan leaflet with its recipes for Chocolate Cake, Chocolate Marshmallow Roll, Cream Puffs with their delectable custard filling, and Banana Waffles. And, of course, I haven't forgotten that I promised to give you a Waffle recipe here and now. I've also thrown in a few Sweet Toast suggestions for good measure, so that you can copy Maureen's plan at your very next party and let your guests "toast their own." For spicy or tart spreads, use any of your favorite sandwich fillings—for sweet ones, try these:

SWEET TOAST SUGGESTIONS

CINNAMON TOAST: Cream ¼ cup butter until soft. Add ¼ cup sugar combined with 1 tablespoon cinnamon. Spread on the toast the minute it is done.

CALIFORNIA TOAST: Cream ¼ cup butter until soft. Add 3 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons orange juice and the grated rind of ½ orange. Blend thoroughly. Spread on toast the minute it is done.

CINNAMON-HONEY TOAST: Mix together ¼ cup strained honey and 1 teaspoon cinnamon. Spread on hot buttered toast.

WONDER WAFFLES

2 cups cake flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon sugar
1 cup milk
½ cup cream
2 egg yolks
⅔ cup melted shortening
2 egg whites, beaten stiff

Combine flour, baking powder, salt and sugar. Sift together twice. Add milk and cream slowly, beating constantly so that there will be no lumps in the batter. Add egg yolks and the shortening which has been melted and cooled. Beat together thoroughly. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake mixture in preheated waffle iron until crisp and brown. Delicious with honey, grape jelly, warm syrup; or topped with ice cream and a sundae sauce; or smothered under creamed chicken or creamed chipped beef.

The Modern Hostess
Modern Screen
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Please send me a free leaflet containing Maureen O'Sullivan's favorite dessert recipes.

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A Page from Fashion's Notebook

FALL 1936

KEEP FASHIONABLE WITH TINTEX

An interior decorator asks—Are your curtains or drapes faded—your cushion covers, table scarfs, etc. Just use easy Tintex to restore their original, fresh color charm. If you are changing the general color scheme of your rooms, give them *new* harmonizing colors with Tintex. Use Tintex for table linens, too . dinner cloths, luncheon and bridge sets, doilies, etc.

For such home use he especially mentions Tintex *Ecru, Maize, Nile Green, Tea Rose or Light Blue.*

Here's a new idea! Take two white sheets. Cut each along the length into 3 strips. Dye 2 strips Tintex *Brown*, 2 Tintex *Maize*, 2 Tintex *Beige*—make into draperies, sewing 3 colors together for each drapery length. Trim with cotton ball fringe dyed one of these colors. This stunning curtain is now being exhibited at one of New York's leading stores.

A fashion expert gives a hint that will save you money. Take one of this summer's white or faded pastel dresses. Tint it the smart shade for early Fall—Shrimp Pink. You can make this fascinating color with three parts Tintex *Pink* and $\frac{1}{16}$ part Tintex *Orange*.

Another idea! Take a navy blue or brown street dress from last Spring. In a bath of Tintex *Color Remover* take out its present color Then dye it either Tintex *Rust, Purple* or *Forest Green*...the 3 leading colors for Fall.

With Tintex you can rejuvenate your faded apparel, and make it fashionably new for Fall wear—dresses, sweaters, underthings, etc. And so simply, so quickly

P.S.—Colored fabric gloves harmonizing with your costume are *the* vogue. Easy and inexpensive if you use Tintex on your present white or faded gloves.

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TINTS AS YOU RINSE
ECRU
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COLOR-MAGIC FOR EVERY FABRIC

The Small-Towner

(*Continued from page 55*)

fifty dollars a week, can live more comfortably and give his family more real security than a city man who earns twice as much. I know; I've lived in both. And that sense of security binds a family together.

HERE'S another point: a boy growing up in a small town has a much better chance than a city boy to get acquainted with his father and mother. He sees them more often. And if they're the kind who are real pals, as mine were—well, he doesn't get ideas about breaking away. I never had the feeling that Mother and Dad were trying to live my life for me, or pick my friends. I did have the feeling that they considered my interests, my ideas, my friends. They seemed to trust my instincts. There's nothing a boy appreciates more than that. Even when I came home from college with a bride—a girl they had never met—I knew they would like her. And they did."

But John had left something out of his story. How had he become a singer?

John laughed. "I was lucky, I guess. Nobody ever tried to make a singer out of me when I was a youngster. About the only vocalizing I ever did was in school, in church, or in a crowd at somebody's house. I liked it—but I had to grow up, and go off to war, and come back again, before I took singing seriously. Maybe it was just as well. I had a chance to grow up normally, and my voice had a chance to develop normally. My life wasn't warped by premature ambition, and my voice wasn't strained by premature training. For one thing, there wasn't any training to be had in Greenville. So, there's another reason for me to be glad I grew up in a small town."

He had said that he had no early intimations of a future as a singer. How about acting? Had that ever entered into his plans?

"I'm afraid the answer is 'No,'" he answered, with characteristic deliberation. "I was drafted for a few leading roles in high school plays, but I always blamed that on the fact that I was pretty good at elocution. I could put expression into lines, and I could make myself heard to the back row of the auditorium without shouting. But I never kidded myself into thinking that I was the White Hope of the American stage. I realized I didn't know the first thing about acting—so I just concentrated on being as natural as possible. And I guess I'm still concentrating."

I happen to know something about the size of his fan mail. After Shirley Temple, who is tops for all of Hollywood (she receives 5,000 letters a week), John ranks next at 20th Century-Fox as a letter-getter. And a large part of that popularity, certainly, can be traced to his naturalness. I told him that and asked him if he thought it was easier to be natural in a small town than in a city.

"Yes," he replied. "You don't have to be putting on a continual act to impress people because everybody knows you already. And if you do try to put on an act, you soon get deflated. If you can't have a good time being yourself, you can't be happy in a small town. And by that I don't mean self-satisfied, either. You can have ambition there just as well as in any city."

That being the case, what ambition did John develop in Greenville?

"I wanted to be a doctor," he answered, simply.

HE enrolled in the University of Texas at Austin, majoring in science and minoring in French. He kept up his baseball pitching, and his tosses were good enough to win him bids from the major leagues. He sang in the University glee club—which developed a state-wide reputation. But his big interest was his pre-med course. After he finished it, he was going on to Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore.

It was in the University that he met Marcelite Dobbs—from another small town, only fifty miles from Greenville. They fell in love. Together, they dreamed of John's studying medicine and becoming a doctor . . . dreamed of marriage years hence. Then, in April, 1917, a cloud appeared on their happy horizon. America entered the war. There was a chance that John might have to go. Impulsively, upon graduation, they married—and then broke the news to their parents. He was tall and physically fit; he was certain to be sent off to training camp. With this prospect before him, he enlisted, and made an application to join the Intelligence Division, on the basis of his knowledge of French. After only a few weeks of preliminary training, he was en route to France.

"I was all over France. They shifted us constantly, so that no one would get wise to our little game of checking up on spies, deserters, stolen supplies and what-not. Sometimes I was in uniform, posing as a new member of a regiment; sometimes I was in civilian clothes. I came closer to 'going West' with a knife in my back, in some dark slum where I had been sent on assignment, than I did to stopping a German shell that had my name on it, though that shell pursued me persistently for one stretch; I'd no sooner get out of a town than it would be bombarded. Once I was picked up as a spy, by a British patrol, who heard me talking German to a woman I suspected of trading in war information. I had to talk fast, and get in touch with headquarters in a hurry, to save myself from a firing squad. But, compared with the boys in the infantry, I had a holiday."

One night in Havre, in a Y. M. C. A. hut, he joined in the group, singing. An Englishman standing next to him asked if he was a professional singer. When John said, "No," the man told him that he should be—that he had a voice that could be developed. He said he knew because he was a voice teacher. John thanked him for the compliment, and forgot it—until months later.

"When I finally got my discharge, and arrived back in the States, I didn't want to remember anything except the quickest way to Greenville, Texas," John told me. "I had joined the army and seen half of the world, but I was willing to trade Greenville for all the rest. Besides, I had a pretty wife waiting there for me. Marcelite had been living part of the time with her family, and part of the time with mine.

"I sat around for a few days, after I got home, wondering what I was going to do with my life. I decided that I couldn't go on with medicine. I had forgotten too much of my pre-med course, and it would take years to finish it. And when I did finish, I'd still have to struggle for years before I could support myself—and my

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"THEY DRY TWICE as FAST"

Their porous, surgical weave fabric not only makes them faster drying — indoors or out — but also much easier to wash. Lighter, less bulky and 30% more absorbent, they have no hems to retain stains. Send 10c to Dept. 87, Kendall Mills, Walpole, Mass., for sample.

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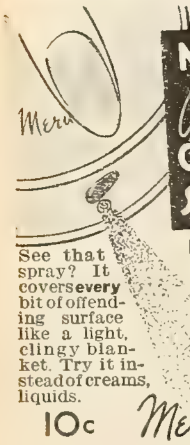

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wife. So Dad spoke to a cotton broker friend of his, and I set out to learn the cotton business in this man's firm, in Dallas."

When did he remember the Englishman's advice?

"I told the story, as an amusing incident, to some friends in Dallas, where I was doing a little singing with a community glee club. It apparently made a bigger impression on them than it did on me, for a few months later, when Oscar Seagle came to Dallas to give a concert, they arranged an audition for me. When I heard the news, I was down with a sore throat. But the news was like a tonic; I wasn't going to let anything stop me from finding out if I had a voice or not, and I sang for him.

"Seagle told me, 'Young man, come to New York for a year, let me train your voice, and I'll guarantee that you will make something of it. The material is there.' I talked everything over with Marcelite; she was as excited as I was. Dad 'loaned' me a thousand dollars—and I set out."

Seagle found John so promising a student, and liked him so well as a person, that he made him his assistant at his summer students' camp in Glens Falls, New York—another small town that was to figure in his life. After the summer at camp, John became teacher of music in the Glens Falls high school. You can imagine how quickly the local girls became music-conscious, with an instructor of John's appearance and appeal. Anyway, John lasted out the year and the experience convinced him that he could earn a living with music. But earning a living wasn't enough. He wanted to be able to do some worth-while singing. To do it, he needed more training. To get that training, he needed to study in Europe. But how to get to Europe and live after he arrived there?

I HAD a brainstorm," John explained. "I suggested to Seagle that he sponsor a year's course in Europe for forty or fifty advanced students, and I'd take them over, and chaperon them, for my expenses. He liked the idea, we rounded up the students, and off I went to Europe—with Mrs. Boles and little Marcelite—to study under De Reszke, Seagle's own teacher. I didn't want to come back when the year was up, but I had no choice—no money.

"And it wasn't until I landed in New York that time that I had the idea of going on the stage. A friend who was working in an advertising agency egged me on. He told me I could live with him, out in Jackson Heights on Long Island, until I got a job. And he staked me for three months. It took me that long to find a job. I was offered chorus-boy jobs, and roles in road shows, but I was holding out for a lead on Broadway.

"Just when I was about ready to give up trying, luck stepped into the picture. The leading man in 'Little Jessie James' dropped out; I was given a chance in his place. Maybe you remember the show—the hit tune was 'I Love You.' It lasted for months."

From then on, the name of John Boles meant money in theatre box-offices. Gloria Swanson, then producing pictures, saw his movie possibilities, signed him to a personal contract, made him her leading man in "Loves of Sunya," which opened New York's palatial Roxy Theatre. ("There's a rumor," John interjected, with a smile, "that I was once an usher at the Roxy. That strikes me as improbable, when my first picture opened the place.") The picture was a failure, but Boles was a success. When Gloria, abandoning production, re-

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leased him from his contract, Fox promptly signed him—and he has been in films ever since, except for personal appearances. He has just completed his latest, and most successful tour.

When he completed "Craig's Wife," for Columbia and signed a new contract with RKO-Radio, he decided he'd take a few weeks' vacation before starting any films under the new arrangement. He had visions of actually taking a vacation. Then came calls and wires from the East, urging him to "appear" in Boston, Detroit and Chicago. He thought he would discourage them by saying that he wouldn't "appear" for less than $8,000 a week—thinking they would never touch that figure and he could go ahead with his vacation plans. They fooled him. They met the figure.

Incidentally, he enjoyed his recent role in "A Message to Garcia" more than any he's played recently. "I liked going around with a stubble on my face for a change," he revealed. "I liked wearing dirty old clothes. I even enjoyed the mud we worked in. It was a drift in the right direction—away from straight hero roles into character parts. You know, I like to think of myself as a business man. And the more variety I can have in my roles, the better my business ought to be, the longer it ought to last. That's why I don't complain when I don't get more singing roles. People don't have a chance to get tired of me as they might, if I sang in every picture."

And now that he is a man of big business, where and how does he live? In a small town! A small town named Beverly Hills, near Los Angeles, where he and his small family have a small house and garden. A small town whose first movie settler was Jean Hersholt and whose mayor was once the late Will Rogers.

And why is he glad that he married a small-town girl? Because her acceptance of life has been the same as his—because she, too, has been content with small happiness, and simple wants, gambling to fulfill a dream.

SINCE seeing John Boles in New York, I have driven to Hollywood. In passing through Texas, I went twenty-five miles out of my way to get an impression of Greenville—situated in gently rolling farm country, very fertile farm country, to judge by the black loam everywhere. It is larger than I anticipated, with well-paved streets, a steady flow of traffic, stop-lights, an extensive business section. A clean town, alert and progressive.

I located the post office, inquired where I could find "John Boles' father." I was told that his name was John Boles, also that he was the village tax assessor, and that I could find him in his office in the next street. At the tax office, a tall, gray-haired man—a replica of the movies' John Boles, except for the gray hair and the absence of a mustache—came forward to meet me. We sat down to talk about John. And he told me these things, which John hadn't:

That when John was about three or four, the family had a colored "mammy"—and every time they went out, they would come home to find John singing some song that the "mammy" had been teaching him. That maybe John inherited his singing inclinations from his father, who used to sing before he was married and started staying home nights, and who organized a glee club in Greenville at one time. That John was the best pitcher that Greenville ever had. That John went to the two-story red-brick school across the street, parking his bicycle where rows of other bicycles now were parked. That his name is engraved on a statue of Minerva in the hall of the school. That even in high school John could talk French like a native. That his father and mother didn't discover, until John and Marcelite were married, that they had gone to school with her mother in East Texas. That they hear from Marcelite every week, and sometimes oftener. That John is trying to persuade his father to retire and go out to live with him in California. That he thought John's best pictures were those with Shirley Temple. That John thinks she helps the popularity of every adult who plays with her. That John's middle name, Love, is his mother's maiden name.

On the outskirts of Greenville, this sign arches the highway, "Welcome to Greenville—The Blackest Land, The Whitest People."

And, certainly, few people are "whiter" than John Boles, who says, "I'm glad I came from a small town!"

Place Your Money On These!

(*Continued from page 66*)

striking and effective in blue, as well as green, yellow and black. Don't you remember that stunning lacquered satin evening gown which Madeleine Carroll wore in "The Case Against Mrs. Ames"? It had a sheath-like silhouette and was a marvelous foil for her blonde beauty. As I recall it, a corsage of camellias was the only decoration.

SHEEN is one of the big and exciting developments in all varieties of fabrics. There are shiny hairs in woolen textures, much satin and glistening metal cloths. Then in direct competition to these shiny textures are the dull crepes that have the look of woolens. These woolen-like effects are achieved by both rayon and silk yarns and the fancy weaving as well as the threads give you some very unusual materials from which to choose. In coats, especially, the fabrics with gleaming hairy threads are popular. Broadcloth is coming back with a bang. And, of course, don't forget the velvets because they never fail to take their rightful place in smart dressmaking.

While on the fabric theme, our Hollywood pictures are a great help. To return to Simone Simon's dress, which incidentally, was especially designed for her by Marcel Rochas of Paris, the contrast of the dull gray wool and the shiny chenille embroidery is just what I have been talking about above. And the silhouette of this dress is new—fitted through the waist with slightly widened shoulders and a flare to the skirt. Notice the wide lapels of the collar and the nice use of the same stars for buttons that trim her wide leather belt. Simone is French, you know, and makes her American picture debut in "Girls' Dormitory."

Then there are the two tunic dresses, one a daytime version worn by Olivia de Havilland on page 65 and the other the more formal dinner type, worn by Jessie Matthews on page 66. Tunics can't be gauged by any certain length because they vary so according to the design—some are quite short and very flared, others are longer and only moderately jutting. Peplums, the briefest of all, are charming for slender young things.

Olivia's tunic costume features one of the dull surfaced crepes with satin back and is made in three-pieces. A white satin, short sleeved blouse tops a slightly flared black skirt with the high waistline accented. Over these two goes the belted tunic coat with lapels and facings in the satin. The short sleeves of the tunic are puffed to give a wider shoulder line. It's a beautiful dress and one that would fit into a dozen and one fall activities. I like Olivia's choice in accessories, too, especially the shirred black suede gloves so cleverly trimmed with metal ornaments. And don't you like the pointed and rather full tam-like turban? Incidentally, don't overlook the opportunity to win one of Olivia's "Anthony Adverse" dresses. See contest, page 74.

Jessie Matthews, that lightfooted English star who is fast becoming an American pet, wears a formal version of the tunic. This is from her own wardrobe and she calls it a "cocktail suit"—I wouldn't limit it so because it is one of those grand affairs that can start out at five-something in the afternoon and go right on through dinner, theatre and dancing. What's more, the tunic can be interchanged with a shorter skirt and appear as a rather elegant afternoon dress. Anyway, Jessie wears hers for cocktails in the more formal English sense, and the color scheme sounds like some exciting concoction. The rather slender satin skirt is a coppery brown shade—lots of copper tones in everything—and the tunic, snugly fitted and buttoned through the top, is leaf-green and copper brown metal cloth. Her high turban is of the skirt material with a strip of the metal cloth as trimming.

ONE of the nicest things about this fall's fashions is the variety of styles. From flares and jutting silhouettes, you can turn right around and pick an almost straight-line coat dress like the one Louise Latimer is wearing on page 64. This is one of those standbys that never seems to weary any of us. Louise's good looking version is made in a gray wool checked in a white yarn. It buttons from neck to hem with self-covered buttons and the collar is unusually smart in its width. Note the slanting pockets and the jeweled butterfly pin she uses for a collar ornament.

A darker shade of gray is Louise's choice in accessories and a very good one for this fall since dark shades of gray are showing up in the hat, shoes and bag lines. Her felt hat has a becoming tilt and roll to its brim, showing one complete side of her hair.

And still another good old classic with a new interpretation is Pat Paterson's green and white tweed suit. The green predominates with the white appearing only as a fleck. Pat, however, gives the white a lift by wearing a wide white collar out over the collar and lapels of the suit. The jacket is a single breasted one, closing with three buttons. Patchpockets, button trimmed, are the only decoration. Pat has her jacket shoulders padded a little. A soft black velour hat and black strap shoes complete the outfit.

You will see lots of green in dress, suit and coating fabrics. Although the first indications this fall were toward a predominance of black, now there are plenty of bright colors coming to the fore. Some of the new colors to look for when shopping are: raisin brown, spruce green and a cherry wine shade—then there is a vast range of reds from rust to a light, bright shade called nasturtium. One of the favorite rust shades is called "red earth." Purples, bright and dregs shades of wine as well as the grays mentioned earlier.

Don't overlook Jessie Matthews pert topper on page 66. It was made for her by Agnes, the famous French milliner, and is like a cap in ribbed felt with a gay, bang-like ostrich feather trimming. Feathers and ribbons are making all sorts of fall hats very festive. Shapes in hats go from these becoming little caps for more formal wear to peaked and brimmed styles for daytime. Whether you found high crowns unbecoming in past seasons or not, you will be able to wear the new hats that effect them. There's a twist to the brims and a taper to the crowns that seem to make them more generally becoming. And turbans, many giddy ones with big bows on them, are going to be the darlings of the younger set.

I COULDN'T start to cover the subject of bags, shoes and gloves, so great is the abundance of interesting designs. Just to simplify matters somewhat, I am showing you two accessory groupings on page 65. You'll be interested to know that you can have not only the prices, but also information on where to buy these in your local shops, by just writing in for my new "Shopping Bulletin," which I shall tell you more about shortly.

The first accessory group includes a pump, belt and bag to match. The pump is brown suede with the new higher cut accented by a tongue-like detail in patent leather and suede. You will find that all the latest shoe designs stress this higher instep line; many in fact, try to give a boot-like effect. The heel of this pump is patent leather to match the trim—combinations of two leathers are very good. Only

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ANYWHERE ON BODY

Hydrosal

Good Housekeeping Bureau

No, this isn't a picture of "what the well-dressed woman will wear." It's just a little number that La Dietrich sports in "The Garden of Allah."

the top of the bag appears at the edge of the picture—that is to show the metal trimming which ties up with the detail of the belt. These three make a very stunning trio for any daytime fall costume.

In the second group you find a high-strapped shoe in suede and kid with bag to match. These shoes also stress the higher cut, using a wide strap that buttons on the side. The adroit use of the kid trimming gives an unusually graceful foot line. The large matching suede bag is without ornamentation but has a tubular handle held by large rings at either end. Green suede pull-ons with contrasting lacing down a panel on the back of the hand, make a sharp and effective contrast note with the smoky gray shade of shoes and bag. By the way, this particular dark shade of gray is a wonderful team-mate for black as well as the brighter fall colors.

Now, before I close shop talk for this month, I want to tell you about my new shopping service for you. Every month, from now on, I am sending out a "Shopping Bulletin," as mentioned above. In it will be listed some of the interesting items shown on these pages in addition to unusual things that are being brought out by the manufacturers—things you might not find on a casual shopping tour but which you would seek out when informed about them. Prices and full information about each item will be given. It will be a boon to you and keep you up-to-the-minute on new ideas and gadgets. My bulletin will change every month, so get into the habit of filling out the coupon below and having one sent regularly.

Remember that you can have all the information about the accessories, featured this month, by sending for the Bulletin.

Be sure to turn to the "Anthony Adverse" Fashion Contest on page 74.

Adelia Bird
MODERN SCREEN
149 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Please send me, free of charge, the "Modern Screen Shopping Bulletin." Enclosed is a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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(Please print)
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City............................
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Between You 'n' Me

(Continued from page 19)

conceited, but I'd bet he's so conceited that Hollywood can hardly hold him and it would take more than the article I read to prove he isn't. Why, he even looks as if he is saying, "Well, I'm the best looking thing anywhere, I'm Prince Charming, himself." Nuts!

All of my girl friends are wild about him, but I'm certainly not. I'd have to see him in person to find out what he's really like before I'll ever admire him.—Anne Preston, Crescent City, Fla.

Still More About Mr. Taylor

Gable used to be tops on my list but he is only second now. That Taylor boy took his place. I am not going to make this a love letter, as I imagine he gets enough of them. Lots of luck to him. J. Morse, Battle Creek, Mich. How about having Bob Taylor and Loretta Young in a new version of "Seventh Heaven"?—N. Cherkoff, Kiamesha Lake, N. Y. In "Small Town Girl" when Bob appeared in his roadster, a murmur of oh's and ah's could be heard throughout the audience. In "Private Number" just before he appeared on the screen for the first time, the people began to applaud. Now if that isn't popularity, I don't know what is.—M. Kustra, Chicopee, Mass. Bob Taylor is a nice chap and all that but I can't lose the feeling that he is always trying so hard to impress on everyone's mind that they must notice that perfectly bee-oo-tiful profile of his. I admit it is one he can be proud of, but I'm sure we'd all love him much more if he'd be just slightly less, shall we say, aggressive with his nose.—I. Pearsall, Seattle, Wash. I believe that Bob Taylor will lose his position as female heartbreaker if his publicity doesn't change. One interview which I objected to most strenuously was the one in which he told about the girl he can't forget. How does he expect to keep his gal fans interested? Even if self-possessed Bobbie did lose out, he shouldn't go around talking about it. His publicity manager certainly needs a few pointers.—L. Losen, San Francisco, Calif.

Reviews

(*Continued from page 12*)

March, 1932, that Jane first stormed Hollywood. With her mother and countless letters from folks back in Atlanta, who recommended her talents, she started the rounds of the studios. It was two years before Jane got that break in "Bright Eyes." In the meantime the youngster did radio skits and an occasional "extra" role in the celluloiders. . . . Those tomatoes strewn around with such a lavish hand were all "doctored." Each one was punctured and a panchromatic make-up liquid of deep red inserted in order that each would register realistically on the screen as it struck the victim.

★★★ Mary of Scotland

(RKO-Radio)

The writing-directing team of Dudley Nichols and John Ford, responsible for last year's finest picture, "The Informer," combines forces again and emerges with a first-rate though slightly routine screen drama. "Mary of Scotland" is lavish in every detail, long, sometimes slow, but often interesting. As Mary Stuart, Queen of the Scots, Katharine Hepburn's performance will more than satisfy her followers, although it must be noted that at times one feels that Queen Mary and "Alice Adams" are sisters under the greasepaint. Finest portrayal is that of Fredric March, who lends fire and charm to the lusty "Earl of Bothwell" role. The March family can almost be said to walk off with the picture's acting honors, for the Queen Elizabeth of Florence Eldridge (Mrs. March) is a sharply defined performance that makes hers one of the outstanding roles in the production. Other commendable portrayals are Douglas Walton's Lord Darnley, Moroni Olsen's John Knox, Ian Keith's Earl of Moray and John Carradine's Rizzio.

Preview Postscript

Playing the deadly enemy roles of Queen Elizabeth and the Earl of Bothwell were one of Hollywood's most devoted couples, Fredric March and Florence Eldridge. Somewhat upsetting their domestic tranquillity, however, was the schedule which made it impossible for them to work on the same day at the studio. Now they're on a trip to the Canadian woods with Penelope and Anthony to renew acquaintance. . . . Fredric's ambition has been to stay clear of costume roles, and with that in mind refused a contract with any studio. But the first role he accepted on the new free-lancing program was in this flicker so he's decided sartorial elegence must be in his blood after all. . . . Mrs. March had her costume troubles, too. Weighing a bare hundred pounds she was given a costume weighing 52 pounds, what with brocade, petticoats, embroidery and jewels. The solution was a baby-walker on wheels which the voluminous folds of her skirt disguised on the screen. . . . Many of the sets had to be strongly reinforced to support the unusual weight of the settings. On one scene alone 32,500 feet of flagstones, weighing 325 tons, was used. As if this were not enough, 200,000 pounds of soil was added. . . . James I was really twins in the picture. A state law forbids infants being photographed more than a minute at a time, so twins are selected whenever possible to prevent unnecessary delays in production.

★★★ Girls' Dormitory

(20th Century-Fox)

"Girls' Dormitory" marks the American debut of Simone Simon, the petite French

'HOUSECLEAN' YOUR SKIN

LOOSEN THOSE STUBBORN BLACKHEADS

A Penetrating Face Cream Is What You Need!

By *Lady Esther*

When it comes to your skin, be a good housekeeper! Don't be satisfied merely with surface cleansing. Get "into the corners."

You may not realize it, but many complexion woes are due to nothing else than imbedded dirt. This dirt may not be noticeable at first because it is buried quite deep in your skin. But it causes tiny bumps and rough patches which you can feel with your fingers.

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See how deeply it gets into the pores, how thoroughly it cleanses your skin. Your cloth will reveal dirt that you never suspected lurked in your skin.

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With the free 7-days' tube of Lady Esther Face Cream, I will also send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder so you can see which is your most flattering shade and how Lady Esther Face Cream and Face Powder work together to give you perfect skin smoothness. Write me today.

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THE HOUSE OF **PINAUD** PARIS NEW YORK

Mlle. Simone Simon in a scene from "Girls' Dormitory" with Herbert Marshall.

star about whom so much has been written. It is a pleasure to report that Mlle. Simon lives up to all expectations—she's an actress, she's attractive and she has a certain child-like quality which even her studio publicity department has difficulty describing. In fewer words, her debut is an auspicious one. And the picture itself, patterned somewhat after "Maedchen in Uniform," is for the most part excellent in spite of several obvious Hollywood touches. For one thing, the picture's producers have chosen to equip their school with a class of girls, each one of whom must have won beauty contests. However, this is perhaps a minor complaint. A major grievance is that a fine picture is weakened by a phoney ending.

Very briefly, the story goes like this: Anna Mathe (Ruth Chatterton), an instructor at a girls' school, has long been in love with the school's director (Herbert Marshall). Marie Claudel (Simone Simon) has a schoolgirl infatuation for the director. When one of her love letters is found she is brought before the school board, but escapes expulsion through the efforts of Anna, who understands the situation. Marie goes on to Paris after graduation, and the director follows her. In Paris we find Mlle. Simon's natural charm distorted by a make-up which makes her look like every other blonde in Hollywood, and this, together with the compromising climax, mars a potentially excellent picture.

Preview Postscript

Simone Simon, 20th Century-Fox's White Hope, has had a time of it since the studio imported her from France about a year ago. Mlle. Simon came to Hollywood with a great blast of publicity, but a decided lull followed due to the studio's discovery that she brought along too much French accent and curves. Scheduled for "Under Two Flags" she was replaced at the last minute by a fellow countryman, Claudette Colbert, but was appeased by promise of co-starring with Herbert Marshall and Ruth Chatterton in this flicker. Mr. Marshall and Miss Chatterton proved again what fine troupers they are by doing everything possible to make their 20-year-old co-star feel at home on the set. Miss Chatterton had other things on her mind, too. Primarily the defiance of her physician who ordered her to bed the second day of production with dire threats of approaching pneumonia. Ruth stayed two days, then appeared at the studio with her nurse and stuck it out for the picture's duration. . . . Since playing Papa Dionne, John Qualen's acting career has been on the skids. He was just too good. Now a movie audience glimpses him in any scene and howls with glee. Discouraged at first, John has finally solved his difficulties by perfecting a make-up which is as unlike himself as possible.

★★★ Give Me Your Heart
(Warners)

Here is a good picture with an excellent cast to do it justice. Kay Francis' role of Belinda Warren, who loved not wisely but too well, provides her the best acting opportunity she's had in many a movie moon. The honors, however, must be accorded Roland Young with his characterization of "Tubbs." When Mr. Young gets his wits to work on a role worthy of him, you can be assured of the best comedy in town. As the distraught husband of the lovely Kay, George Brent has a rather thankless job but makes a sincere effort to do well by it. Henry Stephenson gives his usual polished performance, this time as Lord Farrington whose diplomacy saves the day for his son, Patric Knowles, and his daughter-in-law, Frieda Inescourt. Patric Knowles is adequate, but Miss Inescourt will surprise you with a display of talents heretofore unsuspected.

Preview Postscript

"Sweet Aloes" was the name of this play until the studio decided to inject more heart interest into it. Roland Young played the same role in the London production, with Diana Wynyard in the Kay Francis role. Being one of the favorite characters of all those Mr. Young has portrayed on the stage throughout the years, it was a simple matter to get him lined up for the movie. It's a far from simple matter to get the restless Roland signed up to most contracts. He's too busy to bother, what with writing, sketching and traveling always uppermost in his mind. Mr. Young's contribution to the studios, besides his acting, is a collection of the most unique biographies on record. Each studio where an actor works requests a long, detailed and flowery biography of the player. Mr. Y. has worked for all of them, and prides himself on leaving behind an entirely original and exclusive history of himself with each publicity department—and not a word of truth in any of them. . . . Pat Knowles has a publishing background—Knowles, Sr., being an Oxford publisher, who had high hope that Pat would follow in his footsteps. But after his son had sat around reading all the plays in the house for two years, father decided someone else could pay him a salary. London stage managers did so for awhile, then some New York ones did and now the movie moguls are footing the bill. . . . Kay Francis spent all her spare time on the set knitting green sweaters and fitting them on a stalwart electrician. Delmer Daves, according to our spies, has the same chest expansion!

★★ Suzy (M-G-M)

If "Suzy" does nothing else it proves that Jean Harlow is being wasted in roles for which neither she nor the audience can have much relish. One of the screen's finest comediennes, when she's given the opportunity, Miss H. finds herself unhappily cast as a tragic young wife whose waking moments are spent moping about the house wondering about the whereabouts of her husband. Not particularly because Jean Harlow is not the kind of gal you'd leave at home, but because this type of role doesn't fit her. "Suzy" is going to be a disappointment to her followers. The story itself is a lugubrious wartime affair having to do with an American chorus girl, an Irish mechanic and a French aviator. The mechanic (Franchot Tone) befriends the chorus girl and she marries him, only to leave him on their wedding night when he is supposedly murdered by a German spy. The gal becomes the bride of the aviator (Cary Grant), who immediately leaves her for any girl who happens to be handy. Then Mr. Tone makes an appearance, all of which complicates matters considerably. Long and slowly paced, "Suzy" is an unfortunate vehicle for its star. Of the principals, Franchot Tone steals the acting honors.

Preview Postscript

Those who were lucky enough to go on location with this company up at Carpenteria claimed they had never had such good food before. And the cook was none other than Jean Harlow! Jean assumed full charge of the traveling kitchen for three days. It all started when she was rash enough to bring a picnic lunch the first day for the cast. On her admission that everything, including fried chicken, chocolate cake and such, had been prepared by herself, the cast ushered her without further to-do toward the kitchen. . . . That airplane crack-up scene was the genuine thing and provided almost as much excitement as the new cook. Frank Clark makes his living crashing planes for movies, fairs and exhibits. It's all in the day's work, Frank says, and he never has a qualm about his selection of a life work. . . . Stanley Morner makes his second appearance here. Stanley is the protégé of no less a personage than Mary Garden, who discovered him in a Chicago night club and insisted that he turn actor without further delay. Miss Garden was a frequent visitor on the set while Stanley was before the cameras and seemed pleased with the progress of her "find." M-G-M has just appointed the diva as operatic advisor for the studio. . . .

★★★ The Devil Doll (M-G-M)

This picture is so decidedly different from the usual run that you are likely to regard it either as very good, or lacking entirely in entertainment qualities. The plot is so engrossing that the love interest becomes a negligible factor. Lionel Barrymore has an excellent opportunity to display his versatility in the leading role. An escaped convict, he has one idea in his mind—revenge on the men who ruined his life. He hears of a mad scheme whereby humans can be reduced to the size of dolls, so, opening a doll shop in Paris, he disguises himself as an old woman and sets about his business of revenge. With method in his madness and the help of one living doll he brings about his horrible revenge. Blood-curdling in its implications, the story is so well presented and the acting of such a high standard that "The Devil Doll" never sinks to the level of a horror thriller. The photography, particularly of the dolls, is exceptional throughout. Others in the cast are Maureen O'Sullivan, Frank Lawton, Rafaela Ottiano and Henry Walthall. Grace Ford, in the role of the doll, plays it well.

Preview Postscript

Lionel Barrymore submitted to the feminine clothing allotted him good-naturedly—until bustles were introduced. He flatly refused to have anything to do with them, claiming that no Barrymore ever needed a bustle and he was not going to break the precedent. . . . Even studio biggies were refused admittance to this set, since the tricks used to get the astonishing effects in the picture were secret ones, for which a large sum had been paid to Houdini's widow, under promise of strictest secrecy. . . . Maureen O'Sullivan had to pick up a picture of her mother and look at it. So Maureen went home, got a picture of her real mother, and used it for the scene. She says her mother has always wanted to be in the movies. . . . The "doll" in the picture is played by Grace Ford and this marks her cinema debut. Grace is still surprised about it all, not having had the vaguest idea of a screen career six months ago. When a group of her dancing students, back in Tulsa,

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Doctors now know that the real reason why many find it hard to gain weight is they do not get enough digestion-strengthening Vitamin B and blood-building iron in their food. Now with this new discovery which combines these two vital elements in little concentrated tablets, hosts of people have put on pounds of firm flesh, normal curves—*in a very short time.*

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If you, too, need Vitamin B and iron to build you up, get these new Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist at once. Day after day, as you take them, watch skinny limbs and flat chest round out to normal attractiveness, skin clear to natural beauty—you're an entirely new person.

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Oklahoma, won a dancing exhibition, M-G-M offered them a screen test if they would come to Hollywood. The girls needed no further encouragement, but they did need a chaperone, so they asked teacher, Grace Ford, to fill the bill. The pay-off came when the studio tested her and gave her the only contract. . . . Henry B. Walthall's last scene in any picture was a death scene. He became ill that evening and lived only a few days.

★ 36 Hours to Kill

(20th Century-Fox)

There are plenty of laughs and not a little excitement in this celluloider, although the story has many familiar angles. Brian Donlevy, one of those handsome and fearless G-Men, is bent on tracking down the current Public Enemy No. 1. P. E. No. 1 (Douglas Fowley) is en route to claim $150,000 and a rose-covered cottage which he has won in a Little Boy Blue contest. So Brian boards the same train, disguised as a reporter with an assistant posing as conductor. Then Gloria Stuart boards the train, also en route to Kansas City. Gloria's a fugitive from justice, but, of course, turns out to be another of those pretty reporters, sacrificing all for a story. And when you consider that Stepin Fetchit is the porter on the same train—no, not a reporter—you can bank on plenty of hilarity. Warren Hymer contributes a good "meanie" characterization, and Isabel Jewell comes through with the best bit in the picture, that of Public Enemy's Sweetheart No. 1, who finally saves the government the trouble of wiping him out. It's fast-moving entertainment, with the cast dependable in every instance.

Preview Postscript

The beautiful-but-dumb theory gets a bad blow from two stars in this celluloider, Isabel Jewell and Gloria Stuart. Gloria's a former newspaper editor and a poetess, while Isabel's an accomplished musician and Latin scholar. Both gals achieved success in these lines before turning to acting. Gloria graduated from Berkeley, went to work on the Monterey Herald and published a book of poetry before appearing in a community playhouse where a studio sleuth spotted her. Now she's raising daughter Sylvia to follow in mama's footsteps—but not the movie ones. Isabel taught Latin at Hamilton College for Women in Lexington, Kentucky, and first became interested in the stage after translating Latin plays into English for college productions. . . . Douglas Fowley's never considered anything but acting as a career since he was nine years old and made his footlight debut. Born in New York's Greenwich Village, of stage parents, Douglas hung around the wings in so many theatres that a manager finally hit on the bright idea of putting him out on the stage in order to save the cast from tripping over him. On high school graduation Douglas, Jr., turned down college scholarships and took a permanent job with a stock company, gradually working into Broadway plays and Hollywood.

★ Our Relations

(Roach-M-G-M)

Laurel and Hardy, we regret to report, won't strike you so funny this time. We find them in the roles of a couple of stodgy business men, then as their twin brothers—a couple of sailors whom the business brothers had believed hanged for lo these many years. Since puns are the order of the day in this picture, we might add that this situation makes Laurel and Hardy twice as bad. Between getting into all the expected mix-ups from mistaken identities and mistaken wives and girl friends, both sets of Laurels and Hardys get involved in a gang of racketeers who, it is finally disclosed, mean them no good. The picture goes from bad to worse—not that there aren't plenty of chuckles and a few good laughs, but the humor of each episode is built up to the point of strain. Arthur Housman is back again and still drunk. Alan Hale is good in a small role, while Daphne Pollard, Betty Healy, Iris Adrian and Lona Andre draw rather thankless roles as the wives and gal friends, respectively. We're right there rooting for the Messrs. Laurel and Hardy as a swell comedy team—but won't someone puh-lease concoct a story for them worthy of the name?

Preview Postscript

Oliver Hardy has the unique position among movie actors of becoming more valuable to his studio with every additional pound. There's a clause in his contract which leaves him jobless if he ever hits below the 180 mark, but the studio really owes him a percentage now for Hardy tips 'em at 260 . . . Stan Laurel helped write the script for this flicker and was careful to put in as many seaside locations as possible. The reason being that Stan has just purchased his first cabin-cruiser. The "Ruth L." is its name and 30 miles an hour its speed . . . There's a Laurel and Hardy Fan Club in Paris, among other places. And that postcard which stood six feet high and four feet wide out on the "Our Relations" set was from the club. On one side there is a view of gay Paree, and on the other the fans' various sentiments as to how they feel about the team. Nice idea, but an awful dust collector, said Mrs. Hardy when Oliver toted it home. Mrs. Laurel thought so, too. That's why it's at the studio now . . . Daphne Pollard is one of the smallest gals in pitchers. She's barely four feet five and earned some money one time when she was broke by giving a shoe dealer a squint at her tiny foot. He immediately staged a contest by exhibiting one of her shoes in the store window and daring any woman to come in and try it on. They all came in, being women, to see if anyone could wear it. So Daphne got a regular job exhibiting her Size 1.

★★★ Song of China

(Douglas MacLean)

Once in a while you find a picture whose beauty alone deserves raves. Rarely do you find moving pictures with beauty deserving anything more than passing notice. The "Song of China" is an exception. Almost every scene is outstandingly effective, whether the subject is a landscape, a temple, a shanty, animals or people. Even the close-ups are remarkable for their depths of expression and play of lights and shadows. The picture has been brought to this country by Douglas MacLean, but it is a Chinese production throughout—acted, directed, photographed and written by Chinese people. The story is of absorbing interest, yet far from exciting at any time. It depicts five generations of a Chinese family, from the honorable and dignified grandparents to the shoddy, jazz-mad younger generations who are in revolt against all the revered traditions of their people. Casting in the many difficult emotional roles is faultless and you will enjoy the Chinese music which is played and sung through most of the episodes.

★★ Charlie Chan At the Race Track (20th Century-Fox)

The movie public may not be 100 per cent Chan fans, but we'll bet an autographed Garbo picture that no one has ever considered watching Charlie Chan as

Ann Sothern and Francis Lederer in "My American Wife," amusing movie fare.

time wasted. Warner Oland's characterization of the Chinese gentleman-detective is always a masterpiece of suave conduct and subtle humor, in spite of the meagre plots that are often scratched up for his talents. However, this time we have a story that does justice to its star. A famous race track is used for background. The astute Mr. Chan is in his glory between dodging bullets, sleuthing out dubious situations, suspecting the most unsuspicious characters and showing up the irrepressible Keye Luke. Never have a father and son team appeared in celluloid that can beat these two. Helen Wood and Thomas Beck supply what little love interest there is. Alan Dinehart scores as usual with a meanie role while Gavin Muir and Gloria Ray are adequate in lesser roles. But, of course, it's Mr. Oland from start to finish—and Mr. Oland at his best.

Preview Postscript

Charlie Chan, Earl Derr Biggers' fictional Chinese detective, first appeared in celluloid in 1929. But it wasn't Warner Oland in the role. It was a genuine Chinese gentleman, a successful merchant in Los Angeles' Chinatown. A poor performance left Mr. Chan's activities confined to the cutting-room floor. In 1931 the studio worked up enough courage to again attempt a Charlie Channer. Warner Oland, then playing Oriental heavies, was tested for the role just because he happened to show up at the studio that day. After Oland's first picture the fan mail began arriving by the barrel. Now there are twelve pictures in the series and the studio is rushing more out as fast as possible. . . . Born in Umea, Sweden, in 1880, Warner Oland came to this country at thirteen with his family. After some amateur theatricals in a Boston high school, he decided to become a professional actor and enrolled in the Curry Dramatic School. Stage experiences followed and then Hollywood. Oland wears no make-up to achieve that Oriental appearance. The Swede is ready for the Chinese part every day by simply brushing the ends of his mustache down and his eyebrows up . . . If one Charlie Chan was so popular, mused the studio, why not two? So a year ago Keye Luke, San Francisco artist and philosophy student, was contracted as Oland's son. Luke came from Canton, China, at the age of three. He went to school in Seattle. He was doing scene designing for a studio when approached with an offer to try acting.

★ The Bride Walks Out

(RKO-Radio)

The subject of this sermon is whether or not a young couple can live in New

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New BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO AND RINSE-

York City on thirty-five dollars a week. Thirty-five bucks is Gene Raymond's stipend, and the gal he wants to marry gets fifty. The gal is Barbara Stanwyck and she gets her fifty for modelling clothes. Gene convinces her that this is a man's world, so she quits her job and marries the guy. But the thirty-five dollars, even with stretching, can't support the household, and Barbara, without telling Gene, goes back to work. When Gene discovers it, his pride is so upset he signs up for a job in South America. But Barbara catches him at the boat, quits her job once more and they settle down to a life of bliss. The script writers conveniently forget that the last time their hero and heroine tried it they couldn't make it work. All of which means that "The Bride Walks Out" proves nothing except that it is more desirable to starve with Gene Raymond than to live without him. Barbara and Gene turn in workmanlike performances with able assistance from Helen Broderick, Ned Sparks and Robert Young.

Preview Postscript

It's been many a day since a company enjoyed themselves as did this one while making a flicker. Barbara Stanwyck is a favorite with everyone on the lot, from office boy to director, in spite of the practical jokes which she plays on them. "Puh-lease, soft peddle on the guffaws" was heard from the directors before the cameras started rolling. So constant—and so good—were the wisecracks that went on daily, that a prop man decided to record the chatter unbeknown to the cast. On the picture's completion he presented Barbara with a set of records which revealed the idiocies of the cast and prompted Miss Stanwyck to give them a big party just to hear how witty they were . . . Ned Sparks is commuting between Vancouver, B. C., and Hollywood these days. He's recently purchased an estate up there, being Canadian by birth and never having quite got over it. It's an eight-hour flight between points and Ned's in the market at present for a plane which he intends to pilot himself . . . If you're interested in the movie's idea of what constitutes a traffic jam, it's two hundred people and seventy-six automobiles. At least that's the number of extras and cars hired for that jam scene in this celluloider.

★ Sworn Enemy (M-G-M)

This picture gets off to a good start, but lets you down with a thud. Robert Young, an ambitious law student, applies for a job in a packing plant only to be beaten up at the end of his first day's work by a gang of racketeers when he refuses to hand over the best part of his pay. When the same gang wipes out his brother and his boss, Robert gets to work in earnest on the situation, aided and abetted by Lewis Stone and Florence Rice. Mr. Stone has spent the last several years getting madder and madder at the racketeers, since he's had nothing to do in jail. And, naturally, Florence Rice isn't wasting any love on them, either. So, with the help of the government and Nat Pendleton, they set to work. And right here let us tell you that it's Nat Pendleton's show from now on. As the hulking, moronic prize-fighter, Nat gives a noteworthy performance, topping every other in the film. Joseph Calleia is the gruesomely crippled leader of the gangsters and certainly provides a menacing element. The story builds up to a terrific climax through a series of hair-raising escapades—only to get the racketeers cornered in a Turkish bath.

Preview Postscript

For that Lon Chaney act of Joseph Calleia's he actually used several of the Chaney props which were in the studio wardrobe department. The canes, misshapen shoes and weights which were used in his clothing to give that peculiar dragging effect had all been the personal property of the former star . . . The hotel fire scene developed into more of a realistic one than was really comfortable. It is a city ordinance that whenever the studios want to have a fire for a scene, no matter whether it be a fire in a stove or a ten-story building burnt to the ground, the fire department must be notified and men sent out to keep an eye on the activities. Consequently, ten stalwart firemen showed up on the set, but when Florence Rice set a match to the curtains the gauzy material flamed so quickly that it took prop men, cameramen and cast, too, to extinguish the conflagration . . . Between this and the steam bath scene, Florence Rice says she lost about eight pounds. And she's one of the few in Hollywood who tries desperately to gain poundage . . . Nat Pendleton actually doesn't realize his own strength. For one of the scenes in which he is supposed to pound on a door for admittance, Nat calmly went up and knocked once, then on the second pounding he simply knocked the door down. But Nat has interesting ways of preserving his strength. F'rinstance, on the set he always has his valet sitting next to him to attend to anything of an exerting nature. His principal duty is to turn pages of the newspaper for his boss! When Nat finishes reading the funny page, he hands the paper to the valet and says "sport page" and it's hardly sooner said than done, Bob being an astute valet.

★★ Mister Cinderella

(Roach-M-G-M)

Here is Grade A slapstick if you can take it. At any rate, you'll agree that never has broad comedy been given such elegant trappings. Hal Roach's initial venture into feature-length movies is undoubtedly a success, since super-slapstick was his aim. With this in mind, he hired Jack Haley, Betty Furness, Arthur Treacher, Raymond Walburn, Monroe Owsley, Kathleen Lockhart, Robert McWade and several others whose talents are undeniable. As a setting for his gems, Mr. R. has spared no expense on country mansion sets, swanky hotels and resorts. Furthermore, he hasn't spared a single Roach gag. After exhaustive research we can't locate one missing—the police chase, the bathing-suit loss while emerging from the surf, the sprawling entrance at the ball, etc., etc. But Jack Haley's finesse is evident in even the most trying situation, while Betty Furness' characterization of the aristocratic gal who falls for Barber Haley is sincere if somewhat appalling. Arthur Treacher, of course, is grand in a too brief appearance as butler, Raymond Walburn huffs and puffs in his best manner and the rest of the cast acquit themselves creditably. So, as we were saying, if it's slapstick you're after, this is tops.

Preview Postscript

Rosina Lawrence makes her first important appearance in this film, and shows a decided chance for better ones, too. Having suffered from infantile paralysis, Rosina was a cripple all through her childhood. She loved dance music and begged her mother just to let her watch other girls taking dancing lessons. She was so inspired that gradually she began to move her legs and arms and after a long time could out-dance any girl in her class, and soon joined a chorus where she outdanced them, too. Next she came to Hollywood and danced circles around the "extras" in a musical sequence, was noticed by the director and soon was getting speaking roles . . . Kathleen Lockhart says she's still just a small-town girl at heart and would never live in the city except that she happened to marry Gene Lockhart who happens to loathe small towns. Kathleen came to this country some years ago and met Gene who proposed to her at once, showing her a numerologist's report that with the name Kathleen Lockhart she would get much further ahead in the world . . . Monroe Owsley used to go to school back in Philadelphia with Jeanette MacDonald—but neither knew much about the other until they met in Hollywood years later. Monroe hailed originally from Atlanta, Georgia, then drifted to Philadelphia where he tried working on newspapers for awhile then decided to give the stage a trial. Now he says he's still a better newspaperman than actor, but can't make any editor agree with him.

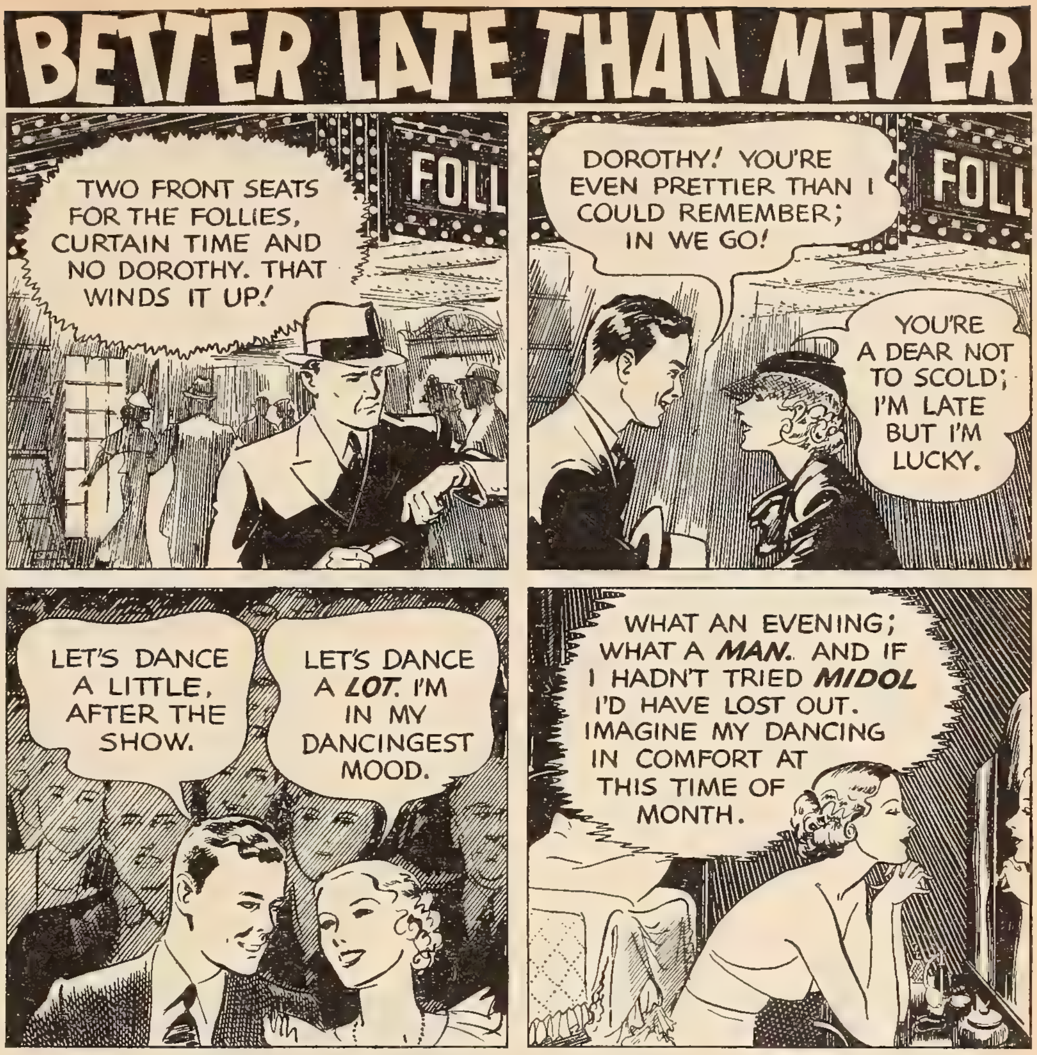
★ White Fang

(20th Century-Fox)

This celluloider glorifies Lightning, the dog who was Buck's lady-friend wolf in "Call of the Wild." Once more this canine hero is called upon to face the terrors of the North Country for his employers and for the eventual happiness of Michael Whalen and Jean Muir. Lightning responds to the call with nobility and despatch, howling through the Alaskan wilderness in hot pursuit of such villains as John Carradine and his ilk. With almost human understanding, and surely without having read the script, he knows that good old Michael Whalen didn't really kill Jean Muir's brother. On this point he is several up on the rest of the cast, most of whom strongly suspect that Michael committed the foul act. Let it be said for Lightning that he is a dog's dog and never loses hope. You can almost see the satisfied smile on his face when Whalen's neck is transferred from the caresses of the noose to those of Miss Muir. "White Fang" is sometimes exciting, but mostly borders on burlesque. It's a barking picture that has no bite.

Preview Postscript

"The Call of the Wild" proved such an excellent midsummer picture last year with movie fans who complained it was "too hot to sit through a picture" that Fox decided to follow it up with this flicker. That touch of frost-bitten air does the trick. However, there wasn't enough of that kind of ozone while the picture was being filmed, causing considerable difficulty to the company. A turn of extremely warm weather at Truckee, where the cast was on location to shoot the snow fields, forced them back to Beverly Hills within a week. So more than three acres on the studio lot were turned into northland scenery. This meant lots of synthetic snow and for this purpose the production staff resorted to the old reliable—gypsum. It's impossible to tell gypsum from the real thing, unless you happen to have ordered it. Four tons of this chemical were strewn around the lot and for falling snow there was the other old reliable—bleached corn flakes . . . Lightning, star of this epic, is a giant German shepherd and grandson of Strongheart, one of the earliest and most famous of canine stars. Lightning goes through his histrionic activities with amazing ease. His owner, Earl Johnson, reads the script carefully, determines what the dog is to do in addition to his current tricks and teaches the new things to him in less than four days of intensive training. No oral commands are fired at this dog. Johnson directs him simply by flicking his fingers and moving his arms. All well-trained movie dogs are taught to mean it when they fight, and for this reason precautions were taken in fight scenes when Lightning attacks Carradine. A leather arm sleeve half an inch thick just barely protected the actor from the dog's savage grip.


BETTER LATE THAN NEVER
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DOROTHY! YOU'RE EVEN PRETTIER THAN I COULD REMEMBER; IN WE GO!
FOLL
YOU'RE A DEAR NOT TO SCOLD; I'M LATE BUT I'M LUCKY.
LET'S DANCE A LITTLE, AFTER THE SHOW.
LET'S DANCE A *LOT*. I'M IN MY DANCINGEST MOOD.
WHAT AN EVENING; WHAT A ***MAN***. AND IF I HADN'T TRIED ***MIDOL*** I'D HAVE LOST OUT. IMAGINE MY DANCING IN COMFORT AT THIS TIME OF MONTH.

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★★★ My American Wife

(Paramount)

Francis Lederer at his most romantic as a foreign count; Ann Sothern at her most glamorous as his American wife; Billie Burke at her most flighty as her managing mother, and Fred Stone very wholeheartedly being Fred Stone . . . well, don't miss this picture. Old Lafe Cantillon, who pushed across the country in an ox cart and founded the town of Cantillon, is horrified when he hears that his granddaughter has married one of them stuck-up, no-count "furriners." He blames it, rightly, on his socially-ambitious daughter-in-law. The fact that the furriner is a count only makes his ten-gallon hat sit at an even wilder angle on his 100 per cent American head. The whole town, headed by the rest of the Cantillon tribe which is never able to forget its financial and social importance, turns out for receptions, balls, teas and parties in honor of their titled visitor. Old Lafe sulks on his ranch. But the Count fools them all. He endures a few social functions, then he discards his uniforms and full dress for a pair of overalls and a checked shirt and goes out to the ranch to talk to Old Lafe about horses, cattle and ranching. He has a fight at One-Eyed Pete's saloon, takes to chewing tobacco, and earns the nickname of "Spike" from the amazed and delighted old pioneer. Of all the Cantillon tribe, the Count turns out to be the most genuine American. He even buys a ranch and begins to put in alfalfa.

While in England, Walter Wanger signed Joan Bennett to a nice contract, so she didn't mind cutting her vacation short to do "Wedding Present," finishing her Paramount contract. Here she is alighting from an American Airways plane.

"You Know Her Majesty's Private Tea Is Supplied by Ridgways"

SUCH a remark might well have been spoken in some cultured English home long years ago, for the tea that the great Queen Victoria drank had been blended to her taste by the quality tea house of the time—Ridgways (Est. 1836).

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☐ Ridgways H.M.B...........1 lb. $1.40
☐ Ridgways Darjeeling..........1 lb. $2.00

More Good News

(*Continued from page 97*)

Francis Lederer is still the good provider of Hollywood. You may recall a couple of months ago that Francis sent members of the press sacks of cabbage from his ranch, holding out a promise at the time that we would hear from his apricots as soon as they were ready. Well, good news! Last month the apricots were good and ready, and we got them, in a basket all wrapped in cellophane, with a little note from Francis saying here they were, and adding, "Next time it will be 'nuts to you'!" There's only one thing you can say to that, and we're not going to say it.

■ ■ ■

The latest thing in Hollywood is party insurance. If you're planning a party, a solicitor will insure you against anything and everything. If a guest decides to fill your swimming pool with the champagne you bought for the affair, if someone roasts marshmallows over your flaming grand piano, if a charming dropper-in tries out her skull on your staircase, you simply phone the company and they pay for everything. Our prediction is that the firm will be bankrupt in six months, but they're optimistic about the future. They say they'll even insure a Lombard party.

■ ■ ■

After the "Rhythm on the Range" preview most of the attention of the crowd outside the theatre went to Bob Burns and Martha Raye, whose comedy was the best thing in the picture. It was easy for Burns to take, for the sage of Van Buren, Ark., stands six feet two and can hold his own. Little Martha Raye, however, found herself engulfed in a sea of admirers. It was all pretty swell until she squirmed her way out of the crowd and discovered she was minus her purse and $200 worth of joolry. The price of fame!

■ ■ ■

Jane Withers' puppet show last month was a decided success. She invited producer Sol Wurtzel and a number of studio biggies and all her neighborhood pals to the world premiere in her back-yard theatre. But nature dealt a blow to drama, for just as the curtain went up the rain came down. Throwing tradition to the wind, Jane decided the show couldn't go on and led all her guests to the refreshments. Next day the postponed world premiere went on before the same distinguished audience and, to the delight of the actress-producer, there was also a repeat performance of the ice cream.

■ ■ ■

At The Fun House in Venice one night recently the barker out front shouted to the multitudes that Cary Grant, Sally Eilers, Norma Shearer and Marion Davies were inside. The crowd snickered, and passed along. The guy was frantic, because the stars he mentioned were actually in there. He finally gave up in disgust, probably mumbling that people are getting so they don't believe anything—not even an honest carnival barker.

■ ■ ■

In spite of the rumors afloat that Anita Louise is entertaining serious intentions about this person or that, they're saying she still casts an amorous eye in the direction of Ross Alexander. However, there's mamma's objections to overcome, but Love may find a Way.

"FLEAS...*all dead*"

CHEMIST REPORTS SKIP-FLEA KILLS ALL FLEAS

● "We have witnessed the application of Sergeant's Skip-Flea Soap on a flea-infested dog, and made microscopic examination of the fleas remaining on and taken from the dog after the bath. *We found every flea dead, the bottom of the bathtub brown with dead fleas and many floating on top, all dead.* Sergeant's Skip-Flea Soap is perfectly harmless to the most delicate skin."
Froehling & Robertson, *Analytical Chemists*

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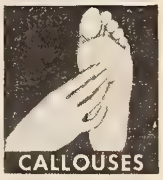
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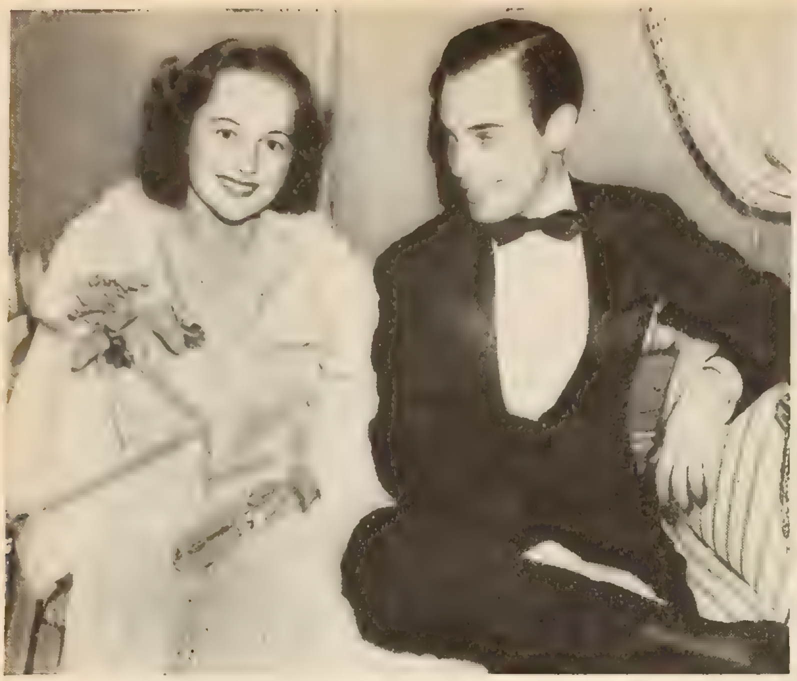
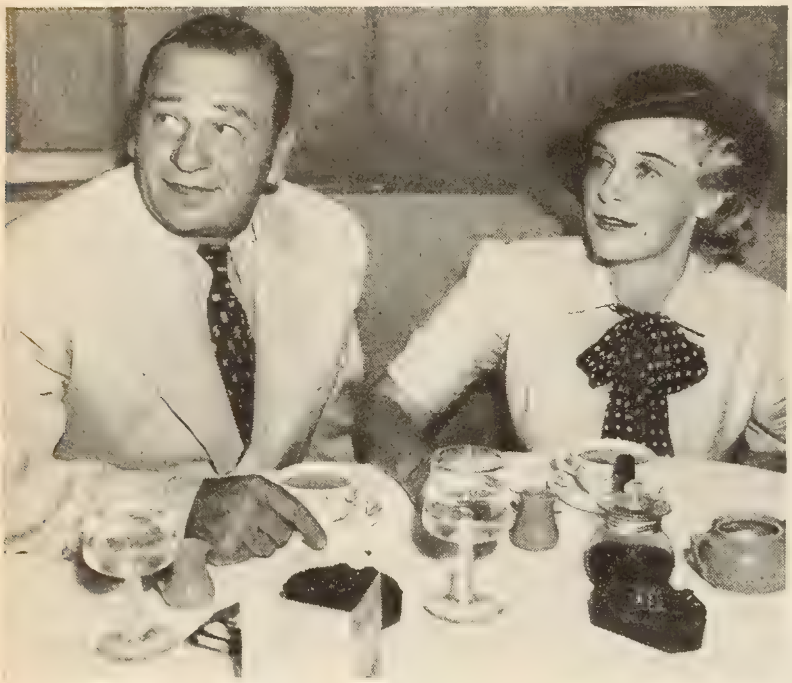
Color of your hair?..



Pretty Olivia de Havilland has managed to side-step romance rumors, but here Scotty caught her with James Blakeley beaming admiringly upon her.

Just to prove that James Stewart doesn't date Ginger Rogers all the time, here she is dining at the "Troc" with Phil Huston, another attentive swain.



Not to be outdone by younger men-about-town, Wally Beery takes his best gal to the Trocadero, too. You're right, it's blonde Mrs. B. herself.

As for Luise Rainer, she seems to keep the town guessing. What with Willie Wyler one night and now, above, with Clifford Odets dining at the Brown Derby.

Speaking of "San Francisco," it may surprise you to learn that Spencer Tracy, who did such a swell job in the role of the priest, originally turned down the assignment. He had been starred in "Fury," he argued, and couldn't see why he should accept a subordinate role in any picture. His bosses finally pinned him down, Tracy took the role, and it turned out to be one of the best things he's done on the screen. It just goes to show that sometimes even your boss can be right.

◆ ◆ ◆

Most of Hollywood's sympathy these days goes to Director E. H. Griffith. He's directing "Ladies in Love" and his cast includes Constance Bennett, Janet Gaynor, Loretta Young and Simone Simon. Most any one of these gals is a hard day's work for most directors so everyone's wondering how E. H. is doing with four of them. Our guess is that the ladies will be trying so hard to steal each other's scenes they'll forget they're supposed to be temperamental.

◆ ◆ ◆

During Richard Arlen's recent absence in England his swimming pool became a summer resort for all the kids in the neighborhood. One day a future producer aged 11, took over the place and charged a dime admission, including the use of a ladder to climb over the Arlen fence. The Arlen caretakers wrote to Dick and got this back: "Ban the promoter, but let the other kids swim all they like. And if the promoter happens to reform, let him in, too." P. S. He reformed overnight.

◆ ◆ ◆

Out of all the pictures made in Hollywood from January to July; here, according to a survey made by The Hollywood Reporter, these were the ten biggest money-makers: "Mutiny on the Bounty," "Follow the Fleet," "Rose Marie," "San Francisco," "Wife vs. Secretary," "Captain Blood," "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," "The Littlest Rebel," "Modern Times" and "The Magnificent Obsession." Among the no-profit group were: "The Princess Comes Across," "Love Before Breakfast," "One Rainy Afternoon" and "Dancing Pirate." And the low for the season was Hecht and MacArthur's "Soak the Rich."

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AS HE DESIRES THEM
SAVAGE

savagely red
warmly moist
tenderly soft

When lips are a Savage red, the spirit of jungle adventure prevails . . . and hearts too easily are caused to skip a beat! For, the five Savage reds were purposely created to be exciting. And they are!

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CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE
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Smoke to Your Throat's Content

Many smokers have chosen Lucky Strikes simply because they *taste better.* Then as the days go by they sense that Luckies make *smoother going* for their throats—that they are a Light Smoke. Certain acids and other heavy, harsh irritants naturally present in all tobacco are removed by the famous process—"It's Toasted." *Only* Luckies are "Toasted." Smoke Luckies to your throat's content.

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Luckies—a light smoke

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HE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE

Modern Screen

VEMBER 36

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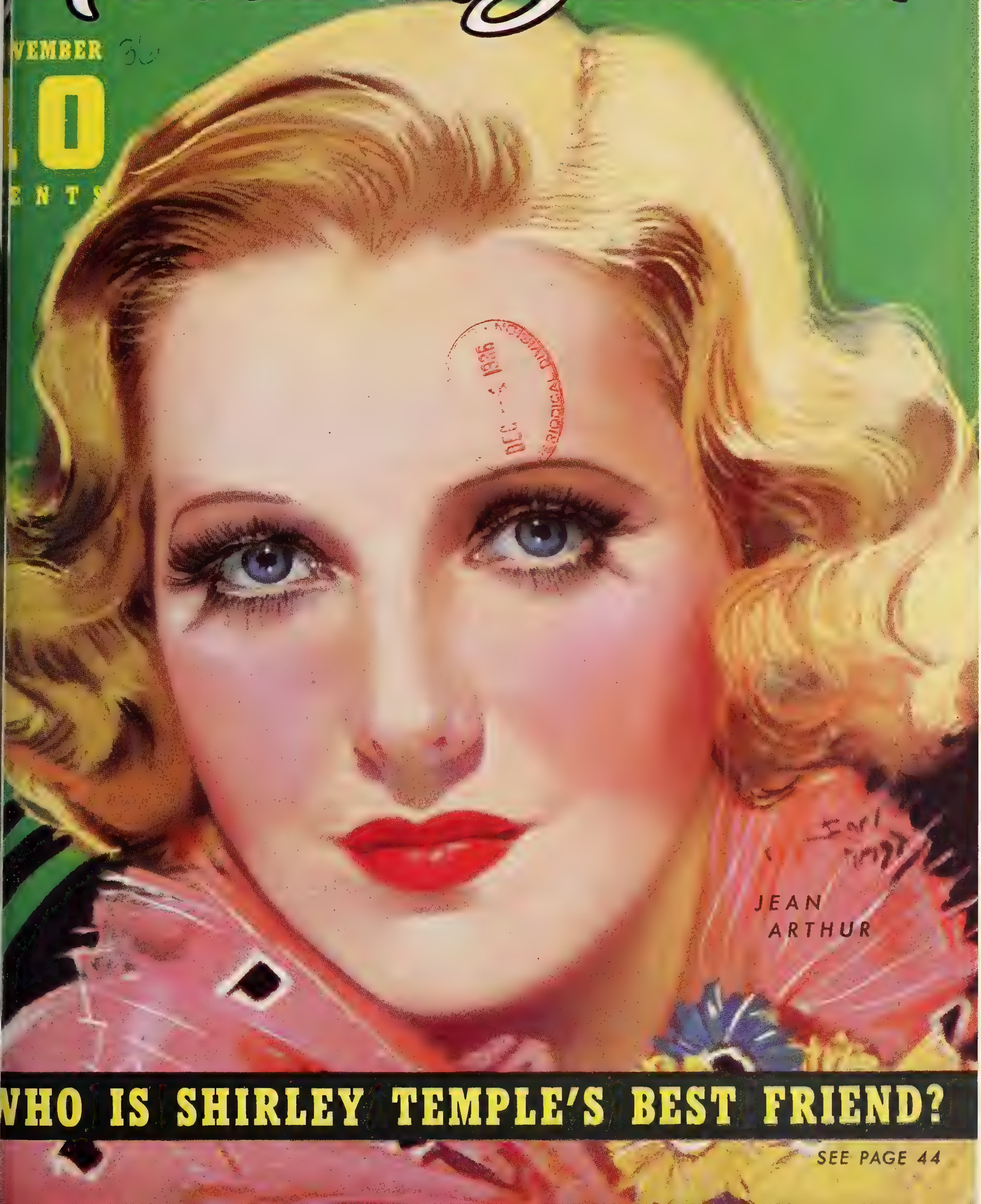

JEAN ARTHUR

DEC - 4 1936
PERIODICAL DIV

WHO IS SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S BEST FRIEND?

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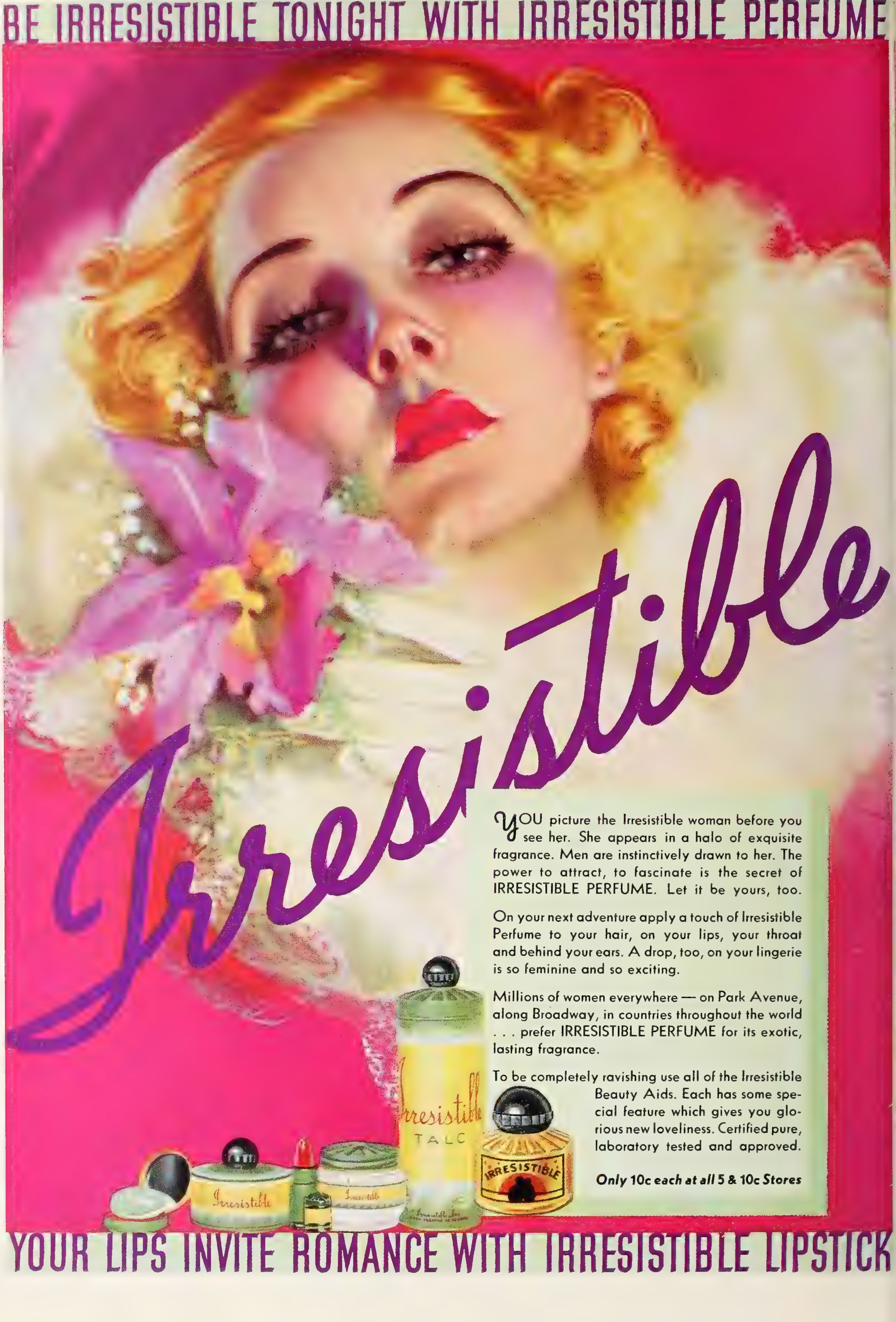
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Fascinating Lady

[UNTIL SHE SMILES]

She evades all close-ups . . . Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm . . . She ignored "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

IT'S ONLY human nature to wait breathlessly for such a lovely girl to turn her proud head—to reward your admiration with the glory of her smile!

And it's only human nature to resent it, like a physical blow, when she *does* turn, when she *does* smile—and all her loveliness turns to ashes! For when a smile betrays dull and dingy teeth—tender and ailing gums—no glory of eyes or hair can save loveliness.

NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

Too many *soft* foods . . . too little work and resistance for the natural health of our teeth and gums—there are the reasons why that dental warning "pink tooth brush" is so often in evidence.

And for the sake of *your own* loveliness and *your own* health—if you see that "tinge of pink" on your own tooth brush, *see your dentist*. You may be in for serious trouble. But he is far more likely to explain the menace of our "modern menus" —to tell you to take better care of your gums, to give them more exercise. And he may tell you—he often does—to switch to Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

Play safe—get Ipana today. Rub a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth! For Ipana is especially designed to help your gums *as well* as clean your teeth. You'll soon notice an improvement in the health of your gums. New circulation wakens lazy tissues. Gums grow stronger. They feel firmer. They look better. And they'll certainly be far safer from the threat and danger of serious gum troubles.

The first ten days of Ipana and massage will show an improvement. And thirty days will convince you that you should have changed to this modern, sensible health measure long ago.

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS NEW YORK
ALWAYS

IPANA plus massage is the dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums.

OCT -7 1936
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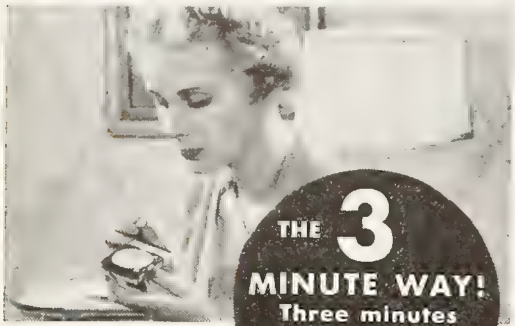
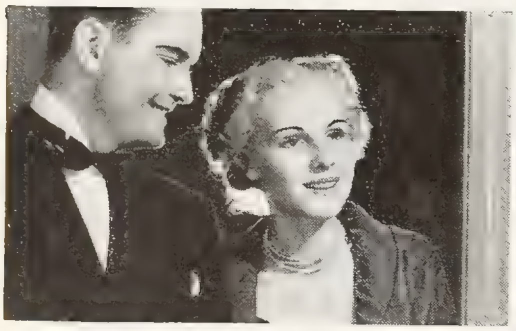
Another splitting Headache

● Feel dizzy, headachy? Skin sallow and inclined to break out? These may be signs that the system needs clearing out. Millions now enjoy freedom from the misery of constipation. For an ideal laxative has been found—a dainty white mint-flavored tablet. Its name is FEEN-A-MINT.



THE 3 MINUTE WAY! Three minutes of chewing make the difference

● Just *chew* FEEN-A-MINT, the laxative that comes in delicious chewing gum. Chew it for 3 minutes—longer if you like. The chewing makes the difference! FEEN-A-MINT brings blessed r-e-l-i-e-f. Used by 15,000,000 people of all ages. Non-habit-forming. Convenient. Economical.



● Again able to enjoy life! All accomplished without griping, nausea, or disturbance of sleep. No upset stomach due to faulty elimination. No splitting constipation headache. No medicine taste. So try FEEN-A-MINT yourself—the cool, mint-flavored chewing-gum laxative that is winning thousands of new users daily.

FOR ADULTS AND CHILDREN
Feen-a-mint
THE CHEWING GUM
LAXATIVE
NO TASTE BUT THE MINT

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MODERN SCREEN

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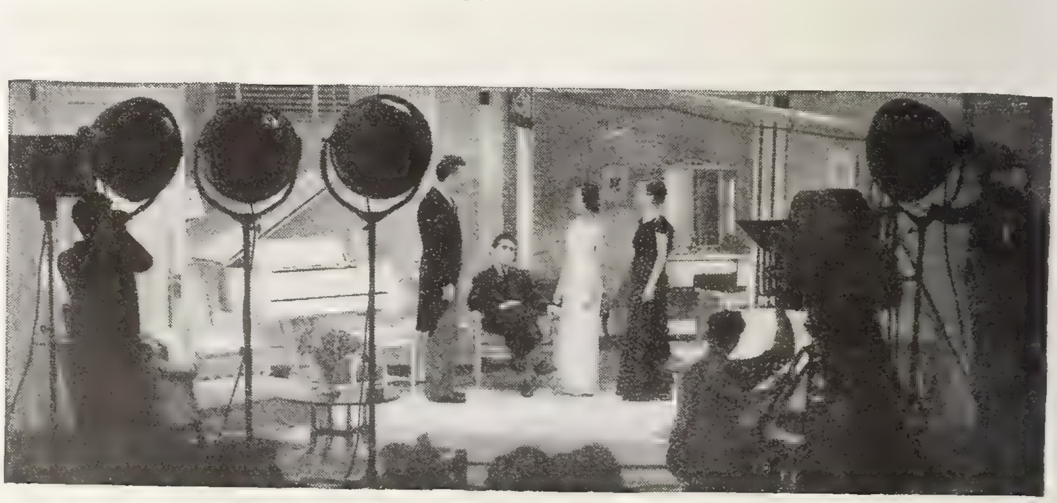

Jean **HARLOW** *William* **POWELL** *Myrna* **LOY** *Spencer* **TRACY**

IN

LIBELED LADY

with WALTER CONNOLLY

Directed by Jack Conway • Produced by Lawrence Weingarten

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER *Production*

This page looks like a "Who's Who" of Hollywood! Imagine seeing four of your favorite screen stars in one grand picture! The story was so good that M-G-M decided to make a real film holiday of it by giving it this ALL-STAR cast. The result is a gay, sparkling, romantic, de luxe production in the best M-G-M manner—and that means the tops in entertainment.

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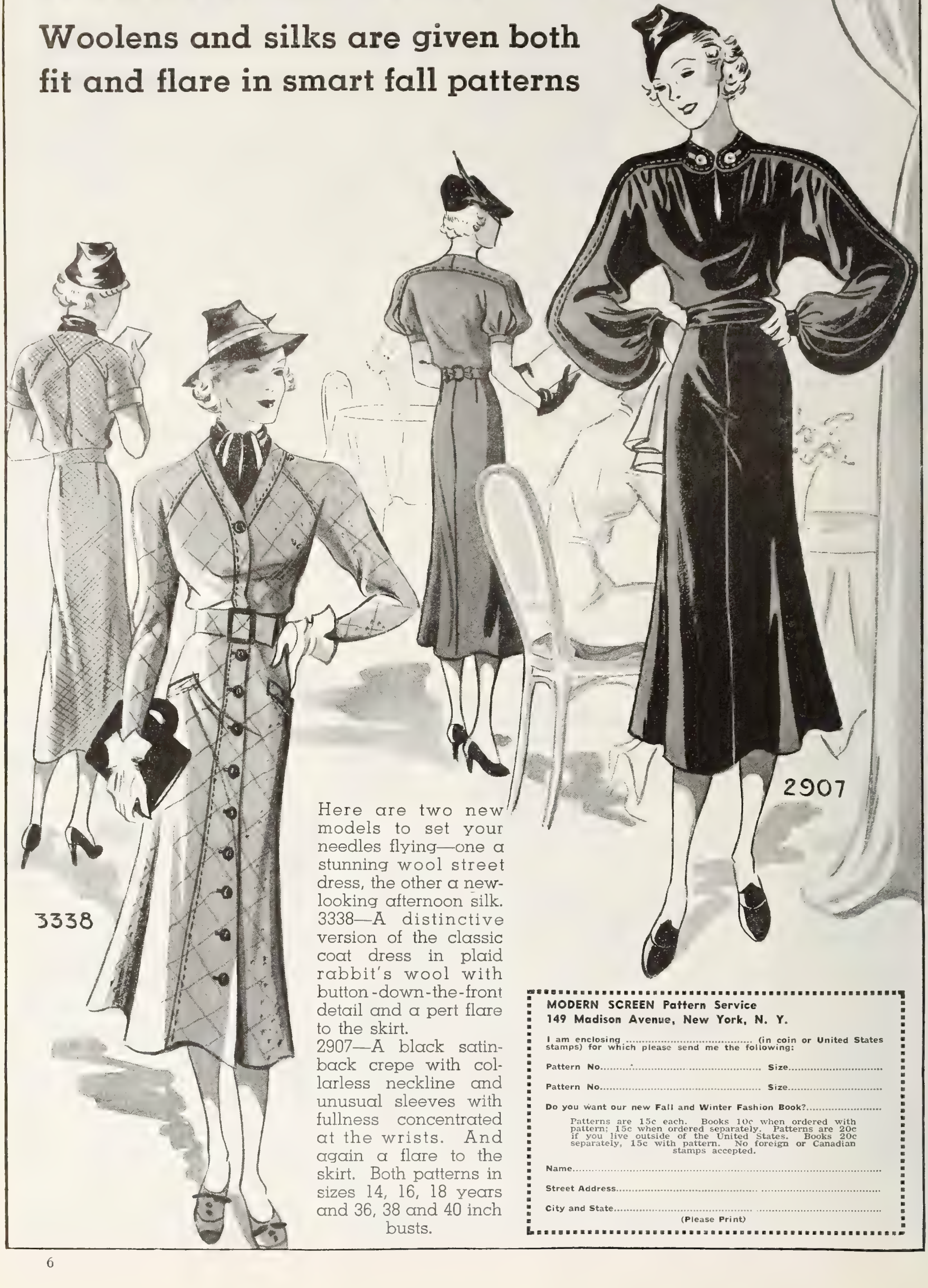

Here are two new models to set your needles flying—one a stunning wool street dress, the other a new-looking afternoon silk.

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"Folks, Meet 'OIWIN'"

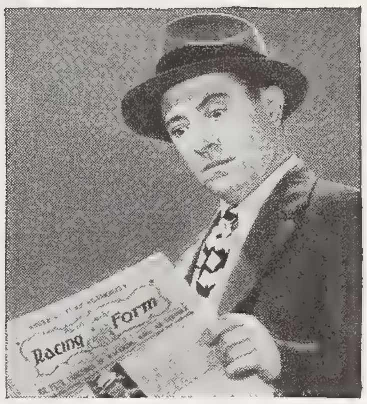
('Oiwin' is Brooklynese for the good old Anglo-Saxon name of Erwin)

To the bride and neighbors he was a polite and milk-toasty Erwin, but to the mob he was 'Oiwin'— the horse-picking demon who gave bookmakers financial D. T.s! A gentle Jekyll in Jersey . . . but a Hyde-de-ho in the betting ring.

A candid camera study of 'Oiwin' . . . as the marvel of the ages picks a long shot and almost wrecks the betting industry.

Now it can be told! Nearly every star comedian in Hollywood wanted to play 'Oiwin'. "I'll buy the play," said one . . . "I don't want any salary. Just give me the chance and a percentage," said another world-famous funnyman . . . But Warner Bros. decided to give this coveted acting plum to Frank McHugh—not because he was the best-known actor to do 'Oiwin'—but because in their opinion he was by far the best suited. How glad you'll be they made this choice when you meet 'Oiwin' on the screen!

"I just love a bettin' man, Oiwin . . . especially if he keeps winning all the time."



Every time 'Oiwin' looked at a racing sheet the bookmakers took more aspirin.

"Oiwin, you made us millionaires . . . we want to do some little thing for you."

COMING SOON!

"THREE MEN ON A HORSE"

Conceded to be the greatest comedy hit in ten years, now in its second capacity year on Broadway and being played in four countries, by ten companies to thousands of hilarious crowds everywhere!

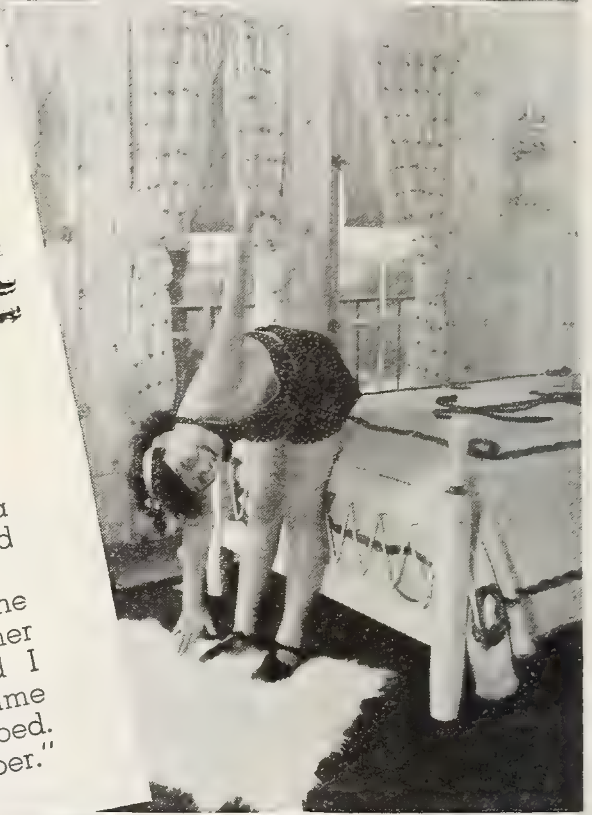
Warner Bros.

A MERVYN LEROY
Production with
FRANK McHUGH
JOAN BLONDELL
GUY KIBBEE · CAROL HUGHES · ALLEN JENKINS
SAM LEVINE · TEDDY HART

AROUND THE CLOCK WITH JANE

Here's a day in the life of peppy Jane Withers from the tooth-brushing stage of early morn to her daily dozen, a hearty breakfast and a good book.

After a "hard day" at the studio, Jane faces the dinner dishes, even as you and I and then there's a little time for fun before prayers and bed. You'll see her soon in "Pepper."



This is the Champagne Waltz

This is the Dance of Love,

Under the Soft Light's Gleam,

Just Close Your Eyes and Dream!

I'd Dance My Whole Life Thru

If I Could Dance With You.

FRED MacMURRAY
GLADYS SWARTHOUT
"Champagne Waltz"
with JACK OAKIE
VELOZ & YOLANDA
HERMAN BING
A Paramount Picture. Directed by
A. Edward Sutherland

JACK OAKIE

VELOZ & YOLANDA

ADV.

BAA, BAA, BLACK SHEEP

Joe's changed cinema stooges! Yep, his duck is now a lamb

The Joe Penners pedal around between scenes of "Roamin' Around."

By Robert McIlwaine

WHAT IS to be the fate of poor Emily Duck—that not so famous cousin of Donald Duck? Joe Penner, alone, doesn't speculate. In fact, he blithely tells all within earshot that she's retired—exiled to the rarified atmosphere of Long Island. Can this mean she is to suffer the same dark death that is the lot of many a duck—just another bird swimming in brown gravy, and all to appease the appetite of the fickle public?

When questioned regarding his future, Donald Duck remained silent, steadfastly refusing to utter so much as one quack, undoubtedly preferring to await the incoming mails to see if there can be any news which will be good.

Padre Joe Penner admits. "I've retired Miss Duck on a nice pension, and have not, as has been erroneously reported, relegated her to the home for old ducks. You see, I've become typed and that's bad. Under the terms of my latest contract I work with a new and more appropriate accomplice—a black sheep!"

We marveled at the casual manner with which Joe informed us that no longer would his long-time leadin' lady be with him. New opportunities and bigger goals are in the offing and so there is to be a newcomer to aid and abet him in his tomfoolery.

"You know, I've just returned from Europe where Eleanor and I had a wonderful time," Penner began, adroitly changing the subject. "While we were in Paris, 'Collegiate' was playing, and all the French kids seemed crazy about it. I got a big kick when they came up to me and began jabbering away. I don't understand French, but when they shoved a pencil and pad under my nose, I knew that in any language that meant an autograph.

"The same thing happened in London and I sure was grateful! It makes me feel that I'm earning my check every Saturday, and not just hanging on the payroll because I've got them on the dotted line."

As Joe related his experiences, a far away gleam came into his eyes, as they wrinkled at the corners suggesting a smile, and we wondered what new, amusing incident he would relate.

"I guess," he began finally, "I get twice the kick out of my pictures being successful, because in the old days I never lasted at anything more than a few weeks. I was the original All-American flop! After years in vaudeville, I appeared in several musical comedies, but they were like the Arabs—after a few performances, they quietly folded their tents and disappeared into the night."

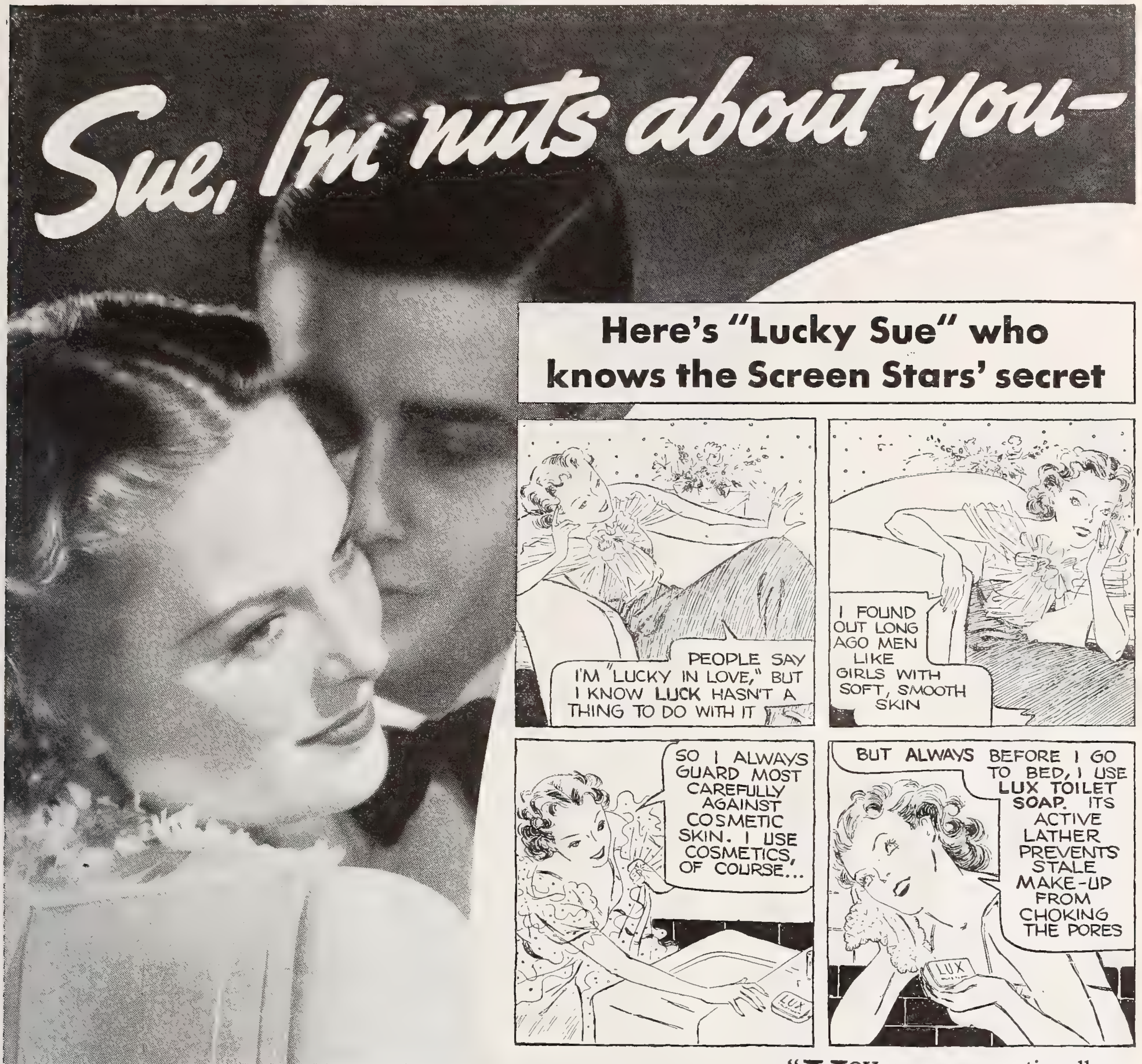
"There was the 'Greenwich Follies,' which *did* run a little longer than usual. The best thing I can remember about even that is the fact that I met Eleanor Vogt—she was playing in the show—and later married her. And what a campaign I staged to win her, for it was no easy job to convince Eleanor I wasn't a total flop!

"After that I appeared in several other shows, equally short-lived. There were 'Tattle Tales,' 'The Vanderbilt Revue,' and 'East Wind.' They were usually on and off so soon that I hardly knew I was in, before I was out again. However, just when I'd think I was definitely finished, something would turn up and I would get another chance. Guess I've been pretty lucky at that!"

It was at this crucial period in Penner's career that Emily Duck came into prominence, attaining star billing long before her now famous cousin, Donald, had the faintest idea of what the movie bug was. In fact, to him it could easily have been a six-legged monster creeping about in the dark of night.

"During one of my vaudeville performances, I happened to ask, 'Wanna buy a duck?' The remark brought down the house. I used a straight man in the act and broke in at intervals with,

(Continued on page 101)


Sue, I'm nuts about you—
Here's "Lucky Sue" who knows the Screen Stars' secret
PEOPLE SAY I'M "LUCKY IN LOVE," BUT I KNOW LUCK HASN'T A THING TO DO WITH IT
I FOUND OUT LONG AGO MEN LIKE GIRLS WITH SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN
SO I ALWAYS GUARD MOST CAREFULLY AGAINST COSMETIC SKIN. I USE COSMETICS, OF COURSE...
BUT ALWAYS BEFORE I GO TO BED, I USE LUX TOILET SOAP. ITS ACTIVE LATHER PREVENTS STALE MAKE-UP FROM CHOKING THE PORES
LUX
LUX

LIKE MOST GIRLS I USE ROUGE AND POWDER, BUT NEVER DO I RISK COSMETIC SKIN, THANKS TO LUX TOILET SOAP
LUX
LUX TOILET SOAP

"YOU can use cosmetics all you wish," says Loretta Young, "yet keep your complexion exquisite with Lux Toilet Soap."

This simple beauty secret is making thousands of girls lovelier. Lux Toilet Soap guards against Cosmetic Skin—dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores.

We are so sure you will be delighted with the results of this care, we want you to try it free. Just send a clipping of this paragraph with your name and address to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. 003 Cambridge, Mass. By return mail you will receive two full-sized cakes of Lux Toilet Soap.

(This offer good in U. S. and Canada only.)

LORETTA YOUNG

STAR OF THE 20TH CENTURY-FOX PRODUCTION, "LADIES IN LOVE"

Modern Screen's Hollywood Editor, Leo Townsend, presents our Medal to those most importantly connected with the making of "Dodsworth." (Left to right) Mr. Townsend, Actor Walter Huston and Director William Wyler.

WE SALUTE "DODSWORTH"

MODERN
SCREEN
AWARD FOR
EXCEPTIONAL
MERIT

Modern Screen presents its Award of Merit to this fine entertainment

We extend heartiest congratulations to all those who contributed to make "Dodsworth" a picture of which the industry may well be proud, a picture which you cannot afford to miss.

William Wyler, the director of this Samuel Goldwyn special, Walter Huston and Ruth Chatterton, its most important players, each comes in for high commendation and praise.

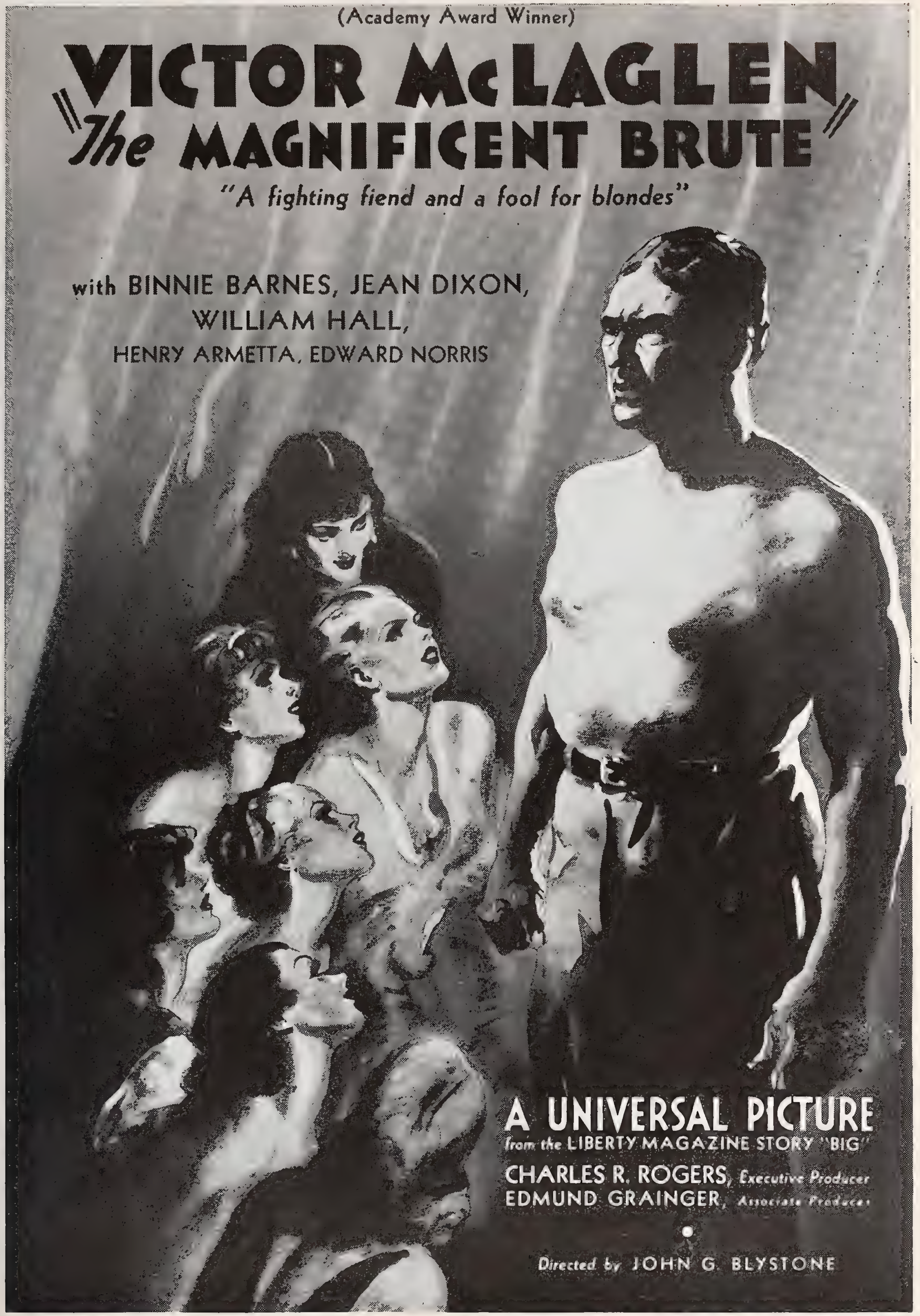
Modern Screen will award each month a Medal to the most outstanding production about to be released, the film we feel will enhance the appreciation and enjoyment of the movie-making art. Let our Medal picture serve as your guide to the highest type of screen entertainment available, and watch for its announcement each month.

Our Medal Award film, "Dodsworth," a Samuel Goldwyn Production, released through United Artists, reviewed by Leo Townsend.

After an illustrious career on the stages of New York, London and points East and West, Sinclair Lewis' "Dodsworth," dramatized by Sidney Howard, comes to the screen as one of the most engrossing and completely satisfying motion pictures of the year. As a play, "Dodsworth" relieved New York reviewers of an abundance of laudatory adjectives; as a picture it will receive nothing but the highest praise from critics and audiences alike.

First of all, Walter Huston's portrayal of Sam Dodsworth is by far the year's finest acting. Mr. Huston has been absent from the screen so long one forgets his artistry. "Dodsworth" will certainly establish him again among the screen's ten best actors. In the feminine lead, Ruth Chatterton plays Dodsworth's nagging wife with such honesty and such understanding that one can feel audiences pulling for Sam when he finally walks out on her. It is probably Chatterton's best screen work. In the role of "the other woman" to whom Dodsworth goes for companionship and a new life, Mary Astor is quietly beautiful and sincere. Plaudits should also go to Director William Wyler, who has, with "These Three" and now "Dodsworth," established himself as one of the screen's most intelligent directors.

All in all, "Dodsworth" is THE GREAT AMERICAN PICTURE. It is the engrossing story of two Americans told with humor and understanding. It is a definite achievement in motion pictures. It is human, it is tremendously entertaining and it will thrill you with its emotional ending. If there is such a thing in motion pictures, "Dodsworth" is literature.



(Academy Award Winner)

VICTOR McLAGLEN

"The MAGNIFICENT BRUTE"

"A fighting fiend and a fool for blondes"

with BINNIE BARNES, JEAN DIXON,
WILLIAM HALL,
HENRY ARMETTA, EDWARD NORRIS

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE
from the LIBERTY MAGAZINE STORY "BIG"
CHARLES R. ROGERS, *Executive Producer*
EDMUND GRAINGER, *Associate Producer*

Directed by JOHN G. BLYSTONE

We bet that you would never guess glamorous Gail Patrick's most burning ambition. It certainly is unique!

Gail is from Alabama and she seems to combine Southern allure with driving Northern energy. She thinks that dignity pays big dividends for a girl and tells you exactly why.

SOUTHERN CHARMER

I GUESS it's true, all right, what they say about Dixie—only they don't say half enough!

You see, all my life I've been hearing raves about the charm, the beauty, the what-have-you, of the Southern gals. But I didn't believe it.

Then all of a sudden I met Gail Patrick. From that moment, needless to say, I was perfectly willing to believe every word about the charm, the beauty, and all the little et ceteras.

Of course, I went to see her with an open mind, but the results would have been exactly the same even if I'd been prejudiced beforehand.

The first thing I discovered was that the camera hadn't told us half the truth about her. She is ever so much prettier in reality than she is on the screen. Moreover, she's not at all the sultry, languorous type. She has a vivid, alive look; black hair that fairly glistens with vitality; brilliant, long-lashed dark eyes, and a sparkling smile. Southern softness and Irish vivacity; that's the impression you get.

Yes, she's partly Irish—on her father's side—and the family name is really

Gail has steadily worked her way up to leading roles. Now she has the feminine lead with Lew Ayres in the mystery thriller, "Murder with Pictures."

Fitzpatrick (the studio shortened it for marquee purposes). Her mother is an Alabaman, whose people have been Southerners for generations.

We've been hearing that silly phrase, "beautiful but dumb," so much that we've come to believe it and are always bowled over when we find a girl who's just as clever as she is gorgeous. Gail Patrick is one of these. A campus belle who made good in Hollywood. Still, she would have made good in any other place, or any other work, just as well and just as easily. Don't have any doubts about that!

AFTER GRADUATING from high school in her home town, Birmingham, Alabama, she went to Howard College. Besides reigning at junior proms she was improving each shining hour by winning no end of scholastic honors as well.

Howard College conferred upon her the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and she matriculated in law at the University of Alabama. Her ambition then—and now— did not lie in the direction of Hollywood at all. Her big dream is to become a very fine lawyer and eventually, Governor of Alabama! She has already set a tentative date for her candidacy, and though it's still a long way off, I don't in the least doubt she'll make it —if by that time she still wants it.

By Juliette Laine

Gail's entry in the Paramount contest that brought her to Hollywood was purely a lark. In fact, she felt so certain that nothing would come of it that she insisted that the studio furnish her a round-trip ticket before she started!

She won the contest, but even so, things didn't look any too rosy, just at first. The studio liked her. So did everyone else. Yet every time she was lined up for an important role in a picture dat ole debbil, Southern accent, would pop up and spoil everything. However, instead of crying about it or getting temperamental, Gail enrolled at the studio school for a course of training. Then, very cautiously, she began feeling her way along in a string of minor roles.

With all this heavily intellectual background, I could hardly ask her the sort of questions I ask of a dizzier gal, and as an aura of dignity seemed to envelop everything I've ever heard (*Continued on page 102*)

What are the 8 "MUSTS" doctors demand of a laxative?

YOUR doctor's deepest concern is your health. And any medicinal product even remotely connected with your health assumes great importance in his mind.

You will discover, for instance, that physicians have a definite standard of requirements for a laxative before giving it their approval. Read these 8 points carefully. They are very important.

WHAT DOCTORS REQUIRE OF A LAXATIVE:

It should be dependable.
It should be mild and gentle.
It should be thorough.
Its merit should be proven by the test of time.
It should *not* form a habit.
It should *not* over-act.
It should *not* cause stomach pains.
It should *not* nauseate, or upset digestion.

EX-LAX MEETS THE DOCTOR'S REQUIREMENTS

Ex-Lax checks on every point the doctor looks for in a laxative. Not merely on one or two. But on *all* the points that the medical profession includes in its code. You can have no better proof of the confidence Ex-Lax enjoys than the fact that many physicians use it in their own homes.

When Nature forgets— remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

For over 30 years mothers and grandmothers have given Ex-Lax to their children. Why? . . . Because the very qualities that make Ex-Lax an ideal laxative for you are *doubly* important to a child's welfare. Ex-Lax has proved so satisfactory in millions of cases that it has become the largest-selling laxative in the world.

CHECK THE DOCTOR'S FINDINGS YOURSELF

Try Ex-Lax the next time you need a laxative, and you will see how right the doctor is. For Ex-Lax *is* mild and gentle. It works thoroughly, but without the slightest discomfort. You'll experience no stomach pains, no nausea, no weak "dragged down" feeling. And Ex-Lax will *not* form a habit—you don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

A REAL PLEASURE TO TAKE

Ex-Lax tastes just like pure, delicious chocolate . . . so different from harsh, nasty-tasting cathartics. It's the perfect laxative for all—children and grown-ups alike. All drug stores have Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes. Or if you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, mail the coupon.

TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!
(Paste this on a penny postcard)
Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170 MM-116
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.
Name ....
Address ....
City.............................. Age........
(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., Montreal)

BACHELORS BY CHOICE

By Mack Hughes

(Left) Nelson Eddy wouldn't ask any woman to share the gypsy existence he leads, what with the continual whirl of concert tours and movies that take up most of his time.

(Below) Michael Bartlett is another singing star whom no female has yet been able to lure to the altar. But unlike Mr. Eddy, he's willing if he can only find the right girl.

EVERY SENSIBLE, upright young man is saving up for a rainy day, a roadster and a wife. If he hasn't the latter, you may be sure it is invariably because of money—or the lack of it. Occasionally, of course, he has not had an opportunity to meet *the* girl. But, armed with a pocketbook, it usually isn't difficult to go places and get acquainted. So, nine times out of ten, when a gentleman from Cadiz, Ohio or Bangor, Maine is unwed, it's due to little cash or less chance to find a prospective Missus.

But there are Hollywood men enjoying single blessedness because they *want* to. Bachelors by choice. There are many young women who would deem it a pleasure to tread the bridal path with Nelson Eddy, Cesar Romero, Brian Aherne or Michael Bartlett, if the aforementioned gentlemen would only ask 'em. But these Lotharios, with fame and fortune and "what it takes" to get a wife, have so far intentionally escaped matrimony—and for reasons which they will discuss.

It isn't too easy to get Nelson Eddy to expound on any subject, but, having finished "Maytime" and while getting set for a forthcoming concert tour, Mr. Eddy not only did a little holding forth, but actually talked about the ladies.

GOD BLESS 'EM," said Nelson, and strictly on the reverent side, too. Nope, there was no implication of "and keep 'em—for somebody else" either.

"I'm not only an actor, but worse yet, a singer. Can you imagine a woman putting up with a singer? Great guns! I can't smoke. My voice. I can't stay up late at parties. My voice. I can't hang around in the night air. My voice. Some fun! I'm married already. Yes, you've guessed it—to my voice. It's my chief concern. It's my only concern. And while I have it—and a singing voice is very fickle—I plan to take care of it, to devote all my time and everything I've got to it.

"Besides the voice, there are tours—concert, movies, opera. All over the place. Different cities different weeks. Would it be fair to ask a woman who is naturally interested in a home—and what woman isn't or shouldn't be—to share this gypsy existence? It would not. Even though the gypsying might be done at the best hotels, it would be a hardship. No, I'm not going to think of marriage until I can afford to get mad and shout. You see, I can't even afford a decent outburst of temper now. Yes, you've guessed it. My voice."

Well, a voice may be a very fine and lucrative asset, but you can see, too, that it has its definite drawbacks. So, let us shout for a strong, wind-breaking cigar and get on to Cesar Romero.

Cesar is every girl's dream of romance. He is Latin-looking and, what's more, Latin acting. *That* seems to be the important point. On the screen, he invariably wins

They certainly have what it takes, but these players are still single! Why?

Cesar Romero is almost every girl's dream of romance—tall, dark and handsome! Still he seems slated for bachelorhood.

the gal in the last reel, but off the screen, he claims it's quite different. Indeed, his lack of success in this direction has given him an inferiority complex. But let him tell it.

YOU SEE," confessed Romero, "I've been jilted and—not only once. It seems that I'm the pal type. Awful, isn't it? But true. I'm the guy whom the girl asks how she can get the *other* guy. At first, I thought it was a gag. But when a few of them asked me, I began to wonder. They treat me mostly like a brother and seldom as a beau. Why, didn't Sally Blane marry (*Cont'd on page 102*)

"My skin was never lovelier Thanks to Camay"

SAYS THIS CHARMING ALABAMA BRIDE

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

I know the perfect skin care that Camay gives me. My skin was never lovelier—thanks to Camay.

Sincerely,
(Signed) Hilda Wade
(Mrs. Frank E. Wade)

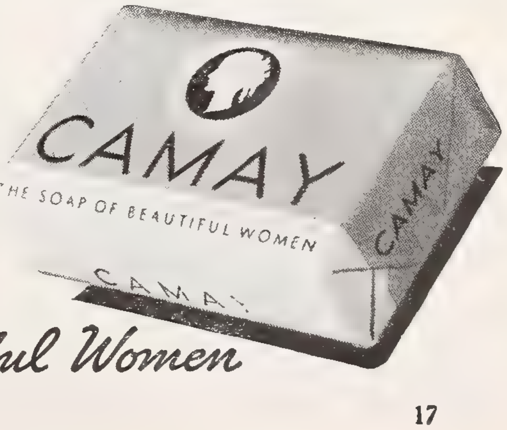
August 5, 1936

HILDA WADE is even lovelier than her picture. This gracious bride has a perfect complexion—smooth, clear, fresh. "A tribute to Camay's excellent care," she says.

Your skin, too, should have Camay's perfect care. For Camay has a mild, gentle way of bringing out the true loveliness of your complexion. Camay's creamy, rich lather soothes the skin. Camay's tiny bubbles work energetically — cleansing right down to every pore. In no time at all, your skin will have a loveliness all the world can admire.

The magic of Camay? Its mildness. Camay is *definitely, provably milder* than other leading beauty soaps. Try Camay today. Order half a dozen cakes. Its price is very low.

Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.



CAMAY

The Soap of Beautiful Women

BETWEEN YOU 'N' ME..

Movie-goers have their say-so and get cash prizes to boot! It's grand fun!

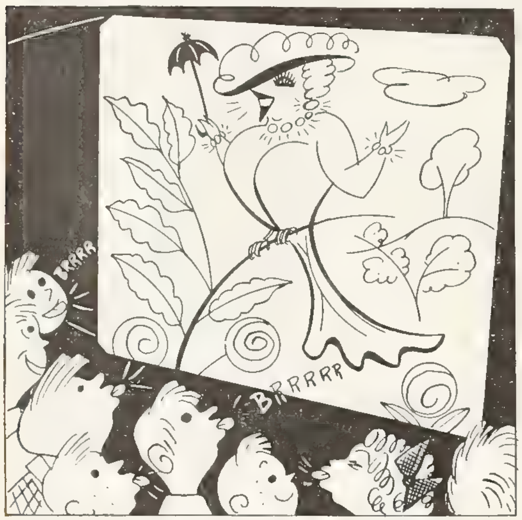
$5.00 Prize Letter

Tattle-Tale Casts

Since it is a well-established fact that the American public likes to be fooled, one wonders why Hollywood is falling into the habit of dead-give-away casting.

No one expects to go to a "David Copperfield" or a "Romeo and Juliet" and come away surprised at the outcome, but one does expect a new story from the usual run of Hollywood outputs and, what is more, one wishes to be uncertain about the outcome.

There's the Fred MacMurray formula, for instance. Fred always gets the girl and I find it hard to work up any suspense even when the heroine seems about to capitulate to some star of equal rank, as in "Hands Across the Table," "Reckless," and "The Bride Comes Home." Walter Connolly, the perennial genial cop, never makes an arrest that arouses suspense in my bosom, for Mr. C.'s arrests are always packed full of human understanding and I know that the hero will not suffer at his hands. Likewise, Lionel Stander can't scare me, for all the threatening mugs he makes behind a gun. I know now that only the two Bruces, Cabot and Barton, ever harm the heroine.

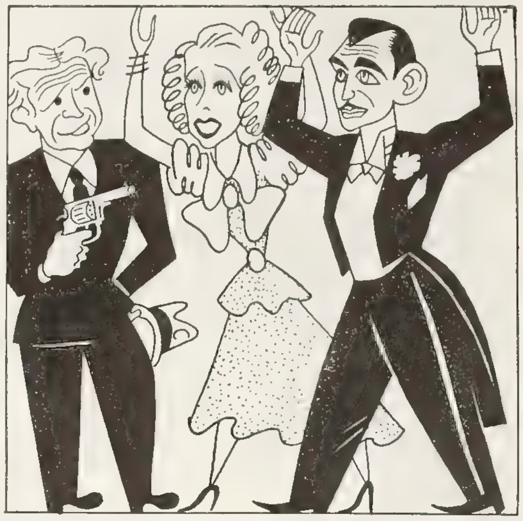


A South Carolina mother puts in a plea for cartoons that the kids will really enjoy. Another "Three Little Pigs," f'rinstance.

Henry Stephenson may storm through dozens of feet of intricately plotted film without arousing any anxiety, for we know him to be kind at heart, generous and tactful.

Of course, any girl cast with William Powell must go through a number of cold shoulders, lockings out of his apartment, and other manifestations of his complete indifference to her charms. But in the end he has been in love with her all along and his brusqueness only hid a bashful heart overflowing.

Frankly, I think we movie-goers would enjoy being taken unawares occasionally.
—Dawn King, Washington, D. C.



Spencer Tracy stole "San Francisco" right from under the noses of Jeanette MacDonald and Clark Gable, claims a South Dakota girl.

$1.00 Prize Letter

The Case Against Mr. Tracy

Mr. R. People has brought suit against Spencer Tracy, accusing him of picture-stealing. The case continues, People on the stand, the District Attorney questioning him:

"Where did you see Mr. Tracy picture-stealing?"

"In 'San Francisco.' "

"From whom?"

"Right from under the noses of Jeanette MacDonald and Clark Gable."

"Any others?"

"No! Isn't stealing a picture from those two cinema favorites enough?"

"What time did the actual theft take place?"

"I was suspicious of him around 8:30 p.m. but by 10:30, I was positive."

"How was Mr. Tracy dressed?"

"In black, like a priest."

"Any queer actions?"

"Yes, he acted so much like a priest that if I hadn't known he was Spencer Tracy, I'd have gone to Confession right then and there."

"Any other witnesses to the Tracy pilfering?"

"A whole theatre full of them that night, would have been more, only they had to turn them away."

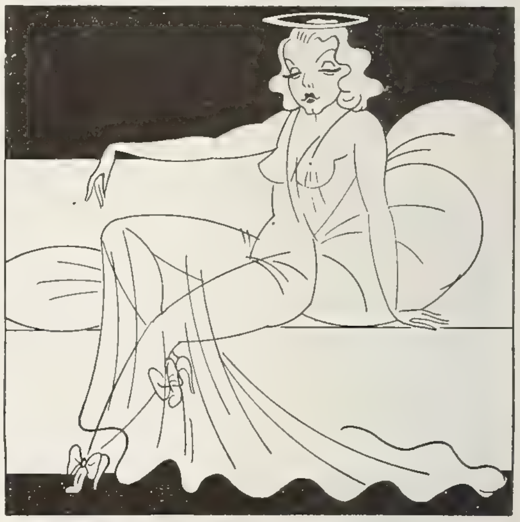
The case went to the jury. Judge Public handed down the verdict: "Spencer Tracy, you are hereby found guilty of being the greatest picture-stealer of all ages. You are therefore sentenced to hard labor on the M-G-M lot."—Helen Noteboom, Selby, S. D.

Write us a letter and win a prize! Choose your own movie topic—here are some suggestions: Why you enjoy hearing screen stars on the radio, the best screen performances you've seen recently, movie-boners, books you'd like to see picturized, the best technicolor film you've seen to date, etc. Ten dollars in prizes are awarded each month for the six most interesting letters submitted—1st prize, $5; five 2nd prizes of $1 each. Send your full name and address. Modern Screen reserves the right to publish letters in whole or in part. Address: Between You and Me, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

$1.00 Prize Letter

To Jean Harlow

Exit platinum coquette,
For Harlow now has gone brownette,
The sun that made her locks shine bright
Now ridicules its mousey plight.
This ordinary brownish pate
Replaces that which made her great.
Ah, yes, our Jean is growing pure,
Each picture sees her more demure.
Go siren! Enter girls with souls!
She'll soon be playing Gaynor's roles.
—M. Roberta Breakfield, Houston, Texas.



A Texas reader wants the Harlow of old to return, for the platinum locks and siren roles suited glamorous Jean to a "T."

$1.00 Prize Letter

The Autograph Problem

My hobby is autograph collecting. About fifty per cent of the stars I write to take the trouble to answer. A few of those who have sent personally signed photos to me are Helen Mack, Spencer Tracy, Harvey Stephens and Bette Davis. Several others responded with courteous notes and enclosed the requested autographs. Among these were Madeleine Carroll, Jean Arthur, Julie Haydon and Joe E. Brown.

Miriam Hopkins and Katharine Hepburn ignored my desire for signatures, but enclosed price lists for purchase of their photos.

Many letters are addressed to the studios and do not reach the players for some time and often the star is engaged in a picture and cannot take the time to answer immediately. These delays must be expected but when a star fails to make any acknowledgement whatsoever of the letters and gifts the loyal public sends, then the fans must come to the conclusion that some stars do not deserve the support of the public which, after all, is responsible for the huge salaries they receive.—Harvey Helen Lewis, Sioux City, Iowa.

$1.00 Prize Letter

Cartoons for Children?

A short time ago I took my five-year-old son with me to a local theatre. When a colored cartoon was shown, he was immensely pleased, as were several other children near us. The cartoon was "Who Killed Cock Robin?" I may be wrong, but I'm under the impression that those pictures are primarily to amuse children. If that is true, then it failed.

I heard several half-grown boys behind me snickering as "Jenny Wren," a parody of Mae West, with a high bust, wiggling hips and a sexy voice, flirted with the Judge, and later indulged in a kiss with Cock Robin. The smaller children merely looked puzzled and disappointed with the whole thing.

Please have more cartoons like "The Three Little Pigs," "Water Babies," etc., unless, of course, I'm wrong and those comedies are for grown-ups and not for little children.—Mrs. E. DeLamater, Charleston, S. C.

$1.00 Prize Letter

Nelson Eddy at Home

I want to tell you how Nelson Eddy was received here in his home town during a recent concert tour. Thousands of people had gathered in the Metropolitan Theatre to hear him sing. The buzz of their excited voices was drowned out by the thunderous applause which greeted Mr. Eddy as he came on the stage with Theodore Paxson, his accompanist, and Governor Theodore Frances Green. The latter said that he considered it an honor to have been chosen "the one of us" (that's how he expressed it) to introduce the baritone to "the all of us."

Then Mr. Eddy said, "Ladies and gentlemen, and all you school chums out there, I came here with a big chest, but now I can't help feeling a little humble and modest. A long time ago a little girl said if I ever came back to Rhode Island some day she'd give me a kiss, and there was a little boy who promised me a sock on the nose. As for that kiss, I'm hoping for success before the evening's over." And he preluded his singing with, "I'm a little nervous, but I'll do the best I can."

"The Song of the Flea," in particular, was delightful because of the comical grimaces Nelson made as he sang it. His rendition of "Evening Star," too, brought down the house with applause. And everyone admired him for the generous way in which he shared the applause with his accompanist, who also rendered a solo.—Betty Seidel, Providence, R. I.

HONORABLE MENTION

Shirley Too Fat?

It is plain to see that before long Shirley Temple will be entirely too fat if something isn't done about it. People speak of

(*Continued on page 104*)

What every woman should know about **frederics PERMANENTS**

Frederics
VITA-TONIC
COMPOUND

EVELYN VENABLE—*Lovely Motion Picture Star*

frederics
Vitron
PROCESS
frederics
Vitron
PROCESS

FREDERICS Vita-Tonic and Vitron Permanent Waves may cost a trifle more than "cheap" nondescript permanents, but you will find, by actual count, that more of your friends have Frederics Permanents than any other kind. And here is why:

When you have a Frederics Permanent your hair is waved "naturally"—gently. The deep, soft, lovely waves and enchanting curls are radiantly beautiful, flattering, becoming. Easy to arrange for day and evening.

By a new system of thermostatic heat control, Frederics waves your hair with less than one-half the heat formerly required. None of the natural oils are extracted from your hair. That's why Frederics Permanents last so much longer—why they are 50% cooler.

Beware of "cheap" permanents. These harmful processes contain dangerous and injurious chemicals. They require excessive heat which leaves your hair harsh, dry, brittle and unmanageable.

Be sure that 30 or more of these genuine Vita-Tonic and Vitron Wrappers are used on your hair. Insist on their use for your own protection! Sample Wrappers to take with you when going for your Frederics Permanent will be sent on request.

Send for a list of Authorized Frederics Salons in your neighborhood and our interesting booklet, "There's A Big Difference in Permanent Waves." Include 10c in silver or stamps and we will send you a beautiful, translucent cigarette lighter (purse size).

E frederics inc.

VITA-TONIC *and* VITRON

Permanent Waves

E. FREDERICS, Inc., 235 East 45th St., New York, N. Y., Dept. 6A85

Showers Talc

It's raining flowers!

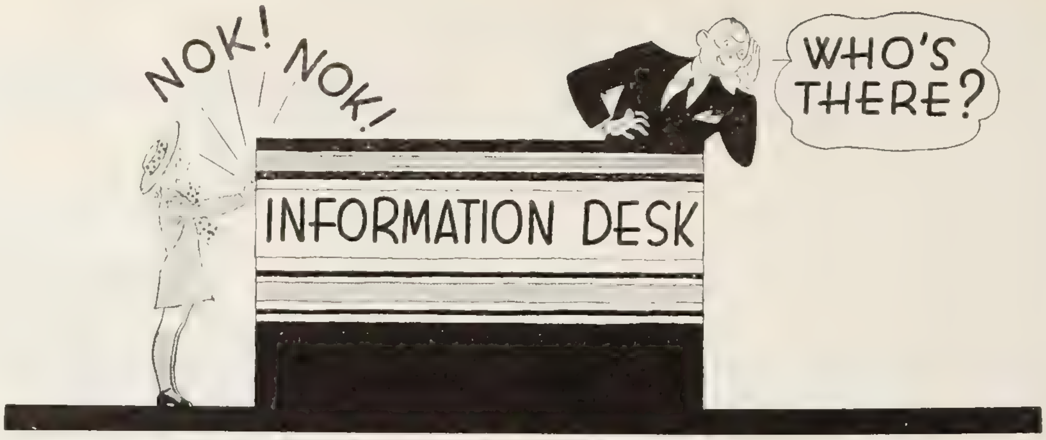
CHERAMY

April Showers Talc

Here's America's best-loved talc—soft and fine; fragrant and fresh as a rain of tiny flower petals. *April Showers* is sheer after-bathing delight! Soothes and smooths the skin—gives you that all-over feeling of luxury and delight. Yet this superb, imported talc is inexpensive.

The standard size is on sale at the standard price of 28¢ at fine stores everywhere.

Exquisite... but not Expensive


NOK! NOK!
WHO'S THERE?
INFORMATION DESK

Questions answered, curiosity satisfied

NOTE: The following biographies are printed by popular demand. They are the ones most frequently requested during the last month by readers who have sent in the coupon at the end of the article. Each coupon has been tabulated, so if you have requested any of these, kindly consider yours automatically responsible.

GINGER ROGERS: Dancing won Ginger her chance in the movies, and dancing has pushed her straight to the top of the ladder. Born Virginia Katherine McMath on July 16, 1911, in Independence, Mo., she spent her girlhood at Fort Worth, Tex. It was there that she attended school and at the age of 15 won the Texas Charleston Contest. She was given a 4 weeks' vaudeville contract, then came to New York where she joined a stock company in Brooklyn. Next she was signed for "Top Speed," a musical revue, and from there went into the New York Company of "Girl Crazy" which ran 45 weeks. This resulted in Ginger's being signed to a movie contract, her first picture being "Young Man of Manhattan" in 1930. She is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 115 pounds and has red hair set off by blue eyes. Dancing is her hobby, she plays a fair game of tennis and is fond of riding, swimming and golf. Edward Jackson Culpepper was her first husband, when she was very young, and Lew Ayres, from whom she is now separated, was her second. They were married on November 14, 1934. "Swing Time" is her most recent picture, but she is scheduled for a straight dramatic role in "Mother Carey's Chickens" after which she will join Mr. Astaire again in "Watch Your Step." Write her at RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.

JOHN BARRETT-LETENDRE, Mont Vernon, N. H.—Fredric March, Elissa Landi, Claudette Colbert, Charles Laughton and Ian Keith were starred in "Sign of the Cross." WAMPAS stands for Western Associated Motion Picture Advertisers. Mary Brian was among the 13 Wampas Baby Stars of 1926. The others were: Mary Astor, Joyce Compton, Dolores Costello, Joan Crawford, Marceline Day, Dolores Del Rio, Janet Gaynor, Sally Long, Edna Marion, Sally O'Neill, Vera Reynolds and Fay Wray. And most of these little girls made good!

DICK POWELL: Richard E. Powell crooned his first croon on November 14, 1904, in Mountain View, Ark. Just a country boy until he was 12, he and his two brothers, Howard and Luther, had fine times together till the day when the whole family took off for Little Rock, Ark., where their education began in earnest. During grade school and college there, Dick took up the art of saxophone, cornet and clarinet playing, besides which he sang in the church choir and at weddings and funerals. Next, he organized an orchestra, then made a fatal stab at vaudeville in St. Louis, thereafter hastening home. Mildred Maund became his wife and life went on until a visiting orchestra signed him to a contract and took him on tour. After that, Dick held various positions, ending up as master of ceremonies in a Pittsburgh theatre for 3 years. The talent scouts "got him" and in 1932 Dick made his screen debut in "Blessed Event." His hobbies include music, flying, golf, swimming, horseback riding, bridge and football games, to say nothing of making amateur movies. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 172 pounds, has blue eyes and auburn hair. His first marriage was terminated a long time ago, and now Joan Blondell seems to be the object of his affections. "Stage Struck" and "Gold Diggers of 1937," both with Miss Blondell as his leading lady, are the films in which he is currently appearing. Write him at Warner Brothers Studios, Burbank, Calif.

LORRAINE LEGATZKE, Chicago, Ill.—Doubtless you're not the only one who's been wondering what has happened to James Cagney. Here's the story. He and his studio had a violent disagreement with the result that Mr. Cagney has not made a picture since "Ceiling Zero." The matter is still unsettled, but meantime Jimmy has signed with a new independent studio for one picture and is scheduled to make "Great Guy" for them in the near future.

JEANETTE MacDONALD: Jeanette has changed, cinematically speaking. Not that she hasn't always been a swell actress and a grand songstress, but somehow her last two pictures with Nelson Eddy have given her a terrific boost with the fans. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., on June 18, 1907, she is of Scotch-American descent. There she attended grammar school, but completed her education in New York, where her family moved. Through the aid of one of her two sisters, then playing in New York musical shows, she obtained a chorus job in a musical revue. Then following an engagement with "The Night Boat" company as a chorus girl and understudy. A small part in "Irene" came next, after which Jeanette had a more important role in "Tangerine." Her first real success came with a leading role in "Fantastic Fricassee" which brought her a contract for a series of musical comedies. In 1930 Maurice Chevalier picked her to play opposite him in "The Love Parade," and Jeanette has been a Hollywoodite ever since. She is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 120 pounds and has red-gold hair and green eyes. She likes to meet new people, see new places, is fond of swimming, dancing, riding and the theatre. She plays the piano, reads mystery novels and collects tiny figures playing musical instruments. Oddly enough, Miss MacDonald has never become a Mrs., but she's engaged now to Gene Raymond and the wedding will be soon. "San Francisco" is the lady's latest, and "Maytime" is scheduled for her, again with Nelson Eddy. Her address is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Washington Blvd., Culver City, Calif.

DIANA WYCLIF, Kyushu, Japan—Yes, Ricardo Cortez has been working in pictures lately. He recently completed "Postal Inspector" and will be seen soon in "The Case of the Black Cat," which is a Warner Brothers picture.

ERIC LINDEN: His is the story of a successful "come-back," in spite of the fact that he's pretty young to have had such an experience. Born in New York City on September 14, 1911, of Swedish descent, young Linden attended the New York high schools and put in two years at Columbia University, where he was one of the youngest students ever to enroll. As a youth he worked at a variety of jobs—errand boy, newsboy, delivery boy—but even when he was 15 he knew there were two things he wanted most to be. They were actor and writer. While still at Columbia, where he was bettering the latter talent, an agent of the Theatre Guild discovered his dramatic ability and signed him with that group. For two years Eric worked with them, then went to Paris to play juvenile leads in three productions. In July, 1931, Hollywood claimed him and he made his debut in "Are These Our Children?" Followed several other successful pictures and then the disappointment in love which sent him to Europe to "get away from it all." On his return, Eric appeared in a few small roles just to keep himself occupied, then made up his mind definitely that he wanted a new start. In preparation for this he came to New York for a stage production, then picked his unforgettable role in "Ah, Wilderness" for the come-back. Result—he now has a long term contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Washington Blvd., Culver City, Calif., and recently completed a part in "Old Hutch." Right now he's scheduled to be seen with Cecilia Parker in "In His Steps." Five feet 9 inches tall, Eric weighs 140 pounds, has brown eyes and brown hair. He is fond of all outdoor sports and writing is his favorite hobby. His heart is quite mended now. Perhaps Cecilia Parker has made it whole again.

LUCILLE HUSTED, Elyria, Ohio—Lawrence Tibbett is at present working on a new picture entitled "Under Your Spell." It will probably be released some time in November. The earthquake scene in "San Francisco" has caused a great deal of discussion. Those who witnessed this disaster seem to agree, however, that the sound effects in the picture were reproduced excellently.

MERLE OBERON: Her real name is Estelle Merle O'Brien Thompson, and she was born on the French-Dutch Island of Tasmania on February 19, 1911. Her father was an English army officer, her mother English and French-Dutch. Merle went to school in Bombay and Calcutta. There she joined a theatrical society with which she sang and danced. When she was 17 her uncle took her to England, France, Italy and Switzerland. She objected so strenuously to going home that he allowed her to stay, giving her $100 and a steamer ticket for home. Her money gone and ticket "cashed in" Merle finally accepted a position as chorus girl in the Cafe de Paris. She began to get extra work in the British movie studios, was "discovered" by Alexander Korda, and was cast in several pictures. "The Private Life of Henry VIII" bettered her chances. Then came "The Battle," "Broken Melody," "The Private Life of Don Juan" and finally "The Scarlet Pimpernel." "Folies Bergere" was her first American picture, and she has stayed here ever since. Miss Oberon is 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 112 pounds, has chestnut hair and hazel-green eyes. She is superstitious, likes to read biographies, is fond of animals and perfume. She has no hobbies, enjoys sleep and good food. Since she has been in Hollywood, David Niven has been her constant escort. Some say wedding bells are not far off. Under contract to Samuel Goldwyn Studios, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hol-

If you would like to see a brief synopsis of your favorite's life in this department, fill in and send us the coupon on page 15. General questions, of course, will also be answered here. Those asked most frequently and the most interesting ones receive first preference. And not too many at a time, please. Address: The Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

lywood, Cal., she is scheduled to make "Love Under Fire" with Brian Aherne and David Niven, as her next picture.

EMELDA BROOKS, Tulsa, Okla.—Don't let all these Powells confuse you. William, Dick and Eleanor Powell are absolutely no relation to each other. Paul Muni was born in Lemberg, Austria, October 14, 1895. He is married to Bella Finkel. James Cagney was born in New York City on July 17, 1904. Shirley Temple made her advent into this world in Santa Monica, Calif., on April 23, 1929.

MICHAEL WHALEN: Wilkes-Barre, Pa., was Michael's birthplace on a certain June 30 some twenty-odd years ago. As a lad he lived in Altoona, Pittsburgh, Reading and Pottsville, and was given a splendid musical education by his parents. For 10 years young Mike kept at the piano, but when he was 17 and announced his intention of becoming a professional musician his family objected. Hastily they insisted that he go into business, getting him a job in a Woolworth store. Two years later, when he was 23, Michael had become manager of 3 Woolworth stores simultaneously. After his father's death, however, Michael became unhappy in this work, took to the piano again and finally resigned to come to New York. There he was given an audition and signed by Eva Le Gallienne for a year. Having a fine baritone voice, he next turned to radio, but in 1932 decided to go to Hollywood. For three years he tried to gain access to the studios unsuccessfully, meanwhile taking various theatrical assignments to keep things going. Scouts from the studios first spotted him when he played in a Los Angeles production, then things began to break for him. He was given three contract offers at one ime—and the day he made his choice he had only 27¢ in his pockets. On October 7, 1935, Michael started work in "Professional Soldier" and has been under contract to 20th Century-Fox Studios, Box 900, Beverly Hills, Calif., ever since. Six feet 2 inches tall, he weighs 170 pounds and has dark brown hair and gray eyes. For recreation he swims and hikes, his favorite color is green and he has several pet Sealyham dogs. "Sing, Baby, Sing" is his most recent film, and he will be seen next in "The Man I Marry," with Doris Nolan. Mr. Whalen is not married.

VIRGINIA CHAPPLE, Greenfield, Ind. — Robert Montgomery's most recent picture is "Piccadilly Jim." Joel McCrea is that gentleman's real name and he will be 31 on November 5. 1905 is the year of his birth.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND: Born in Tokyo, Japan, on July 1, 1916, of English parentage, Miss de Havilland was brought to America when she was 3 years old. She lived in San Francisco, then Saratoga, Calif., where she attended grammar school, Notre Dame Convent and the Los Gatos Union High School. Her girlhood ambition was to become a teacher, an author or an actress. Along with playing hockey, public speaking and debating, Olivia appeared in school theatricals. While emoting in the role of Puck in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," one of Max Reinhardt's scouts noticed her and signed her to understudy Hermia in the Hollywood Bowl production of the same play. Then, Gloria Stuart, slated to play Hermia, was recalled by her studio for a picture, so little Olivia stepped into the role. When Warner Brothers decided to make the picture, she was assigned the same role. After that came "Alibi Ike," "The Irish in Us," and finally "Captain Blood" in which she scored a hit. A good type for costume roles, Olivia then went into "Anthony Adverse" and has since been working on "Charge of the Light Brigade," again with Errol Flynn. She is interested in painting, playing the piano, swimming and diving. Her favorite outdoor sports are horseback riding, tennis and badminton. Olivia is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 107 pounds, has reddish brown hair and brown eyes. She is not married as yet. Write her at Warner Brothers Studios, Burbank, Calif.

FLORENCE GILL, Philadelphia, Pa.—As you have doubtless learned by now, Dolores Costello Barrymore played opposite George Raft in "Yours for the Asking." His next picture will probably be "Playboy," with Ida Lupino. Frances Farmer was born in Seattle, Wash.; Jean Arthur in New York City; Ricardo Cortez in Vienna, Austria; and Carole Lombard in Fort Wayne, Ind.

GENE AUTRY: This singing cowboy first saw the light of day in Tioga, Tex., on September 29, 1907. Starting his vocal career early in life, he sang in the choir of his grandfather's church. Gene worked on his father's ranch until he finished high school, "rode herd," and at 12, entered his first rodeo. At 14 he joined a travelling medicine show for a season, acquired a saxophone and traded it for a guitar. While in school in Ravia, Okla., he learned telegraphy at the railroad station where he worked after school hours, and at 18 became a full-fledged telegrapher on a lonely division of the San Francisco Railroad. There, to pass away the weary hours, he perfected his guitar technique and composed cowboy songs, later making good with them when he went on the radio in Tulsa in 1928. He made recordings for the Victor Company, had radio programs in New York and in Chicago as the "Cowboy Idol of the Air." After four years of radio work, Gene entered motion pictures in 1934, his first picture being "In Old Santa Fe," and his second, "The Phantom Empire." Mr. Autry is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 165 pounds and is a natural athlete. He has reddish brown hair and brown eyes, and is married. "Oh, Susannah" is his most recent picture, and the next will be "Ride, Ranger, Ride." Under contract to Republic Studios, 4024 Radford Ave., North Hollywood, Calif., you may write him there.

KATHRYN SIMPSON, no address—The best way to obtain information about starting a fan club is to write directly to the star in whom you are interested. The player in question will also be glad to tell you which of his clubs you may conveniently join. Victor McLaglen was born in London, England, December 11, 1886. He made his first American movie in 1924, but had appeared in British productions previous to that. Cary Grant was born in Bristol, England, on January 18, and made his first picture in 1932. Franchot Tone was born in Niagara Falls, N. Y., on January 27, and appeared in his first film in 1933.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE: On April 23, 1929, Shirley Jane Temple made her original debut in Santa Monica, Calif. It was an auspicious day for her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Temple. At the age of 3, during a dancing class, Shirley was spotted by a talent scout, who finally persuaded the fond parents to allow her to play in a series of Baby Burlesk Comedies. Next came "Frolics of Youth" and "War Babies," then "To the Last Man," with Randy Scott. In 1934 Fox started the talented baby on the way to fame by casting her in "Stand Up and Cheer." As a result of her excellent work she was signed to a long term contract and thereafter has appeared in the following: "Now I'll Tell," "Change of Heart," "Little Miss Marker," "Baby Take a Bow," "Now and Forever," "Bright Eyes," "The Little Colonel," "Our Little Girl," "Curly Top," "The Littlest Rebel," "Captain January," and "Poor Little Rich Girl." Her next will be "The Bowery Princess" and "The Stowaway" is tentatively scheduled as the one to follow it. It is perfectly obvious that Shirley's hair is blonde and curly, and that blue eyes go with it. She is studying under a tutor and pets are her only hobby at the moment. Of course she has lots of dolls. John and George, her two brothers, like to play with her and tease her—like all brothers. You may write her at 20th Century-Fox Studios, Box 900, Beverly Hills, Calif.

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SELMA OSTROW, Philadelphia, Pa.—"Symphony of Six Million," featuring Ricardo Cortez and Irene Dunne, was first released April 20, 1932.

LARRY "BUSTER" CRABBE: February 7th is Clarence Linden Crabbe's birthday, and Oakland, Calif., was his birthplace. He attributes his giant physique to the fact that, when he was 2, his family moved to Honolulu where he learned to swim under tutelage of the natives, and practically lived on a diet of raw pineapple. There he also mastered the Hawaiian language and the art of ukulele and guitar playing. Larry came back from Hawaii when he was in the second year of college and graduated from the University of Southern California in 1932, having majored in political science and been active in campus dramatics. He paid his way through college by working in the stock room of a clothing store in the winter, and as a life guard in the summer. In between times he was a member of the U.S.C. swimming team and played football and basketball. Paramount sent for him to take tests for the role of the lion man in "King of the Jungle" because of his splendid build, but the first voice tests were unsatisfactory. After taking vocal lessons, however, he returned and got the part in 1933. Twice he represented the United States in the Olympic games, once in Amsterdam and again in Los Angeles. He at one time held five world swimming records, 35 national championships and numerous college honors. Larry is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 188 pounds and has brown eyes and hair. His hobby, naturally enough, is swimming. Married to Adah Virginia Held, he became the father of a girl on July 16, 1936. He's very busy these days at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif., having recently completed "Lady Be Careful," "Stairs of Sand," and is now working on "The Rose Bowl."

E.M.D., Leadville, Colo.; EILEEN BROOKS, Woodridge, N. J.—Kenneth Howell played the role of John Jones, Jr., in "Educating Father." He is under contract to 20th Century-Fox Studios, Box 900, Beverly Hills, Calif., and will be in another Jones Family picture entitled "Back to Nature." Mr. Howell is 19 years old and is not married. You may be able to obtain his photograph by writing him at the above address and enclosing 25¢ in stamps or cash.

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MODERN SCREEN MOVIE SCOREBOARD

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Abdul the Damned (Columbia)	2½★
Absolute Quiet (M-G-M)	2★
The Amateur Gentleman (United Artists)	2½★
And So They Were Married (Columbia)	2★
And Sudden Death (Paramount)	1½★
Annie Oakley (RKO)	4★
Anthony Adverse (Warners)	4½★
Anything Goes (Paramount)	3★
*The Arizona Raiders (Paramount)	1★
August Week-End (Chesterfield)	2★
Below the Deadline (Chesterfield)	1★
The Bengal Tiger (Warners)	2★
Big Brown Eyes (Walter Wanger)	2½★
The Big Noise (Warners)	2★
Blackmailer (Columbia)	1★
The Bohemian Girl (M-G-M)	2½★
Border Flight (Paramount)	2★
The Border Patrolman (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Boulder Dam (Warners)	1★
The Bride Comes Home (Paramount)	3★
Brides Are Like That (First National)	2½★
The Bride Walks Out (RKO)	2½★
Bullets or Ballots (First National)	3★
Bunker Bean (RKO)	2★
*Cain and Mabel (Warners)	1★
The Calling of Dan Matthews (Columbia)	1★
Captain Blood (Warners)	4★
Captain January (20th Century-Fox)	3★
The Case Against Mrs. Ames (Walter Wanger)	3★
Ceiling Zero (Warners)	4★
Champagne Charlie (20th Century-Fox)	1½★
Charlie Chan at the Circus (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Charlie Chan at the Race Track (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Charlie Chan's Secret (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Chatterbox (RKO)	2★
China Clipper (First National)	2½★
Colleen (Warners)	3★
Coronado (Paramount)	1★
Counterfeit (Columbia)	2★
The Country Beyond (20th Century-Fox)	2★
The Country Doctor (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Crash Donovan (Universal)	1½★
The Crime of Dr. Forbes (20th Century-Fox)	3★
The Crouching Beast (Olympic)	1★
Dancing Feet (Republic)	2★
Dancing Pirate (Pioneer-RKO)	3★
Dangerous (Warners)	3½★
Dangerous Waters (Universal)	2★
Desire (Paramount)	4★
The Devil Doll (M-G-M)	3★
Devil's Squadron (Columbia)	2½★
Dizzy Dames (Liberty)	2★
Don't Gamble with Love (Columbia)	1½★
Dracula's Daughter (Universal)	3★
Drift Fence (Paramount)	2★
Dr. Socrates (Warners)	2★
Early to Bed (Paramount)	2½★
Earthworm Tractors (First National)	3★
East of Java (Universal)	2★
Easy Money (Invincible)	2★
Educating Father (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Everybody's Old Man (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Every Saturday Night (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Exclusive Story (M-G-M)	2½★
The Ex-Mrs. Bradford (RKO)	3½★
Fang and Claw (RKO)	2★
The Farmer in the Dell (RKO)	1½★
Fatal Lady (Paramount)	2★
First a Girl (GB)	2½★
The First Baby (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Florida Special (Paramount)	2½★
F-Man (Paramount)	1½★
Follow the Fleet (RKO)	4★
*Follow Your Heart (Republic)	1★
Forgotten Faces (Paramount)	2½★
Freshman Love (Warners)	2★
Fury (M-G-M)	3★
The Garden Murder Case (M-G-M)	2½★
Gentle Julia (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
The Ghost Goes West (United Artists)	4★
Girls' Dormitory (20th Century-Fox)	3★
*Give Me Your Heart (Warners)	3★
Give Us This Night (Paramount)	1½★
The Golden Arrow (First National)	2½★
The Great Impersonation (Universal)	2★
The Great Ziegfeld (M-G-M)	4★
The Green Pastures (Warners)	5★
Half Angel (20th Century-Fox)	2★
The Harvester (Republic)	2★
Hearts Divided (Warners-Cosmopolitan)	3★
Hell Ship Morgan (Columbia)	2★
High Tension (20th Century-Fox)	2★
His Brother's Wife (M-G-M)	2½★
*Hollywood Boulevard (Paramount)	2★
Hot Money (Warners)	2★
The House of a Thousand Candles (Republic)	2★
Human Cargo (20th Century-Fox)	2★
I'd Give My Life (Paramount)	2½★
I Dream Too Much (RKO)	3★
If You Could Only Cook (Columbia)	4★
I Live My Life (M-G-M)	2★
I Married a Doctor (Warners)	3★
The Invisible Ray (Universal)	1½★
I Stand Condemned (London Films)	2★
It Had to Happen (20th Century-Fox)	2★
It's Love Again (GB)	3★
*Jailbreak (Warners)	2★
King of Burlesque (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
King of the Damned (GB)	1½★
The King Steps Out (Columbia)	3★
Klondike Annie (Paramount)	1★
*Lady Be Careful (Paramount)	3★
The Lady Consents (RKO)	2★
Lady of Secrets (Columbia)	1★
The Last Journey (Twickenham)	2★
Last of the Pagans (M-G-M)	2★
The Last Outlaw (RKO)	2½★
Laughing Irish Eyes (Republic)	1½★
The Law in Her Hands (First National)	1½★
The Lawless Nineties (Republic)	2★
The Leathernecks Have Landed (Republic)	3★
The Leavenworth Case (Republic)	2★
Let's Sing Again (RKO)	2★
The Littlest Rebel (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Little Lord Fauntleroy (United Artists)	4★
Little Miss Nobody (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
The Lone Wolf Returns (Columbia)	2★
Love Before Breakfast (Universal)	2½★
*Love Begins at 20 (First National)	1★
Love on a Bet (RKO)	1½★
Magnificent Obsession (Universal)	2½★
Man Hunt (Warners)	2★
Mary Burns, Fugitive (Paramount)	3★
Mary of Scotland (RKO)	3★
Meet Nero Wolfe (Columbia)	2½★
A Message to Garcia (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
A Midsummer Night's Dream (Warners)	5★
The Milky Way (Paramount)	4★
Millions in the Air (Paramount)	1★
The Mine with the Iron Door (Columbia)	2★
Miss Pacific Fleet (Warners)	1½★
*Mister Cinderella (Roach-M-G-M)	2★

You'll find this chart simple to follow and a valuable guide in choosing film entertainment. Instead of giving you the individual ratings of Modern Screen and authoritative newspaper movie critics all over the country, we have struck an average of their ratings. You'll find this average under General Rating, beside each picture. 5★, extraordinary; 4★, very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. Asterisk denotes that only Modern Screen ratings are given on films not reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

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Picture and Producer	General Rating
Mr. Deeds Goes to Town (Columbia)	4★
Mister Hobo (GB)	2★
M'Liss (RKO)	3★
Modern Times (United Artists)	4★
Moonlight Murder (M-G-M)	2½★
The Moon's Our Home (Walter Wanger)	3★
The Morals of Marcus (GB)	1★
Murder by an Aristocrat (Warners)	1★
The Murder of Dr. Harrigan (First National)	2★
Murder on the Bridle Path (RKO)	2★
The Music Goes 'Round (Columbia)	2★
Muss 'Em Up (RKO)	2★
Mutiny on the Bounty (M-G-M)	4★
My American Wife (Paramount)	3★
Next Time We Love (Universal)	3★
*Nine Days a Queen (GB)	4★
Nobody's Fool (Universal)	2★
O'Malley of the Mounted (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
$1000 a Minute (Republic)	2★
One Rainy Afternoon (Pickford-Lasky)	2★
One Way Ticket (Columbia)	2½★
*Our Relations (Roach-M-G-M)	1★
Paddy O'Day (20th Century-Fox)	1½★
Palm Springs (Paramount)	1★
Panic on the Air (Columbia)	2★
Parole (Universal)	2★
The Passing of the Third Floor Back (GB)	3★
Peg of Old Drury (Paramount)	3★
Pepper (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
The Petrified Forest (Warners)	4★
Petticoat Fever (M-G-M)	3★
Piccadilly Jim (M-G-M)	3½★
The Poor Little Rich Girl (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Poppy (Paramount)	4★
Postal Inspector (Universal)	2★
The Preview Murder Mystery (Paramount)	3★
Pride of the Marines (Columbia)	1★
The Princess Comes Across (Paramount)	3★
Prisoner of Shark Island (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Private Number (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Professional Soldier (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Public Enemy's Wife (Warners)	2★
Red Wagon (Alliance)	1½★
The Return of Sophie Lang (Paramount)	2½★
Revolt of the Zombies (Halperin)	1★
Rhodes, the Diamond Master (GB)	3★
Rhythm on the Range (Paramount)	3★
Riffraff (M-G-M)	2½★
Road Gang (First National)	2½★
*The Road to Glory (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Roaming Lady (Columbia)	2★
Robin Hood of El Dorado (M-G-M)	2½★
Romeo and Juliet (M-G-M)	5★
Rose of the Rancho (Paramount)	2★
Rose Marie (M-G-M)	4★
San Francisco (M-G-M)	4★
Satan Met a Lady (Warners)	1★
Secret Agent (GB)	3★
Seven Sinners (GB)	3★
Shakedown (Columbia)	2★
She Married Her Boss (Columbia)	4★
Show Boat (Universal)	4★
Show Them No Mercy (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Silly Billies (RKO)	2★
*Sing, Baby, Sing (20th Century-Fox)	3★
The Singing Kid (Warners)	3★
Sins of Man (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Sky Parade (Paramount)	2★
Small Town Girl (M-G-M)	3★
Snowed Under (First National)	2★
Soak the Rich (Paramount)	2½★
*A Son Comes Home (Paramount)	3★
Song and Dance Man (20th Century-Fox)	1★
*Song of China (Douglas MacLean)	3★
Song of the Saddle (First National)	2★
Sons O'Guns (Warners)	3★
So Red the Rose (Paramount)	3★
Special Investigator (RKO)	2★
Speed (M-G-M)	1½★
Spendthrift (Wanger-Paramount)	2★
*Stage Struck (First National)	3★
The Story of Louis Pasteur (Warners)	4★
Strike Me Pink (Samuel Goldwyn)	3★
Sutter's Gold (Universal)	2½★
Suzy (M-G-M)	2★
Swing Time (RKO)	4½★
*Sworn Enemy (M-G-M)	1★
Sylvia Scarlett (RKO)	2½★
A Tale of Two Cities (M-G-M)	5★
*The Texas Rangers (Paramount)	2★
These Three (Samuel Goldwyn)	4★
Things to Come (United Artists)	3★
13 Hours by Air (Paramount)	3★
36 Hours to Kill (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
The Three Godfathers (M-G-M)	2★
Three Live Ghosts (M-G-M)	2★
Three on the Trail (Paramount)	2½★
Three Wise Guys (M-G-M)	2½★
Ticket to Paradise (Republic)	1★
Till We Meet Again (Paramount)	3★
Times Square Playboy (Warners)	1★
To Mary—With Love (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Tough Guy (M-G-M)	2½★
*Trailin' West (Warners)	1★
The Trail of the Lonesome Pine (Paramount)	2½★
Trapped by Television (Columbia)	2★
Trouble for Two (M-G-M)	2★
Two Against the World (First National)	2★
Two Fisted Gentleman (Columbia)	2★
*Two in a Crowd (Universal)	1★
Two in Revolt (RKO)	2½★
Two in the Dark (RKO)	2½★
Under Two Flags (20th Century-Fox)	3★
The Unguarded Hour (M-G-M)	3★
The Voice of Bugle Ann (M-G-M)	2½★
The Walking Dead (Warners)	2★
*Walking on Air (RKO)	2★
Wanted Men (British & Dominion)	½★
We're Only Human (RKO)	2★
We Went to College (M-G-M)	2★
Whipsaw (M-G-M)	2½★
The White Angel (First National)	4★
White Fang (20th Century-Fox)	2★
The Widow from Monte Carlo (Warners)	2★
Wife vs. Secretary (M-G-M)	3★
The Witness Chair (RKO)	2★
Woman Trap (Paramount)	1½★
Yours for the Asking (Paramount)	2★
Your Uncle Dudley (20th Century-Fox)	2★

"I hate to show up all powdery in strong light"

THE test of a powder is *strong light.* And showing too much is one of the worst faults a powder can have, the vote among 1,067 girls proved.

Pond's got twice the vote of the next-liked powder, for "not giving that powdered look." Three times the vote of the third favorite.

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"glare-proof"—catch only the softer rays of light—can't
show up "powdery" in strongest light. A special ingredient makes Pond's soft, clinging. Two other ingredients make it stay fresh looking for hours.

Low prices. Decorated screw-top jars, 35¢, 70¢. New big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.

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POND'S FACE POWDER

Never looks powdery—Clings

—voted the 2 most important points in a powder

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5 "Glare-Proof" Shades

POND'S, Dept. L-94, Clinton, Conn. Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's "Glare-proof" Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.
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Address________________________

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REVIEWS

A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES

By Leo Townsend

(Above) A scene from the latest Marion Davies opus, "Cain and Mabel." This time Clark Gable, minus the usual moustache, is her leading man.

If Westerns are your meat, "The Texas Rangers" will be just what the doctor ordered. Above, Jean Parker and Fred MacMurray in a love scene.

(Top) "Piccadilly Jim," with Bob Montgomery and Madge Evans is a real treat. And, above, one of the best musicals to come out of Hollywood in many a movie moon, "Sing, Baby, Sing." Alice Faye and Adolphe Menjou have top acting spots.

(Top) "Stage Struck" is very amusing fare with Dick Powell and Joan Blondell in co-starring roles. (Above) Sixteen-year-old Nova Pilbeam and Sir Cedric Hardwicke turn in superb characterizations in "Nine Days a Queen." It's an all-English cast.

★★★★ Nine Days a Queen (G-B)

When it comes to making epics of old England it is, logically enough, England rather than Hollywood which turns out the superior product. "Nine Days a Queen" is the best English picture since "The Private Life of Henry VIII," which means it is also better than any picture Hollywood has ever made dealing with the same general subject and era. For a specific example, compare this picture with "Mary of Scotland." Where Katharine Hepburn's "Mary" is strident and occasionally shot through with high school dramatics, young Nova Pilbeam's "Lady Jane Grey" is the quietly beautiful performance of an actress who understands her role and is equal to its demands. "Mary of Scotland" is a pageant, while "Nine Days a Queen" is a moving picture. It is the story, as you probably know, of Lady Jane Grey's unwilling ascendancy to the throne of England and of her tragic end, after a brief reign, at the hands of Mary Tudor. "Nine Days a Queen" is a completely adult film, which should be seen by everyone wanting to enjoy the best type of entertainment the screen has to offer. Nova Pilbeam is superb as the unhappy young queen, and there are excellent performances by Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Desmond Tester and John Mills.

Preview Postscript

This picture was the first foreign-made film ever given a world premiere in Hollywood. Almost all the prominent stars turned out to honor their British fellow-actors. And, of course, the British crowd in Hollywood, including Ronald Colman, Clive Brook, Elizabeth Allan, Sir Guy Standing and countless others, was there . . . Sixteen years old, Nova Pilbeam has been on the stage since the age of 12. She plays the piano, dances, sews and reads voraciously. She'd like to see Hollywood, but isn't in any hurry . . . Sir Cedric Hardwicke was knighted at the age of 42 for his remarkable contribution to British theatrical history. He was playing in "Tovaritch" in London at the same time this picture was being made, but was the only member of the picture's cast able to get to Hollywood for the premiere . . . The "discovery" of the picture was 16-year-old Desmond Tester. He's been on the stage for four years but this was his first film. He's totally unimpressed with his acting life, lives quietly with his mother outside of London and just "happened" into stage work after watching his sister rehearse in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and was asked to fill in the part of "Robin." He's been acting without a let-up ever since.

★★★ Stage Struck (First National)

Here's a backstage musical that's smart enough to kid itself and thus take most of the curse off the routine "show must go on" type of thing. It also wisely substitutes good comedy for those tremendous Busby Berkeley numbers that once frightened us out of our seats. A good laugh or two is usually much easier on the nerves than the sight of 5,000 platinum cuties playing 5,000 platinum pianos, and we'll fight the man who says it isn't. In this one, Joan Blondell plays a gal who has gained considerable notoriety by the rather simple trick of shooting her husband. She buys herself a show and wants to star in it. Fortunately for the script writers and for Dick Powell, the show's dance director, she shoots another guy on the eve of the show's opening, all of which allows Jeanne (*Continued on page* 105)

GOOD NEWS

Our snoopy reporter finds love in bloom wherever he goes. It's all big time romance, what's more

Instead of rushing to the courts over the custody of their child, Joan Blondell and ex-hubby George Barnes have a much better idea. Joan has complete charge of young Norman Scott Barnes, and now that she's working in "Three Men on a Horse," at Warner Brothers, George visits the set every few days and gets a full report on the child's activities from the former Mrs. B.

* * *

When the Warner Baxters took that fishing trip to Canada, Frank McGrath, who is Warner's stand-in and good friend, went along. "Frank had to go along," said Warner. "He'd stand in the stream until he got a nibble, then I'd rush in and get the credit."

* * *

When Director E. H. Griffith needed ten white rabbits for a scene in "Ladies in Love" he bethought himself of the rabbits Shirley Temple keeps in the backyard of her studio bungalow. He phoned Shirley at her home and asked if a few could be borrowed. "Sure," said Shirley. "How much will you pay me?" Griffith offered a dollar, but he was turned down. "I want twenty dollars," announced the pride of the Temples, "and I won't take less than ten." They settled for fifteen, which seems high for rabbits—even if they're Shirley Temple's.

Herbert Marshall still beaus Gloria Swanson. At "Anthony Adverse" preview.

The newly wedded Hornblows (Myrna Loy) with Mrs. Clark Gable at a recent preview.

Now that the novelty of Bob Montgomery's English sports racer is wearing off, the eyes of the gapers in these parts try to focus on the very brilliant yellow number owned and operated by Robert Taylor. It's so low you climb steps to get up to the curb from it, and it's equipped with three dachshunds which ride in the front seat alongside Bob and his beret.

* * *

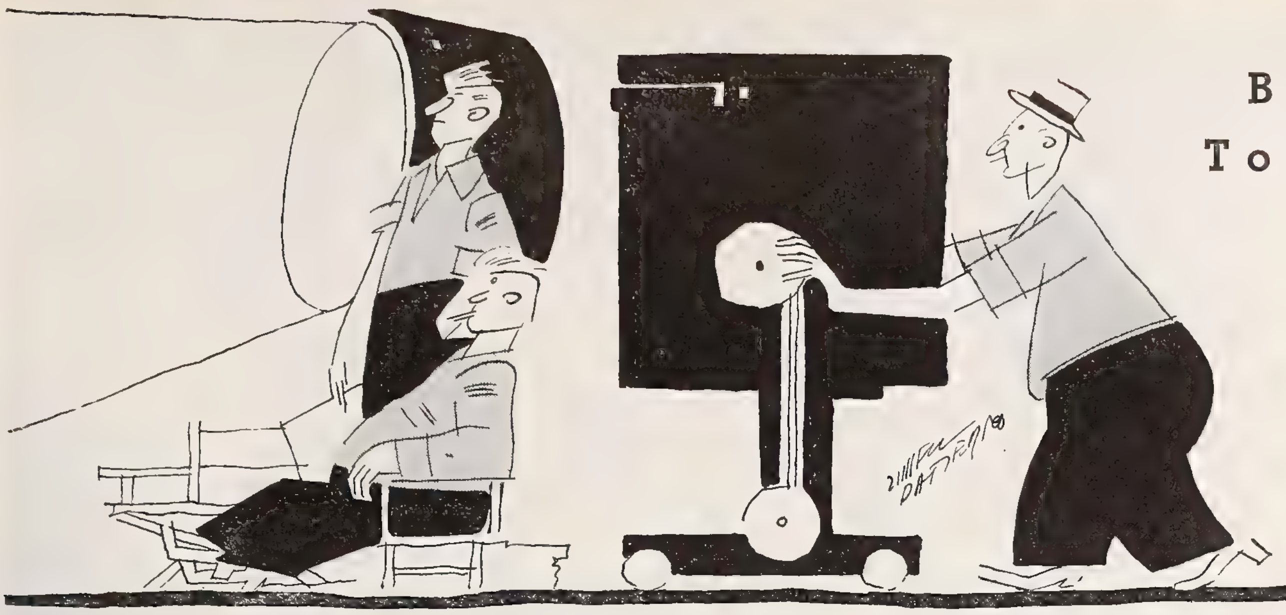
There's a big domestic war being conducted at this moment by Garbo and Rosalind Russell. Seems when the Sad-Eyed One returned from Sweden she found Hazel, her colored maid, had been lured away by Miss Russell and more money. Both gals are too fond of Hazel to give her up, and Hazel is in a state, to put it mildly.

* * *

The Penalty of Fame: After a recent visit to a doctor, Richard Dix received a huge bill for a papilloma treatment. Richard had visited the doctor for a mere corn removal, but a glance at the dictionary proved that papilloma is uptown, or Beverly Hills, for corns. Naturally, they come considerably higher.

* * *

Over on the "Camille" set at M-G-M everyone's talking about the "new" Garbo. It's the same old Miss G., of course, but



By Leo Townsend

Newly engaged Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond with Anita Louise at Troc.

the "new" is tacked on because The Great One is beginning to act like people. She has always been easy to work with and gracious to her co-stars, but now she is loosening up to the extent of smiling at the extras who encounter her. Which is something, for a Garbo smile is Swedish for laughing out loud.

* * *

Unlike some of the high-priced talent who consider it good taste to keep the cameraman and director waiting when everyone else is ready to shoot a scene, Garbo is probably the most punctual of all the stars when it comes shooting time. Bill Daniels, who photographs all the Garbo pictures, has a small horn dangling from his camera. When a scene is ready Daniels blows two sharp blasts on the horn, and out from her dressing-room rushes Garbo.

* * *

While we're on the subject of democratic stars, let's take the case of Gary Cooper. Any guy who makes $5,000 a week shouldn't even have to speak to himself, but it isn't that way with Mr. C. Following him down the boulevard on his way to work at Paramount recently, we noticed people recognizing Cooper and his elegant Dusenberg. Most of them waved, or shouted hello. Each of them received a Cooper wave or a Cooper hello in return. And we know stars who get no more than $4,500 a week who won't wave at all just to give the impression they're in the money.

And what studio recently bought 1500 tickets to one of its own premieres and gave them to the employees? The gesture was more practical than magnanimous, for the price of the tickets was amputated from the employees' pay checks.

* * *

If you have any doubts as to the popularity of young Mr. Robert Taylor you should have seen the crowd that mobbed him in front of a theatre following the preview of "His Brother's Wife." Mr. T., with Barbara Stanwyck, was completely hemmed in by admirers waving autograph books under his classic features. Such popularity must have surprised even his bosses, for the studio had scouts in front of the theatre during the preview tipping bystanders off that Bob and Barbara would soon be out, and hinting, in a nice way, that it would be fun to sort of rush up for an autograph.

* * *

Conversation in a Hollywood bar:
Gal: "I just saw Robert Taylor in 'His Brother's Wife' and, you know, even down in the jungle with his hair mussed he still looked nice. I think he's awfully cute, don't you?"
Guy: "I think I'll have another drink."

Three gals in print! Glenda Farrell, Mary Carlisle, Jean Harlow at Davies' party.

Two tennis fiends, above, Karen Morley and Paula Stone on their way to the Palos Verde courts near Karen's beach home. Karen's radiant smile is due probably to her screen return.

Above, two songsters, Mary McCormic and Marion Talley, are Mary Pickford's guests. Below, Irene Dunne seems to be warning Merwyn Le Roy of Cameraman Scotty's presence.

Bob Taylor may be the handsomest guy in town, but Jimmy Stewart is Hollywood's Number One beau. You see him with Ginger Rogers, Eleanor Powell and half a dozen other screen beauties all in the course of a couple of weeks. Last time we saw him was at Frances Langford's party. This time he came alone and spent most of his time listening to Frances sing a load of request numbers for her guests. When Frances became too hoarse to carry on Jimmy and Sid Silvers went to work on the dance routines they've learned for the new Eleanor Powell picture, "Born to Dance."

■ ■ ■

Monthly report on the possible Harlow-Powell merger: Jean and Bill dining together at the Victor Hugo and looking over some papers which turned out to be an architect's plans for a house. Since the Powells and the Harlows aren't in the real estate business, it must mean something, for Jean sold her house recently and Mr. P. disposed of the Powell homestead last month.

■ ■ ■

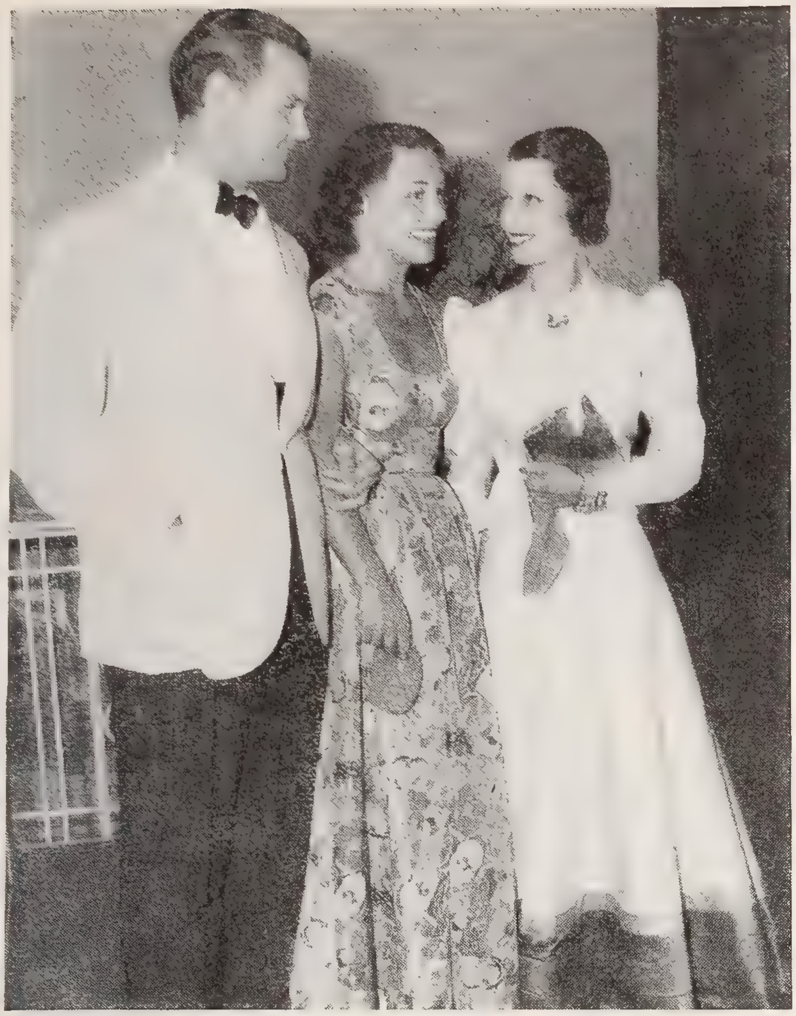
Item from the publicity department of Mr. Samuel Goldwyn, proving that True Love is always visible to the naked eye: "The first scene shot by Director H. C. (Hank) Potter on the new Samuel Goldwyn film 'Love Under Fire' was a love scene between Merle Oberon and David Niven. Potter was heard to remark on the fact that they 'almost seemed to live their parts'." A shrewd observation, H. C. (Hank).

■ ■ ■

The social leadership of the movie colony will probably soon be the private property of Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg. At any rate, Mr. Thalberg has a secretary in his office who does nothing but make, accept and reject social engagements.

■ ■ ■

All is not sweetness and light in the Fred MacMurray household these days. The rift, however, is not between bride and groom, but their respective pets. Fred has a mongrel dog, Friday, while Mrs. M. has a Maltese cat—and both are working overtime on the "till death do us part" clause. But it looks like Friday has won out, for Lillian has written an aunt in Boston telling her to expect a slightly battered Maltese in the next mail.



Birds of a feather—an operatic trio meets at the Troc. Above, Lawrence Tibbett, Gladys Swarthout and Lily Pons. Below, Fredric and Florence March attend the Tallulah Bankhead opening.

Hollywood's latest romance of the younger set. Anne Shirley, beaming with joy, holds tightly to Owen Davis, Jr.'s arm as they attend the "Mary of Scotland" world premiere. Cute?

More fun on the "Ladies in Love" set, where Constance Bennett, Janet Gaynor, Loretta Young and Simone Simon are trying so hard to co-star and be big about it. The gals overwork their smiles on each other, and graciousness is so much the order of the day that one afternoon on the set four maids staggered in with trays, teapots and cups, and none of the little ladies knew which service to honor. Hereafter, they'll order their own. Title of the picture should really be more explanatory, like this: "Ladies in Love—but not with each other."

◆ ◆ ◆

Cecil B. DeMille has once more donned his riding breeches and his puttees, which is Hollywood for saying he's making a picture. It's "The Plainsman," with Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur, who make a swell screen team. There was some talk of calling this one "The Plainsman Goes to Town," to cash in on their last effort, but either the idea or the guy who suggested it was dropped. What we started to say was that Mr. DeMille is always the best actor on a DeMille set. He's so good that Paramount studio guides always conduct visitors to "The Plainsman" set. Instead of watching the picture, everyone watches DeMille. Most amusing of all is the chap whose duty it is to follow Mr. DeM. about with a chair. When DeMille wants to sit down, he never has to look back to see what's available. There's something there, or else.

◆ ◆ ◆

It may be sad news to learn that there'll be no gilded DeMille bathtubs in "The Plainsman." In fact, the only bath in the picture will be taken by a canary. It may be the new Hollywood economy, but we can remember back to those lush days of "Cleopatra," when Claudette Colbert bathed her way into stardom. But a canary, Mr. Hays!

◆ ◆ ◆

While Sonja Henie, the skating star, awaits her first picture assignment she can be seen about town in her white limousine piloted by a white-liveried chauffeur and sporting a white wire-haired terrier. "Seen" is putting it mildly, for on a good clear day Sonja and her entourage are visible for miles. What's more, her home in Beverly Hills also carries out the white color scheme. And

Chic Luxury spells ECONOMY
ROSE chic NAIL POLISH

THE glamour of exquisite finger tips may be yours for so little with Chic. This luxurious quality polish in an artistic *oversized* bottle is a real economy to use. It's the perfect polish—*easy to apply* and *long wearing.* With Chic only 10c you'll want several shades to highlight any mood—*grave or gay*—as you wish. Chic polish is obtainable in either transparent or creme. Chic Polish Remover—plain, or oily for brittle nails, *makes a change of polish utterly simple.* Chic Cuticle Remover completes a perfect five minute manicure at your own dressing table.

Chic Manicure Requisites are sold in all Five and Ten Cent Stores at 10c each. 10¢

Above, Bill Powell looks just a trifle on the smug side with an arm around two beauties such as Kay Francis and Norma Shearer.

to further it, the white-haired boy of the moment is Cary Grant, even though Cary is still more than attentive to Mary Brian.

■ ■ ■

In case you didn't know it, the leader in the fan mail derby at the moment is Bob Taylor. Bob gets more letters than Clark Gable, which means he gets more than anybody. Besides being Mr. Farley's greatest asset, he seems to be playing leading man to all of Metro's most expensive ladies. Right now he's with Garbo in "Camille" and doing right well, but his first day on the set was a trying one. The thought of meeting Garbo was too much for him. Finally the introduction came. "How do you do?" said Garbo. Ten minutes later they were in a clinch for the picture. Who says Garbo's hard to know?

■ ■ ■

Rosalind Russell found out the meaning of success one afternoon when she was showing her sister Mary Jane the town, and vice versa. It was Mary Jane's first visit to Hollywood, so Rosalind packed her on a sight-seeing bus and the two of them listened to the driver point out all the sights, including the homes of the stars, and including Rosalind's home. "Just imagine," breathed Mary Jane, "how far you've come—you're even included in a bus route."

■ ■ ■

Child custody wars seem to have taken Hollywood by storm. Within the past few months Ann Harding, Mary Astor, Freddie Bartholomew and Edith Fellows have all gone to court to fight it out. Freddie was awarded to his aunt, and now Edith Fellows has just been handed over to her grandmother. All of which makes Jackie Cooper a highly unusual young actor. Don't let this get around, but Jackie actually lives with his mother!

■ ■ ■

Questions without Answers: What prominent and well-to-do screen and radio comedian of the imitation Will Rogers school lives in one of the cheapest apartments in Hollywood—not, as his publicity would have you believe, because he's "just folks," but because the thought of parting with an extra nickel horrifies him?

■ ■ ■

Three hours under the sun meant two weeks in bed for Jean Harlow. Taking what she thought was a rest at Catalina,

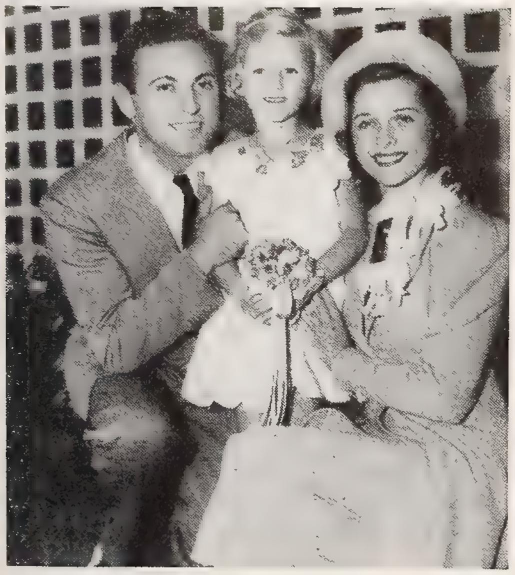
A merry foursome when all was gay at a recent party. Mary Brian, Cary Grant and the Errol Flynns, who now are planning a trip.

Miss H. fell asleep on the beach. When she awoke her mother had to charter a plane to rush her back to Hollywood and a hospital. The whole incident comes as a distinct shock to all of us loyal Harlow fans, for our thoughts on the comparative heat of Jean and the sun were quite the reverse of what, sad as it seems, are the facts.

■ ■ ■

Gregory Ratoff has a passion for learning things. On the "Sing, Baby, Sing" set he talked Adolphe Menjou into giving him French lessons. After a few weeks Ratoff's French was "ta-reefic" and Menjou's was ruined. He can't speak it any more without a Russian accent.

Johannes Poulsen, Charles Chaplin and Paulette Goddard at the Mary Pickford party, below.



And above, Allan Jones and his new wife, Irene Hervey, embrace Irene's daughter Gail, after their wedding.

■ ■ ■

A high school gal was visiting her first movie set at Metro recently. The picture was "Love on the Run," and the stars were Clark Gable and Joan Crawford. Breathlessly she watched the famed pair go into a clinch. "Gee," she whispered, "I'd love to be in pictures." "Well, you are!" snapped the director. "That remark of yours is right on the sound track."

(*Continued on page 114*)

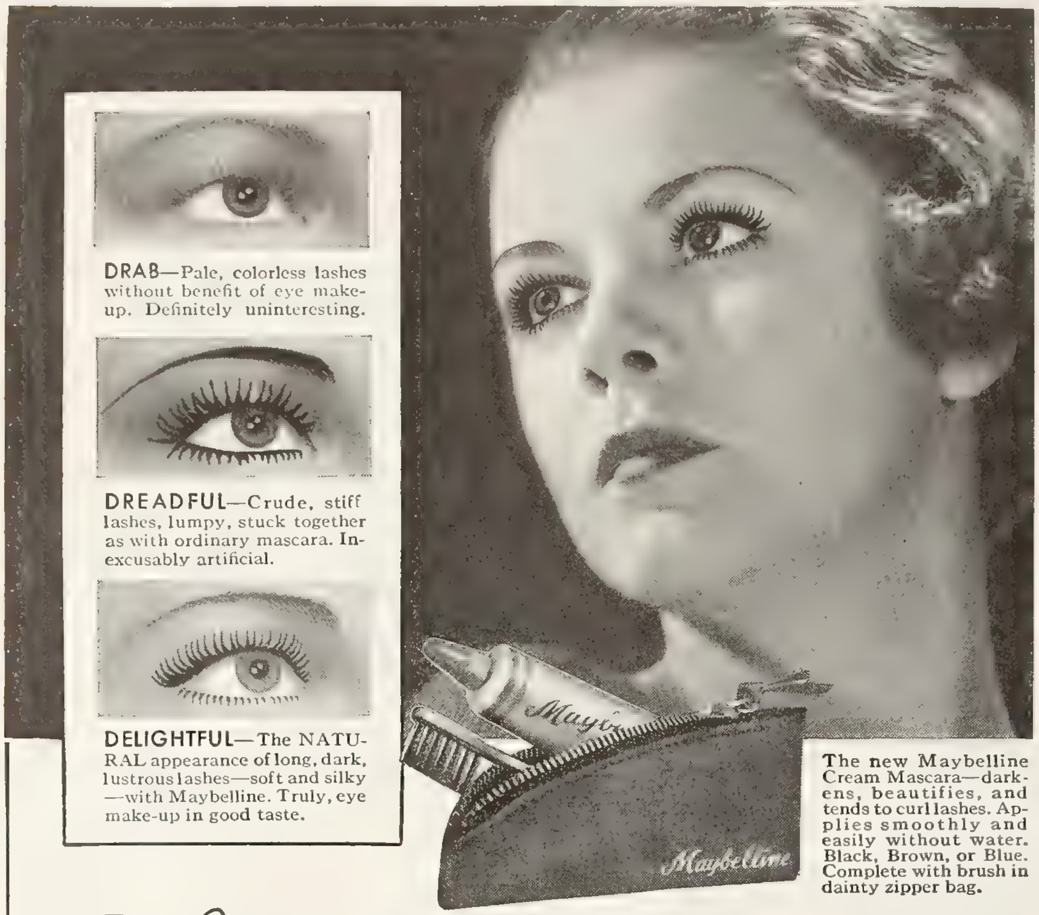
What Every Woman Desires!

A BODY BEAUTIFUL with the LINIT BEAUTY BATH

Just dissolve some Linit in a tub of warm water and bathe as usual. After drying, feel your skin—it will be delightfully smooth and soft—And the Linit bath does away with the damp or semi-dry feeling of the skin that usually follows an ordinary bath . . . Make it a habit to take a Linit Beauty Bath and join the many thousands of women who daily enjoy its refreshing luxury.

Linit is also unequalled for all fine laundering.

What Do People Say About Your Eyes?



DRAB—Pale, colorless lashes without benefit of eye make-up. Definitely uninteresting.

DREADFUL—Crude, stiff lashes, lumpy, stuck together as with ordinary mascara. Inexcusably artificial.

DELIGHTFUL—The NATURAL appearance of long, dark, lustrous lashes—soft and silky—with Maybelline. Truly, eye make-up in good taste.

The new Maybelline Cream Mascara—darkens, beautifies, and tends to curl lashes. Applies smoothly and easily without water. Black, Brown, or Blue. Complete with brush in dainty zipper bag.

So Important—that First Impression

Everyone notices your eyes first—remember this! Eyes without proper eye make-up often appear dull and lifeless — bald and unattractive. Many women deplore this in their appearance, but are timid about using eye make-up for fear of having a hard "made-up" look, as with so many ordinary mascaras.

Maybelline, the eye make-up in good taste, has changed all this. Now you may have the *natural* appearance of lovely, long, dark lashes—instantly and easily—with a few simple brush strokes of harmless Maybelline mascara. Non-smarting and tear-proof.

You will be delighted with the other exquisite Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids, too! Try the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil to form graceful, expressive eyebrows—it may be had in shades to match the mascara. Use Maybelline Eye Shadow for truly glamorous effects — a touch gently blended on the eyelids intensifies the color and sparkle of the eyes immensely.

The new Maybelline Cream Mascara and the ever-popular Solid Mascara are preferred by over 10,000,000 discriminating women the world over. Either form is only 75c at leading toilet goods counters. Generous introductory sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be purchased at all leading ten cent stores. For the finest in eye make-up, insist on genuine Maybelline!

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

Solid Form Mascara—Black, Brown or Blue.

Eyebrow Pencil. Black, Brown or Blue.

Eye Shadow—Blue, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green or Violet.

Maybelline

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

STARS' STUDIO ADDRESSES

ABEL, WALTER: RKO-Radio.
ACUFF, EDDIE: Warner Bros.
AHERNE, BRIAN: M-G-M.
ALBERNI, LUIS: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
ALBERTSON, FRANK: Free lance. Write him at M-G-M.
ALBRIGHT, HARDIE: Free lance. Write him at United Artists.
ALEXANDER, KATHARINE: Free lance. Write her at M-G-M.
ALEXANDER, ROSS: Warner Bros.
ALLAN, ELIZABETH: M-G-M.
ALLEN, GRACIE: Paramount.
ALLEN, JIMMIE: Paramount.
ALLEN, JUDITH: Paramount.
ALLEN, ROBERT: Columbia.
ALLWYN, ASTRID: 20th Century-Fox.
AMECHE, DON: 20th Century-Fox.
AMES, ADRIENNE: Free lance. Write her at Paramount.
ANDRE, LONA: M-G-M.
ANGEL, HEATHER: RKO-Radio.
ARLEDGE, JOHN: RKO-Radio.
ARLEN, RICHARD: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
ARLISS, GEORGE: Gaumont-British.
ARMETTA, HENRY: Universal.
ARMSTRONG, ROBERT: RKO-Radio.
ARNOLD, EDWARD: Universal.
ARTHUR, JEAN: Columbia.
ASTAIRE, FRED: RKO-Radio.
ASTOR, MARY: Columbia.
ATWILL, LIONEL: M-G-M.
AUTRY, GENE: Republic.
AYRES, LEW: Columbia.
BAKER, BENNY: Paramount.
BALL, LUCILLE: RKO-Radio.
BALLEW, SMITH: RKO-Radio.
BANCROFT, GEORGE: Columbia.
BARBIER, GEORGE: Paramount.
BARKER, PHILLIP: Walter Wanger.
BARNES, BINNIE: Universal.
BARNETT, VINCE: Universal.
BARRAT, ROBERT: Warner Bros.
BARRIE, MONA: 20th Century-Fox.
BARRIE, WENDY: 20th Century-Fox.
BARRYMORE, DOLORES COSTELLO: Paramount.
BARRYMORE, JOHN: M-G-M.
BARRYMORE, LIONEL: M-G-M.
BARTHELMESS, RICHARD: Warner Bros.
BARTHOLOMEW, FREDDIE: M-G-M.
BARTLETT, MICHAEL: Republic.
BAXTER, ALAN: Walter Wanger.
BAXTER, WARNER: 20th Century-Fox.
BEAL, JOHN: RKO-Radio.
BECK, THOMAS: 20th Century-Fox.
BEECHER, JANET: Paramount.
BEERY, NOAH, JR.: Universal.
BEERY, WALLACE: M-G-M.
BELLAMY, RALPH: Columbia.
BENCHLEY, ROBERT: M-G-M.
BENEDICT, WILLIAM: 20th Century-Fox.
BENNETT, CONSTANCE: 20th Century-Fox.
BENNETT, JOAN: Walter Wanger.
BENNY, JACK: Paramount.
BERGNER, ELISABETH: 20th Century-Fox.
BEST, WILLIE: RKO-Radio.
BICKFORD, CHARLES: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
BLACKMER, SIDNEY: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
BLAKELEY, JAMES: Columbia.
BLANE, SALLY: Columbia.
BLONDELL, JOAN: Warner Bros.
BLORE, ERIC: RKO-Radio.
BOGART, HUMPHREY: Warner Bros.
BOLAND, MARY: Paramount.
BOLES, GLEN: Warner Bros.
BOLES, JOHN: RKO-Radio.
BOND, WARD: Columbia.
BOYD, WILLIAM: Paramount.
BOYER, CHARLES: Walter Wanger.
BRADLEY, GRACE: Paramount.
BRADNA, OLYMPE: Paramount.
BRADY, ALICE: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
BREAKSTON, GEORGE: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
BREEN, BOBBY: RKO-Radio.
BRENDEL, EL: Warner Bros.
BRENT, GEORGE: Warner Bros.
BREWSTER, JUNE: RKO-Radio.
BRIAN, MARY: Free lance. Write her at Columbia.
BRISSON, CARL: Paramount.
BRODERICK, HELEN: RKO-Radio.
BROOK, CLIVE: Gaumont-British.
BROWN, JOE E.: RKO-Radio.
BROWN, JOHN MACK: Republic.
BROWN, TOM: Paramount.
BRUCE, NIGEL: 20th Century-Fox.
BRUCE, VIRGINIA: M-G-M.
BUCK, FRANK: RKO-Radio.
BUCKLER, JOHN: M-G-M.

Columbia Studios, 1438 N. Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.
Gaumont-British, Lime Grove, Shepherd's Bush, London, W. 12, England.
Grand National Studios, Culver City, Calif.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Washington Blvd., Culver City, Calif.
Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif.
Republic Studios, 4024 Radford Ave., North Hollywood, Calif.
RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.
Samuel Goldwyn Studios, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
20th Century-Fox Studios, Box 900, Beverly Hills, Calif.
United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.
Walter Wanger Productions, 1041 N. Formosa Ave. Hollywood, Calif.
Warner Bros.-First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

BURGESS, DOROTHY: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
BURKE, BILLIE: M-G-M.
BURKE, KATHLEEN: Paramount.
BURNS, GEORGE: Paramount.
BURRUD, BILLY: Universal.
BUTLER, JIMMY: Paramount.
BUTTERWORTH, CHARLES: M-G-M.
BYINGTON, SPRING: 20th Century-Fox.
CABOT, BRUCE: M-G-M.
CAGNEY, BILL: Republic.
CAGNEY, JAMES: Grand National, 1270 6th Ave., New York, N. Y.
CALLAHAN, MARGARET: RKO-Radio.
CALLEIA, JOSEPH: M-G-M.
CANSINO, RITA: 20th Century-Fox.
CANTOR, EDDIE: 20th Century-Fox.
CAREY, HARRY: RKO-Radio.
CARLISLE, KITTY: Free lance. Write her at M-G-M.
CARLISLE, MARY: Paramount.
CARMINATI, TULLIO: RKO-Radio.
CARRADINE, JOHN: 20th Century-Fox.
CARRILLO, LEO: Columbia.
CARROLL, MADELEINE: Walter Wanger.
CAVANAGH, PAUL: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
CHANDLER, CHICK: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
CHAPLIN, CHARLES: United Artists.
CHASE, CHARLES: M-G-M.
CHATTERTON, RUTH: United Artists.
CHEVALIER, MAURICE: M-G-M.
CHURCHILL, MARGUERITE: Columbia.
CLARKE, MAE: 20th Century-Fox.
CLIVE, COLIN: Universal.
COBB, IRVIN S.: 20th Century-Fox.
COLBERT, CLAUDETTE: Paramount.
COLBY, ANITA: RKO-Radio.
COLLIER, CONSTANCE: M-G-M.
COLLINS, CORA SUE: M-G-M.
COLMAN, RONALD: 20th Century-Fox.
CONKLIN, PEGGY: Walter Wanger.
CONNOLLY, WALTER: Columbia.
COOK, DONALD: 20th Century-Fox.
COOPER, GARY: Paramount.
COOPER, JACKIE: M-G-M.
CORTEZ, RICARDO: Warner Bros.
COURTNEY, INEZ: Columbia.
CRABBE, LARRY: Paramount.
CRAWFORD, JOAN: M-G-M.
CROMWELL, RICHARD: Paramount.
CROSBY, BING: Paramount.
CUMMINGS, CONSTANCE: Gaumont-British.
CUMMINGS, ROBERT: Paramount.
DA PRON, LOUIS: Paramount.
DARRO, FRANKIE: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
DARWELL, JANE: 20th Century-Fox.
DAVIES, MARION: Warner Bros.
DAVIS, BETTE: Warner Bros.
DAVIS, OWEN, JR.: RKO-Radio.
DEANE, SHIRLEY: 20th Century-Fox.
DEE, FRANCES: 20th Century-Fox.
DE HAVILLAND, OLIVIA: Warner Bros.
DEL RIO, DOLORES: Columbia.
DE MILLE, KATHARINE: 20th Century-Fox.
DEVINE, ANDY: Universal.
DIETRICH, MARLENE: Paramount.
DINEHART, ALAN: 20th Century-Fox.
DIX, RICHARD: Columbia.
DIXON, JEAN: Columbia.
DODD, CLAIRE: Warner Bros.
DONAT, ROBERT: United Artists.
DONLEVY, BRIAN: 20th Century-Fox.
DONNELLY, RUTH: Warner Bros.
DOUGLAS, MELVYN: M-G-M.
DOWNS, JOHNNY: Paramount.
DOYLE, MAXINE: Warner Bros.
DRAKE, FRANCES: Paramount.
DRAPER, PAUL: Warner Bros.
DUMBRILLE, DOUGLAS: Columbia.
DUNA, STEFFI: RKO-Radio.
DUNBAR, DIXIE: 20th Century-Fox.
DUNN, JAMES: Columbia.
DUNNE, IRENE: Universal.
DURANT, JACK: 20th Century-Fox.
DURANTE, JIMMY: Gaumont-British.
DVORAK, ANN: RKO-Radio.
ERNEST, GEORGE: 20th Century-Fox.
EBSEN, BUDDY: M-G-M.
EDDY, NELSON: M-G-M.
EILERS, SALLY: RKO-Radio.
ELDREDGE, JOHN: Warner Bros.
ELLIS, MARY: Paramount.
ELLIS, PATRICIA: Warner Bros.
ELLISON, JAMES: Paramount.
ERIKSON, LIEF: Paramount.
ERROL, LEON: Free lance. Write him at Columbia.
ERWIN, STUART: M-G-M.
EVANS, MADGE: M-G-M.
EVANS, MURIEL: Republic.
FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, JR.: United Artists

(Continued on page 70)

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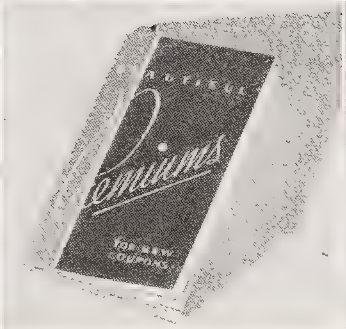

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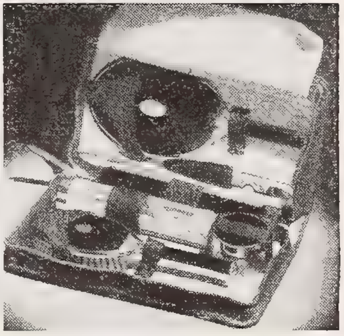
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FOUR MORE GREAT HITS FROM 20th CENTURY-FOX

IN THE NEW PERFECTED TECHNICOLOR

RAMONA

with

LORETTA YOUNG

DON AMECHE · KENT TAYLOR
PAULINE FREDERICK · JANE DARWELL
KATHERINE DE MILLE · JOHN CARRADINE
and a cast of thousands

Directed by Henry King
Executive Producer, Sol M. Wurtzel
Based on the novel by Helen Hunt Jackson

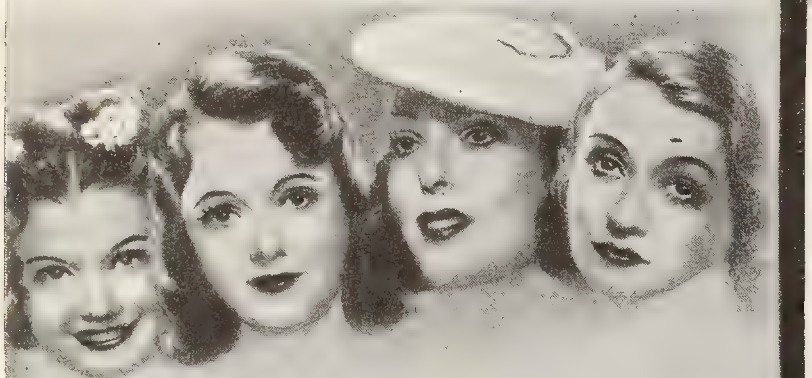
SHIRLEY TEMPLE
in
THE BOWERY PRINCESS

with

FRANK MORGAN

HELEN WESTLEY · ROBERT KENT · ASTRID ALLWYN
DELMA BYRON · THE HALL JOHNSON CHOIR
STEPIN FETCHIT

Directed by William A. Seiter
Associate Producer, Nunnally Johnson



Janet GAYNOR
Loretta YOUNG
Constance BENNETT
in
LADIES IN LOVE
with
Simone SIMON

DON AMECHE · PAUL LUKAS
TYRONE POWER, JR. · ALAN MOWBRAY

Directed by Edward H. Griffith
Associate Producer, B. G. DeSylva
Based on the play by Ladislaus Bus-Fekete

PIGSKIN PARADE

It's a "triple threat" of girls, music, and laughter!

With a Cast Picked for Entertainment

STUART ERWIN · JOHNNIE DOWNS
ARLINE JUDGE · BETTY GRABLE
PATSY KELLY · JACK HALEY
YACHT CLUB BOYS · DIXIE DUNBAR
TONY MARTIN · JUDY GARLAND

Directed by David Butler
Associate Producer, Bogart Rogers

20th CENTURY FOX
Darryl F. Zanuck
in Charge of Production

ROCHELLE HUDSON

You wouldn't think that a young gal who can look as beguiling as this would be doomed to home-spun roles, but that is Rochelle's fate. And she becomes an increasingly good actress with each one. Now she is busy with the new Dionne Quins' picture "Reunion." Jean Hersholt is again the kindly doctor and Michael Whalen the heart interest.

ERROL FLYNN

and

Maybe Errol Flynn is a little fed up with colorful costumes, but he can't deny he doesn't look elegant in them. However, having finished "The Charge of the Light Brigade," he is making that best-selling novel, "Green Light," which puts him in modern garb for the first time. Anita Louise and Margaret Lindsay have the feminine leads in this with him.

MADGE EVANS

Madge could sit down and brood a bit over her screen career but, instead, she looks both beautiful and happy. One of the sweller young actresses in town, she has not yet gotten the real break she deserves. However, things seem to be looking up for her with a meaty part in "Piccadilly Jim," opposite Bob Montgomery, and a good one in "Pennies from Heaven," with Bing Crosby.

GENE RAYMOND

We suspect that this very sophisticated and searching expression on Mr. R's handsome face is mostly due to his fear that you fans sigh over his wavy blond hair and clean-cut good looks! As it happens, Gene is such a grand actor that he needn't worry. He has just finished "'Walking on Air" with Ann Sothern as his heart beat. As you know, Gene and Jeanette MacDonald are altar-bound.

BEVERLY ROBERTS

Meet one of cinematown's luckiest and most talented young gals. In one brief year of putting a special brand of personality into every small part given her, Beverly has stepped right up into the close-ups. In fact, she stepped right into the part left vacant by Bette Davis in "God's Country and the Woman." Beverly has vivacity and individuality. There's no doubt that she'll get places.

MERLE OBERON

It's been too long a wait for Merle's next picture, but you'll be doubly rewarded by "Love Under Fire." Not only does she have Brian Aherne as a leading man, but also David Niven. And since all you fans have followed their charming off-screen romance, this will be good news. It gives David one of the best breaks of his recently-begun screen career.

QUICKER-ACTING LOTION SOFTENS ROUGH SKIN *Sooner!*

(GOOD-BYE, SANDPAPER HANDS!)

IT'S FUN to be outdoors, but no kindness to your skin. Face and hands lose their niceness—get coarse, dry, and rough. Smooth them—*sooner*—with Hinds. Its precious softeners soak into skin—stay there too. Your skin wins back lasting smoothness—not just a half hour's slickness. Try Hinds in the 50c size with the new, free one-piece dispenser. Read all about it below.

BRIDE CRIES over burnt bacon, kitchen hands! So much to do—only two hands to do it with—and both those hands getting "sick and tired." Skin so dry, it's cracking. Natural softness dried out by oven-heat and soapy work! Put softness back again with Hinds. It's quicker-acting—not watery. Every creamy drop does good!

(*left*) **SOFT HANDS** are sweet music to his eager touch. Keep yours in the very-much-wanted class—by using Hinds. It isn't watery. Every rich, creamy drop works better—softening and whitening dry, red skin.

IN HOT WATER and out—all day long. Hands pucker up, chap and crack. Put softness back into your hands with Hinds. Its precious lubricants soak into dry abused skin, restoring natural smoothness—not just a surface slickness. Hands freshen up with a sweet smell, a cool soft look. Use Hinds regularly. It's *creamy*—not watery. Every drop works!

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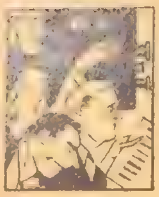
HINDS is Quicker-Acting... Not Watery!

HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM



MRS. ARTHUR HORNBLOW, JR. (Myrna Loy, to you) took her famous titian locks from under the drier long enough to shout at me, "I'm starving! Just a few more minutes of this and we'll dash out and have some lunch."

"Brides aren't supposed to be hungry!" I shouted back.

"Well, this one is!" and she ducked back under the drier. She hummed. It blended oddly with the whir of the electric machine above her head but she wasn't listening. Her eyes were smiling. There was a half smile on her lips. Her feet tapped out minute dance steps as she sat there. One doesn't have to add that Myrna Loy Hornblow was happy!

She was wearing a tailored maroon dressing robe with silk initials embroidered on the pocket.

"IT OUGHT to be pink and traily," I reminded her. She wrinkled up her altogether delightful young nose at me. "I haven't even got a trousseau. At least not much of one."

That's Myrna for you. Direct and to the point without fuss or frills. And the point, in this case, was getting married. She did it in the simple, unexploited way she does everything else. One Saturday morning, June twenty-seventh to be exact, she motored down to Old Mexico with Arthur Hornblow. They took along only two witnesses, Shirley Hughes, who is Myrna's stand-in and closest friend, and Ray Ramsey, a co-worker out at the M-G-M studios.

"We chose Ensenada for the ceremony because it's such a sleepy, quaint little town—as far removed from the hurry and confusion of Hollywood as anything you can imagine," Myrna said. "Even the cockatoos forget to chatter at times!"

There was none of the emotional

Above, a charming portrait of Myrna Loy and left, with her husband, Arthur Hornblow, Jr., who epitomizes her screen husbands.

BY VIRGINIA T. LANE

. . . MYRNA TALKS ABOUT MARRIAGE

Now that she's an off-screen wife, the perfect film Missus has some valuable tips for all of you Misses

tenseness about it that characterizes most weddings. Instead, there was a feeling of deep serenity and a happiness that was almost tangible. Myrna wore a high-neck dress that buttoned up the back, of beige crepe patterned with hand-blocked flowers. Her accessories were of brown patent leather and her hat of brown taffeta. She might have been a young lady going to a tea—for Myrna never dramatizes any episode of her private life. Her bouquet, for instance. In place of the regulation gardenias or orchids she carried a garden bouquet—asters, sweet william, larkspur. They blended with the print of her dress, making a fascinating picture.

There's a charming inn at Ensenada that fronts a palm-bordered strip of beach. A perfect place to slip away for a honeymoon. But the young Hornblows didn't "slip away" from their friends entirely. Not from Doug Fairbanks, Sr. at any rate.

The first intimation they had that something special was going on was when a Mexican quartet began serenading them. Then they were asked to "step dees way plez" into a private dining-room. And there was Fairbanks with his bride, the former Lady Ashley, the Countess of Warwick and Billy Fiske III—all ready to celebrate with a nuptial banquet! They had flown down from Los Angeles that afternoon in a cloud clipper that Doug chartered. Not a thing was missing at the banquet; the wedding cake was four tiers high and surmounted by a replica of Myrna done in candy. From the balcony, the quartet sang sweet old Spanish wedding songs.

THE FOLLOWING Wednesday Myrna and Arthur motored up to Frank Vanderlip's estate in Palos Verdes, Vanderlip and Hornblow being friends of long standing. The whole place was turned over to them to continue their brief honeymoon.

"I was married, you see, between 'To Mary—With Love' and 'Libeled Lady,' explained Myrna. "And there simply wasn't time for a trip. When 'Libeled Lady' is completed we may have a chance to go to Honolulu. That is, if Arthur's schedule permits it." (He's Paramount's star producer, you know.)

Mrs. Hornblow's titian locks were dry now. She'd whisked into a little print frock and the starving bride and I headed for a Brown Derby lunch.

"Our new house is almost completed—out in Hidden Valley, you know. It's really a darling."

"What kind of darling?" I prompted.

It's a provincial farmhouse. Not large I assure you! You should have seen

(*Continued on page 87*)

"To Mary—with Love," with Warner Baxter and Myrna Loy.

You'll be amused when you discover one of the reasons why Shirley Temple and Bill Robinson are such good friends.

HE GAVE her a bracelet. She gave him a watch. He gave her an automobile.

And Hollywood did not snicker. Hollywood did not raise its superior eyebrows and say, "Well, how long will *this* last?" Instead, Hollywood knows that, for once, there was born in the studios a friendship rare and beautiful, that of Bill Robinson and Shirley Temple.

It began the very first day Bill Robinson arrived on the Twentieth-Century Fox lot. Shirley Temple ran over to the editor of this magazine, who happened to be visiting the studio.

"Mr. Robinson is here!" Shirley announced, breathless with excitement. "Over there," she added, nodding that curley head of hers towards a group of men who stood chatting in one corner of the mammoth stage.

"There! See!" she said, taking the editor's hand, and using most of her will power to refrain from pointing. For Shirley has been brought up well. She has been taught that ladies do not point. And Shirley learns all her lessons thoroughly.

"Mr. Robinson?" queried the editor. "Which one?"

"The dark one," politely explained Shirley. "And," she whispered, confidentially, "he eats ice cream every day! He told me."

"I should think that would make him very sick," commented the editor with that self-righteous feeling editors usually have.

"Oh, no! No, it doesn't!" said Shirley, vigorously shaking the curls, and evidently annoyed, but making up her mind to stick up for the glories of ice cream, no matter what the cost.

She had been taught to respect the opinions of her elders, and here was a case where elders plainly disagreed; opinions were divided, so why not follow the most pleasant one. Anyway, hadn't her brand-new friend just assured her that ice cream never hurt him.

"Not one bit," said Shirley. "Not one teeny-weeny bit," and for emphasis she held (*Continued on page 91*)

"Shirley Temple is not merely a child prodigy. She will become one of the greatest actresses in the world," predicts Bill Robinson.

HOLLYWOOD FRIENDSHIP NO. 1

Who is Shirley Temple's best friend? Bill Robinson, of course, and here are the reasons why

By Nanette Kutner

Money has little to do with any of Jimmy Cagney's rebellions. But no one else would have taken the chance he took to achieve his goal.

Mrs. Cagney knows that if Hollywood ever fails her Jimmy, there are plenty of other roads he can travel.

Here's a star who acts as he

By Julia Shawell

SOMEWHERE in the amazing melange of scenic effects and widely assorted impressions of "movie star" Cagney, there ought to be found the real Jimmy who has been called everything from a soapbox insurgent with the banner of "A Cause" slung over his left shoulder to "Hollywood's Bad Boy," giving free and foolish vent to his waggish tendencies.

Yet, none of these highly imaginative, often distorted presentations fits the actual figure of the sandy-haired, keen-eyed little guy whose story reads like the success fiction he utterly disdains.

The answer to conundrum Cagney is no mystery unsolved, no secret which will never be divulged. It's all—what he has done, how he acts, what he'll do as long as he's here—found in his elemental, uncomplicated philosophy of living and bound up in the simple statement, "I've got to act like I feel."

Whether what he feels is right has nothing to do with a true analysis of Jimmy Cagney. Every controversy has two sides—certainly those opposed to Cagney consider themselves aggrieved. But even his bitter enemies must go into battle with this realist armed against their own deep-rooted respect for the undeviating course of a Cagney righteousness. And it may be that some of the less crusading members of his own craft look with an almost hopeless envy on his unfaltering daring.

For a Cagney, there is no such thing as today's ex-

CAGNEY TELLS JIMMY'S STORY

Yes, it's been a long time since you've seen Mr. Cagney on the screen. "Ceiling Zero," with June Travis, was his last film for Warners before the court to-do. All's well now, though, for he's signed with Grand National.

feels, can't be swayed and won't compromise on his stand

pediency with a half-hearted promise of a tomorrow's justification. Probably because his screen career has been a succession of parts in which grapefruit squishing, leaden pineapple throwing, sock the ladies and wrong-side-of-the-railroad-tracks characterizations have been his meat, there has been a romantic tendency to present the real James Cagney as a quiet little fellow who likes to play the piano in his own home and putter around with his art. Neither the screen roles nor the carefully fostered personality stories have done right by Jimmy.

He's no sleight-of-hand artist with a card up his sleeve in the big game. Rather, he gives you the impression of a player with four aces in his hand, ranged alongside the joker; and yet, you have the feeling he'd stay right on with a pair of deuces. If he seems to be one of those long-shot reckless gamblers of whom more timid souls breathlessly ask, "Aren't you taking an awful chance?" you know he'll play his hunches and take the consequences.

Money has little to do with any of his rebellions excepting that it represents, in a material way, the other things on which he takes a defensive attitude.

"Any able-bodied man can always get a day's work," he told me, as he contemptuously dismissed the more compromising gentlemen among his acting contemporaries. In his interviews he is as definite and thought-revealing as he is sure-footed on the path which he believes to be the Cagney destiny. He'll dodge questioners for months and then, when he decides to talk, you'll get answers to all your questions. Sometimes the answers are so startling that it's the interviewer who necessarily must adopt a protective measure of reservation. There is seldom such a thing as an "off-the-record" statement with Cagney. If he's willing to talk at (*Continued on page 78*)

Bing Crosby's and Joan Bennett's mates can take credit for starting them on the success road.

Love's BEEN

SINCE THE movies seem to have provided us with some of the most fascinating case histories of love's inspiration, we're going to present example after example. If it's true that the proof of the pudding is in the eating, here's a whole pudding full of case histories of players who have climbed to new heights, in many instances have been completely rehabilitated, by the inspiration of love.

Case history number one is Jean Arthur. Like doctors we choose the most convincing case first, and there can be no doubt but that love found Jean Arthur discouraged and in comparative obscurity, only to lift her back to her original height in the movies, and send her to a stardom she had thought she would never achieve.

It took the love of Frank Ross to convince Jean that she was an A-1 actress; that she had but to bide her time and the world would know, as he did, that she was deserving of success. In his own quiet fashion he encouraged her to leave Hollywood when the ways of the cinema began to break her morale. He encouraged her to try the stage again, although it meant long separations and a break in the pleasant routine of living they had achieved.

WHEN SHE was discouraged by being typed as a leading lady for comedies, he convinced her that it was a passing phase in her work. When she got a chance to play dramatic parts on the New York stage, he rounded up the criticisms as they appeared and made a big fuss about the favorable comments on Jean's acting. He wasn't taking any chances that she might slide back into the morass of discouragement again.

He's been the best sport in the world, too, about her new chance at Hollywood, because it means a great separation—he is in New York and his wife's in California. When you're in love a separation can be a painful, unhappy experience. But when you're really in love you make sacrifices, and that's what Frank Ross, Jr., has never balked at doing for Jean.

In all the fuss that has been made about the transformation of "the littlest of the Bennett sisters," the main source of inspiration seems to have been shunted to the background—if one might say that Gene Markey could ever be shunted to any background. It is to her writer-husband, Gene Markey, that Joan owes her success.

When Dan Cupid's arrow hit these Hollywood boys and

Dick Powell seems to be responsible for the noticeable, happy change in Joan Blondell.

George Raft's whole personality has been transformed — all because of one girl.

THEIR INSPIRATION

By Hester G. Robison

UNTIL she married sophisticated, brilliant Gene, Joan was a wide-eyed ingenue just learning the rudiments of emotional portrayals. She had had a difficult life, although young, but she really did not know much about the rest of the world. She hadn't read enough, she hadn't seen enough to know about the depth of people's feelings.

Along came Gene, a man who has done a prodigious amount of living and thinking and reading about the rest of the world. His is a profound mind, a sensitive, serious outlook. He married the youngest Bennett and then began her transformation.

It was only natural that association with Gene should teach Joan a new understanding of people, of life. From little girl-mannerisms she turned to those of maturity. She acquired a broader outlook, a maturer way of thinking. It began to show in her lovely face.

Being the wife of a brilliant young author meant a new responsibility; responsibility for his happiness and contentment, so necessary to his work. It changed her from a child into a woman; from an ingenue into a dramatic star. To some he might have proved a subordinating influence. But not to Joan. She had a serious-minded, critical husband to please, and she valued his opinion of her work. The result is obvious in her pictures.

Before George Raft met Virginia Pine, epitome of social smartness and sophistication, he was a "slick guy," a "Broadway smart guy" in the fullest sense of the term. He couldn't quite shake off, even in his picture characterizations, the mannerisms of the boy from Tenth Avenue and Forty-First Street.

Look at him today. In person or on the screen Raft has a polish, a natural poise that is real and not an affected smart aleckness. Virginia Pine is "society" and somehow she managed to inspire George with an appreciation of smooth manners, good behavior and appearance. Today Raft can play a song-and-dance man or a social man-bout-town with equal ease.

If she hadn't been in love (*Continued on page 96*)

girls, some truly amazing changes took place in them

HE GETS AWAY

On-screen and off-screen, they're filmdom's newest romantic twosome—Eleanor Powell and James Stewart. Below, a scene from "Born to Dance" with Sid Silvers, Una Merkel and Jim.

HE GETS away with murder!" That's what the envious, here in Hollywood, say of James Stewart. "What's he got?" they ask.

He's tall and lean and gangling. His hair won't stay brushed. He is not handsome; certainly not if you judge by the profile standards, though he is handsomer off the screen than he is on. Nice, tanned skin. Dark hair, even though unbrushed. White, strong teeth. Expressive hands. A sense of humor which twists his mouth amusingly and lurks, lazily, in his deep blue eyes.

He's taller and some forty pounds lighter than Clark Gable. And he's doing his darndest to "eat on some weight." He talks slowly, almost drawlingly, and in a very low-toned, Pennsylvania Dutch voice. He wears good-looking clothes, which you might not expect. He wears them carelessly.

But he hasn't the extreme good looks of Robert Taylor nor the exotic appeal of a Valentino nor the smoothness of the English actors.

You can't compare him with anyone, past or present. He can't be "typed" because he has no prototype. He has a certain awkwardness. And yet the girls sigh and say "He's won-der-ful!"

I asked a young and pretty girl what it is he has. She said, "He promises tenderness with strength underneath. He isn't obviously any one thing. It's just that he seems to promise—everything."

HE IS BLACK and blue from pinching himself to find out whether he is awake or dreaming. He doesn't believe any of it. He doesn't believe that he is here in Hollywood, a "moom pitcher" actor. When Gable and Norma Shearer and Bob Montgomery and others hail him in friendly fashion he forgets to return their greetings. He thinks they must be talking to someone else or he has a dreamy feeling that he is still seeing their shadows on the screen.

When he was on location with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in "Rose Marie," he used to play the accordion for them evenings and he'd say to himself, 'Hey, this can't be you, James!'

When he has dates, as he does, with Eleanor Powell, Ginger Rogers, Virginia Bruce, Janet Gaynor, this girl or that, he is sure he is getting by with murder.

When he looks at himself on the screen and thinks of all the idols of the past, and now Gable and Taylor, he wonders how soon he is going to wake up to find himself back in New York, on the stage, where close-ups are *not* and faces don't matter so much.

WITH MURDER!

Here's why James Stewart hasn't yet been caught up with—and our guess is his luck will last indefinitely

By Gladys Hall

When the Great God Studio tells him (at it does) that in another year he'll be the biggest box-office sensation of the annum he has to pinch himself harder than ever to convince himself that he's hearing right. He doesn't believe a word of it. It's probably just as well for him that he doesn't. That's why, after some eight months or so, he's managing to keep the refreshing naturalness, the sort of blundering wonder of it all, with which he came.

Not believing a word of it, he works with all he's got in him. He tries and keeps on trying so that he can make himself believe he's really in Hollywood and really working, and not a disembodied spirit living in a dream.

"I poke around and try to find out about everything. I go into the prop room, the cutting room, the testing department, the casting office and learn all the ropes and red tape. I talk to the script writers. I watch the different directors and compare their methods and their results. I study up on projection machines, cameras and process shots. I want to know all there is to know about the business that finally projects me, an unbelieving shadow, onto the screen.

IT'S GOOD for me, too. I'm not so apt to begin to think I'm such big pumpkins in this racket if I know something about the mechanics back of it, the skilled, mechanical science which is really as important, if not more so, than the actor doing his stuff. After all, you can always substitute one actor for another and get along all right. You can't keep on substituting one camera for another or discard the sound track because it acts temperamental.

"I don't know," said Jimmy, "I swear I don't know how movie actors ever manage to get superiority complexes, swelled heads about themselves. If they use their eyes and ears a bit, if they realize how much goes into the making of a picture before they ever step onto a set, I should think they'd have to fight off inferiority complexes. One day's tour of the studio put me in my place and I think I'll stay put. We all get by with murder, more or less.

"Of course," said Jimmy, in that slow, low laconic voice of his, "of course, I always got by with murder, in a way. I was born in Indiana, Pennsylvania, you know. I don't know what that has to do with getting by with murder except that I might have been born in a New York slum, you know, and then I would have been called upon to do something about it. Anyway, I was the only son between two sisters. They didn't spoil me, I don't mean that. They believed that to spare the rod is indeed to spoil the child. They didn't spare it. But, after all, ask any fellow who has had two sisters. . . ."

Jimmy used to run away from home when he was a youngster. He had an "itch in my feet to see the world." He still has that itch. He still (*Continued on page 80*)

Loretta Young still retains many of her simple, unassuming, "Gretchen" characteristics.

HAND-

HAVE YOU ever had to wear cast-off, mended clothes, carry cast-off accessories? Have you ever had to take your turn at the end of the family line for anything and everything, even beaux? Have you known what it is to be "little sister"—especially to a beautiful, charming, gracious and favorite big one? If you have then you will be able to sympathize with Gretchen. And you'll laugh, cry, worry, fret and dream along with Gretchen (Loretta) Young in her hand-me-down experiences. Perhaps you will also gain courage and hope from her.

It may be hard to realize that Loretta Young, the poised, independent, responsible head of the House of Young today, was, only yesterday, its patronized, third-ranking child, its most affectionate but ineffectual Gretch! Still that was, ironically, the case. From the beginning, Gretchen had a complex about her older sisters. Admiring Polly Ann's graciousness and Sally's charm she would often say: "Oh, I just wish *I* had something!" She loved them, of course, and because she loved them so much and considered them so perfect, her yearning was doubly poignant.

By the hour she would sit around cross-legged on the floor, watching them while they dressed, while they fussed with their hair, listening to their talk about that gay outer world which she felt she would never know. She hung adoringly on every gesture, every word, every look. She tried to imagine what Polly Ann's dress would look like when it finally got around to her two years later. She wondered, too, if Sally

By Katharine Hartley

Believe it or not, cast-off clothes and cast-off beaux were once Loretta's lot

ME-DOWN GRETCHEN

would teach her to do her hair like she did hers, with the fan puffs at the side, when she grew old enough to put up her curls. She wondered, dreamily, if either of them would ever let her go out with Eric or Jimmie

"Ramona," with Loretta Young and Don Ameche in leading roles, is 20th Century-Fox's contribution to technicolor.

. . . if Eric or Jimmie ever asked her, of course. She wondered—but then her reveries were broken by her mother's frantic cries from the kitchen, "Gretchen, hurry up! I'm ready to go to the store now. I want you to help me carry things home."

Walking along the street, Gretchen would think: "It's humiliating always to be just a tag-along. But that's the way I started out. That's the way I'll end up, I guess."

YOU SEE she had so often heard the story of her first hopeless venture out into the world, at the slender age of two and a half, that she couldn't help thinking of it as prophetic. That story, in Mrs. Young's words, goes like this, "Polly Ann and Sally had been invited to a little girl's party, and I was to take them. Gretchen was not to go, of course—she was too little. So I put her to bed first, for her afternoon nap, and then got the other girls ready. We started out an hour later, and had to walk three blocks to the street car.

"Now I was sure that Gretchen had been asleep when we left, but as we boarded the car I heard a small voice calling from half a block behind us 'Wait for me. Wait! I'm going, too, Mama!' And there was Gretchen in her Peter Rabbit sleeping pajamas toddling after us! Well, there was only one thing I could do and that was to get off the car with the girls and take Gretchen back home, and spank her! Naturally, that made us late for the party. Polly Ann and Sally missed their ice cream and cake and it was months before they ever forgave her."

Something happened when Gretchen was four which almost, but not quite, put an end to her tag-along state. At that time the family moved from Salt Lake City to Hollywood where an aunt, Mrs. Traxler, was working at Paramount. One day at the studio they were testing a number of little girls for a role in the film starring Fanny Ward. None of them was suitable and Director George Melford turned to Mrs. Traxler and said, "You've mentioned your little nieces; bring one over. One about four." Mrs. Traxler dashed to the Young home, found a mud-spattered Gretchen in the back yard, whisked her off to the studio for a test, and mud and all—she won the part. Later, Theodore Roberts, who was also playing in the picture, walked over to Mrs. Young and asked, "Is this your little girl? Well, my dear, you have a genius on your hands."

MRS. YOUNG thought so, too, after seeing the rushes. But when the picture finally came out she had to look hard to see Gretchen—that settled it. A director should know. (Of course, what Mrs. Young didn't know then is that those things happen to the best of actors.) Gretchen was called out of the running right then and there, and sent to a convent to be educated.

So at four she came close to being the main support of the family, as she is today—but a few feet of film on the cutting room floor defeated her.

At the convent she dropped back again into her old role. In the four years that she spent there she was never to know what it was to have a new dress (one that hadn't been handed down from her sisters), she was never to cease hearing about her adorable older *(Continued on page 95)*

Stu Erwin greets you between scenes of "Where's Elmer?"

Girls! Are you going to allow Stuart Erwin to get away with his assertion that—

By Martha Kerr

"WOMEN ARE TROUBLE

SURE WOMEN are trouble," said Stu, with that grin and that kindly light in his gray eyes, which would take the sting out of anything he might say. You would always know that his heart is soft no matter how hard his words.

There are many who have tried to say that Stu is the logical successor to Will Rogers, especially on the screen. Stu doesn't think so, doesn't want to be placed in that difficult position. Stu has the same rugged kindliness, the same salty humor, the same simple honest love of people.

"I don't mean," Stu was saying, "that women get in my hair, exactly—not like they might in Gable's or Bob Taylor's or Gary Cooper's. I mean they're trouble because they're competition.

"I'm about," said Stu, "to become a renegade from my own sex. What I'm about to say is rank heresy, I know. My fellow men will never forgive me. It's this: I'm one who believes that women are smarter than men. Better brains. Quicker instincts. More common sense. Less sentimentality which reduces many a strong man to the sending of lace paper valentines when he ought to be on the field of battle, some kind of a battle. They're better actors, too, and I don't mean only on stage or screen. They've got us beat, that's why they're trouble.

"Look how it is, even in this movie business. Look at the publicity the girls get. Does (*Continued on page 93*)

He couldn't stand one of those professional marriages—a home like a hotel—so when she married Stu, June Collyer gave up her career.

FRANKLY FOOLISH

Ida Lupino finds that nonsense levels the serious side of life —and there's something to it

Ida refuses to quibble, and speaks and acts with daring frankness. At right, with Nino Martini in her latest picture, "The Gay Desperado."

By Kay Osborne

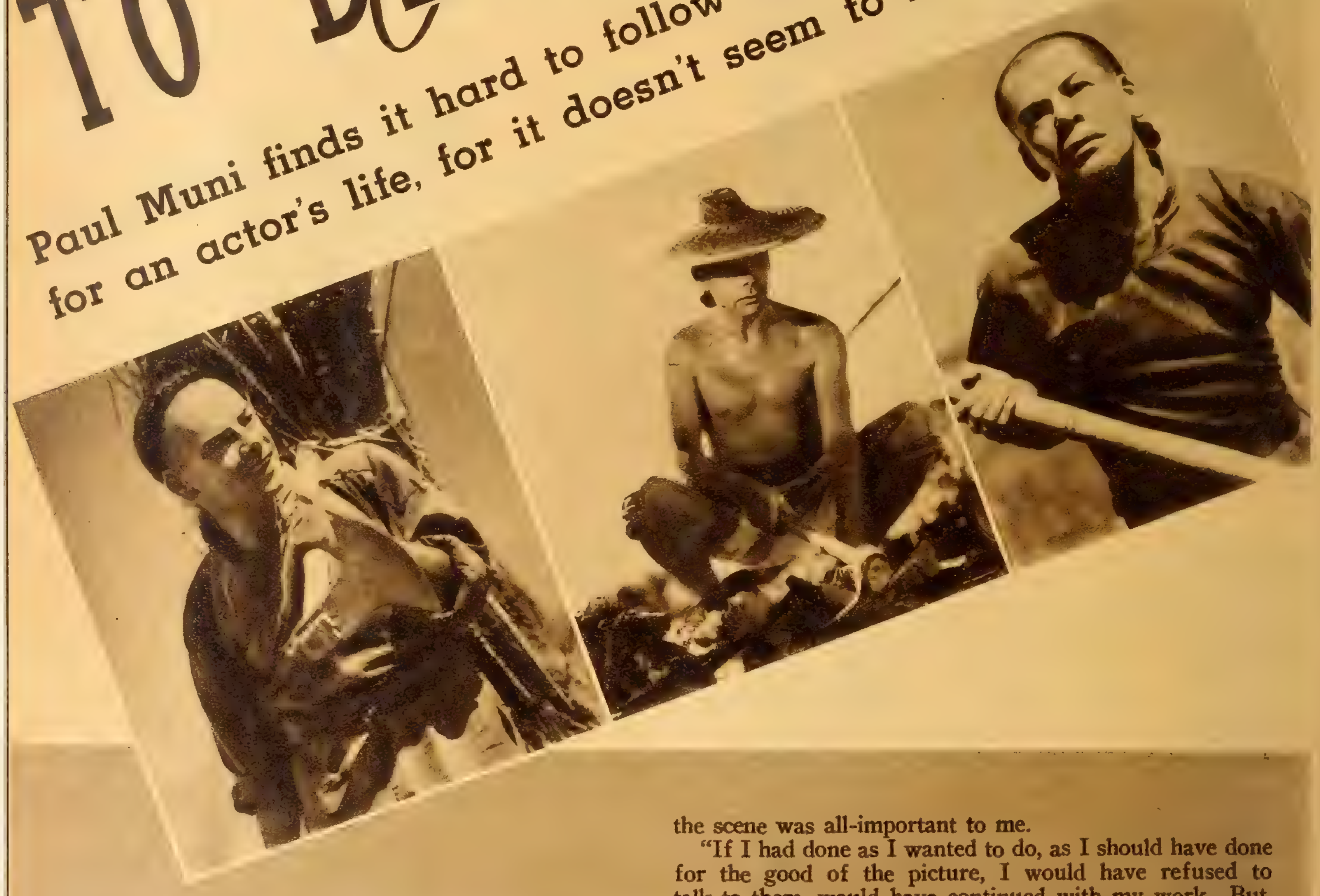
THEY CALL her foolish, but in her madness is a strange kind of sanity, A sanity which perhaps seems like madness, because she is only twenty, and few people at twenty have the call-a-spade-a-spade viewpoint of life that she has. I'll admit that as one to be interviewed she is a problem. The statements which she makes so calmly in the course of mere conversation, on paper, smack blatantly of an attempt to be startling.

SUCH STATEMENTS AS: "To the devil with this profession. I want to be a musician. Composing is the thing that gives me the greatest thrill. Acting in pictures is a gamble. I'll take it; I am taking it now, but I take it with my eyes open. I know everything depends on the breaks I get. The parts. If they give me good parts, I'll be good in them; if they give me bad ones, I haven't a chance. I want something to fall back on. My music is going to be that something. I have just written a song for Nino Martini. I have six more songs which have already attracted offers from publishers. I also have a book of poems to finish to complete the collection and then it will be published, too. These are the things that are important to me. As a writer and composer I can grow and grow. As an actress I can only grow if, and when, producers let me!"

AGAIN, TO further amaze and baffle one she says, "I don't kid myself. I haven't any real friends. There isn't a soul in this town, outside of my own family and Louis Hayward (who at this moment happens to think that he adores me), who would lift a finger to help me. I know that. I also know that it's quite possible that I'm not liked around here. As a matter of fact, I have made it a point to find out what people say and think about me. They don't know anything about me really, because I stick so close to home, because I'm by myself so much, so they make up lovely fantastic lies. I hear that I am a sex-appealist de luxe, that men are my meat, that I'm wild as a native from Fiji. It's all a lie; there's nothing to it. Half the nights I spend working at the piano, sometimes with Harry Mann, who is doing my arrangements, most often alone. But the light burns on up here in my house on the hill, so they figure it must be burning at both ends. If the reputation of an actress rests on such little things, then I say it's not worth while being an actress. There's too little inner (*Continued on page 88*)

Afraid TO BE HIMSELF

Paul Muni finds it hard to follow Hollywood's pattern for an actor's life, for it doesn't seem to fit him at all



WE'RE ALL cowards in Hollywood," Paul Muni told me. "We're afraid to be ourselves, afraid that we will be called temperamental, 'high hat,' difficult. We follow the Hollywood pattern because we haven't the courage to do otherwise.

"For instance, yesterday we were filming one of the most important scenes in the picture. Naturally, I was very anxious to do the scene well. I was sitting quietly in a corner, studying, when several important visitors came on the set. Under different circumstances I should have been very happy to meet them but, at that moment, the scene was all-important to me.

"If I had done as I wanted to do, as I should have done for the good of the picture, I would have refused to talk to them, would have continued with my work. But, had I done that, you know what the result would have been. Eyes would have stared at me in disgusted surprise. Voices, dozens of voices, would have spread the news that Muni was getting temperamental, going 'high hat,' becoming difficult.

"Only one person in all Hollywood has the courage to be herself, to do as she thinks best for her own good and for the good of her pictures. That person is Greta Garbo. I envy her moral stamina. I wish that I had one-tenth of it. I try to live my life as much as possible in the way I wish to live it, but I haven't the courage to

Muni has been called "high hat" because he seeks seclusion so that he can conserve his energies for the fine characterizations he gives the screen. The parade of pictures above, shows you how completely he has become Wang in "The Good Earth." Luise Rainer and Muni in a tragic moment, above right. Paul studied the Chinese for months in order to look and act like them.

By Eleanor Packer

do it as completely as I would like to do it."

We were sitting on canvas camp chairs, Paul Muni and I, in a rolling field of young wheat. On all sides we were surrounded by shabby, slant-eyed Chinamen, thatched huts, nondescript dogs, patient water buffalo, cameras, microphones and thoroughly American technicians who yelled at each other through an intricate loud speaker system which reached to the farthest California hill, terraced in Chinese fashion and dotted with crude, unfamiliar shrines.

It was a slice of China brought to the San Fernando Valley, near Hollywood, for the making of "The Good Earth." The slim, young Chinaman on the opposite chair looked at me with dark eyes which belonged to Wang, Pearl Buck's struggling young farmer, and also to "Louis Pasteur" and to the "Fugitive from a Chain Gang" and to Paul Muni, himself.

I had been a little worried about my meeting with Muni. I had heard so many stories about his elusiveness, his detachment from the Hollywood scene, his hermit-like silence. But he surprised me. Instead of the silent, taciturn man whom I had expected, I found a young, talkative and quietly enthusiastic person, dressed in the soiled and worn garments of a poverty-stricken Chinaman.

"I try to be selfish—deliberately, consciously selfish," he said. "The stories you have heard about me are partly true. Only, I haven't the courage to carry my selfishness, if you can call it that, to the final completeness. I know that you must be selfish to be (*Continued on page 85*)

Here's Simone Simon, a

INTO THE exquisitely modelled five feet three, one hundred and fourteen pounds which is Simone Simon every strand of life has been twisted into one bright, confusing skein, so that temper and sweetness, tantrum and melting tolerance, cruelty and charity, bitterness and appeal alternate in rapid and confusion-making succession.

You think that you have a pretty petulant child on your hands and that all you need do is produce a lollipop and all will be well. And then, just as you are in the act of producing the lollipop, you meet the eyes of a wise and worldly woman—eyes which are cynical and perceptive and more than a little mocking. And no sooner have you tried to adjust yourself to this somewhat disconcerting *mondaine* than peals of outrageous laughter will startle you into the conviction that you are talking to a gay, mischievous young girl, who finds life and you, and mostly herself, deliriously amusing.

You assume, knowing something of her birth and upbringing, that she has spent her young life moving with millionaires, magnates and royalty, leaving their scalps on her slender belts. But then she says, almost harshly and with stark simplicity, "I didn't know any young people at home—abroad. First I am too young. And then I am too

Mlle. Simon's ability to steal scenes is trumped only by her flair for creating them. But since her triumph in "Girls' Dormitory," any dido is forgiven. Below with Herbert Marshall in a scene from the picture.

small imported tornado!

hard-working." So you do another mental revision and come up for air yet again.

You assume that she is a pampered young Continental of laces and pearls, facials and beauty patches until she holds up small but totally unmanicured hands and says, "I hate to fuss with me. I can *use* my hands. I detest the beauty parlors. I would not have the facials and those inquisition things they call the permanent waves—when they are not permanent at all," laughed Simone. When she laughs she really laughs—not a giggle—not one laugh but peals of laughter ringing out like bells.

She was known as one of the best-dressed women in Europe. She arrived in America with twenty trunks crammed to the lids with exclusive models and the latest chapeaux from Paris. She says, with impatience, "I don't know why. I felt like buying them at the moment. So I buy them."

CHILD OF DESTINY

By Faith Service

She never wears slacks around town or around the studio. She never wears sweaters, shorts or play suits. She is forever putting on gloves. Was it Beau Brummel who said that a woman should always wear gloves because when a woman takes off her gloves, she divests herself of half her charm? If he didn't, he probably wishes he had. Simone seldom divests herself of her gloves.

Her name, by the way, is pronounced Sea-moan Sea-Moan. It is her real name. Her mother liked the name Simone and thought she might as well use it twice. Why not? She knew of no other name she liked better.

SHE was born in Marseilles, that cross-roads where all the world meets in riotous color and adventure. Perhaps it was in Marseilles that the small Simone was laced with all the multi-colored strands which weave her wiles now.

Simone can be an angel but she gets perverse glee in being the opposite. But, 'tis said, that on the set of "Ladies in Love" great courtesy was rife among the leads, Loretta Young, Janet Gaynor, Constance Bennett and Simone.

From Marseilles, Simone sailed with her mother to Madagascar. And with only one eye on her school books, she absorbed with the other the teeming tropical life, the myriad races meeting and mingling. Perhaps it was Madagascar that bequeathed to Simone her legacy of many and multi-colored moods.

And then later in Budapest, in Paris, in Berlin, in Turin—in a dozen different cities and in a dozen different schools, the small Simone applied to her own exquisitely fashioned young person a delicate veneer of sophistication which made of her, at sixteen, a woman of the world with wiles at her finger-tips and wisdom in her sapphire blue eyes.

I talked with her after she had made some portraits and stills in the gallery at the Twentieth Century-Fox studio. She sang snatches of songs very loudly, and hilariously between the clicks of the camera. She jested with the photographer. She struck ridiculous attitudes, which were like daring French posters only more so. She told another actress, who had come into the studio on some errand to "walk away from here and sit over there, please." I had been told that I might find her "difficult," that she might walk out on me, lay me low if I asked her stupid questions. Maybe it was my good fortune that I talked to her after the preview of "Girls' Dormitory" and not before; that I talked to her during the making of "Ladies in Love," which a wise little birdie tells me she is "stealing" even as she stole 'Girls' Dormitory" and gambolled off with it. She looked, that day, like the kitten that has eaten the canary. She looked as though she had "stolen" something and was a rascally Raffles who loved it. She was brashly proud and unashamed of her pride. She called to me, "I am of a good disposition today. My nature feels good. I am so (*Continued on page 76*)

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION

Don't think for a moment that these beauteous girls, Olivia de Havilland, above, and Simone Simon, below, don't realize that they won't be slim forever. What precautions are they taking?

Some do's and don'ts to keep you thin if you've attained slimness, and hints for you who find the pounds sneaking up in spite of everything you do to stop them

By Mary Marshall

Who wouldn't give her right arm for a figure like Anita Louise's? It's no cinch keeping it either.

Little Jean Parker's grace and poise is something for which to strive.

THEY SAY it's worth a pound of cure—which last is our text for next month, in case things have reached such a pass in your life that an ounce of prevention won't do you any good. That doesn't let you off reading this article, however, for there are a couple of hints here which will—I hope—be of benefit to you.

I made no bones about the fact that this article is to be concerned chiefly with the debutantes—the young girls whose figures and faces are good, fair, or simply swell. And with the young girls, also, whose figures and faces may not be good at all, but where the fault comes not through self-indulgence and neglect, but through difficulty in overcoming adolescent troubles.

First, the young miss with the pretty good or darn good appearance. To her, life is rosy indeed and she looks with superiority and pity on other poor mortals who must diet and exercise and deny themselves this and that. Thank goodness, thinks she, I need not do such penance. If she'll deign to listen, I'd like to give her some advice. Like this: keep your figure as lovely as it is, sister. Keep your complexion and the fine, clean contour of your face. Give thought for the morrow.

When I was a young thing, I envied tremendously two or three girls of my age and acquaintance who could, apparently, eat as much as and whatever they pleased and never gain an ounce or suffer in any other way. I had to watch my diet and I thought it pretty mean that these others could tuck away untold sundaes and confectioner's magoo and never divulge a bulge. At the present writing, two of these belles are very portly indeed. The other is nibbling cautiously at carrots and lettuce in an effort not to get any more portly. And am I leffing! These three belles, you see, passed from girlhood to womanhood; they married and gave up the peppy activities of youth for a more settled existence; and having indulged themselves all their lives, it was almost too hard to stop.

Just look through any family album if you wish proof. That can't be Aunt Agatha—that slim little thing! Indeed, it's none other than Agatha, before Nature slipped up with twenty-five pounds in hand and said, "Aggie, these belong to you. I've been saving them up all these years." And so on and on.

Could you find four better looking young people than those you see on these two pages? Anita Louise, so fragile looking and ethereal. Olivia de Havilland, vivid and luscious. Jean Parker, with her gypsy grace. And the little newcomer, Simone Simon, who, after a bad start in Hollywood has now crashed through with a fine performance in "Girls' Dormitory" and whose young-girl charm is delighting everybody.

Don't think for a moment that *this* beauteous quartette gives no thought for the morrow. They know, and their studios know, and their wise *(Continued on page 98)*

Frances Farmer

Patric Knowles

YOU'LL BE SEEIN' US!

Six bright young people who soon will step into stardom's dazzling spotlight

Doris Dudley

Eleanore Whitney

Jimmy Ellison

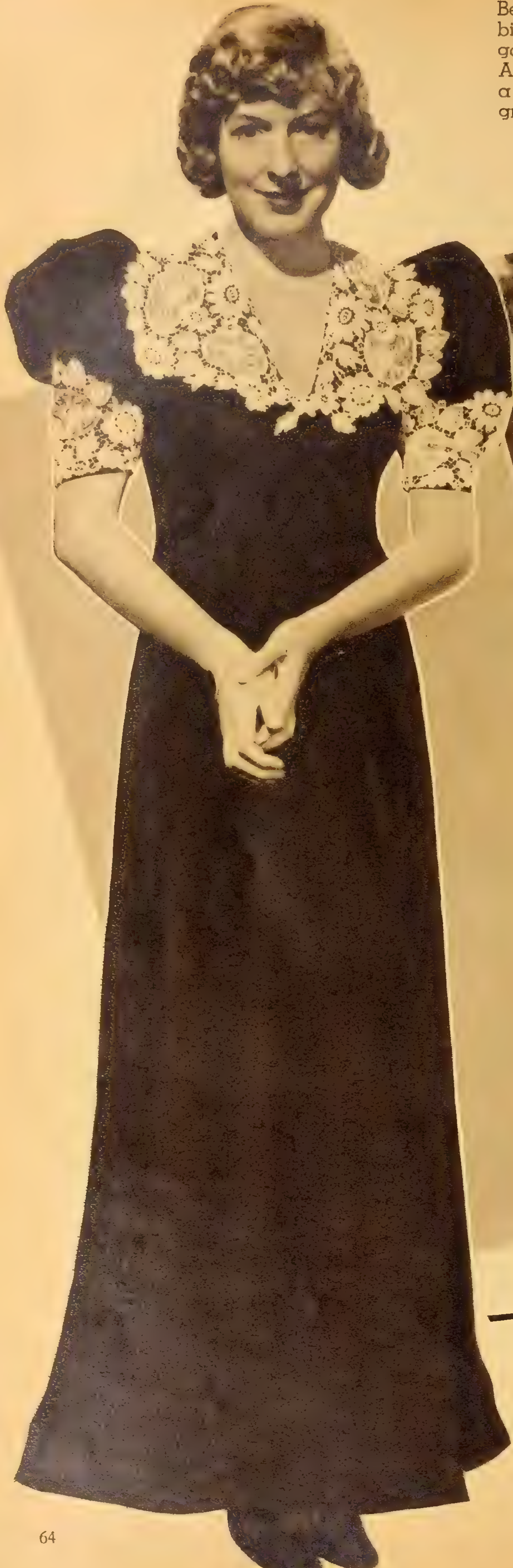
Douglas Walton

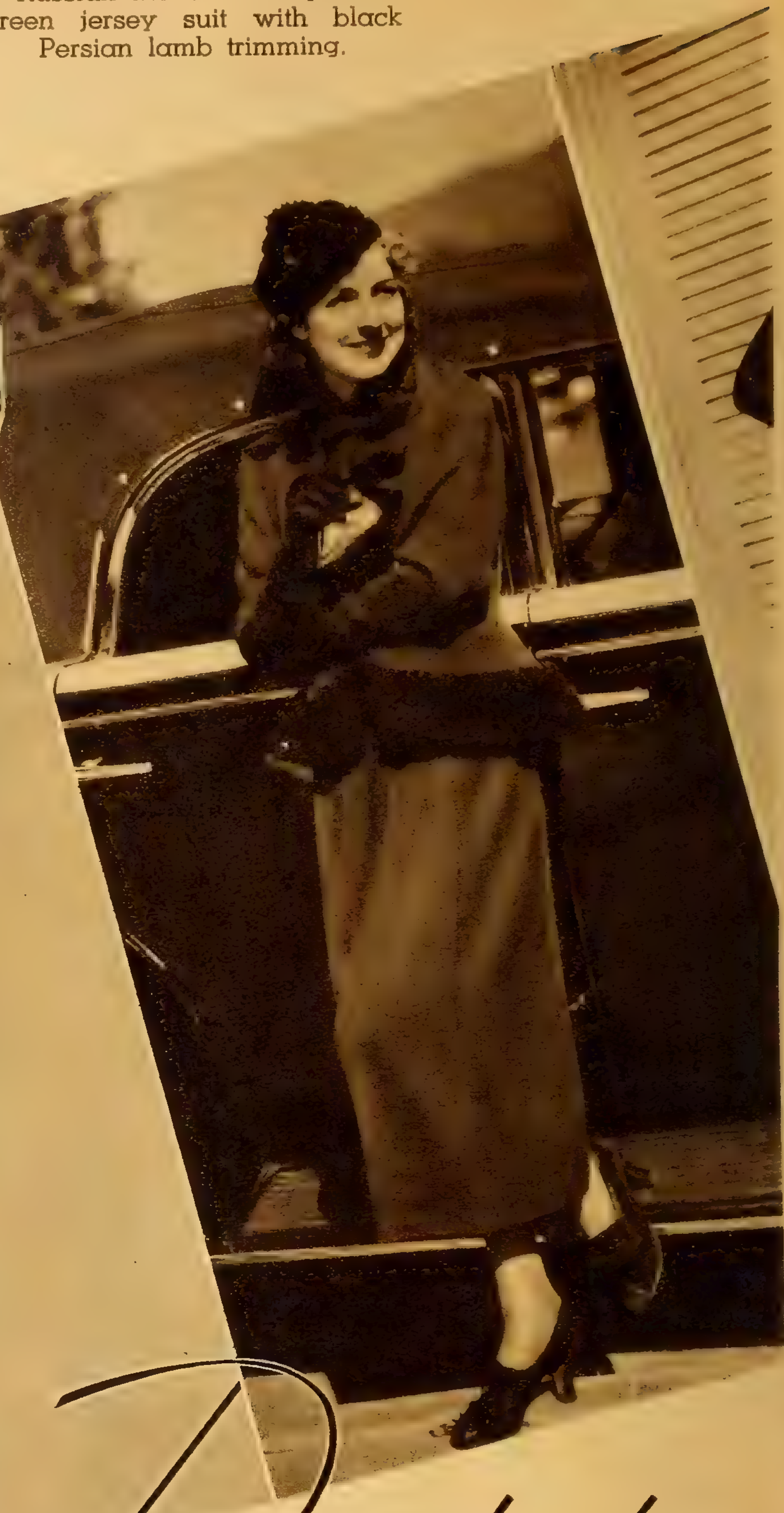
Here's a crew of Hollywood youngsters to keep your eye on! They're the younger bloods of the screen who are distinguishing themselves in the smaller roles given them in big pictures. Soon they will outgrow supporting parts to move on to featured ones—and then on to that glittering estate called stardom! Look them over from left to right, top row.

First, Frances Farmer, who made a hit in Bing Crosby's "Rhythm on the Range," will soon be seen in "Come and Get It." Next, dashing Patric Knowles, Errol Flynn's good pal, who plays with him in "Charge of the Light Brigade." Eleanore Whitney, that young whirlwind of tap, showed great promise in "Three Cheers for Love" and probably will trump that performance in "College Holiday." Then there's Jimmy Ellison, who has made his own fan following through his acting in the "Hop Along Cassidy" pictures. The newest of this series is "Heart of the West."

And right, Douglas Walton achieved a difficult feat recently and came off with flying colors. He made his role of Lord Darnley in "Mary of Scotland" so vivid that he registered in that great line-up of big stars. And, although Doris Dudley's first picture is yet to be seen, Hepburn's "Portrait of a Rebel," her previous stage experience makes her another star-in-the-making. She looks a little like Katie, too, doesn't she?

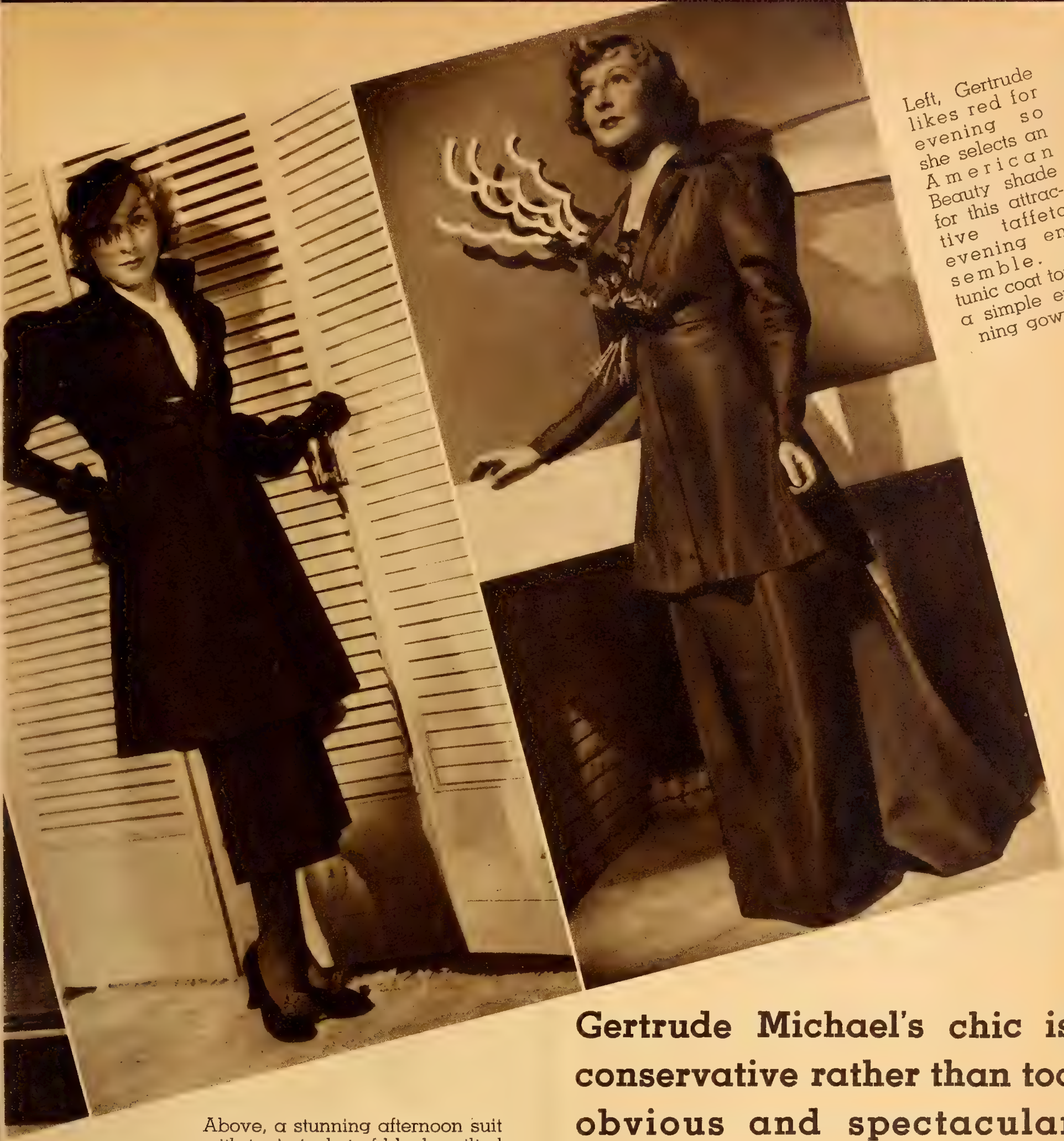
Below left, rich black velvet combined with real lace for a dinner gown of old-fashioned charm. And right, Gertrude switches to a Russian mood for daytime—green jersey suit with black Persian lamb trimming.





Don't try

SEVERAL YEARS ago Hollywood's fashion crown sat upon the heads of one or two stars who were famous for their knack of wearing dazzling clothes. They were gals who dared to try out the newest and dizziest fads—often even originated some of their own. They spent fortunes every year in an attempt to out-dress any other star in town. Gloria Swanson was one of these and she earned



Left, Gertrude likes red for evening so she selects an American Beauty shade for this attractive taffeta evening ensemble. A tunic coat tops a simple evening gown.

Above, a stunning afternoon suit with tunic jacket of black quilted wool crepe over a plain wool skirt and white satin blouse.

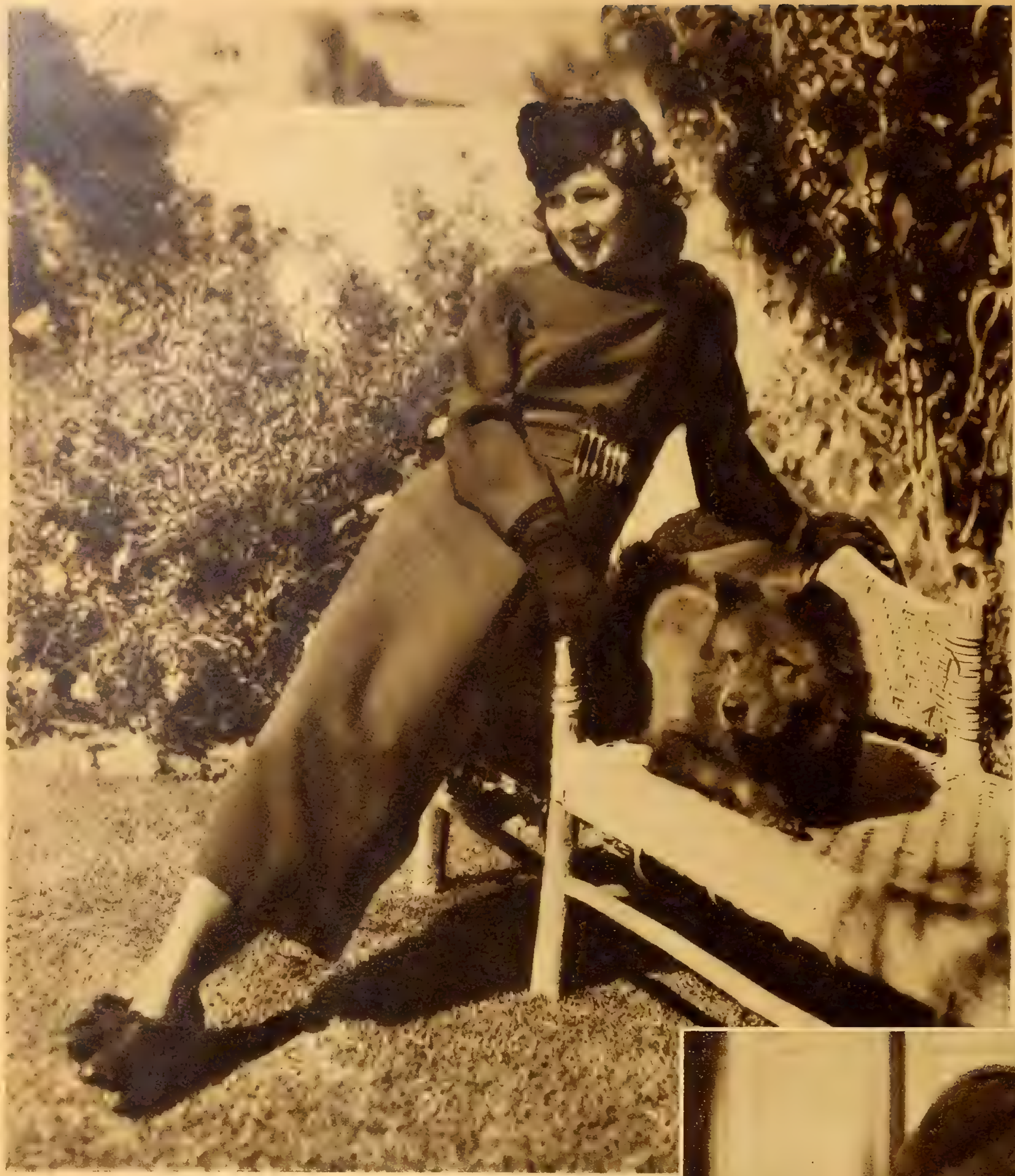
Gertrude Michael's chic is conservative rather than too obvious and spectacular

By Adelia Bird

to be a Clothes Horse!

her title of "clothes horse" because of the spectacular costumes she wore both on and off the screen. Lilyan Tashman was undisputed owner of "Hollywood's best-dressed woman" title up to the time of her death. And strangely, although there have been designers to step forth and name other stars as "best-dressed," there never was another who held the title as uniquely as did Lil Tashman.

Today, the whole Hollywood viewpoint on clothes is quite different. The stars who are pointed out for their chic are, on a whole, women who dress conservatively rather than spectacularly. And most of them shun the "clothes horse" stamp. Of course, Hepburn, Garbo and Margaret Sullavan go to the other extreme by professing a complete indifference to anything that looks like a smart



Left, again the Russian influence in the Michael wardrobe. This time it's a wine red wool coat with collar and side opening edged with Persian lamb. The cartridge belt idea is lifted from a Cossack's uniform. Russian turban of the coat cloth and lamb.

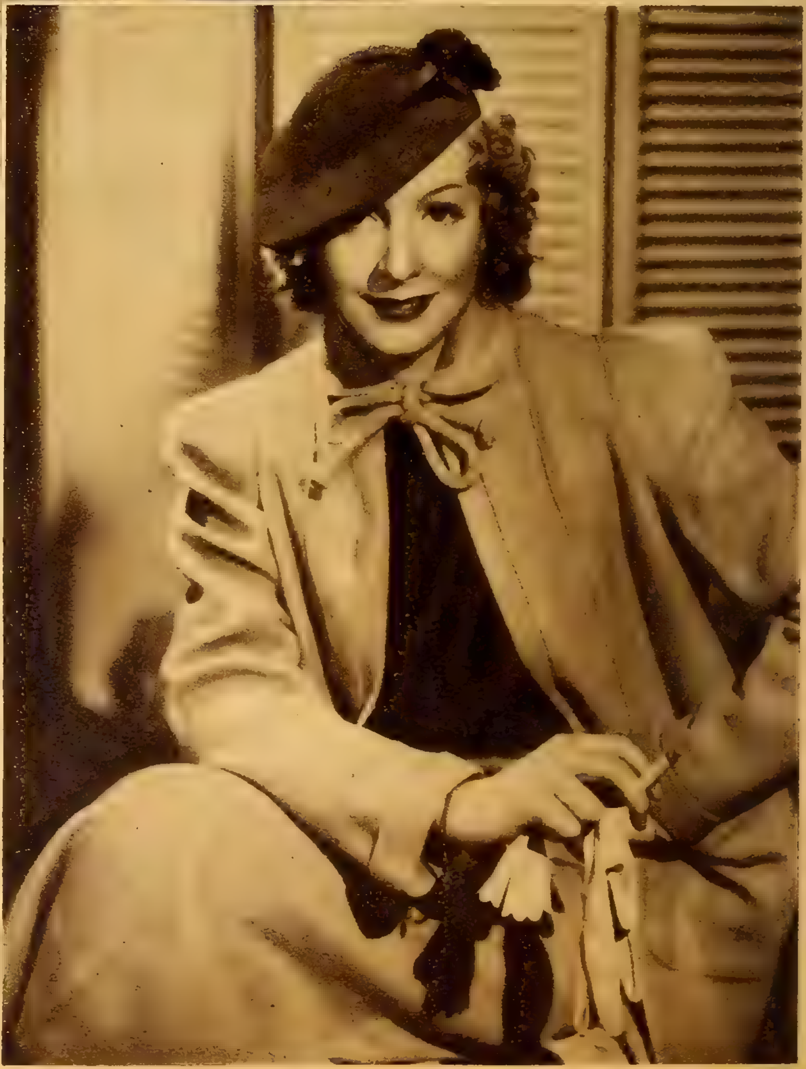
Gertrude's favorite sports suit is the one below. It's blue tweed with three-quarter length jacket and matching skirt. Her beret is navy blue stitched wool to match her blouse. That narrow gold chain is her pet piece of jewelry and about the only one she wears.

costume—but probably of the three, Garbo is the only one who is really sincere about it.

Just think over some of the stars today who have a reputation for off-screen smartness—Norma Shearer, Claudette Colbert, Myrna Loy, Carole Lombard and many others—all of them are almost uniformly tailored by day, leaving any flights of fashion to their few formal evening appearances. Of this group, Carole Lombard probably is the most clothes conscious.

MARLENE DIETRICH, of course, is in a class by herself because she makes a definite attempt to be an individualist in her dressing. She comes closest to the Tashman type because she loves to startle her audience by what she wears. She uses her clothes as a publicity getter—and what's more it works. Marlene is the 1936 version of the Hollywood clothes horse. And although you may envy her flair for lavish and stunning clothes, she doesn't make a very practical pattern by which to gauge your own shopping. It's fun to have a big wardrobe and to have it arresting but most of us can't afford to be just clothes horses. And it is far smarter to have your clothes subtly emphasize your personality than to have them dominate it! Don't you agree with me? Gertrude Michael does.

Right out of the same studio as the dazzling Marlene, Gertrude's brand of chic couldn't be more different, more down to earth. Yet, she stands (*Continued on page 83*)



Anne Rockefeller

Sert Room, The Waldorf-Astoria, New York. "Whether I'm in the Sert Room of The Waldorf-Astoria—at home—or at the homes of my friends—I notice that Camels are the favorite."—*Anne C. Rockefeller*

...and her famous "Little Dinners"

MISS ANNE C. ROCKEFELLER, of the distinguished New York family, enjoys entertaining in a casual, unpretentious way—intimate little dinners with a few friends who share her interest in the arts. Good conversation, unhurried pleasure . . . the menu itself kept very simple. Just soup and entrée . . . a pause for a Camel . . . followed by a green salad, dessert, and coffee . . . with Camels between courses and after to accent subtle flavors. "Smoking Camels," Miss Rockefeller says, "makes the choicest delicacy taste that much better. They help digestion, too, and bring a delightful sense of well-being, an at-peace-with-the-world mood. When entertaining, I always see to it personally, as a compliment to my guests, that there are plenty of Camels within their reach."

A few of the distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, *Philadelphia*
Mrs. Powell Cabot, *Boston*
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge, II, *Boston*
Miss Mary Byrd, *Richmond*
Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., *New York*
Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr., *Wilmington*
Mrs. William I. Hollingsworth, Jr., *Los Angeles*
Mrs. Chiswell Dabney Langhorne, *Virginia*
Mrs. Jasper Morgan, *New York*
Mrs. Langdon Post, *New York*
Mrs. Nicholas G. Penniman, III, *Baltimore*
Miss Lucy Saunders, *New York*
Mrs. Brookfield Van Rensselaer, *New York*

Add to the joy of good digestion by Smoking Camels

REMEMBER the friendly touches that make Anne Rockefeller's dinners so charming. A simple menu, plenty of Camels. Smoking Camels, scientists agree, stimulates the flow of digestive fluids—*alkaline* digestive fluids that play such a welcome part in good digestion.

Smoke as many Camels as you wish, during meals and after. As Frank, head waiter of The Waldorf's Sert Room, says: "Excellent food calls for costlier tobaccos. In the Sert Room, where discriminating people gather, Camels are the favorite." Their delicate flavor gives each succeeding Camel a never-tiring taste. And, being mild, Camels never get on your nerves. Smoke them for digestion's sake!

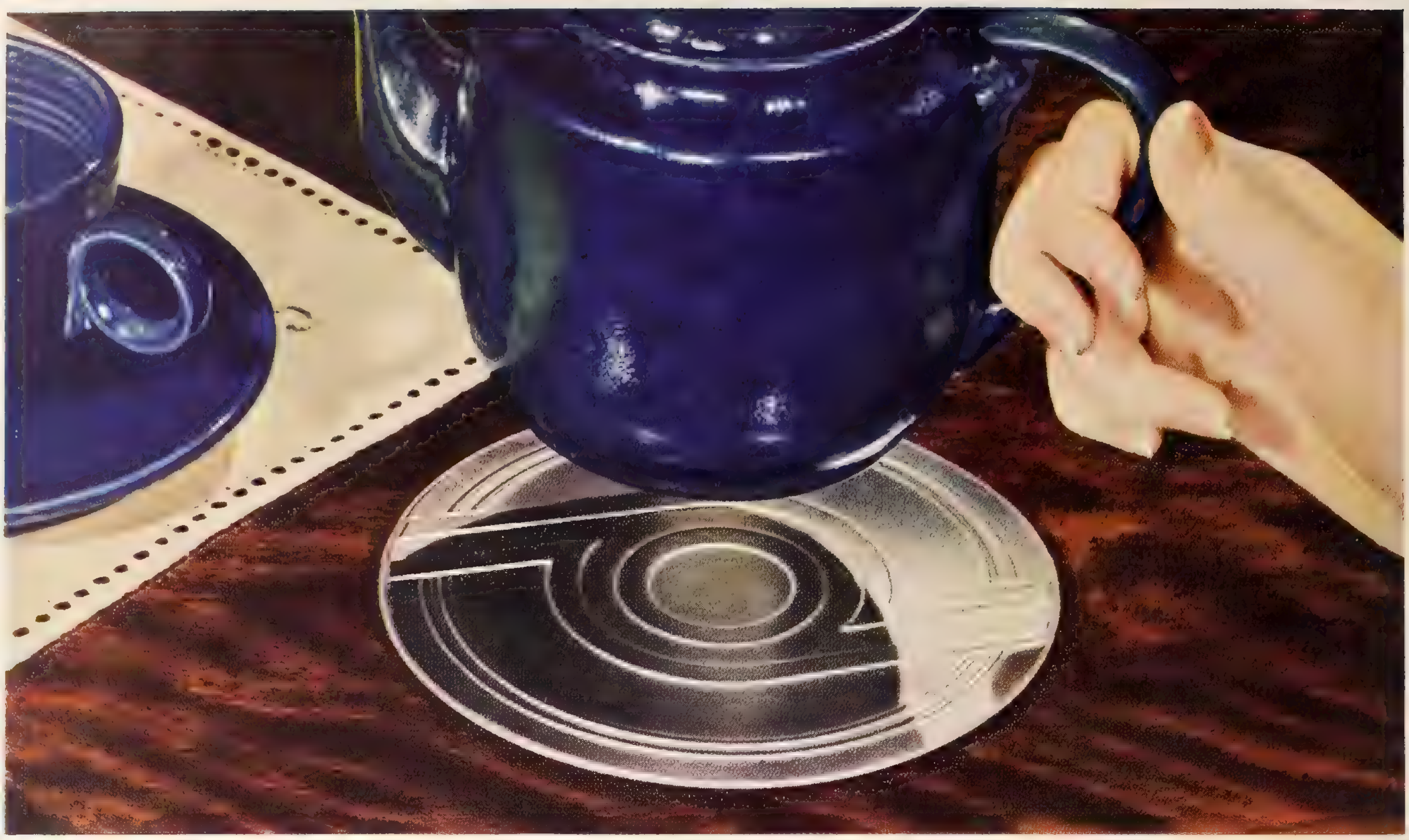
Copyright, 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS . . . *TURKISH AND DOMESTIC* . . . THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND.

CAMEL
CAMEL
CAMEL
CAMEL
TURKISH & DO
BL
CI
E QUALITY

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE — SMOKE CAMELS



Smart new hot-dish pad of satin-finish aluminum

YOURS FOR 10¢

and one (1) label from Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk—the Magic Milk

Act at once—this offer good for a limited time only!

HERE's a hot-dish pad to protect your table. So good-looking, so modern, you can be proud to use it at your nicest parties!

It's in soft-lustre, satin-finish aluminum, on a thick felt base. Durable. Something you've always wanted—at a bargain!

So don't delay. Buy a can of Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk—the magic milk—and send the label and 10c to address at lower right. Use coupon for convenience. You'll want several!

IMPORTANT: This offer is made solely to acquaint you with Eagle Brand, the magic milk which turns difficult cooking into easy tricks! Imagine changing plain bread into delicious cakes! Think of getting gorgeous chocolate frosting every time! in only 5 minutes!

Borden's
EAGLE BRAND
SWEETENED
CONDENSED MILK

FREE COOKBOOK OF MAGIC, TOO. With hot-dish pad, you get "Magic Recipes," a whole cookbook of cookies, pies, puddings, candies, frostings, salad dressings, ice creams.

Money-back Guarantee—To everyone who takes advantage of this opportunity to secure the smart hot-dish pad of satin-finish aluminum, we make this guarantee: If within two weeks after buying this hot-dish pad, you are not *entirely satisfied,* you may return the hot-dish pad to us and we will refund you the full 10¢ you paid for it. The Borden Company, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please note: Any Eagle Brand label—either the one shown here or the one with wide red bands—is acceptable in this offer.

Made in 5 minutes! Fool-proof!

MAGIC CHOCOLATE FROSTING

2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1⅓ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand
Sweetened Condensed Milk
1 tablespoon water

Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, stir over boiling water 5 minutes or until mixture thickens. Add water. Cool. Spread on cold cake. Makes enough frosting to cover tops and sides of 2 (9-inch) layers, or top and sides of loaf cake generously, or about 24 cup cakes.

Change bread to cake!

MAGIC COCONUT STRIPS

Slice day-old white bread, ¾ inch thick. Trim off crusts. Cut into strips ¾ inch by 2 inches long.

Spread strips on all sides with Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, covering well. Then roll in dry shredded coconut, broken fine. Brown under broiler at low heat, or toast on fork over coals. It'll taste like Angel Food Cake, coconut-frosted.

ACT AT ONCE!

Your order not good unless postmarked before midnight, Dec. 31, 1936.

MAGIC
RECIPES

The Borden Company,
Dept. MM-116
P. O. Box 60,
Varick St. Station,
New York, N. Y.

Enclosed is one (1) Eagle Brand label and 10¢ (in coin), for which please send me the satin-finish aluminum hot-dish pad with money-back guarantee as specified in your advertisement. Also please send free Magic cookbook.

Name______________________________

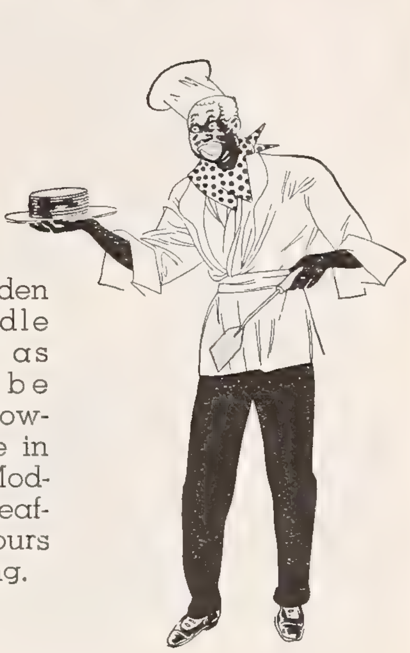
Address____________________________

City____________________State______

If you live in Canada, send one (1) Eagle Brand label and 10¢ to The Borden Company, Ltd., Yardley House, Toronto, Ont.

BY POPULAR DEMAND

Courtesy General Foods



Delicious, golden brown Griddle Cakes such as these can be made by following the recipe in this month's Modern Hostess leaflet, which is yours for the asking.

IF I WERE to tell you that Bob Brough likes hot breads for breakfast, lunch and dinner, probably the only answer that you would make to that remark would be "So what?" unless, of course, you happened to know that this very Mr. Brough is none other than Robert Taylor! And then? Well, come now, gals, confess that *that* would be entirely different!

When I tell you that you can get recipes for some of his hot bread favorites—absolutely free—just by sending in the coupon at the end of this article, it ought to please a good many of you more than any other recipes we could possibly offer. We seem to be besieged, these days, with requests for news and still more news about this newest "find" whose present record of 5,000 fan letters a week has amazed everybody—the young man in question perhaps most of all!

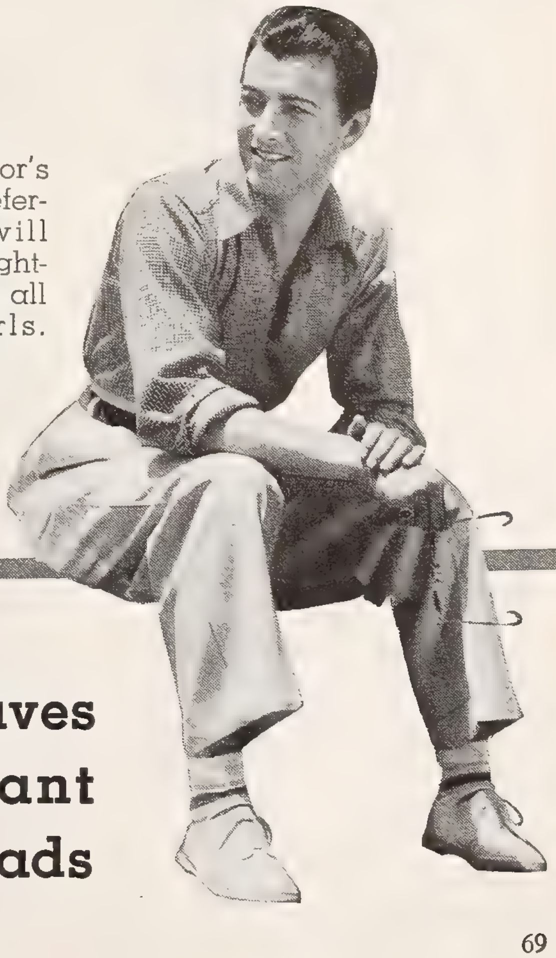
The fact that Bob, as a boy, was a champion doughnut eater, that he consumed his own weight in Griddle Cakes during his youth and that to this day he insists that no chicken dinner is complete without plenty of rich, flaky biscuits, becomes a subject of real interest to us all. In fact, anything concerning this new star is news.

Yet, only a little over two years ago a certain dark-haired, blue-eyed young fellow, with a tennis racquet probably swinging at his side, could stroll across the campus of Pomona College without causing any particular commotion.

But nowadays his every public appearance is the signal for a riot, which reached an all-time high on a recent visit to New York when it required fifteen patrolman to keep him from being mobbed!

What does handsome Mr. Taylor think of all this? Well, to paraphrase a famous saying, his attitude seems to be, "If this be Fame, make the most of it!" With certain reservations, perhaps, he seems to be enjoying it hugely, while with no reservations he thinks many aspects of his present prominence are pretty funny.

"What, another interview on the things I like to eat!" Bob remarked, with (*Continued on page 74*)



Bob Taylor's food preferences will be enlightening to all you girls.

By Marjorie Deen

Your beau may be tired of your raves about Mr. Taylor, but he'll want helpings of Bob's favorite hot breads

Why Some Women are Natural Beauties

They intensify natural coloring . . . yet never look "made-up". Read how the Color Change Principle available in Tangee make-up brings natural loveliness.

You see many more "naturally" beautiful women than you used to. For make-up styles have changed. Gaudy make-up has vanished. The Tangee Color Change Principle is available in powder, lipstick and rouge.

TANGEE ROUGE
TANGEE

Your lips become the blush-rose that nature has hidden there. The cream base of Tangee keeps lips smooth, youthful and appealing.

Your cheeks, when rouged with Tangee, are alive and sparkling with your own color. In Compact or Creme form. Both contain the Tangee Color Change Principle.

And because Tangee Face Powder blends *naturally* with your own skin tones, your skin is smoother, fresher . . . with never a trace of that powdery look.

Begin tonight to be lovelier in your own way. Insist upon Tangee for all your make-up. Only in Tangee can you obtain the Color Change Principle. Tangee Powder is 55c and $1.10. Rouge, compact or creme, each 83c. Lipstick is 39c and $1.10.

• **BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES!** *There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Always ask for* TANGEE NATURAL. *If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.*

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

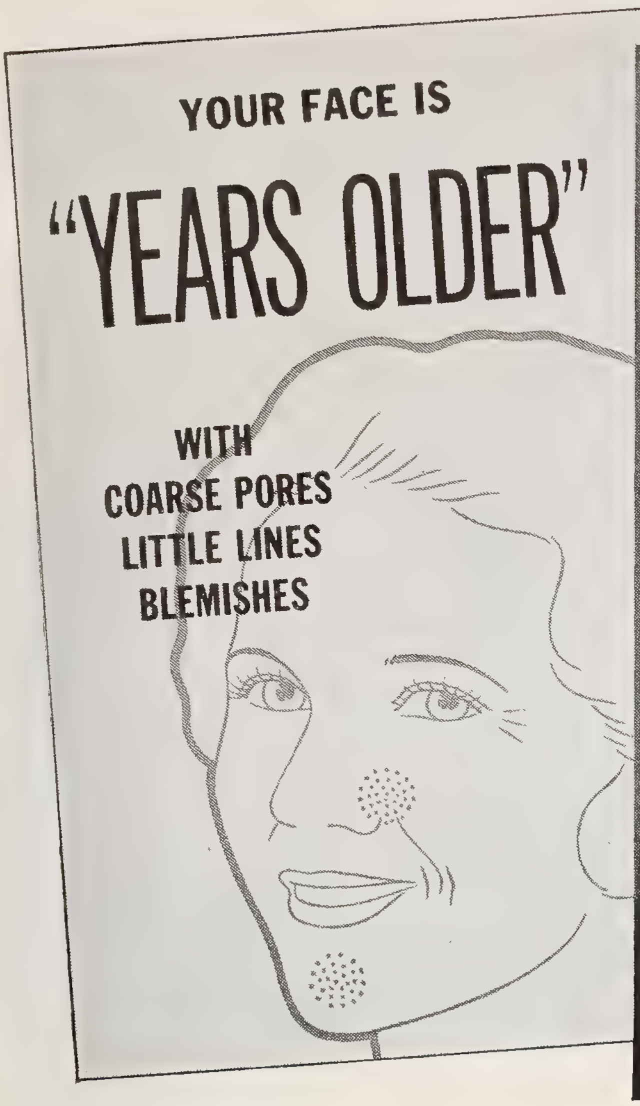
THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY MM116
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.
Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel.
*Name*____________________
Please Print
*Address*____________________
*City*____________ *State*________

Stars' Studio Addresses

(*Continued from page 33*)

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, SR.: United Artists.
FARMER, FRANCES: Paramount.
FARRELL, CHARLES: Republic.
FARRELL, GLENDA: Warner Bros.
FAYE, ALICE: 20th Century-Fox.
FAZENDA, LOUISE: Warner Bros.
FELLOWS, EDITH: Columbia.
FETCHIT, STEPIN: 20th Century-Fox.
FIELDS, W. C.: Paramount.
FLYNN, ERROL: Warner Bros.
FONDA, HENRY: Walter Wanger.
FORAN, DICK: Warner Bros.
FORBES, RALPH: Free lance. Write him at RKO Radio.
FORD, WALLACE: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
FOSTER, NORMAN: Paramount.
FOSTER, PRESTON: RKO-Radio.
FRANCIS, KAY: Warner Bros.
FRAWLEY, WILLIAM: Paramount.
FROMAN, JANE: Warner Bros.
FURNESS, BETTY: M-G-M.
GABLE, CLARK: M-G-M.
GAHAGAN, HELEN: RKO-Radio.
GALLAGHER, SKEETS: RKO-Radio.
GALLIAN, KETTI: Paramount.
GARBO, GRETA: M-G-M.
GARGAN, WILLIAM: Columbia.
GAYNOR, JANET: 20th Century-Fox.
GEORGE, GLADYS: Paramount.
GIBSON, HOOT: RKO-Radio.
GIBSON, WYNNE: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
GLEASON, JAMES: RKO-Radio.
GODDARD, PAULETTE: United Artists.
GOMBELL, MINNA: Free lance. Write her at 20th Century-Fox.
GORDON, C. HENRY: M-G-M.
GORDON, GAVIN: Republic.
GORIN, IGOR: M-G-M.
GRABLE, BETTY: RKO-Radio.
GRAHAME, MARGOT: RKO-Radio.
GRANT, CARY: Paramount.
GRANVILLE, BONITA: United Artists.
GRAY, NAN: Universal.
GWENN, EDMUND: M-G-M.
HADEN, SARA: 20th Century-Fox.
HAINES, WILLIAM: Republic.
HALE, ALAN: RKO-Radio.
HALEY, JACK: 20th Century-Fox.
HALLIDAY, JOHN: Paramount.
HAMILTON, NEIL: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
HARDIE, RUSSELL: M-G-M.
HARDING, ANN: RKO-Radio.
HARDWICKE, SIR CEDRIC: Gaumont-British.
HARDY, OLIVER: M-G-M.
HARLOW, JEAN: M-G-M.
HAYDON, JULIE: M-G-M.
HAYES, HELEN: M-G-M.
HAYWARD, LOUIS: Universal.
HEALY, TED: M-G-M.
HENRY, CHARLOTTE: Republic.
HENRY, WILLIAM: M-G-M.
HEPBURN, KATHARINE: RKO-Radio.
HERBERT, HUGH: Warner Bros.
HERSHOLT, JEAN: M-G-M.
HERVEY, IRENE: M-G-M.
HILLIARD, HARRIET: RKO-Radio.
HOBSON, VALERIE: 20th Century-Fox.
HOLDEN, GLORIA: Universal.
HOLLOWAY, STERLING: 20th Century-Fox.
HOLMES, PHILLIPS: Free lance. Write him at Republic.
HOLT, DAVID: Paramount.
HOLT, BETTY: Paramount.
HOLT, JACK: Universal.
HOPKINS, MIRIAM: Samuel Goldwyn.
HORTON, EDWARD EVERETT: Universal.
HOWARD, JOHN: Paramount.
HOWARD, LESLIE: Warner Bros.
HUDSON, ROCHELLE: 20th Century-Fox.
HUGHES, CAROL: Warner Bros.
HULL, WARREN: Warner Bros.
HUME, BENITA: M-G-M.
HUNT, MARSHA: Paramount.
HUNTER, IAN: Warner Bros.
HUNTLEY, G. P., JR.: Universal.
HUSTON, WALTER: Free lance. Write him at United Artists.
HUTCHINSON, JOSEPHINE: Warner Bros.
HYAMS, LEILA: RKO-Radio.
JANNEY, WILLIAM: Republic.
JASON, SYBIL: Warner Bros.
JENKINS, ALLEN: Warner Bros.
JENNINGS, MAXINE: RKO-Radio.
JEWELL, ISABEL: M-GM.
JOHNSON, KAY: RKO-Radio.
JOLSON, AL: Warner Bros.
JONES, ALLAN: M-G-M.
JONES, BUCK: Universal.
JONES, GORDON: RKO-Radio.
JORY, VICTOR: Columbia.
JUDGE, ARLINE: 20th Century-Fox.
KARLOFF, BORIS: Universal.
KARNS, ROSCOE: Paramount.
KEATING, FRED: Columbia.
KEELER, RUBY: Warner Bros.
KEENE, TOM: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
KEITH, IAN: RKO-Radio.
KEITH, ROSALIND: Paramount.
KELLY, PATSY: M-G-M.
KELLY, PAUL: Paramount.
KELLY, WALTER C.: Republic.
KELTON, PERT: M-G-M.
KENNEDY, EDGAR: Universal.
KENT, ROBERT: 20th Century-Fox.
KIBBEE, GUY: Warner Bros.
KIEPURA, JAN: Paramount.
KING, JOHN: Universal.
KNAPP, EVALYN: Republic.
KNIGHT, JUNE: M-G-M.
KRUGER, OTTO: Universal.
LAHR, BERT: Universal.
LAMONT, MOLLY: RKO-Radio.
LANDI, ELISSA: M-G-M.
LANE, LOLA: Free lance. Write her at Universal
LANG, JUNE: 20th Century-Fox.
LANGDON, HARRY: Columbia.
LANGFORD, FRANCES: M-G-M.
LA RUE, JACK: Free lance. Write him at United Artists.
LATIMER, LOUISE: RKO-Radio.
LODGE, JOHN: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
LOMBARD, CAROLE: Paramount.
LORD, PAULINE: Columbia.
LORING, ANN: M-G-M.
LORING, MICHAEL: Universal.
LORRE, PETER: Columbia.
LOSCH, TILLIE: United Artists.
LOUISE, ANITA: Warner Bros.
LOWE, EDMUND: M-G-M.
LOY, MYRNA: M-G-M.
LUGOSI, BELA: Universal.
LUKAS, PAUL: 20th Century-Fox.
LUKE, KEYE: 20th Century-Fox.
LUPINO, IDA: Paramount.
LYON, BEN: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
LAUGHTON, CHARLES: M-G-M.
LAUREL, STAN: M-G-M.
LAWRENCE, ROSINA: M-G-M.
LAWTON, FRANK: Universal.
LAYE, EVELYN: M-G-M.
LEDERER, FRANCIS: United Artists.
LEE, BILLY: Paramount.
LEE, DIXIE: 20th Century-Fox.
LEE, DOROTHY: RKO-Radio.
LEYTON, DRUE: 20th Century-Fox.
LIGHT, ROBERT: Warner Bros.
LINAKER, KAY: Warner Bros.
LINDEN, ERIC: M-G-M.
LINDSAY, MARGARET: Warner Bros.
LLOYD, HAROLD: Paramount.
MacDONALD, JEANETTE: M-G-M.
MACK, HELEN: RKO-Radio.
MacLANE, BARTON: Warner Bros.
MacMAHON, ALINE: M-G-M.
MacMURRAY, FRED: Paramount.
MALA: M-G-M.
MANNERS, DAVID: Free lance. Write him at Republic.
MANNORS, SHEILA: Columbia.
MARCH, FREDRIC: 20th Century-Fox.
MARGO: Free lance. Write her at M-G-M.
MARSH, JOAN: RKO-Radio.
MARSH, MARIAN: Columbia.
MARSHALL, HERBERT: RKO-Radio.
MARTINI, NINO: United Artists.
MARX BROTHERS: M-G-M.
MATTHEWS, JESSIE: Gaumont-British.
MAYNARD, KEN: Columbia.
McCOY, COL. TIM: Columbia.
McCREA, JOEL: Samuel Goldwyn.
McFARLAND, SPANKY: M-G-M.
McGUIRE, JOHN: 20th Century-Fox.
McHUGH, FRANK: Warner Bros.
McKINNEY, FLORINE: Republic.
McLAGLEN, VICTOR: 20th Century-Fox.
MELTON, FRANK: 20th Century-Fox.
MELTON, JAMES: Warner Bros.
MENJOU, ADOLPHE: Paramount.
MERCER, BERYL: Free lance. Write her at Republic.
MEREDITH, BURGESS: RKO-Radio.
MERKEL, UNA: M-G-M.
MERMAN, ETHEL: Samuel Goldwyn.
MICHAEL, GERTRUDE: RKO-Radio.
MILJAN, JOHN: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
MILLAND, RAY: Paramount.
MITCHELL, GENEVA: Columbia.
MONTENEGRO, CONCHITA: 20th Century-Fox.
MONTGOMERY, DOUGLASS: Gaumont-British.
MONTGOMERY, ROBERT: M-G-M.
MOORE, DICKIE: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
MOORE, GRACE: Columbia.
MOORE, VICTOR: RKO-Radio.
MORAN, POLLY: M-G-M.
MORENO, ANTONIO: 20th Century-Fox.
MORGAN, FRANK: M-G-M.
MORGAN, RALPH: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
MORGAN, HELEN: Universal.
MORLEY, KAREN: Warner Bros.
MORRIS, CHESTER: Columbia.
MORRISON, JOE: Paramount.
MOWBRAY, ALAN: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
MUIR, JEAN: Warner Bros.
MULHALL, JACK: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
MUNDIN, HERBERT: 20th Century-Fox.
MUNI, PAUL: Warner Bros.
MURPHY, GEORGE: Paramount.
MURPHY, MAURICE: 20th Century-Fox.
NAGEL, CONRAD: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
NIXON, MARIAN: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
NOLAN, LLOYD: Columbia.
NORTON, BARRY: M-G-M.
NUGENT, EDWARD: Free lance. Write him at Republic.
OAKIE, JACK: Paramount.
OBERON, MERLE: Samuel Goldwyn.
O'BRIEN, GEORGE: 20th Century-Fox.
O'BRIEN-MOORE, ERIN: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
O'BRIEN, PAT: Warner Bros.
OLAND, WARNER: 20th Century-Fox.
OLIVER, EDNA MAY: M-G-M.
OLSEN, MORONI: RKO-Radio.
O'NEILL, HENRY: Warner Bros.
O'SULLIVAN, MAUREEN: M-G-M.
OVERMAN, LYNNE: Paramount.
OWEN, REGINALD: M-G-M.
PALEY, NATALIE: RKO-Radio.
PALLETTE, EUGENE: Free lance. Write him at Warner Bros.
PARKER, CECILIA: M-G-M.
PARKER, JEAN: M-G-M.
PARRISH, GIGI: Republic.
PATERSON, PAT: Walter Wanger.
PATRICK, GAIL: Paramount.
PENDLETON, NAT: M-G-M.
PENNER, JOE: RKO-Radio.
PEPPER, BARBARA: RKO-Radio.
PERRY, JOAN: Columbia.
PICKFORD, MARY: United Artists.
PIDGEON, WALTER: Universal.
PITTS, ZASU: Paramount.
PONS, LILY: RKO-Radio.
POWELL, DICK: Warner Bros.
POWELL, ELEANOR: M-G-M.
POWELL, WILLIAM: M-G-M.

(*Continued on page 72*)



Mrs. Adam K. Luke, Jr. says: "Pond's Cold Cream certainly keeps my pores fine."

Faults that start in your UNDER SKIN

A SINGLE blemish can dim the freshness of your skin ... make you look *older* than you are.

A few coarse pores say, "She's getting on in years"—just as loudly as lines and wrinkles say it. Stubborn things—that keep on getting worse till you learn their real cause and the real way to treat them.

Deep-skin rousing needed

The truth is, almost all skin faults get their start, not on the surface, but in your underskin.

Miss Jane Mellon
"Pond's Cold Cream keeps my skin soft and clear—smooths out little lines."

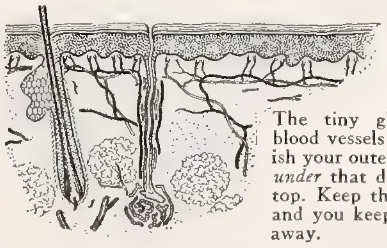
In your *underskin* are little hidden glands and cells and blood vessels. These are the foundation of your *outer* skin's health. The minute they function poorly, pores begin to clog. And then blemishes come. Even lines are really nothing but creasings in your outer skin, caused by failing tissues underneath.

But—you can rouse that underskin to healthy vigor—by the regular use of Pond's invigorating deep-skin treatment.

Twice daily—for a fault-free skin

Pond's Cold Cream goes deep into the pores. Its specially processed oils loosen every particle of dirt. Easy to wipe it all off.

Now the rousing treatment—more Pond's Cold Cream briskly patted in. How wonderful it feels. Blood tingling. Skin glowing . . . and so much softer! You are waking up that underskin.



Aging faults start here

The tiny glands, cells, blood vessels which nourish your outer skin are all *under* that dark layer on top. Keep them active—and you keep skin faults away.

Every night, pat in Pond's Cold Cream to loosen dirt, make-up. Wipe off. Pat in more cream briskly—to rouse your *underskin,* keep it working properly, so annoying little faults *can't* age your skin.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin becomes softer every time—looks younger. And it's all smooth for your powder.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE
and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. L50, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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HINTS for the EYES OF WIVES!

by *Jane Heath*

● UNLESS you have one of the rare husbands who is amused to watch mysterious beauty rites, it's up to you to join the secret association of KURLASH enthusiasts. These wise ladies keep a little private *cache* of KURLASH products and slip away for a few minutes' beauty conference with them daily. Husbands are entranced with the *results*—and *never know* why wives look prettier.

You can whisk your lashes into KURLASH ($1 at good stores) in a split second. When they emerge, they'll be curled back soulfully—looking longer and darker, making your eyes larger. No heat; no cosmetics—nothing to arouse husbandly suspicions. Do not hesitate to use these other *absolutely undetectable* KURLASH products also. Try them in private . . . and give your husband a BEAUTIFUL surprise today.

● ***Lashtint Compact.*** A patented mascara case with a little sponge, *ensuring just the right consistency* to darken the lashes naturally without stiffening or caking them. Waterproof. In black, brown or blue. $1.

● ***Kurlene.*** Dresses the lashes, keeps them soft and silky, darkens them, tends to make them grow longer and thicker—and, either alone or mixed with a little Shadette (not illustrated, $1) in a shade to match your eyes, gives the youthful shiny-lidded look that is so flattering. 50c and $1 sizes.

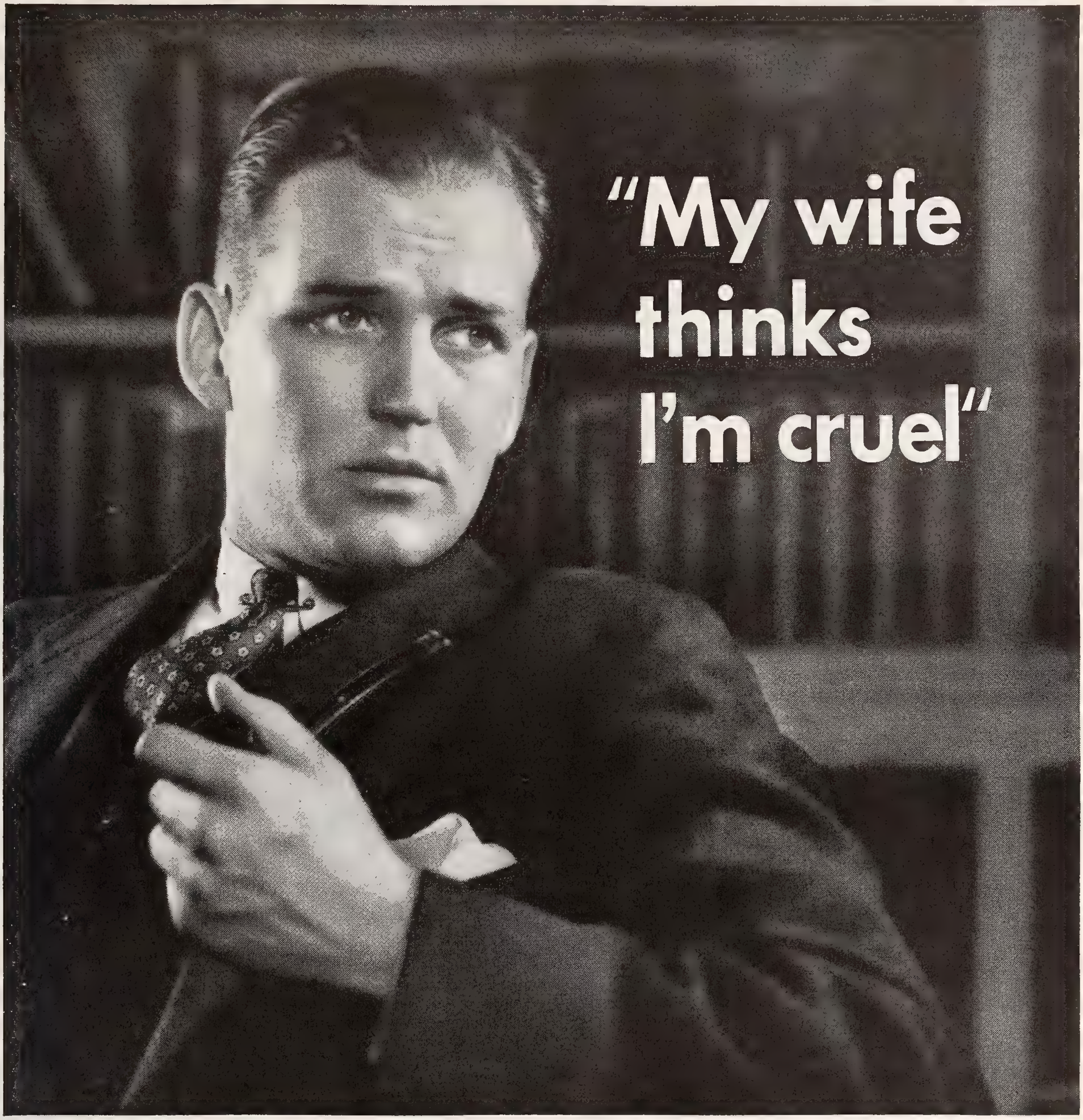
● ***Twissors.*** The little miracle tweezer with curved scissor-handles lets you see to trim brows accurately. Only 25c.

Kurlash

Write JANE HEATH *for advice about eye beauty. Give your coloring for personal beauty plan. Address Dept. MM11, The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.*

The Harold Lloyds (extreme left and right) helped Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald celebrate their engagement. Gene and Jeanette are the lovey-doviest pair in all Hollywood.

PRESTON, ANN: RKO-Radio.
PRYOR, ROGER: Republic.
QUALEN, JOHN: 20th Century-Fox.
QUIGLEY, JUANITA: M-G-M.
QUILLAN, EDDIE: Free lance. Write him at Republic.
RAFT, GEORGE: Paramount.
RAINER, LUISE: M-G-M.
RAINS, CLAUDE: Warner Bros.
RALPH, JESSIE: M-G-M.
RALSTON, ESTHER: Paramount.
RATHBONE, BASIL: M-G-M.
RATOFF, GREGORY: 20th Century-Fox.
RAY, LEAH: 20th Century-Fox.
RAYMOND, GENE: RKO-Radio.
REED, PHILIP: United Artists.
REGAN, PHIL: Republic.
RHODES, ERIK: RKO-Radio.
RICE, FLORENCE: M-G-M.
RICHMAN, HARRY: Columbia.
ROBERTI, LYDA: M-G-M.
ROBERTS, BEVERLY: Warner Bros.
ROBERTSON, GUY: Republic.
ROBINSON, BILL: 20th Century-Fox.
ROBINSON, EDWARD G.: Warner Bros.
ROBSON, MAY: M-G-M.
ROGERS, CHARLES: RKO-Radio.
ROGERS, GINGER: RKO-Radio.
ROGERS, JEAN: Universal.
ROLAND, GILBERT: 20th Century-Fox.
ROMERO, CESAR: Universal.
ROONEY, MICKEY: M-G-M.
ROSS, SHIRLEY: M-G-M.
RUGGLES, CHARLES: Paramount.
RUSSELL, ROSALIND: M-G-M.
RUTHERFORD, ANN: Republic.
SCHILDKRAUT, JOSEPH: Columbia.
SCHUBERT, MARINA: Paramount.
SCHUMANN-HEINK, MME. ERNESTINE: M-G-M.
SCOTT, RANDOLPH: Paramount.
SEARL, JACKIE: 20th Century-Fox.
SELLON, CHARLES: 20th Century-Fox.
SELWYN, RUTH: M-G-M.
SEWARD, BILLIE: Columbia.
SHANNON, PEGGY: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
SHAW, WINIFRED: Warner Bros.
SHEA, GLORIA: Columbia.
SHEARER, NORMA: M-G-M.
SHERIDAN, ANN: Warner Bros.
SHIRLEY, ANNE: RKO-Radio.
SIDNEY, SYLVIA: Walter Wanger.
SILVERS, SID: M-G-M.
SIMON, SIMONE: 20th Century-Fox.
SKIPWORTH, ALISON: Paramount.
SLEEPER, MARTHA: Universal.
SMITH, C. AUBREY: United Artists.
SMITH, QUEENIE: Universal.
SOTHERN, ANN: RKO-Radio.
SPARKS, NED: Warner Bros.
STANDER, LIONEL: Columbia.
STANDING, SIR GUY: Paramount.
STANWYCK, BARBARA: RKO-Radio.
STARRETT, CHARLES: Columbia.
STELLING, WILLIAM: 20th Century-Fox.
STEN, ANNA: United Artists.
STEPHENS, HARVEY: M-G-M.
STEPHENSON, HENRY: M-G-M.
STEVENS, ONSLOW: Universal.
STEWART, JAMES: M-G-M.
STONE, FRED: RKO-Radio.
STONE, GEORGE E.: Warner Bros.
STONE, LEWIS: M-G-M.
STONE, PAULA: Warner Bros.
STUART, GLORIA: 20th Century-Fox.
SULLAVAN, MARGARET: Universal.
SUMMERVILLE, SLIM: 20th Century-Fox.
SWARTHOUT, GLADYS: Paramount.
TALBOT, LYLE: Columbia.
TAMIROFF, AKIM: Paramount.
TAYLOR, KENT: Paramount.
TAYLOR, ROBERT: M-G-M.
TEASDALE, VERREE: Paramount.
TEMPLE, SHIRLEY: 20th Century-Fox.
THOMAS, FRANK M.: RKO-Radio.
THOMAS, JAMESON: Republic.
TIBBETT, LAWRENCE: 20th Century-Fox.
TIBBETTS, MARTHA: Columbia.
TOBIN, GENEVIEVE: Warner Bros.
TOMLIN, PINKY: Universal.
TONE, FRANCHOT: M-G-M.
TRACY, LEE: Universal.
TRACY, SPENCER: M-G-M.
TRAVIS, JUNE: Warner Bros.
TREACHER, ARTHUR: 20th Century-Fox.
TREE, DOROTHY: Warner Bros.
TREEN, MARY: Warner Bros.
TREVOR, CLAIRE: 20th Century-Fox.
TWELVETREES, HELEN: 20th Century-Fox.
VALLEE, RUDY: Warner Bros.
VELEZ, LUPE: M-G-M.
VENABLE, EVELYN: 20th Century-Fox.
VINSON, HELEN: Gaumont-British.
WADSWORTH, HENRY: M-G-M.
WALBURN, RAYMOND: Columbia.
WALKER, JUNE: 20th Century-Fox.
WALKER, RAY: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
WALTON, DOUGLAS: RKO-Radio.
WARE, IRENE: 20th Century-Fox.
WAYNE, JOHN: Universal.
WEIDLER, VIRGINIA: Paramount.
WEISSMULLER, JOHNNY: M-G-M.
WELLS, JACQUELINE: Free lance. Write her at Republic.
WEST, MAE: Paramount.
WESTLEY, HELEN: RKO-Radio.
WHALEN, MICHAEL: 20th Century-Fox.
WHEELER, BERT: RKO-Radio.
WHITE, ALICE: Gaumont-British.
WHITNEY, ELEANORE: Paramount.
WILCOXON, HENRY: United Artists.
WILLIAM, WARREN: Warner Bros.
WILLIAMS, CLARK: Universal.
WILLIAMS, HUGH: 20th Century-Fox.
WILSON, DOROTHY: Paramount.
WILSON, LOIS: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
WILSON, MARIE: Warner Bros.
WING, PAT: Paramount.
WING, TOBY: M-G-M.
WINNINGER, CHARLES: 20th Century-Fox.
WITHERS, GRANT: Paramount.
WITHERS, JANE: 20th Century-Fox.
WOOD, HELEN: 20th Century-Fox.
WOODS, DONALD: Warner Bros.
WOOLSEY, BOB: RKO-Radio.
WRAY, FAY: Columbia.
WYATT, JANE: Universal.
YOUNG, LORETTA: 20th Century-Fox.
YOUNG, POLLY ANN: Free lance. Write her at 20th Century-Fox.
YOUNG, ROBERT: M-G-M.
YOUNG, ROLAND: United Artists.


"My wife thinks I'm cruel"

"I adored the exquisite girl I married—And then—*I saw her change after marriage*...grow careless, neglect her daintiness, *actually offend* anyone who came near her. How *could* she?

"Perhaps other men can speak out, *but I can't. I've retreated into a shell of reserve* which she resents, thinks cruel.

"If someone could only speak for me—I know we'd recapture that first glorious happiness."

AVOID OFFENDING—Even those dear to us hesitate to speak of an offense that robs a woman of all her glamour . . . perspiration odor from underthings. We don't notice it ourselves so—*never* take chances. Lux underthings after *each* wearing. Lux removes odor and protects colors.

Don't risk ordinary soaps which may contain harmful alkali, or cake-soap rubbing. These may fade and injure fabrics. Lux has *no* harmful alkali! Safe in water, safe in Lux!

DAINTY WOMEN LUX UNDERTHINGS AFTER EVERY WEARING

LUX
LUX
For all fine laundering

"The Queen Has a Most Excellent Taste for Tea"

SOME gracious Victorian lady may well have ventured such an opinion, for it was known that England's great Queen Victoria had had her private tea blended specially to her taste by the famous tea house of the time—Ridgways (Est. 1836).

Since 1900 all the world has been able to taste and enjoy Queen Victoria's private tea—now known as Ridgways "Her Majesty's Blend".

For 100 years Ridgways have been the world's Foremost Quality Teas. Today Ridgways offers teas for almost every taste and purse. The experience of 100 years, in selecting and blending fine teas, assures the deliciousness and quality of the Ridgways Tea you may choose—

Ridgways Gold Label—100% Orange Pekoe

Ridgways "Her Majesty's Blend" (or "H.M.B.")

Ridgways 5 O'Clock—delicious Ceylon Darjeeling

Ridgways Orange Label—now in a generous 10c size

Ridgways Teas

PRAISED THE WORLD OVER FOR THEIR FLAVOR

1836 — RIDGWAYS ONE HUNDREDTH YEAR — 1936

By Popular Demand

(*Continued from page 69*)

a mock serious expression and a twinkle in his eyes, when I went to see him recently. "First you want to know what meats I like and then, not satisfied with that seemingly unimportant bit of information, just a short time later you want me to talk further on the food subject. Is there no satisfying your curiosity on my eating habits?" he inquired, laughing.

But, as I explained to him, it was some time back when I had spoken to him and since then he has made millions of new friends through the excellence of his work in "Private Number," "His Brother's Wife," and "The Gorgeous Hussy."

"YOU see how it is," I said to my amused "victim," almost apologetically, although determination was apparent in my very attitude as I took out my notebook and tapped it with the sharpest of pencils, "I'm only a culinary reporter, and it is my sole duty to interview you on your favorite foods and on no other subject. I did not come to ask you what books you have in the library of your new home—no, I'm the gal who wants to know about the kitchen and the dining room. I'm not even supposed to ask you to give me the lowdown on how it feels to find yourself starring in a picture with Greta Garbo after but two short years in Hollywood. Yes, I'm just a cook!"

At which Bob, who has the keenest sense of humor imaginable, threw back his head, laughed and answered all my questions, ending up with the helpful suggestion that I probably would be able to get several swell recipes for his favorite hot breads from his colored cook.

"After all, he's the one who knows what I like to eat and how these foods are prepared," Bob said. "In my opinion, colored people are among the best cooks in the world and I'd match my man's cooking with anyone's. Get him to tell you how he makes biscuits—they fairly melt in your mouth. And his announcement, 'Mistuh Taylor there is Griddle Cakes for breakfast,' makes getting up for even the earliest of picture assignments lose its terror. I advise you to ask for that recipe, too.

"I don't think the doughnuts he makes are quite as good as the ones made expressly for me once by a dear little lady back home in Nebraska. But they'll do—especially when they're rolled in cinnamon and sugar and served with a cup of really good steaming coffee. And his Corn Fritters can't be beat! I've watched him make them when I've been expecting my mother and some friends for a real Southern style supper. Why, his pride in these fritters is equalled only by mine if I place a fast shot into the far corner of the tennis court when my opponent's up at the net. And that reminds me. . . ." and Bob's longing glance out the window told me more clearly than words that he was hoping to have time for a game on this all-too-rare "day off." So I quickly brought the interview to a close, but not before getting Bob's permission to ask the presiding genius of his kitchen for the recipes he uses when making "Mistuh Taylor's" favorite hot breads.

As a result, I'm pretty proud of the recipes I am able to pass on to you. Golden brown biscuits that not only "melt in your mouth," as Bob said, when served with plenty of butter, but also make a marvelous topping for chicken and meat pies in general. Doughnuts that might be bettered "in Nebraska," but personally I'm from Missouri! Griddle Cakes that, because of a simple little secret, are miracles of lightness—an attribute not always associated, alas, with these breakfast favorites. And then there are those Southern Corn Fritters. We mustn't forget about those, must we? For they can be served with almost any meal and will make a distinct hit with every man who tastes them.

Yes, there's no denying that all men like those foods that come under the rather elastic heading of "hot breads." Indeed, you'll discover that they will even overlook possible shortcomings in a meal if some sort of fresh-from-the-oven bread makes its appearance on the table. Nor are children far behind them in their liking for this type of home-made treat, although considerable restraint is advisable in serving pancakes and doughnuts to the smaller fry.

Of course, there are many other hot breads besides those mentioned by Bob which also deserve consideration. Graham Muffins, for instance, for which you will find a splendid recipe at the end of this article—just above the coupon which brings the Taylor recipes to you. These muffins may be varied by adding blueberries in season. Or raisins may be folded into the batter, using a half cup or more of the seedless variety. Dates also, sprinkled with a little flour and chopped fine, make a pleasing variant, and you can add chopped nuts if you wish to be even dressier.

The raisin and date idea also may be used with the Taylor biscuits in the leaflet, although they are so good plain that it does seem a bit like gilding the lily. However, I do favor adding a California touch to these biscuits if you intend serving them for afternoon tea. This is the way it's done in Hollywood.

After the biscuit dough has been made (by following Bob's cook's directions) cut out your biscuits with a very small-size cutter. Place biscuits on lightly greased baking sheet at least half an inch apart. Press into the direct centre of each biscuit a half tablet of sugar which has been dipped in orange juice. Bake as per directions given in the recipe. The melted, orange-flavored tablet gives a new and distinctive touch to an already worthy favorite. A little grated orange rind added to the dough is also recommended. Be sure to cut out or copy the above directions so that, when you get the recipes in return for sending in your coupon, you will also know how to go about making this special tea-time version.

With all these hot bread favorites of Bob's, however, you will probably serve coffee rather than tea most of the time—especially with the Griddle Cakes and doughnuts, which practically demand this particular beverage as an accompaniment. But when it comes to coffee I agree with Bob Taylor that it must be good coffee and should be served steaming hot. The question in my mind is not one of whether you have cream with your coffee, or serve it black, or with condensed or evaporated milk, or with my favorite half-and-half (half cream, half evaporated milk, an idea that is both economical and deceptive). The important thing lies in having the coffee fit to drink in the first place!

At least once a year, it seems, I make my impassioned plea in print for better coffee! Generally it's after having had a muddy and bitter cup of that brew in a home where they really should know better! Yet the rules are so few and so simple to follow that I marvel that we do not have perfect coffee on every table. Have you ever really criticized your method and its results, by the way? Here then are a few simple pointers in my nonpartisan campaign for better coffee, regardless of the brand and method employed.

The utensil you use, whether it's an old-fashioned coffee pot, drip type, percolator or a Silex type of coffee maker, must be so thoroughly clean that there isn't a trace of old coffee, soap, soda or any cleaning agent to be found. Always wash the coffee equipment in hot water right after it has been used. Drain well and allow to dry in the air and sunlight, if possible. An occasional boiling with soda and water will also help to keep the equipment clean and sweet.

ALWAYS serve coffee as soon as possible after it has been prepared. If it *must* stand then keep the pot over very low heat so that the coffee, once it's made, never reaches the boiling point. Nor should you let it get cold and then reheat it. Always use clear, fresh water, of course. And if you are using the drip method be sure to pour the water on the grounds as soon as it comes to a full boil.

If you prefer a caffein-free coffee (especially late at night, as many do) be particularly careful how you make it, for people are apt to be more critical of a caffein-free coffee, though often pleased and delighted with the results if the right methods and generous amounts of the coffee are used.

So brew yourself a copious amount of the sort of coffee you are sure to enjoy and all men are certain to praise. Serve with one of the special Bob Taylor hot bread favorites included in this month's leaflet. And here is the promised muffin recipe.

GRAHAM MUFFINS

¼ cup butter or other fat
¼ cup sugar
1 egg
1 cup graham flour
1 cup white flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
¾ cup milk

Cream butter and sugar together thoroughly. Add well beaten egg. Combine the two flours with baking powder and salt. Sift together and add to first mixture alternately with the milk. Bake in greased muffin pan in hot oven (400°F.) for 25 minutes, or until done.

The Modern Hostess
Modern Screen
149 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Please send me a free leaflet containing Robert Taylor's favorite hot bread recipes.

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(Please Print)

GEE, MOM, THIS TASTES SWELL!

Mothers! **A delicious quick meal packed full of nourishment**

—and it costs less than 3¢ a portion

THEY'RE growing fast, playing hard—those lively, lovable youngsters of yours. They're burning up energy all day long. They need good, hearty, satisfying food and plenty of it!

Give them Franco-American Spaghetti often. It's rich in vital food elements. It supplies, at low cost, body-building proteins—energy-giving carbohydrates—valuable vitamins in its delicious cheese-and-tomato sauce. Children love it and it's so easy for you to prepare. No cooking or fussing. Just heat and bring to the table.

The whole family will enjoy Franco-American. Its rich, savory cheese-and-tomato sauce, containing eleven different ingredients, makes it taste different as can be from ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. "It's far better than I could make," women tell us. And costs *less!*

A can is usually no more than ten cents—less than 3¢ a portion. You couldn't buy uncooked spaghetti and all your ingredients and prepare it yourself for so little. Order Franco-American Spaghetti from your grocer today.

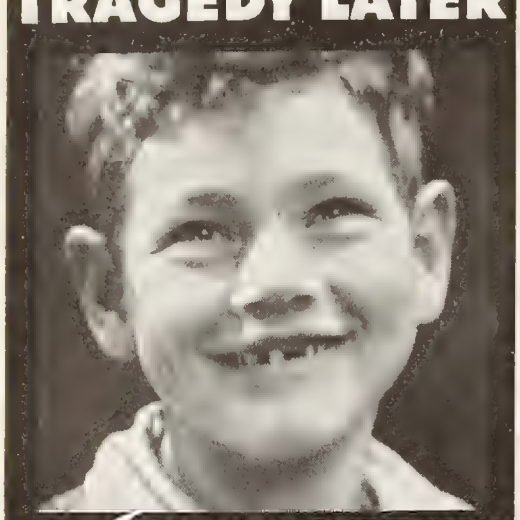
Franco-American SPAGHETTI

THE KIND WITH THE *Extra* GOOD SAUCE

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

Franco-American
SPAGHETTI
A LA MILANAISE

COMEDY NOW—TRAGEDY LATER



DOES BOTH JOBS

CLEANS TEETH

Half-way care of the teeth is no joke. Clean your teeth regularly but don't neglect your gums. Neglected gums invite serious trouble, dentists will tell you. Why take that chance? Forhan's gives double protection. *Cleans* and *whitens* teeth, and at the same time *safeguards gums.*

SAVES GUMS

Forhan's is different from other tooth pastes. It was created by an eminent dental surgeon to *do both jobs.* With it you clean and brighten teeth; and at the same time you massage gums, just as so many dentists advise. Get Forhan's, today. It costs no more than most ordinary tooth pastes —yet ends ordinary half-way care.

Also in Canada.

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The ORIGINAL TOOTH PASTE for the GUMS and TEETH by R.J. Forhan D.D.S.

HYGEIA NURSING BOTTLE...

SAFE BECAUSE IT'S EASIEST TO CLEAN

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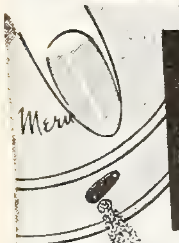
ASK YOUR DOCTOR



NEW Powder Spray CHECKS BODY ODORS SURER, EASIER WAY!

See that spray? It covers **every** bit of offending surface like a light, clingy blanket. Try it instead of creams, liquids.

Merwood looks like a compact, but shoots a fine spray of instantly deodorizing powder when pressed between fingers. **Harmless to skin and fabric.** Perfect for purses — nothing to spill. At most 10c Stores. If unobtainable send coupon.

10c Merwood POWDER DEODORANT

Merwood Co., Dept. 2-M, 180 N. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill.

I'd like to try Merwood — the new Powder Deodorant Spray. I enclose 10c for regular, large size.

Name--------------------------- *Town*--------------

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Child of Destiny

(Continued from page 59)

happy about my picture."

When she finally alit beside me I asked her whether she thinks she is like her screen personality—really. And she said, laughing again, "At some times but not all the time. Some of the times in that picture I feel ashamed when I see myself, when I felt naked. Other times—yes, I say, that is me.

"I am, you see, a 'Child of Destiny.' I cannot help what happens to me. I can do nothing about it. I never have done anything about it. I have never worked for what has come to me. I have never made a plan in all my life. I have never said what I hope to do or want to do. I know that I have nothing to say about me —and that is good. I don't care," and Simone, clad in a man's heavy maroon dressing gown, many sizes too large for her, and wearing a man's leather lounging slippers, flopped back on the divan we were sharing and laughed. Lest you be confounded, this is one of the costumes in which you will see her in "Ladies in Love"—in which the small novice in Hollywood is pitting herself against the established stardoms of Janet Gaynor, Loretta Young and Constance Bennett. And which doesn't, obviously, hamper Simone. She wouldn't care. She keeps to herself on the set. She is seldom in any of the informal set pictures made. She spends the time, between her own scenes, watching the others work—very quietly or as "very quietly" as Simone can ever be. She has no personal maid in the studio. She takes care of herself, totes her own make-up box around, touches up her own make-up when necessary, eats her luncheon alone in her dressing-room, singing to herself most of the time.

"SURE," Simone was saying, "I believe in fate. Here today and tomorrow, pouf, I am gone! And no matter what I do today will not affect tomorrow. So why do anything? I believe in astrologers, in palmists and in clairvoyants. I go to them many times. I believe in gypsies who cross my hand with silver—or do I cross theirs? I never thought, when a child, about what I would do when I grew up. I always knew that what I would be I would *be* and that there wasn't anything I could do about it. And so I did nothing.

"In Budapest someone told me I should become a sculptor because I make little funnies out of clay to make me laugh. So I get on the train and go to Paris. And study under a famous sculptor, a winner of the Prix de Rome. And he tell me no, no, not sculpture—drawing. I should take up drawing. So, I do. Someone suggest that I become a fashion designer. I think that might be fun to make pictures so that so many women dress better. But I begin to make charcoal drawings of my friends and they are so much fun I keep on.

"And then one day, in the year of 1931, I am having a mocha by myself on the terrace of the Cafe de la Paix when a young Russian comes dashing to me like a Cossack in full pursuit. I can't think what he can want, not knowing him at all. His face seemed so wild. And then he tells me that he is Tourjansky, a refugee from Moscow, where he had been very big in the Art Theatre and then became one of the leading European directors. He looked at me there, through eyes he had closed like slits, and people even crowded around to see what was the matter with us and then he sat down beside me and he said, 'Mademoiselle, to me you are beautiful!'

"I THOUGHT, here is a madman. And I say as much. And then he tells me who he is and says that I am the perfect type for his next picture and that he has been looking for me. And that is what I mean," said Simone Simon, "*he* had been looking for *me*. I had not been looking for him. I had done nothing to bring about a meeting with this man, nothing but to sip mocha and to mind my own concern. And there he was. So, why not? I let him make a test for Adolphe Osso, the producer, and I get a contract and the role of pierrette in 'Chanteur Inconnu.'

"When I was a little child, I used to stand by myself making believe that I was doing roles I had seen done by famous stars of the Comedie Francaise. But I never thought to try to get them for myself. I knew that if they were for me to do they would be fitted onto me as a glove is fitted on my hand in a shop. Destiny gives me the little golden keys," laughed Simone, "and I am a good child and wait until I am given these gifts.

"And then someone give me another role and after that another. And then the third role I play is 'A Petite Chocolatiere' and it was directed by Marc Allegrot, who was the hand of Destiny that led me, after a little while, to Hollywood. He was the one to see that I am not at heart only the comedy ingenue I had been playing. He gave me more serious roles to do. He said, 'There is a richer side of your artistic nature, Simone.' He team me with Jean Pierre Aumont in 'Lac aux Dames', which is the screen play of Vicki Baum's 'Martin's Summer', and I have success. And then what you call a Hollywood scout saw me in that screen play and ask me to make a test. I make one. They give me a contract and I come to Hollywood, and I am glad I am here at the studio. I like the way they do things. I like the way they handle me and bring the things out in me.

"But before I come here I made two other pictures in France—'Les Yeux Noirs' and 'Les Beaux Jours.' And then they ask me to go on the stage, between times, and I make my debut under the direction of Arthur Willmetz of the Bouffes Parisiens Theatre—I play with Sacha Guitry in 'O Mon Bel Inconnu' and later they star me in 'Toi C'est Moi.'

"ALL this is just the facts of me," said Simone, feet tucked under the voluminous robe, flinging gold-brown hair back from her brow. "If it is dull, I tell you only because all of it is Destiny, every single thing I do, every step I take, every thing that has happened to me. I work hard when I have the work given to me to do. But I do not work to get the work, you see what I mean? You cannot force the hand of Fate. She deals to whom she pleases. You and I, we may as well be pleased with what she deals."

"Yes," I said. I was trying to figure this child-woman out to some satisfactory conclusion, so that I could tell you, definitely, what she is like. I can't. I don't know what she is like. She probably doesn't know herself. Someone had told me, "She is a cross between Lupe Velez and Clara Bow, as Clara was in the beginning." I don't agree. There is the same child of nature in her, yes. The child that is or was in Clara and in Lupe. But it is an older child, of an older civilization. And the patina of sophistication is more suavely laid. She is like Clara and Lupe mainly in that she does what she feels like doing, says what she feels like saying and let the devil take the hindmost.

She was telling me things about herself. She most admires Garbo on the screen. For, she said, "Garbo is the genius of the screen." And she added, "Among the men I like that Gary Cooper." Her eyes rolled in what should be a very Gary-gratifying fashion!

She has made some girl-friends in Hollywood—for the first time in her life. Not movie girls, just girls. She said, "I never had many girl-friends in Europe. Just one, maybe two to whom I could talk and confide my secrets. I always was more pleased with boy company. But I did not have even much of that. First I was too young and then I was too busy. I have never had many what you call dates, never have gone often to dancing places and cafes. I do not like to go now but if I did like to go I would not go and then talk about it as they do here in Hollywood. I cannot understand that. They will say 'Oh, that old Troc' or that old Biltmore or that old this place or that, 'how they bore me!'—and then they keep right on going. Why do they go if it bores them so? Or doesn't it bore them? And if it doesn't why do they say so? Why do people say things they do not mean about little things?" asked Simone Simon. How could I tell her who would have so little time for happy hypocrisies?

"I like to be alone," said Simone. "I make good company for myself, I play the piano and I sing. I am happy with blue things around me. I mean, I like blue dresses and a blue room and a blue car. When I came to Hollywood the first two things I buy are a blue car and a book of fairy tales."

"Fairy tales?" I murmured politely, at risk of being scorched by Simone.

"Fairy tales are simple and plainly told," explained Simone with heavy patience (for Simone who is not patient), "and they help me with my English.

"I can cook, too, and I can sew. French girls are taught these things. And I have my work. And now after the picture has been called a success I want to stay here always and forever. And until—"

"Until—?"

"Until, maybe, I fall in love and want to marry. Then I would give it all up, would give up my career for that. Yes, but I would. Because, you see, *I know what love is.* I know how it is when love is here," and Simone laid her small capable hand on her breast. "And I know how it is when love is gone. I have not had any romances, any of what you call the 'crushes.' No, not even any flirtations for more than an eyelash or a dance. But I have been in love. Yes, deeply in love. And I am glad that I know what love is because it gives you wealth inside."

"It gives you wealth inside. . . ." I think that is one of the loveliest, most poignant lines I have ever heard said about love, about which so very little that is new and fresh can be said.

Yes, it gives her wealth inside. Gay, sullen, amenable, rebellious, possible and impossible—coquetry and boredom and outrageousness, fatalism and capriciousness—all of the strands in that brilliantly hued, tangled skein are wound around the hidden, the warm deep heart of Simone Simon—*with wealth inside.*

BORN TO BE A Belle, BUT—

I REMEMBER WHEN THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN. WHAT A LITTLE HEARTBREAKER YOU WERE!
WELL I'M NOT NOW!
SUE, I'VE WANTED TO TELL YOU—WON'T YOU SEE THE DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH?
MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS.
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SUSAN STUART PLANS BRIDAL
NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH SO BRIGHT AND CLEAN!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

Why let bad breath interfere with romance—with happiness? It's so easy to be safe when you realize that by far the most common cause of bad breath is . . . *improperly cleaned teeth!*

Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between the teeth, are the source of most unpleasant mouth odors—of dull, dingy teeth—and of much tooth decay.

Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special *penetrating* foam removes these odor-breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach. And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle.

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Discouraged because nothing conquers large pores and blemishes? You must stimulate underlying skin tissues, tone up circulation—purge pores of dirt and rancid oils—try Hollywood Mask! Spread it on! Rinse it off—and presto!—what an agreeable change—skin once more looks fresh, clear, youthful, glowing!

Hollywood Mask

Large Size Tube, **$1**

Trial Size, **10c**

Lipstick KEEPS YOUR LIPS SOFT.. SHADES TO BECOME YOUR TYPE

Can lipstick do more than transform lips into tantalizing, beautiful red? Yes it can! Hollywood Mask Lipstick is not parching—soothes lips. Lasts out many more kisses. Non-transparent. Indelible. Matches Hollywood Mask powder and accentuates beauty of your complexion type.

Jumbo Size, **55c**
Trial Size, **10c**

Lipstick Colors: *Light, Medium, Dark, Orange, Raspberry*

Twice-a-Day MOISTURE PROOF POWDER IN SHADES MOST FLATTERING TO YOU

Now!—powder that stays and *stays* and *STAYS* on hours longer—because it's moisture-proof. End that "Plaster-of-Paris" made-up look—with Hollywood Mask Powder. Won't show because it complements your individual color skin type. Micro-fine textured. Applies smoothly with all powder bases.

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Powder Shades:
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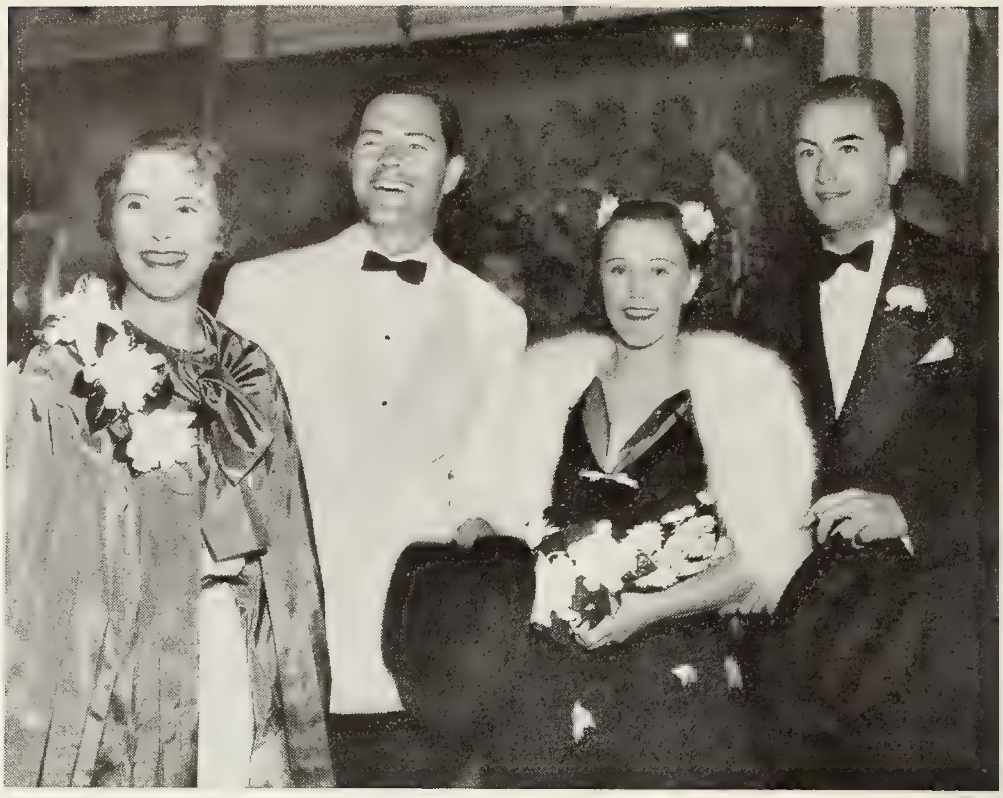
☐ Brunette
☐ **Lipstick**
☐ Light ☐ Medium
☐ Dark ☐ Orange
☐ Raspberry
☐ **Hollywood Mask**



Warner Bros.' "Anthony Adverse" premiere was a gala one—stars in their best bibs and tuckers, etcetera. Left to right, here are Donald Woods and wife, and Robert Young with his wife.

Cagney Tells Jimmy's Story

(*Continued from page 47*)

all, he'll give confidences freely.

It was a warm day when we talked over his case in the living-room of a small suite in a moderate priced Manhattan hotel. He was registered there under another name. Jimmy was clad in a pair of brown plaid trousers, a clean white shirt opened at the neck without benefit of tie, a casual sort of tan wool coat and dark blue bedroom slippers. He didn't bother about socks—I mean on the feet!

He had just signed with the newly-formed Grand National Film Company for one feature picture. This followed the headline battle with his old company, in which executives and lawyers fought it out while Jimmy got more healthy and sunburned in a little New England coast town. His companion on this back-to-nature hideout had been Ed McNamara, the singing policeman of the New York force. Ed did the cooking and Jimmy was the dishwasher and he was crazy about it.

"What I've been looking for all my life, that place," he told me. "Gosh, I hope I can get back there soon."

"Jimmy," I said to him, "money, obviously, isn't important to you. Why this particular fight that kept you off the screen for months and must have cost you plenty? What did you really want?"

"Fewer and better pictures and something to say about my own stories," he answered.

Then he told me about the deal for his film with Grand National. So much money in the bank—and it's plenty for a production—so many clauses in which Jimmy has his say about the cast, scenario and director. All to the good. But I couldn't help suggesting:

"The best picture in the world can't make money until it's shown in a sufficient number of the right theatres. How about distribution?" And a few moments later, as if in answer, there was a telephone call from the head of one of the biggest theatre chains. He wanted to see Jimmy and, you can take it from me, it wasn't to buy him a cup of tea. Jimmy said, gleefully, when that particular telephone conversation was completed:

"I'm not worrying. My picture will be on the screens where it ought to be shown." Before we had finished the interview there was a second call—this time from the representative of another group of financial men—they'd like to be in on the financing of Cagney pictures. And, quite confidentially, there was also the meaningful suggestion from the executive of one of the major companies—not the one with which he had been affiliated—that, "When this is over," meaning the legal complications over his old contract, he's ready to talk contract terms with Cagney. It was quite a revelation, this particular nibble, what with the generally accepted idea on the Coast that producing corporations stick together. I imagine his old bosses would have been quite surprised at the source of this offer.

I couldn't help recalling some of the other big stars of former years who'd been bitten by the producing bug, to their own subsequent dismay, and detriment of their bank accounts. Nor could I ignore the possibility that Mr. Cagney might be too close to the Jimmy picture to truly gauge values for his own production.

"That's what I've got to find out," he answered. "I think I'm right, I think I know what's best for me. I can't go on

CASH PRIZES FOR YOUR LETTERS. SEE PAGE 18.

just thinking it and be afraid to learn the truth. Needless to say, the lesson could be a very costly one in dollars to him, but I doubted whether, as far as the experience could affect his own principles, the toll would be as great as some people might imagine. If Hollywood ever fails Jimmy there are other roads to travel and you have the conviction, as you talk to him seriously about those things, that somehow or other Cagney will always eat. He doesn't need much money to buy what he wants out of life.

On the subject of Hollywood, Cagney harbors no illusions about what can happen to him and certainly he has no delusions about the people who inhabit, with him, that particular little world.

"OUT there," he said, "it's such a small, closely-bound, one-idea community that people get crazy impressions of their own importance and a lot of the so-called big ones are over-rated. They'd be little fish in a big pond like New York, but in Hollywood they're whales in a mud-puddle. That can't last forever. It's easy for producers to spend stockholders' money and it's grand for the actors who get it on the payrolls to spend it just as fast—but money doesn't stay always in the same control, if it isn't bringing a fair return to the investors.

"And the stars—well, they amaze me. They'll struggle for years to get a break—they'll go hungry, they'll work and they'll be humble about their own talents, but let them once blink their eyes in the glare of their own names in electric lights and they'll devote more energy to playing the part of a celebrity, off the screen, than they give to the serious business of showing, before the cameras, why they should have been made stars in the first place. Acting in Hollywood is just a job that you can hold by giving it your best. You can't do it well if you're not sold on the tools you must use."

We talked about other stars and he said swell things about men who might be considered his rivals. There was a soft, considerate note when he mentioned the name of a has-been who found how slippery the Hollywood toboggan can be. "He's a gentleman—a grand fellow," Jimmy's voice was full of admiration. "He's always dressed carefully in the good clothes he bought years ago—but not a quarter in his pocket. You'd never know it. I like them when they can take it on the chin without crying out loud."

We talked about directors—this one was an ace, according to Jimmy; that one, another big-timer, he called a "phoney." "They'll find him out yet, not only does he give nothing to a picture he directs, but he drags it down." The megaphone wielder under discussion obviously would not be pleased.

One moment he sprawled lazily in a big arm chair, throwing out verbal bombshells into the humid air, apparently relaxed, except for the fire that shot from under his half-closed eyelids. The next second he was standing in the middle of the room, two feet far apart, that fighting look in his face. You waited expectantly for the grand explosion. But what he said with a sudden laugh was:

"Well, how about lunch?"

The waiter came and we studied the menu.

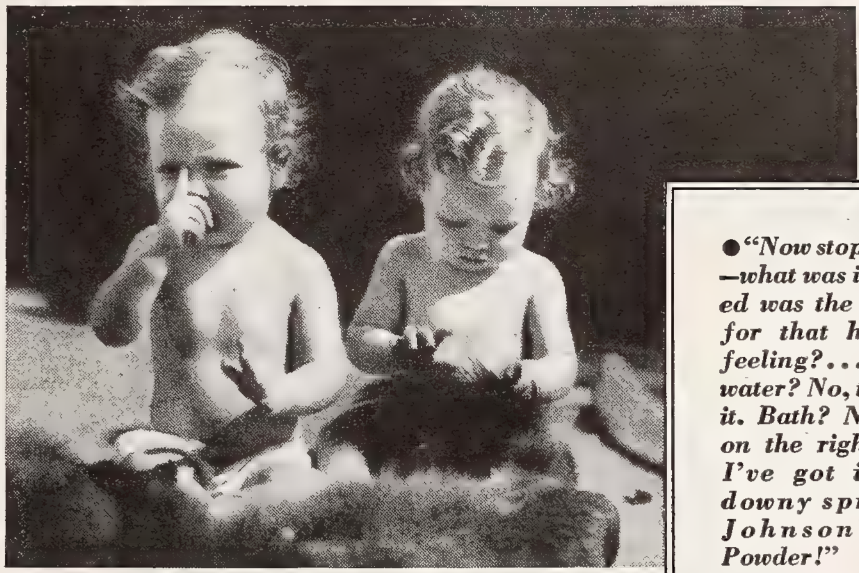
"I'd like soft-shell crabs," Jimmy remarked. "I go for them."

They weren't on the menu and the waiter told him so.

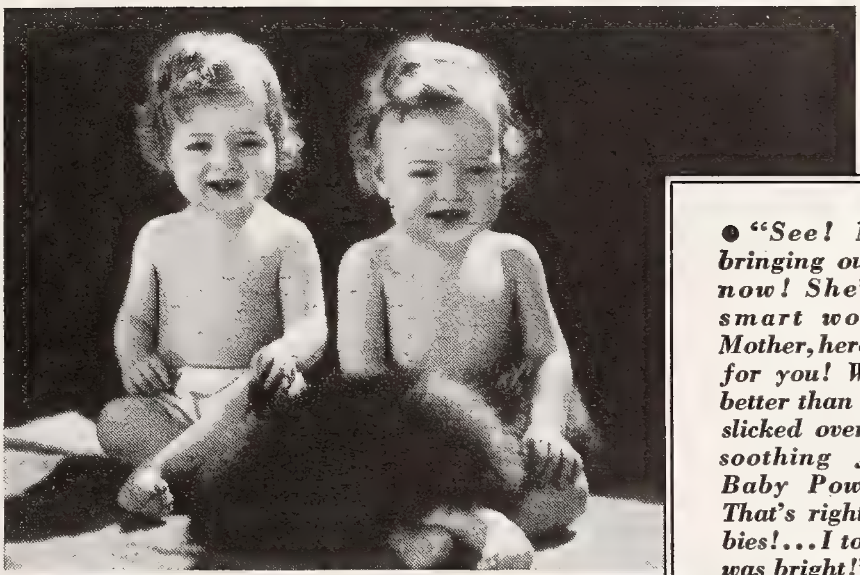
"I have a feeling you'll get them, Jimmy," I said.

And Mr. Cagney did have soft-shell crabs for his lunch. He didn't touch the baked potato or bread and there was no

● *"Looka here — this animal isn't so fierce. Hasn't got a tooth in his head—heck, we've each got six!...Maybe he isn't looking fierce at all — only cross. I know why—he's hot. No wonder—all that hair. Phooey! . . . he makes me hot, too!"*



● *"Now stop and think —what was it we decided was the best thing for that hot, sticky feeling?...Drink of water? No, that wasn't it. Bath? Now you're on the right track... I've got it—a nice downy sprinkle of Johnson's Baby Powder!"*



● *"See! Mother's bringing our powder now! She's a very smart woman . . . Mother, here's a riddle for you! What feels better than a baby all slicked over with soft soothing Johnson's Baby Powder? . . . That's right. Two babies!...I told you she was bright!"*

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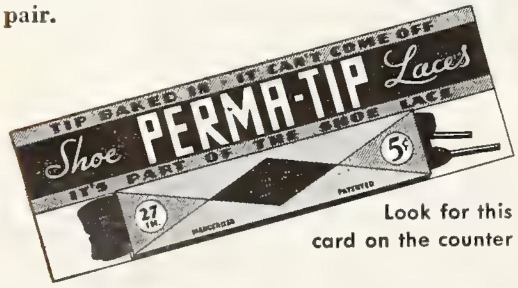
Another thing. You'll be amazed to find that these super shoe laces cost only 5¢ per pair.



Look for this
card on the counter

PERMA-TIP
SHOE LACE COMPANY
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dessert—just tea with lemon. Slight as he looks on the screen, Jimmy doesn't come by the slender lines naturally. He's from a family of stout men and he's in training 362 days in the year—exercises every morning and watches what he eats. He doesn't care at all about clothes; as long as the suit fits he'll wear it. He hates crowds, except when they're filling a theatre to watch one of his pictures, and he's satisfied with the few friends with whom he spends his leisure time in Hollywood — Bob Montgomery, Pat O'Brien, Frank McHugh and Chester Morris are among his pals. He thinks Ronald Colman is swell on the screen—he admires his suave manner and poise. He hates fiction stories. He, whose film plots have been almost lurid in their melodrama, never reads them; his shelves are filled with biographies and histories. The Civil War is his favorite period and he eats up everything he can read about that era. He has a sneaking feeling that some day he'd like to get himself into a background of those days and do a real picture about it. It's quite a jump for the "St. Louis Kid."

We talked about the Cagney road that led to Hollywood—an amazing story, take it from me—and going as far back as the adolescent year when Jimmy left his freshman class at Columbia University, where he studied art, and went to work as a bundle-wrapper in a New York department store. Wrapping had been his livelihood on a part-time basis, even when he was a high school student. In those days he was convinced he'd be a good artist some day. His first full-time position paid sixteen dollars a week and that wasn't enough—Jimmy needed more money, and needed it badly. So when a friend came to him and said, "I know where you can earn twenty-five a week," Jimmy said, "Let's go."

The job was in a vaudeville act and Cagney was supposed to dance. He couldn't, but he fooled the manager and learned so quickly and so well that after touring tank towns for a few seasons he was teaching professional dancing in a Broadway terpsichorean institute. There was a period, too, when he managed a dancing school in Elizabeth, N. J., but the suburbanites weren't as serious about working as Jimmy thought they should be and after a year he told the financial backer of the place that he couldn't make money for him that way.

Then there were years of other vaudeville acts, parts in musical comedies, minor roles in dramatic productions and finally "Penny Arcade," which led to Jimmy's first movie contract. His salary boost on the Coast made a chart like the sky-rocketing record of the stock market in pre-crash years. He had more money than he could spend because, when he travels, he doesn't go in for de luxe suites in the big hotels. He wouldn't know what to do with an English butler around the house and he doesn't own a Rolls Royce

When he was a Broadway "ham," Jimmy thought George Kelly was the greatest stage director in the world—and he still thinks so. In fact, Jimmy has about the same set of values with which he started out as a bundle-wrapper and, if circumstances and fortune have moved him into a more expensive atmosphere, he feels exactly the same way about most things as he did when the opportunity for a nine-dollar-a-week raise took him out of a department store and landed him on two dancing feet before the footlights.

"I've got to act like I feel," says Jimmy Cagney and that's exactly what he will do regardless of what the rest of this world thinks about it and what it will mean to Mr. Cagney.

He Gets Away with Murder

(*Continued from page 51*)

plans to see the world from Pole to Pole, with all the far-flung horizons thrown in. Preferably with a wife. No, he hasn't found her yet—but he's as "willin'" as Barkis; he's looking, he's ready for marriage . . . .

Anyway, he got away with murder when he used to run away, too. The family let him run! He always came back. He got away with murder, definitely, when, after graduating from Princeton and spending a year or so in New York, he went home and broke the news to his family—the news that their only son was not going to be a dignified architect creating skyscrapers but an actor.

"After all the preparatory years of education at Mercersburgh Academy," Jimmy said, "after the years at Princeton, after all their conservative hopes for me—an actor. There's never been such a thing in the family with the exception of a sort of distant uncle who confided in me that he had been an actor in his youth and had subsequently spent several years in jail! I could, he said, take it or leave it. It was all the information he had to give me. I left it—

EVEN then, as I say, I got away with murder, because my folks were swell about it. They were all gathered together in the dining room, I remember, when I spilled the beans. I can see them now. Their faces became kind of white and their eyes kind of glazed when they finally got what I was saying. But then they rallied nobly. They patted the renegade architect on his rather wilted spine and uttered not one word of reproach. I knew that their highest hopes for me were lying on the floor like so much broken china. The Stewarts are not ones to show emotion easily," said James.

He got away with murder in college, too. He took it seriously enough, studied hard but changed his course with his own changes of ambition. He learned to play the accordion in college and rates it high among his scholastic accomplishments.

He said, "I did some things with the Princeton Triangle shows, too. It was fun but I never for one instant entertained the idea that I would become an actor or ever know more of the stage than what I could see across the footlights. I didn't know at the time what swell experience it was.

"Anyway, I kept on getting away with murder. In my first year I found that I was doing badly as a civil engineer. So badly that I was on my way out of college when, for some reason, I changed my course and took up architecture. That course pulled me through. And I graduated, if not Cum Laude, at least with a creditable diploma in my hands.

"I once assisted the magician, Bill Neff, doing his stuff. I had about as much sleight-of-hand ability as an elephant. But I looked so dumb and probably so honest that they just didn't believe I would fool 'em, so I got by with that.

"And then I joined some Princeton fellows with the Falmouth Stock Company on Cape Cod. That was the summer after I graduated. I still hadn't the foggiest notion of becoming an actor. They just asked me to trail along. I'd never been to Cape Cod and I thought I'd like to see it.

"Just at the very end of the season we put on 'Goodbye Again' and a New York producer saw it and liked it so well he wanted to do it in New York in the Fall. He asked me to come along and do my part. And I went, again not because I had any idea of becoming an actor, but because I had never lived in New York and thought it would be more fun. People just didn't become actors, I still thought. But no harm in junketing about for a bit before settling down to blue prints and specifications.

I HAD a lot of fun—down to my last cent at times and all that. I'd met Henry Fonda, as you know, and at least we didn't have to make the rounds of the casting offices or do any starving on the well-known park bench because we seemed to be fortunate enough to get the breaks.

"The next summer," Jimmy was saying—as he talked he consumed baked potatoes, macaroni, bread and butter, a quart of certified milk, steak and onions, rice pudding, salad and some more milk—and if that isn't getting by with murder, gastronomically speaking, I don't know what is!—"I went to Boston as stage manager for Jane Cowl in 'Camille.' I didn't tell her when I applied for the job that I had never been a stage manager. I didn't exactly say anything. That's one of the most efficient ways of getting by with murder—just never say anything!

"Well, when Jane Cowl is on the stage, it is vitally important to her that not a pin drop. If a pin does drop, she is undone and so is her stage manager. Well, I got by all right, running around and shushing every one and seeing to it that no one even whispered, checking on everyone being where they should be, seeing to it that the curtain rose on time—until one dreadful night.

"It was during the death scene of 'Camille.' It would be. When Jane Cowl does the death scene from 'Camille,' she gives the most realistic portrayal I have ever seen. She is dying when she does it. Suddenly, on this night, just as she was breathing her last, there came from somewhere off-stage the most horrible and stupendous crashes, bangs, explosions, screams and shrieks. I was dumfounded. I couldn't move. I, not Camille, was dying! I finally discovered that the noises came from the alley directly outside the stage door. If I had opened that door the noises would have come through even more horribly. And also if I opened it I would have had to shriek and scream at the hoodlums who were making the noise in order to make my voice heard above the uproar. I couldn't do anything but stand there and pray and sweat. I did.

WHEN it was all over and the last curtain fell, I expected to pick up pieces of myself and ship them home. Miss Cowl didn't say a word to me. She didn't fire me. She was probably too hurt even for that. She did remark, in my hearing, that she would never be able to play 'Camille' again. The run of the play was nearly over anyway and the company returned to New York as per schedule. Which was just as well for me

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WTOC	Savannah, Ga.	9:45 a.m. E.S.T.
WMBR	Jacksonville, Fla.	9:30 a.m. E.S.T.
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WDBO	Orlando, Fla.	10:00 a.m. E.S.T.
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WSVA	Harrisonburg, Va.	12:30 p.m. E.S.T.
WRUF	Gainesville, Fla.	10:30 a.m. E.S.T.
WCSC	Charleston, S. C.	10.15 a.m. E.S.T.

as I hadn't the fare to go back by myself.

"On another occasion, also in Boston, Hank Fonda and another fellow and I were stranded in a hotel. We had no money to pay for our rooms and food. We thought we'd be marooned there for years. We finally conceived the idea of pooling our scant resources and sending one of us to New York to wangle a job or some money or both. Eventually we were bailed out and jail yawned for us once more in vain.

"Well," drawled Jimmy, "I just kept on getting by with things. I got a part in 'All Good Americans' on a fluke. When I applied for the job they told me they wanted someone who could play a banjo. That was the only requirement. I'd never played a banjo in my life, but I said, casually, that I'd been raised on banjos, born with a banjo in my hand, didn't know how it happened that I didn't have a banjo with me right then. I got the job! I also got a banjo. Then I got a teacher. When I was due for rehearsal next day, I knew three chords, one major and two minor. I kept twanging those chords over and over in an accomplished, easy manner. Maybe there weren't any banjo experts in the cast or in the audience. There couldn't have been because I got by with that, too.

"When they were casting for 'Page Miss Glory' and I was again on the list of applicants they seized hold of me and said, 'You're just the man we want—you've got a swell Southern accent and it's a Southern accent we're after and nothing else but.' I omitted to inform them that I had never been south of the Mason and Dixon line, was a Pennsylvania Dutchman with forebears who fought for the Union—I just drawled, "Yas, ole Massa' or something like that—and became a Southerner for the run of the play.

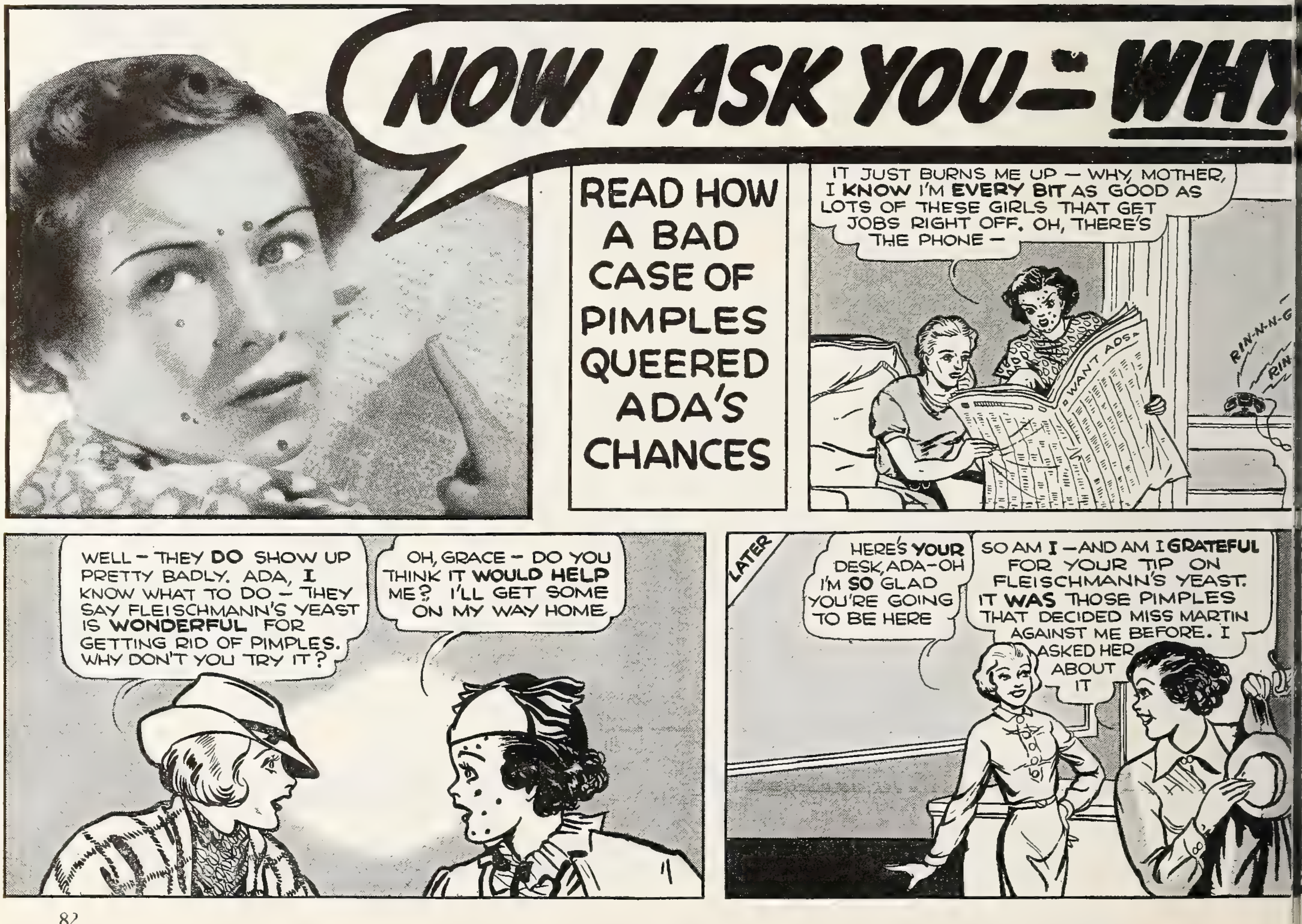
IT was when I played in 'Yellow Jack' that I knew, for the first time, I wanted to be an actor, to stay an actor. Prior to that play I'd still gone about thinking that it was a lot of fun and swell experience but something in the nature of a vacation, a grand tour of Broadway. I didn't take it seriously. I didn't think it could satisfy me as a life work. It was a hyphen between college and a real career. And then I played in that play. I saw what it meant to the cast and I saw what it meant to the audiences, what they got out of it, how they reacted. And for the first time I realized that giving people such emotions, such uplift, such relaxation could be as worthy a life work as raising skyscrapers or doctoring or any other profession. I threw my hat into the ring—and went home to tell the folks.

"I never thought about the movies for me. I thought about them plenty, especially when Hank went to Hollywood. But I didn't think *I* had what it takes. I'd see myself in the mirror while shaving and any little ideas I might have had along the Hollywood way were nipped in the shaving brush, so to speak.

"Then came my test for M-G-M. And when they sent for me to come to Hollywood, a long-term contract in my pocket, I felt more like a character in 'A Beggar on Horseback' than I did like James Stewart boarding a train to go West.

"I still don't believe it. I still pinch myself black and blue. I still expect to wake up one balmy morning and find that I've had one swell, sweet dream.

"He get's away with murder," they say. "*I* got away with murder," says Jimmy of himself.


NOW I ASK YOU — WH
READ HOW A BAD CASE OF PIMPLES QUEERED ADA'S CHANCES
IT JUST BURNS ME UP — WHY, MOTHER, I KNOW I'M EVERY BIT AS GOOD AS LOTS OF THESE GIRLS THAT GET JOBS RIGHT OFF. OH, THERE'S THE PHONE —
WANT ADS
RIN-N-N-G
RIN
WELL — THEY DO SHOW UP PRETTY BADLY, ADA. I KNOW WHAT TO DO — THEY SAY FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST IS WONDERFUL FOR GETTING RID OF PIMPLES. WHY DON'T YOU TRY IT?
OH, GRACE — DO YOU THINK IT WOULD HELP ME? I'LL GET SOME ON MY WAY HOME
LATER
HERE'S YOUR DESK, ADA — OH I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE GOING TO BE HERE
SO AM I — AND AM I GRATEFUL FOR YOUR TIP ON FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST. IT WAS THOSE PIMPLES THAT DECIDED MISS MARTIN AGAINST ME BEFORE. I ASKED HER ABOUT IT

Don't Try To Be a Clothes Horse!

(*Continued from page 66*)

out both on the screen and off, as one who wears smart clothes that register with you because of their good lines and excellent taste. She never tries for a bizarre or startling effect—she merely selects her clothes cleverly to stress the best points of her particular type.

Just as Jeanette MacDonald, a few months ago, showed you redheads how she selects clothes to suit her type, so Gertrude Michael gives some grand tips this month to all of you who are five feet five, blue-eyed and fair-skinned, topped with light brown hair. Somehow it is rather a spur to your imagination if you can know the fashion tricks of someone who is almost exactly your type and coloring. That's why I think Gertrude's new fall wardrobe will abound with ideas for all of you—and that goes for you, too, who may not be exactly the same coloring or height.

The day we talked clothes, colors and what not, Gertrude had just finished assembling new clothes for her personal use. She had gone about her shopping with an amazing amount of system—nothing slap-dab or hurried. Viola Dimmitt had designed a number of the choicest costumes in the group. And what interested me most was the fact that each outfit had been picked for the specific use to which it must be put. There wasn't a superfluous dress, bought just because it was pretty and might come in handy some day. Instead, she had taken into consideration how much of her time was spent working at the studio, and the costumes she bought were for definite demands in her social life.

Gertrude told me that she was thrilled with the new silhouette which gives her a fitted look through the bodice and waist, with a crisp flare to skirts. She adores tunics, and as you can see, two of her costumes stress this style. She has a taste for variety which definitely is reflected in the six costumes shown here this month. For instance, she likes a Russian flavor to coats and suits. But she picks a dress of quaint Victorian charm for evening hours. Then again, for daytime she likes a simple, modern and tailored line.

SHE loves sports clothes, things which do not need adjusting all the time they are being worn. She is partial to blue but, as you will notice from her new clothes, she doesn't use it monotonously, choosing black, green, red and wine shades as alternates. Fortunately, her own coloring permits her quite a color variety that might be prohibitive for others who have to watch certain shades.

Gertrude's sound ideas on clothes are particularly apparent in her viewpoint on fur coats. She says:

"I think fur coats, in the wardrobes of younger players, should serve a double purpose and be of lines and pelts which allow them to be used as evening wraps."

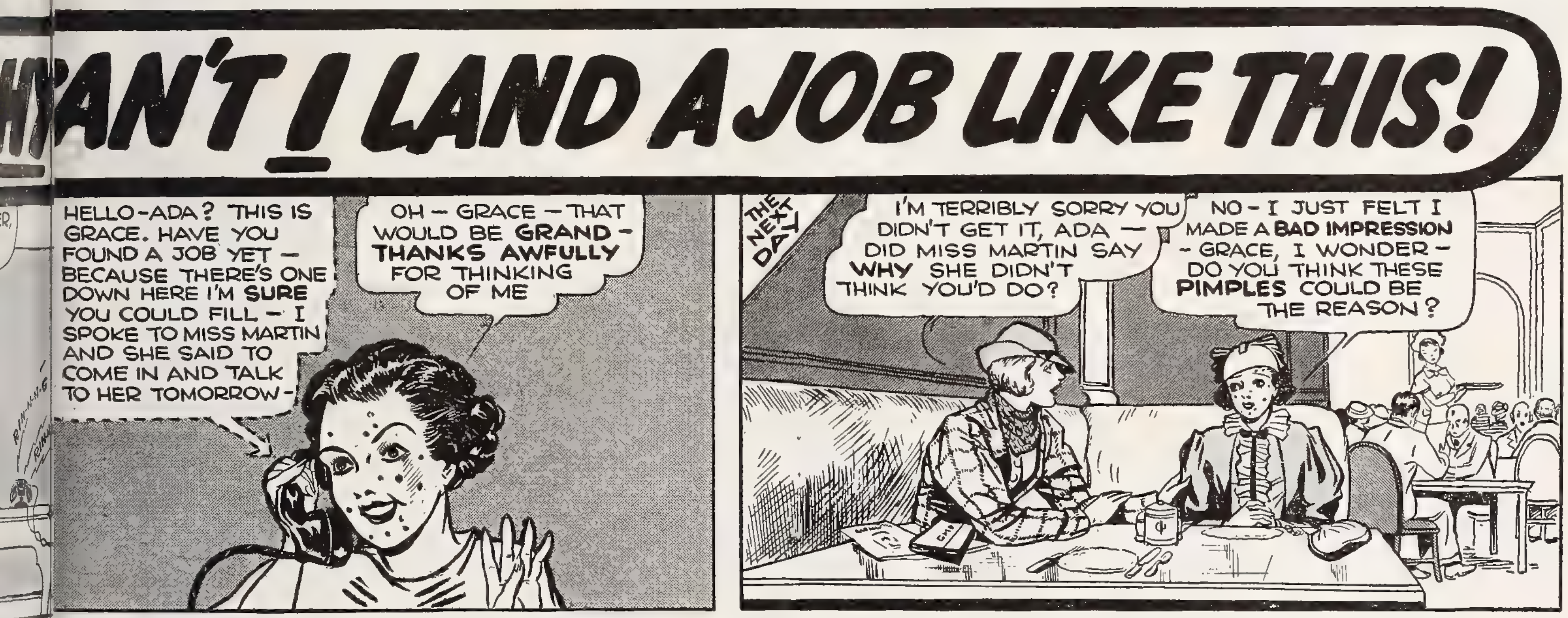
She dislikes jewelry—in fact, there is hardly a piece of it to be seen in all six of these pictures. The gold chain which you can see on page 66, worn with her tweed suit, is the only piece she likes to wear.

"It's fifty-fifty sentiment and superstition," she laughed, not going any farther into the subject!

One of the first dresses she dragged out of the closet for me to approve, was the black velvet and lace dinner gown on page 64. I fell in love with it. The short sleeves with their beautiful hand-made lace cuffs puff up to give a wide shoulder line. The waist is fitted and very high and the lace collar opening into quite a deep V, reminds me of the Fauntleroy suits little boys had to wear in the early part of this century! The skirt flares at the hem and be sure to notice the length—just the right one for dining and dancing these fall evenings. This is one of Viola Dimmitt's original designs.

Still in a formal mood, Gertrude showed me an evening ensemble of American Beauty red taffeta which solves her problems of being properly garbed for many Hollywood affairs when she's not certain how grand her costume should be. Beneath a tunic coat, which trimly buttons at the waist, she wears a matching gown of utmost simplicity. The whole chic of the dress lies in its cut—the front is rather straight with a high waistline accented by the same velvet flowers which she is wearing outside and on the tunic coat in the picture. But at back the skirt billows out from gathers placed just below the deep, waist-high decolletage—this same back fullness is repeated in the back design of the tunic coat. The tunic she wears as a wrap, removing it only if the party is quite formal.

A daytime ensemble that Viola Dimmitt


ANT I LAND A JOB LIKE THIS!
HELLO-ADA? THIS IS GRACE. HAVE YOU FOUND A JOB YET — BECAUSE THERE'S ONE DOWN HERE I'M SURE YOU COULD FILL — I SPOKE TO MISS MARTIN AND SHE SAID TO COME IN AND TALK TO HER TOMORROW —
OH — GRACE — THAT WOULD BE GRAND — THANKS AWFULLY FOR THINKING OF ME
THE NEXT DAY
I'M TERRIBLY SORRY YOU DIDN'T GET IT, ADA — DID MISS MARTIN SAY WHY SHE DIDN'T THINK YOU'D DO?
NO — I JUST FELT I MADE A BAD IMPRESSION — GRACE, I WONDER — DO YOU THINK THESE PIMPLES COULD BE THE REASON?

OH YES, MR. BARNES — I'LL BE RIGHT IN
YOUR LITTLE FRIEND'S MADE A REAL HIT WITH MR BARNES — HE ASKED ME YESTERDAY IF SHE COULDN'T DO ALL HIS WORK
I KNEW ADA WOULD MAKE GOOD, MISS MARTIN — AND ISN'T SHE PRETTY NOW THAT HER SKIN IS CLEAR?
FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

DON'T LET ADOLESCENT PIMPLES KEEP **YOU** OUT OF A JOB

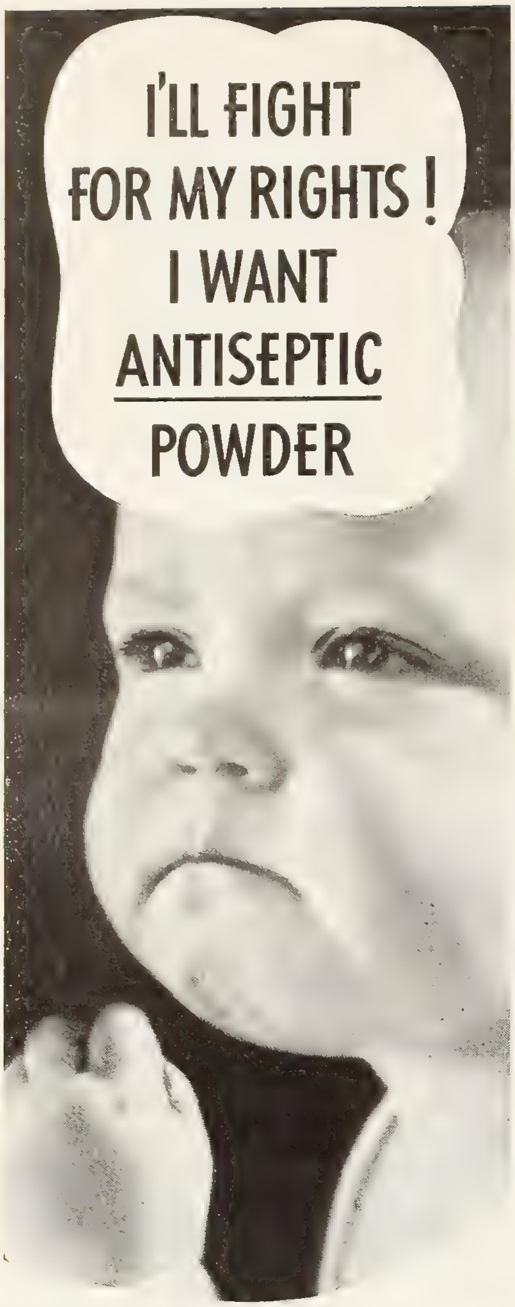
PIMPLES can easily spoil that good impression you hoped to make. Yet—they often occur after the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or longer. At this time, important glands develop and final growth takes place. The whole body is disturbed. The skin gets oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out.

Fleischmann's Yeast clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then, pimples go! Eat 3 cakes a day, one before meals—plain, or in a little water—until skin clears. Start today!

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated



I'LL FIGHT FOR MY RIGHTS! I WANT ANTISEPTIC POWDER

"...'cause how else am I going to battle nasty germs?"

"Mummy—I know you want to give me the best baby powder you can buy. Well, gee whiz . . . that means Mennen. Why? 'Cause—that's the kind that's *Antiseptic*. I wish you'd heard what Mrs. Holmes told my nurse today. She said she wouldn't use anything else but Mennen Powder. Said it was a reg'lar germ fighter. Yessir! It chases nasty germs away, for good. And gosh, Mummy, how else am I goin' to battle germs? Besides . . . Mrs. Holmes said it prevents that chafing I'm always complaining about . . . and that rawness I get in my creases. So, gee, Mummy—get me Mennen, will you?"

America's first baby powder is now Antiseptic. But it doesn't cost a penny more. Why use any other!

W. G. Mennen

MENNEN *Antiseptic* POWDER

designed for her has a most unique tunic coat made of quilted wool, of all things. The wool is of thin, crepey texture but achieves quite a heavy look through the close quilting. The modified leg o' mutton sleeve, which you notice Gertrude is very partial to, is used in this suit, also. The tunic buttons to the waist with large self-fabric buttons and a wide suede belt further emphasizes the slender waistline with its sharp flare below. Beneath the coat, there's a plain black wool skirt topped by a shirred white satin blouse. Shoes, gloves and bag match the suede belt.

THE Russian influence is very evident in both a winter suit and coat. The coat, of burgundy red wool, has a narrow edging of black Persian lamb around the high collar and down the entire front closing. The belt buckle resembles a cartridge holder, in the manner of the Cossack uniforms. With this she wears the same Russian turban of Persian lamb which goes so well with her suit.

A heavy dark green jersey makes a stunning two-piece suit which also boasts a liberal trimming of black lamb. The jacket also follows the line of a Cossack uniform even to the silk braid frogs. Her coat, incidentally, is very smart this winter in a more sharply flared version—the skirt, instead of being rather straight as hers is, flares out from a belted and fitted waistline.

Travis Banton, who designs most of Gertrude's screen clothes, is using this flared and fitted line in his coats. His coats match the length of the dress skirts beneath, and since he is making all of his dresses short and full, you can gauge the approximate length of these. On the subject of sleeves, Banton has very definite thoughts. He is making most of his costumes with sleeves that end just above the wrist and are fitted either from that point to the elbow and then fulled, or are given fullness from that point to the shoulder line which is slightly widened.

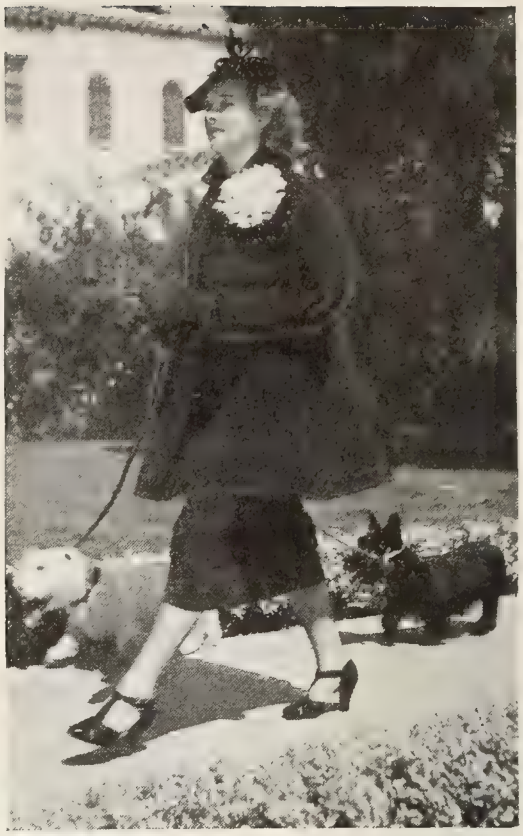
It is interesting to note that Banton is not influenced very perceptibly by the historical periods which seem to be swaying other designers. He declares that, no matter how many influences are discussed as the leading trends for fall fashions, he will keep his creations modern and thoroughly American. In keeping with this theory, any inspiration from historical sources such as the Directoire, Persian or Renaissance, will be so subtle that it will submerge entirely into the strictly modern feeling Banton prefers to stress.

Banton approves thoroughly of the high-crowned hats which are being spotlighted in millinery, but he insists that they be built upward with a backward movement for his purpose.

The fur edging on Gertrude's coat is found again and again, both on wraps and suits.

The flared and fitted coat silhouette, however, is only for you who have youthful, slender figures. In fact, after seeing princess dresses and coats, not to mention all the tightly fitted bodices and empire waists, I think we are all going to have to diet a bit to fit the picture! One consoling thought is that the less accented silhouette, one on less figure-revealing lines, is still popular enough to be listed among the fall successes.

ALL this stressing of the ultra feminine figure got us off on the subject of what to do about proper foundation garments. I asked Gertrude what she thought about it, mentioning that a well-known corset stylist says no one should have less than three definite types of foundations in her wardrobe. Gertrude said she thought that was a very sound idea because with waistlines becoming trimmer and smaller in dresses, it would be necessary to find foundations that molded your figure to those lines. In other words, it will be important to have a foundation that subtly abets the high bust line and yet gives a smooth lengthening curve to the hips.



Tibby and Woggy are aired in a doggy fashion by Bette Davis, wearing her newest fur swagger coat of black Persian lamb. And what is that huge flower? Nothing from a greenhouse, it's a giddy affair made of yarn to look something like a sunflower—only something, however! Doesn't Bette look very smart and nonchalant?

I went on to tell her that this particular corset stylist listed these three types as essential to the complete "foundation wardrobe"—the all-in-one for party and formal use, the girdle for daytime wear and the pantie-girdle for sportswear.

"Won't that run into quite an expenditure for the average budget?" Gertrude asked.

And I said no, because a constant change from one to the other certainly would prolong the life of each. What's more, I don't see how one "all-purpose" foundation can possibly do the job any more.

Incidentally, if you want more and detailed dope on this foundation wardrobe idea, I am including information about some of the newest styles in this month's Shopping Bulletin. I like the idea so much that I thought it would appeal to you and you might want information about some of the newest designs, prices, etc.

But back to the Michael wardrobe. Because California fall days are milder, Gertrude's favorite sports suit is one not trimmed with fur. You can see it on page 66. It's a light blue tweed coat and skirt worn with a navy blue blouse. Again the broad shoulder line is stressed and a tiny collar ties with a cord of the tweed fabric. Unusual pockets and the use of a corded treatment distinguishes the coat. That tricky beret is made of a closely stitched fabric in navy with a small wool pom-pom at one side.

After I left Gertrude, and later when she sent me the photographs of the clothes we had discussed, I thought what a well balanced and planned wardrobe she has. One that has distinction, individuality and smartness but which never tries to make a point of being obviously any of those things. And that, to me, is the essence of being well-dressed, even best-dressed. Gertrude never will have a clothes horse reputation but neither will she be overlooked wherever she wears such attractive and appropriate costumes. And isn't that just our own goal whenever we buy a new outfit?

Are you sending in every month for my Shopping Bulletin? It's full of good shopping tips, new ones every month. Just fill in the coupon below and it's yours for the asking.

Adelia Bird,
MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me your November Shopping Bulletin. Enclosed is a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Name..............................

Street ....

City..............State...........
(Please Print)

Afraid To Be Himself

(Continued from page 57)

happy. Everyone must, in all fields of life and work. Understand, please, I don't mean stinginess. That is a quality which is entirely different from the selfishness of which I am speaking. If you go through life, expending your emotions and your energies with a free carelessness, you will have only husks left for your own happiness, your own contentment and success. So Bella and I guard our companionship with jealous hands and we selfishly conserve my energies for work."

Bella, as you probably know, is Mrs. Paul Muni. She gave up her own career on the stage to share Paul's life and to further his success. She is one of that small army of unsung Hollywood wives, content to remain in the background of her husband's triumphs.

"We go to few parties and make few public appearances," Muni went on. "If we go out, I must act. All actors must. We have to live up to the ideas which Hollywood and the rest of the world have built up about us. I know that it is wise to keep what dramatic ability I may possess for my work, so we stay home or find our social pleasure and relaxation with the few close friends with whom I can be myself. That's the foundation for that story about my hermit-like tendencies.

WE'RE really not hermits, at all. We live a perfectly normal life. I don't like or enjoy people in large numbers. Perhaps it is because I suffer with self-consciousness. I don't make friends easily. The few people for whom I have a genuine liking fill my life with all the outside companionship I need.

"Because, you see, Bella and I are very

GIVE A "FACE POWDER PARTY"!

See If You and Your Girl Friends Use the Right Shade of Face Powder

By Lady Esther

You're sure about the shade of face powder you use, aren't you? You're convinced it's the right shade for you, or you wouldn't use it.

Your girl friends feel the same way about the shades they use. Each is certain she uses the right shade.

All right—I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll let you hold a "face powder party" at my expense. What's that? Well, it's a party at which you can have a lot of fun and, at the same time, learn something of great value.

You can hold this party at home or you can hold it at the office during lunch hour.

The Test That Tells!

Here's what you do: First, send for all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder, which I offer you free. Then call in several of your girl friends. Try to get girls of different coloring—blondes, brunettes and redheads.

Let each girl select what she thinks is her best shade of face powder. Have her try that shade on. Then, have her "try on" all the other four shades. Let the rest of you act as judges while each girl tries on the five shades.

Then, see how right or wrong each girl has been! Note that in most cases, if not in all, the shade of face powder that proves the most becoming is not the one the girl selected. On the contrary, you'll probably find that the shade that proves most flattering to a girl is one she would never think of using at all.

You can instantly tell which shade is most becoming to a girl. It immediately makes her stand out—makes her look her youngest and freshest. The other shades, you will observe, have just the opposite effect. They make her look drab and years older than she really is.

Why Look Older Than You Really Are?

It's amazing the women that use the wrong shade of face powder. I see evidences of it on every side. Artists and make-up experts also bemoan the fact.

There is one and only one sound way of telling your most becoming shade of face powder and that is by trying on all five shades as I have described above. Trying to select a shade of face powder according to "type" is all wrong because you are not a "type," but an individual. Anyone knows that a blonde may have any one of a number of different colorings of skin while a brunette may have the same. So, trying to match a "type" is fundamentally unsound if not impossible, and may lead to some weird effects.

Prove My Principle!

Be sound, be practical, in the selection of your shade of face powder. Use the test method as I have described here. Clip the coupon now for all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder. I will also send you a 7-days' supply of my Face Cream.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (27) **FREE**
Lady Esther, 2010 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a 7-days' supply of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

*City*__________*State*__________
(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

NEW CREAM MASCARA

Ends the artificial look of old-fashioned mascara!

Waterproof . . . far easier to use!

True charm now replaces the bold, theatrical look that has discouraged so many women from using old-fashioned forms of mascara.

The effect you have always wished to achieve with mascara is now actually possible! Your lashes seeming to sweep your cheeks with their length ... their luxuriance rich with the enticing charm of *naturalness!*

Quite obviously, such exciting loveliness requires an entirely new kind of mascara; one that darkens lashes without shouting "mascara"; one that does not brand its user as artificial, "theatrical" or "bold."

TATTOO Cream Mascara is just that. It goes on so evenly and smoothly its presence on the lashes is not detected. Nor will tears, rain or a plunge betray the secret ... for THIS mascara, *not being mixed with water when applied,* is really waterproof! Much easier to use than cake mascara too, and perfectly harmless. Can't smart.

Complete with brush in smart rubber-lined satin vanity ... Black ... Brown ... Blue ... 50c at the better stores. TATTOO your eyelashes!

TATTOO

Cream MASCARA

Your Kodak Picture ENLARGED

FREE 8x10 Inch ENLARGEMENT of any SNAPSHOT

Your favorite snapshots of children, parents and loved ones are more enjoyable when enlarged to 8x10 inch size—suitable for framing. These beautiful, permanent enlargements bring out the details and features you love just as you remember them when the snapshots were taken. Just to get acquainted, we will enlarge any Kodak picture, print or negative to 8x10 inches —FREE—if you enclose 25c to help cover our cost of packing, postage and clerical work. The enlargement itself is free. It will also be beautifully hand tinted in natural colors if you want it. We will acknowledge receiving your snapshot immediately. Your original will be returned with your free enlargement. Pick out your snapshot and send it today.

GEPPERT STUDIOS Dept. 286 Des Moines, Iowa

self-sufficient. We don't need others to make us happy. We have tried to build a barrier around our personal happiness, to protect it. That isn't always easy to do, especially when you live in a town which is so brightly spotlighted. It is often so much easier to follow the line of least resistance and do as the Romans do.

"Bella is vitally interested in my work. So, when I'm making a picture, that is our most important mutual concern. Between pictures we travel, take trips to New York to see the new plays and our old friends. We both are tremendously interested in our home. We call it a ranch. But it is really only a five-acre spot in the valley. We enjoy experimenting with gardening and soil culture. We resent outside interests which call us away from our shared pleasures.

"I think that I have discovered one of the reasons for the super-abundance of marriage troubles in Hollywood. I may be wrong, of course, but I believe that a great many people are so busy, trying to impress the outside world with their happiness, that they lose sight of the real joy to be found quietly in their own homes. They work so hard at acting happiness that they have nothing left to offer their own husbands and wives except an empty shell of emotion. They're losing the really worth while things of life because they haven't the courage to build that necessary barrier between themselves and the world. They're afraid of being called temperamental recluses.

"It's the same way with our work. Why give your best performances off the screen, as so many actors do? Why waste precious energy trying to amuse a group of only mildly interested people? When you try to repeat those performances for the cameras or for a theatre audience, the fine edge is gone, the first glow has been rubbed away.

"Not only in Hollywood is this true, but in New York and in every other place where writers, musicians, painters and actors are gathered. Brilliant, clever words are spoken to entertain a group of fellow workers and those words, once spoken, are never written. Songs are sung on the spur of the moment in some noisy, smoke-filled room and are forgotten the next morning. Most of the great artists of the world have been selfish, have refused to parade and exploit their abilities. But most of us in Hollywood fall into the hectic, competitive rush of the town and display our wares promiscuously, instead of saving them for the right moments.

"Again I say, look at Garbo. She, alone, dares to protect herself and her work. That sort of selfishness is really generosity in the final analysis, because she is giving her undivided efforts to her pictures and to the entertainment of the many, instead of the few."

An assistant director called through a loud speaker, summoning Muni to the center of the wheat field. With amazement I watched him slide into the personality of Wang, kneeling in his field, watching with fear-stricken eyes the coming of the storm which was bringing terror and desolation to him and his people. There was nothing left of Muni or of "Pasteur" or of the "Fugitive." There was only a desperate, young Chinaman, waiting for the destruction of his world.

Paul Muni is probably the most thoroughly conscientious actor in Hollywood. He allows nothing to interfere with his careful study of the characters whom he brings to the screen. He lived for several weeks in a colony of Chinese truck farmers, studying their manners, their customs, their intricate language, before he began actual work in "The Good Earth." Before a picture, and during its making, he secludes himself from everyone, even his few most intimate friends, and steeps himself in the personality which he is portraying on the screen.

"I always try to avoid talking for publication because I have nothing startling or interesting to say. I'm what they call 'poor copy,'" he said with a grave smile, when the scene was finished and he had returned to the camp chair. "Some people are naturally exciting in everything they do and say. I am not one of them. At this very moment I am probably one of the happiest, most contented men in the world. There is certainly nothing exciting about that. I don't want to seem smug. I'm proud that I have managed to reach this state of mind."

He leaned forward and there was a warm, eager glow in his brown eyes.

"At last I have reached the place where I can plan not to plan," he told me. "All my life, since I was a small boy in the theatre, I have said to myself, 'I will do this next year. I will try to accomplish that the following year. I will never rest until I reach some definite goal.' Now those days of planning are ended. I have lost the frantic urge for competition. I no longer desire to be the greatest actor or the most spectacular or the most financially successful. My happiness comes first now. I realize that, at best, our lives are short so I'm going to fill the remaining years of mine with the things which mean the greatest happiness to Bella and me.

"I have two more pictures to make under my contract with Warner Brothers. When they are finished, I shall never sign another long-term contract. I want to be free to do as I please, to stay here at home or to travel. Of course, California will always be our home, our headquarters, no matter where we may go.

"If a play or a picture, which I particularly want to do, happens to come my way, I shall do it. But I hope never again to be bound by legal ties to do a certain thing at a certain time. Then, perhaps, with this freedom, I shall have the courage to be myself.

"The rest of my life belongs to Bella and me. If we don't drain from it every drop of happiness that is humanly possible, that will be our own fault. We have been married fifteen years. We have never had any children. At first, that was a great disappointment to us. But, with the passing of the years, the sorrow has grown less poignant. Our very childlessness seems to have became one more bond to strengthen the completeness of our companionship."

Suddenly his words were drowned in the roar of the wind machines. The wheat field rippled beneath the strength of the blast. American and Chinese voices barked directions through the loud speakers. The Chinese peasants, the buffalo, the scraggly dogs moved into their places. The storm had come to wreck the good earth of that California-China. Paul Muni waved his hand and walked across the wind-flayed field.

Watching him, I knew that Hollywood has been all wrong about him. He is not a recluse, a temperamental hermit. He is merely an honest young man, trying valiantly to protect his work and his happiness in a strange city of make-believe where the houses are made of glass and the lights are all spotlights.

LET MARY MARSHALL SOLVE YOUR BEAUTY PROBLEMS!
TURN TO PAGE 60.

Myrna Loy Talks About Marriage

(*Continued from page 43*)

me cutting down floor space on the plans and tucking in closets here and there!"

"Um, just as I feared. You're a housewife at heart!" I told her.

"Of course! Do you know what I've been doing all morning? Looking at samples of living-room curtains and, for the life of me, I can't decide which ones I want."

Myrna Loy, Hollywood's favorite bachelor girl, would never have bothered with curtains.

"It seems to me, though, you have the edge on us other women in this business of marriage," I said. "You've played such grand wives on the screen. You've had the advantage of studying husbands—men in general—at close range. What's the most important thing you've found out about them?"

THE most important thing I've found out is that you can't theorize about men. They're all too different from one another. Women should not get fixed ideas on the subject! For instance, a girl reads somewhere that she should never let a man be sure of her. Then her mother's friend draws her aside confidentially and says, 'Really, my dear, men want peace and comfort most of all and they won't get much of either if you make love a Guessing Game.' By the time the poor girl marries she's so full of theories and systems for holding a husband that her home becomes a kind of laboratory with the genus homo as the practical working specimen. I don't believe in it. It makes life much too complicated."

Myrna simplifies matters considerably. She boils it all down to this: to know how to behave and act so that other people have a cordial reaction to you—that's social technique. It is also, says Myrna, the technique of marriage.

AND it has to be worked at by both parties, not by one alone. My screen husbands, for example. . . . They've been the kind that make a wife want to keep at her best! They were so civilized. Nick, for instance, in 'The Thin Man.' If Nora was a good sport and a gay companion it was because Nick played up to her all the time. And in 'Wife vs. Secretary' Clark Gable indulged in so many little niceties. You couldn't imagine these husbands taking a woman for granted, forgetting to hold up their end of the bargain! They were cultured, humorous without being caustic, they knew how to live."

In a word, they were like Arthur Hornblow himself. For Myrna had unconsciously painted a direct picture of him. It's true, he epitomizes her screen husbands. She married a man who has certain qualities of them all! Elsa Maxwell once referred to Hornblow as "The First Gentleman of Hollywood." And that was the first thing about him that impressed Myrna.

Suddenly I remembered another luncheon long ago when Myrna was still playing exotics. She was dressed as a gypsy and we'd gone to a little tea room near the old Warner Brothers Studio. "Isn't there a dark man in your cup?" Myrna pretended to look. "I don't think so. Not yet. But I'll know the minute he comes!"

"I used to wonder why I liked the atmosphere of the Goldwyn Studio so well," she told me now with a faint chuckle. "I used to wish they'd place me under contract there. And that was odd because they didn't make many pictures and probably I wouldn't have been working much of the time. Each time the studio closed down I felt depressed and didn't know why!"

THE fact that Mr. Arthur Hornblow, Jr., was then an associate producer there seemed to have no connection. It wasn't until about a year and a half ago that she realized what the attraction was.

"I won't generalize and say that it's better always to wait to marry. Sometimes it isn't. Sometimes very young marriages are outstandingly successful. But in my own case I'm glad I didn't marry at nineteen or twenty. I was too busy then to think much about it anyway," said Myrna.

"Your whole perspective changes with an adult outlook. Little things cease to be worrisome, big things don't loom so large. You can afford to be a little amused at life and yourself. I think that's why I've preferred men who were mentally mature to the young ones. They offer a companionship that's stimulating without being wearing. . . ."

She hummed a little under her breath. She reached for another roll. Myrna Loy Hornblow was happy!

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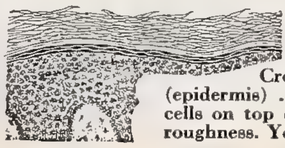

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Frankly Foolish

(*Continued from page 55*)

satisfaction in it, especially when you're a celluloid actress. On the stage it is different. There you have the daily thrill of a job well done. In this business you have it only at previews."

Then, again, her amazing straight-forwardness regarding herself; her (is it madness?) ability to self-analyze: "At heart I'm lazy, full of dippy dreams, but always battling a nervous energy which I can't whip down, even though doctors warn me I should, if I want to live. Of course, dear, didn't you know? They tell me I'll be in a box in five years! I think, probably, they're right, too. I have nervous breakdowns as regularly as other people have colds. I had my first at fifteen. I'm always having them. I had one on the desert, on location with "The Gay Desperado." The doctor ordered me to bed one day, and I was up the next, working with a fever of a hundred and two. I went from 126 pounds to 108. But I had to work, had to be busy. I couldn't help it, couldn't stop myself. Cooped up in a room I really would go crazy. That would be ducky, wouldn't it?"

I guess that's enough to show you what I mean. With Ida as a subject, an interviewer just doesn't know where to begin. Never on guard, she talks always in headlines. Never still, mentally or physically, she leaps briskly about, from chair to chair, from subject to subject. Pinning her down, translating her warm vital youth and energy into cold black and white type is practically an impossibility. But here, let me see what I can do about it.

I FOUND her, in a pair of glove-tight white shorts and shirt, stretched full-length on her living-room divan. On a small table was a tray of food, only half touched. On the floor was an open copy of "Lust for Life," the biography of Van Gogh. Across one arm of the sofa was a writing pad, with Ida's pencil pressed against it. Ida was asleep. Bee had let me in. Bee is her companion, hairdresser, secretary, maid, everything combined. Bee was wearing a pair of comfortable house pajamas. Bee said "Hey!" and Ida woke up.

Now I ask you. And if you had interviewed as many lady stars in as many elegant homes as I have, you would know why I ask you! It was marvelous! No customary wait, no planned entrance. No butler moving on cat soles. Just a "Hey!" and Ida woke up. What's more she rubbed her eyes and got mascara in them. Then she offered me some candy which turned out to be of a particularly caramelly kind; we each took a hunk. So, with one eye weeping, and two jaws chewing, we began!

In addition to her utterly frank views on the three subjects which I have already quoted above, I also discovered that Ida has always been afflicted with her present mania for doing and being and saying things to the point. Even at the sapling age of thirteen she was not content to think of the things she would do in the someday-future when she grew up. She wanted to do them then. Born with some four hundred-odd years of theatrical tradition in her veins, she naturally was destined to be an actress, but nobody expected it to crop out in her at such an unripe age.

Still, on her thirteenth birthday, Ida showed the restless energetic stuff of which she was made by announcing that she was through with school and that she was going on the stage. This announcement naturally met with no little opposition from her famous acting father, Stanley Lupino. Thinking that he was offering her an insurmountable barrier, he said, "Very well, if you can land yourself a part by noon tomorrow, without trading on my name, you may have it. If not, you will return to school for four more years. You understand these terms? You accept?"

"I accept." No quibbling, no asking for a more reasonable length of time. Undaunted.

That was mid-afternoon. By the end of the afternoon Ida had uncovered one part for an immediate production which looked promising. It was the part of "a maid, about twenty"—not a big part, but

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the size of the part made no difference to her then or now. Early the next morning she arrayed herself in her mother's too-large clothes which made her look tall, thin and haggard, all of the twenty years which she was not. Then, using the name Ida Ray, she went to see the actor-manager and won the role.

For sixteen months she played it, as Ida Ray, on a small salary, her real identity unknown. For sixteen months she played matinee and evening performances and attended the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in between times. Then, accidentally, a letter addressed to her by her right name was discovered in her make-up box, and the secret was out. Delighted to find so illustrious a theatre name right under his nose, the manager could not resist taking her out of her present part and giving her a bigger one in another production. Pictures soon followed and so, at fourteen, Ida was playing leading ladies.

But all this too-early activity was bound to have its bad effect. A year later Ida was faced with the first of those breakdowns to which she refers. Calling off her contracts, she packed a few belongings and went off by herself to Italy, the country from which her ancestors had been driven because of political affiliations many years before. They became strolling players. Overwrought and tired as she was when she went there, the gentle Italian voices soon rested and soothed her, and it was from them that she gleaned her first feeling for music. Soon she was learning to sing and play, too. Piano came easiest to her and she spent many hours every day practicing. Most important of all, she began to compose!

As it was a life-saver then, so it has been during every trying period of her life. There was the period that followed her arrival in Hollywood, when she found herself with a five-year contract at Paramount, but with nothing to do. As she tells it herself: "I don't know what they expected, but when I arrived here they seemed shocked to find me so young. I think they even doubted that I had played leading roles abroad. One executive said, 'You should be posing for baby food ads, not as a leading lady for pictures!' Nothing I could do or say would change their opinion. So for months they just paid me to grow up. It was awful! As I look back on it now I don't know how I stood it.

"I used to go to the front office and *beg* them to give me some sort of job in the production department. I didn't care what—just so I could *work*—that was important. But no, all I ever had to do was pose for advertising tie-ups, in lingerie mostly. I even did that gratefully, for a while, until I realized that it was creating a wrong impression about me. Everywhere they were referring to me as a 'second Mae West'—not that I don't admire Miss West; I do. But I felt I had something else to offer, without being just a 'delectable dish', which was a phrase a columnist used in describing me.

"So again I had to turn to music, to fill my time. I composed a lot of things during those months. Not for publication, but just for my own peace of mind. At that time I even thought of organizing a girls' band and touring the country, and I would have, too, if something hadn't happened. Fortunately, it did!"

THAT something was, first, a fairly good part with Gary Cooper in "Peter Ibbetson," then a totally different kind of role in "Anything Goes." Then Ida played opposite Francis Lederer in "One Rainy Afternoon." And now one with George Raft. "Yours for the Asking." The latter, she feels, is the best chance she's had so far. "Because the girl I play is a hor-

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rible character. She talks out of the side of her mouth and is drunk practically all through the picture. I like mean roles. Best of all I like roles in which I can look awful, be awful. I don't care a fig about being pretty-pretty on the screen. There's one role I want to do more than anything—that's the part of the cheap little cockney girl in 'The Light That Failed.' Paramount wanted to borrow Bette Davis for it, but she was afraid it might be too much like Mildred of 'Of Human Bondage,' so I may get it after all. I'd rather play the meanest character part than the most entrancing ingenue.

"Do you see what I mean about having personally to be a little bit crazy in this business, to prevent the business from making you that way for good? Why, if I had to think, eat and sleep shop all day long, I really would be goofy. A lot of people do out here, you know; they go what I call career crazy. Making movies is all they ever think. In self-preservation I've had to develop a sense of humor about interests—music, writing, reading. And I've had to develop a sense of humor about this acting business. I've had to learn to burlesque it in my own mind. Why, Louis and I, and the whole family too, are always making fun of ourselves, as actors and actresses. Caricaturing ourselves You should take a peek at us some evening about five-thirty. The scene may go something like this . . ."

Through her eyes I saw the following: it was five-thirty and Ida returns from the studio. Louis Hayward, her best beau, is already there before her, hiding a bunch of posies in the hall closet. As he hears her at the door, he dashes to a corner chair, sinks down in a position of despair, head forward on hands, hair pulled forward over eyes. Ida comes in, strikes a dramatic pose, declaims: "You, too, my friend? Oh, this business, it will drive me mad! Mad, mad, *mad*, do you hear? So tired, they work us like slaves, eh Tiddledewinks?"

From the corner, head still down, eyes still covered: "Talk to me not in foolish rhymes, my lady. I am tired to death of it all! Whither shall we go—away from this wretched place? Name the place, my fair one . . . and thither will I take thee. 'One touch to her hand, one word to her ear, they reached the hall door, and the charger stood near. We are off—we are off—we are off,' I forget the rest—said young Lochinvar!"

"We are off," says Ida, "to the roller coaster races!"

And believe it or not, that is exactly where they are off to . . . to Venice or Ocean Park, where they ride on the Sky High or the Devil's Dip, screeching, laughing, yelping . . . now in the front seat, now in the back, now in the middle. Their romance began on a roller coaster. That's where it progresses.

I can see Ida's point. A little bit of foolishness goes a long way in keeping one from becoming too deadly serious. We *are* an emotional lot—four hundred years of emotion has naturally made us that way—and we do get upset easily. We cry, fret, fume and laugh easily. But being silly now and then minimizes that. It's our greatest outlet, you know what I mean, it keeps us from throwing vases!"

AND speaking of emotionalism, Ida tells this one on herself. "Several years ago in London I went to see Francis Lederer in 'Autumn Crocus.' Most of the play was quite gay, but the ending was so sad, and as the last curtain found Francis Lederer grief-stricken and in tears on the stage, so it found me in the same condition, in the audience. Only I think, if anything, my eyes and nose were redder. Anyway I went backstage to congratulate him. I had never met him, but that didn't matter. The tears were still pouring down my cheeks as I came face to face with him at the door to his dressing-room. 'Oh, Mr. Lederer, I enjoyed it so much! (Sniff, sniff.)'

"And he: 'I'm so glad you (sniff, sniff, blow) enjoyed it!' It went on like that for at least three minutes, both of us drowning our own words in our tears. But that isn't the end of it, there's a sequel. After I had come to America, I saw him do the same play again in Hollywood. And again I was crying and so was he when I went backstage to see him. A funny thing—after all those months and across one ocean and a continent—he remembered me. 'Still crying?' he asked tearfully. I nodded, too choked to speak. The leaping Czech and I are a lot alike, I guess."

M-G-M promises to release "Tarzan Escapes" any year now (it's been in production for more than two years!). Maureen O'Sullivan, having her locks arranged by the studio hairdresser, was back on the set for retakes.

Incidentally, of Ida, Mr. Lederer once said to me: "She has more sex appeal than any actress I have ever worked with in pictures. She is just a child at heart but for some strange reason, on the screen, she portrays worldly emotions with the ease of a sophisticated woman of thirty! She is like an artist with every emotional color on her palette, within easy reach of her finger tips."

I think perhaps that last line is the best summation of Ida that you will find anywhere—every emotional color at her finger tips, and restless fingers that can't help dabbling. Artists are always considered a little daffy by the world, perhaps because they think so little of the world and of what the world may think about them. As George Bernard Shaw has said, "She is the only girl in the world as mad as I am. She is positively a mad genius!"

. . . The Modern Hostess offers you Bob Taylor's favorite hot bread recipes. See page 69.

Hollywood Friendship No. 1

(*Continued from page 45*)

in mid-air two chubby fingers tightly squeezed together.

"And *look* at all he eats!" marveled Miss Temple.

It was more than clear that she felt greatly impressed. For, to her mother's dismay, and to Shirley's unbounded delight, instead of existing on spinach, Bill Robinson actually eats four quarts of ice cream a day!

He told me his breakfast consists of vanilla ice cream plus several hot biscuits. The main course at lunch is ice cream, and after an ample dinner of appetizer, soup, steak, fresh vegetables and salad, comes more ice cream.

And it doesn't hurt him. Even his doctor, a New York one, in the East Seventies, is unable to account for this phenomenon.

BILL ROBINSON, going on sixty years old, is in the best of health, and has been consuming, daily, those four quarts of vanilla ice cream as far back as he can remember. Of course, this pleasing information cemented the amazing friendship which exists between Shirley Temple and Bill Robinson; a friendship that, for sincerity, loyalty and honest worship, outdoes any Hollywood has ever seen.

A mere mortal who can eat four quarts of ice cream a day, eat it and not only survive, but thrive, is a super human being as far as Shirley is concerned.

And Bill said to me, "Shirley Temple is the sweetest little thing I've ever met. If you once get me started talking about her I'll just talk for a year."

It was apparent that he had no time to talk for a year because, at that moment, in his living-room were seated Jesse Owens and Ralph Metcalfe plus five others from the Olympic team. They were waiting for some of Mrs. Robinson's fried chicken, for Bill was dining them before they sailed for Berlin.

He is tremendously interested in runners. Shirley Temple knows this.

"He won a championship, too," she brags. "The only running backwards championship!"

She neglects to add that it also is an uncontested one!

Bill Robinson and I sat in his den in the Robinsons' Harlem apartment. The walls of this room are completely hidden under a blanket of autographed pictures; a photograph of Franklin D. Roosevelt, Rudy Vallee, Joe Penner, Freddie Bartholomew, Marilyn Miller, Katharine Hepburn, Mae West and James Cagney, an early one of Eleanor Powell and one of Fred Astaire. On each is inscribed a tribute to Bill Robinson as a person and as an artist.

But I noticed that for every photograph hanging on those walls, there hang two of Shirley Temple. I saw a picture of Shirley standing in one of Bill's shoes, one of her presenting him with a watch, and another of them writing a letter together, and so on and on.

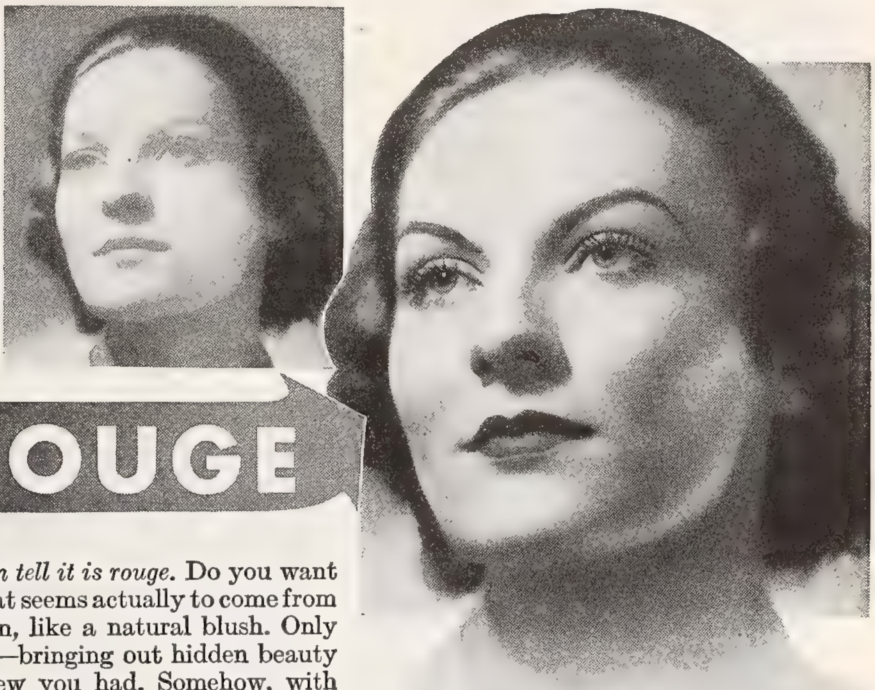
In the living room there is a striking absence of photographs, except for a silver-framed one of Shirley and Robinson which stands upon a small table, and looking down from the mantel is a dainty miniature of Shirley in a blue poke bonnet.

SHE calls me Uncle Billy," he said proudly. "And I'll never forget the first day I met her. Buddy De Sylva, the producer, took me to her dressing-room bungalow and introduced both Mrs. Robinson and myself to Mrs. Temple. Shirley just sat there very quiet. After some discussion Mrs. Temple said, 'Well, Shirley, here's your teacher,' and Shirley, she jumped right up and ran over to me and said, 'I'm very glad to know you.'

"After that the two of us walked across the lot. She kept reaching for my hand, but I just walked along, not seeing this until Mrs. Robinson called my attention to it, and from then on we always walked around, hand in hand.

"We made two pictures together, and I taught her the dances in her last one—'Bowery Princess,' which I think will be her greatest. She does six dances and five or six songs. She's on that screen from start to finish, and does wonderful imitations of Uncle Tom and Simon Legree.

"She learns her steps quickly," he told me. "We had all her routines set in less than a week. She learned the steps so fast she was three weeks ahead of the



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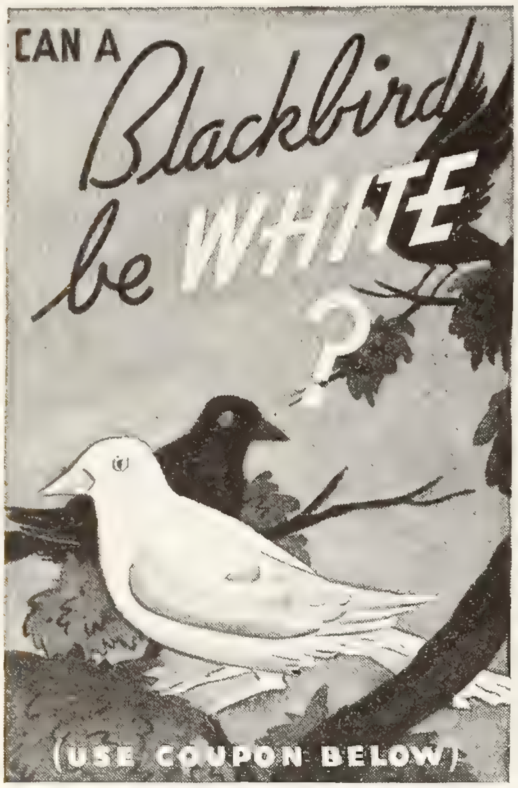

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picture! And it isn't so easy to learn a new routine. Why, one of them alone, has as many as ten new steps; none has less than eight, and the waltz clog I taught her has nine.

"When I'm teaching her, we're together from ten until twelve in the morning, and after lunch until five.

"And not only does she learn her own lines, but she knows everybody else's! If anyone forgets his lines she prompts him.

"Once we were playing a scene where Shirley and I walked, hand in hand, in the woods. At a certain spot she was to turn. She couldn't quite get it. It was difficult to find the spot. So I said, 'I'll tell you what, I'll just squeeze your hand when we get there.' After that the scene went off fine. But the very next day when I slipped up on a line, she quickly whispered the right words to me, then laughed and said, 'Now we're even!'

"I'm always afraid of forgetting my lines, so I've gotten into the habit of mumbling them to myself, over and over, until it's time to take the scene. So one day she said to me, 'Don't keep saying those lines of yours so much, Uncle Billy, for when it does come time to shoot the scene, you're bound to miss up on them!'

SHE certainly is the smartest little thing. Yet she's smart without being smart-alecky. And that's a large order. I'm sure, when she grows up, instead of petering out, like most juvenile stars, Shirley Temple will become one of the greatest actresses in the world. That child," here Bill Robinson shook his head, as he grinned a grin that stretched from ear to ear, "why, she can do anything, just anything at all. You ought to see her play checkers. She beats everyone on the lot.

"She has another game she loves. She calls it 'Squares.' You draw a dozen parallel lines on a sheet of paper, and you take turns connecting them. You write your names across each square you make, and the one who makes the most squares wins. Shirley is a champion at this. No one has ever won a game from her.

"Instead of being spoiled, which would only be natural, she is uncommonly thoughtful. When I was laid up in the hospital she came to see me every single day, and she wheeled me in my chair, up and down the corridors. That hospital wheel chair fascinated her. I think she kind of hoped to get a chance to be wheeled around herself."

We talked about their future plans. "I'm returning to the Coast in a couple of months," he said, "to make three more pictures with Shirley.

"You know, I wanted to come East for the Joe Louis fight, but we were working on 'Bowery Princess,' so I said to Shirley, 'I want to go to the fight and if you learn your steps in time, I can go.' She said, 'I'll be good, Uncle Billy, I'll learn.' 'Remember, if you don't, then I can't go to the fight.' I told her. And she learned in record time. I guess if I had left before she finished, it would have pretty near broken her heart."

He paused a second. "I gave her a bracelet, and a little automobile. I had it regulated so it can't go faster than nine miles an hour. She drives it herself all over the lot.

"She gave me this watch," he added, proudly showing me a beautiful modern designed watch, on which was engraved 'Uncle Billy from Shirley Temple.'

"I suppose this sounds kind of conceited to say," he remarked while I studied the watch, "but honest, she worships the ground I walk on." His face beamed.

It is such a good face. And although Shirley Temple is a star, and in that capacity had plenty of opportunities to see the patience and goodness of Bill Robinson, she isn't the only child who has just cause to "worship the ground I walk on."

In New York City, up Harlem way, where the heat beats down mercilessly all summer, and the children have no place to play, he built a playground. It is opposite the apartment house in which he lives. He walked me to a window overlooking the cheerful square with its sandpiles, freshly painted swings, and chute-the-chutes and see-saws.

"It used to be nothing but an old lot that had everything in it from empty tin cans to dead dogs. Now look. . . ."

I looked, and I saw happy children, shouting, laughing, thanks to Uncle Billy.

Then, suddenly, I knew the real secret of his friendship with Shirley Temple. It was due to more than being the biggest ice-cream eater in Hollywood. It was the kind quality which is so much a part of Bill Robinson, the quality of goodness that never fails to go straight to the heart of a child. And Shirley Temple, call her what you will, genius, actress, dancer, singer or star, is still principally—a child. And you can't fool a child. You have to be the real thing. Bill Robinson is all of that.

Mr. Arliss seems to make films in England exclusively these days. Here's a scene from his latest, "The Nelson Touch," with Rene Ray. Rene is the gal who made such a hit in "Passing of the Third Floor Back."

"Women Are Trouble"

(*Continued from page 54*)

anyone ask a man to pose for some leg art so that every magazine and newspaper in the country is plastered with it? No! Does anyone ever do 'fashion lay-outs' of men? Not unless they want to get laid out by the man in question. Does any Gable get his face on the covers of the magazines? Hardly ever.

"When I'm doing a scene with a girl on the set and even though I may be saying the most significant lines in the whole picture and would be glad if my mug could show so that I might help the words along by an intelligent gleam in the eyes—whose back of the head does the camera man focus on? Mine!

YOU see," said Stu, "women are real trouble because they've got Nature on their side. They've got all the aces. They can be different women every day of their lives if they use their ingenuity enough. They've got the—uh—legs and the hair and the ability to arrange it a thousand different ways. They have the clothes, an infinite variety, whereas us men have but one suit of clothes that looks like any other suit of clothes and a hair-cut that always looks the same and no one seems to care about our legs!

"I was born in Squaw Valley, here in California, you know. *Squaw* Valley, how do you like that? Then we went to live on a forty-acre peach orchard. A *peach* orchard . . . and when the peaches were ripe for picking a bunch of girls and fellows used to hire out to us and pick 'em and, doggone, if the peaches that did the picking weren't more ructions and trouble than the peaches that were being picked. They were always having 'heart' troubles or something and the folks had to take more pains seeing that they didn't get bruised one way or another than they took with the fruit itself. And still and all, they picked faster than the boys did. Even up a tree they had the fellows licked.

"I once wanted to be a newspaper man. Well, I've had my wish—in many pictures, anyway! I went to the University of California back in 1922, intending to major in English and journalism. But after one year I had so much difficulty getting the courses I wanted that I decided to use my college money to learn how to act. I enrolled at Egan's Dramatic School in Los Angeles and after four months I was given a chance to substitute in 'White Collars' without pay.

"I'd got the yen for the stage doing some college plays. I'd also decided that even in the newspaper game women are trouble. They get better breaks than men, when they get 'em, and get 'em easily. They use their feminine wiles and ways and big strong cops pass 'em in where male reporters never get and they not only pass 'em in, they protect them also. I knew that I could never scoop a woman without feeling like a big bearded brute.

"It took a George Sand to be dramatized in plays, written up in more biographies and letters and memoirs than most of the big men put together. There have been a good many grand actors, but the names of Sarah Bernhardt and Ellen Terry mean more to the theatre world than any defunct male mummer. Now, today, Katharine Cornell is called The First Lady of the Theatre. I can't think of any man who is her running mate, exactly. And the supremacy of Garbo is unchallenged by

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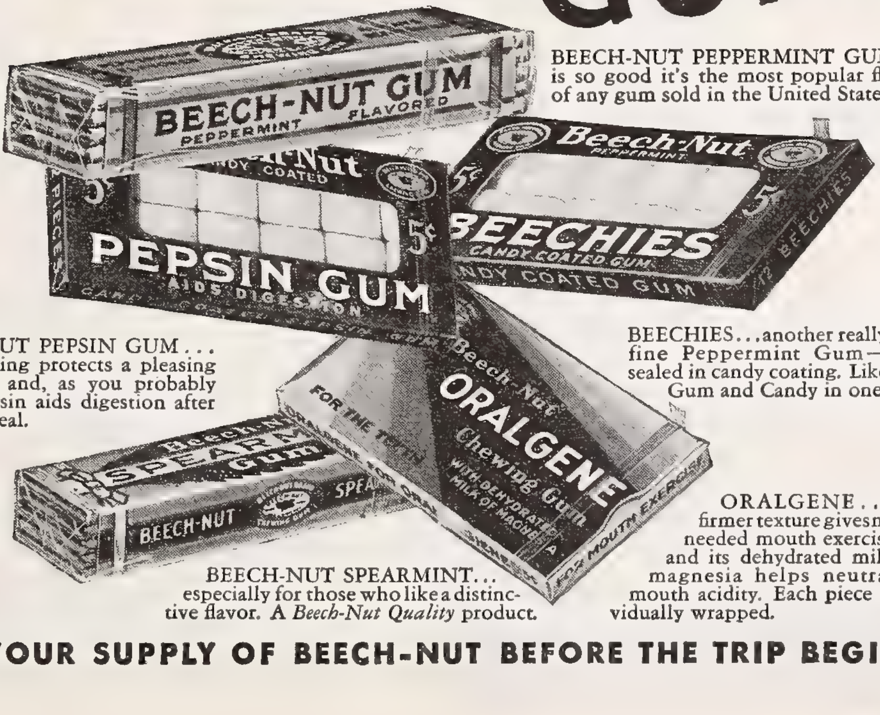

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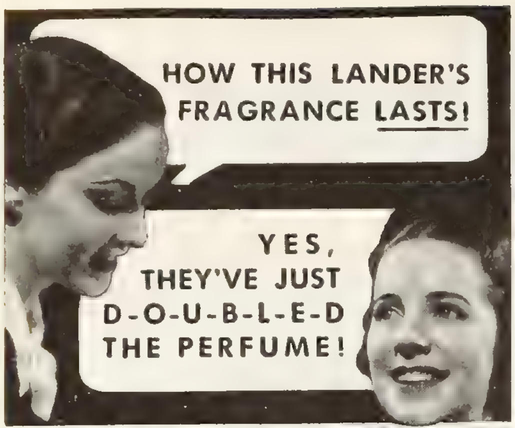

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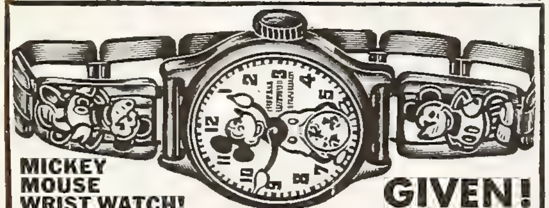

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my inferior sex. There isn't a scenario writer in the industry that tops Frances Marion. The name of the saint that comes most readily to my mind is that of Joan of Arc. Queen Elizabeth and Queen Victoria stand out more preëminently than any other remembered royalty. For every Lindbergh there seems to be an Amelia Earhart. For every Monsieur Curie there is a Madame Curie. Everyone knows the old 'power behind the throne' legends. There was probably plenty of trouble back of those thrones! More men have done things, of course. But I'm kinda afraid that that's only because more women haven't tried.

DIFFERENT types of women are different kinds of trouble," grinned Stu. I've played in pictures with a lot of different types and I've got 'em all figured out. I'm only using them as symbols for what I mean, of course. Nothing personal. Not too personal.

"I once played in 'The Magnificent Lie' with Ruth Chatterton. Most men haven't much subtlety. I know that I haven't. I believe that when someone tells me black is black they don't mean that black is white. But Ruth can handle words like Napoleon handled armies. When it comes to books, music, travel and diplomacy I've yet to listen to her equal. Then, just when you think comfortably, 'Oh, well, all these things are part of a woman's game, she comes along and turns aviatrix and proves that a woman can be all the things a man can be and do all the things a man can do. And if that doesn't put us at the bottom of the deck, what does?

"A girl like Jean Parker is another kind of trouble. She's so sweet, so gentle and so young that she's more formidable than a man armed to the teeth. The milder and sweeter they are, the more trouble they are. For what, will you tell me, can a mere man do against a girl like some kind of spring flower? If you happened to be working with Jean in a picture, if any question of one or the other getting the breaks arose, if a chance to do a bit of scene-stealing fell on your head you'd have to shove it off, wouldn't you? You couldn't be a big brute and take anything away from a defenseless child.

"Girls like Jean Harlow, Carole Lombard and Claudette Colbert—you can't expect mere men to talk back to them, to deny them anything they may set their hearts on. Even when they are wrong no man would have the heart to tell them they were anything but right.

"The only time," said Stu, "that women are not trouble is when they are wives. But if they are wives and careerists at one and the same time they are double-trouble. I know, from personal experience. When June and I were first married and before June decided that the babies and her home and me, I guess, were more important to her than her career, she made a few pictures. One time while she was working Stu Junior caught a cold. Well, what good was June on that set? She was torn in two. Half the time her mind was on the lines she was speaking and more than half the time on whether the drops were being put in the baby's nose. She had one foot off the set before the last camera had stopped grinding.

"I always hoped that June would give up the screen. Of course I wouldn't have tried to force her—"

And as Stu spoke I remembered a conversation I'd had with June a few days before. It wasn't for publication, but somehow I'm sure June wouldn't mind my writing it. It gives such a revealing picture of Stu Erwin as he really is, as his wife knows him, after working with him in pictures, after five years of marriage, after the birth of two babies . . .

She said, and her blue eyes were lovelier than they ever were in any love scene on the screen, "I'm so terribly happy." When she said that I thought to myself, "That's all that ever needs to be said or printed about Stu Erwin, really. That says it all." When you see him on the screen and remember that his wife said, "I'm so terribly happy," you'll know the real Stu Erwin better than any words of mine can make you know him.

JUNE went on, "We have such good times together, Stu and the children and I. Stu is so real. That's why I fell in love with him, you know. I fell in love with him the very first time I ever talked to him. I'd seen him about the studio quite a bit and we were working together in 'Dude Ranch' and I thought he was nice. But the very first day he ever asked me out to lunch I knew that—well, that it was love—and so real and so satisfying that everything and everyone else in the world seemed unimportant.

"Stu doesn't play the great lover roles, but he is one. I don't think there could be a more loving lover than Stu. He always remembers every little anniversary we ever shared. The time, the place, the day and the hour of our first luncheon together. The first time we went out to dance, where it was and what music they played. If anything, Stu overdoes the little, lovely things. A little while ago we had our Wooden Wedding Anniversary—our fifth, you know. And Stu went all over the city until he found a little wooden wrist watch for me as an anniversary present. No one but Stu would ever have thought of a wooden wrist watch.

"Last Christmas it was a new car—a town car, just for me. In the morning all of the presents were wrapped and under the tree and there was a tiny box for me, with a card in it, reading, 'Mommie dear, your present is too big to go under the tree. It's in the garage!'

"Stu always notices everything I have on. I can't wear a new flower in my coat that he doesn't speak about it. In fact, he always goes shopping with me. I'd never buy a gown, a coat or a hat unless I had Stu's okay on it.

"I don't think," said June, her eyes soft, "that you could find an enemy of Stu's anywhere in the world. He has more friends than any person I have ever known. I've never known a man to be as beloved as he is.

"Why shouldn't I give up any idea of working? Perhaps our life would seem very quiet and uneventful to many people. But Stu makes every little thing so joyous and important. The baby's new tooth, Stuart Junior's first swimming lesson, the dinners we cook together on cook's night out. He has such a faculty for making daily living vivid and real and fun that I don't need a career—I've got one! He's at home with the children and me all the time when he isn't actually working. He doesn't belong to clubs. He doesn't go off and play golf. He's raising dogs now, Scotties. And he has his camera, he takes hundreds of feet of film of the children and me—and I've never been a prouder leading lady," said June laughing "than I am when Stu photographs me with Stu Junior and little June as my supporting cast."

When she learned this story would be called "Women Are Trouble," June laughed and said, "Of course, Stu will say women are trouble, poor darling. He is so kind and gentle of heart, he is always afraid of them. He really admires us more than we deserve, I am afraid. He's a very great gentleman, my Stu—a very great gentleman."

Hand-Me-Down Gretchen

(*Continued from page 53*)

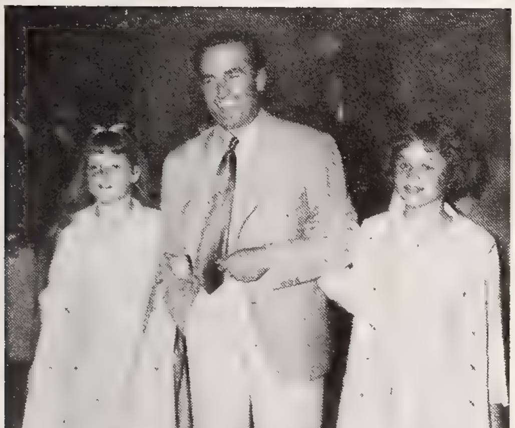
sisters. When a nun asked her what her ambition was when she grew up, she stated plainly, "To have a new blue dress without any mendings on it!" That, I guess, tells the story as succinctly as anything.

Once when she was only five, however, she left the convent for one evening to dance at a benefit. It was at that benefit that Mae Murray, also performing, took a great interest in Gretchen, and, seeing her on several occasions afterward, begged to be allowed to adopt her. But Mrs. Young would not hear of it. Hard-pressed as she was, with three girls and a boy to support, she still knew that somehow, some day, she, herself, would manage to give Gretchen the education and luxuries that Miss Murray offered. Nevertheless, Miss Murray did pay for Gretchen's dancing lessons for six months.

That in a way was a slight turning point in little Gretchen's life. At last finding some expression, she ceased to feel quite so useless, and began to develop a personality of her own. It was slow building, but steady, and by the time she was eight she had broken out in all sorts of mental rashes. One consisted of a heavy foot-stamping, whenever she was told to do anything, and an accompanying, "I won't do it! Nobody can make me do it!"

She also adored to break rules. One rule, which turned out to be her Waterloo, required all children to turn in any cake or candy brought or sent from home. These sweets were to be apportioned to them in small quantities each day. On one occasion Gretchen withheld a large chocolate almond bar and gloatingly set out to eat it—all of it—in bed. Unfortunately, she fell asleep in the midst of her deviltry. The chocolate melted all over the sheets, pillow, her face and nightgown, a dead giveaway in the morning. For three hours Gretchen had to stand in the gloomy hall alone.

But even that progress—and it was progress for a retiring girl of her type—



Harold Lloyd's daughters, Gloria (left) and Peggy, are rabid movie fans. Here they are after seeing "Mary of Scotland."

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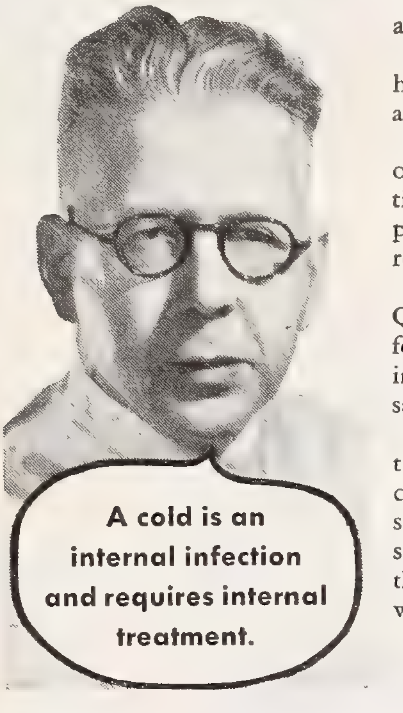
A cold is an internal infection and requires internal treatment.

A menace to life and health, the "common cold" is also a severe tax on the public pocketbook. Statistics prove that the average person loses ten days' work a year on account of colds.

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If there's anything you want to watch, it's the "common cold." Health authorities on every side urge it.

Don't take *any* cold lightly. Don't try to laugh it off. The cold that may be only a sneeze or a sniffle today may be a bed case tomorrow. Regard a cold seriously. Treat it for what it is—an *internal infection*.

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(3) It relieves the headache and fever.

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was lost when she eventually left the convent for home. Not that her sisters were ever in any respect cruel to her—it was just the old, old case of the too-adoring younger one. And as is only natural in any family, the older girls were getting all the favors. It was Polly Ann and Sally who were registered with all the studio casting officers, finding their place in the world, and Gretchen who stayed at home.

Then there were the little things to add to the general hopelessness of it all. Polly Ann's legs, for example. Whenever Gretchen and the girls used to go to the beach, Gretchen always sat on her legs because they weren't full or nicely rounded like Polly's. They were, she felt, scrawny and thin in comparison. Little did she think that someday studio photographers would find those same legs the answer to a camera's prayer, so slim and lovely, with no muscle bumpiness to be retouched afterward. Just the same they were the source of no little worry to Gretchen at twelve.

There were a lot of things like that; cotton hose for her when the others wore silk, made-over cloth coats with cloth collars when the others had fur, dusting the parlor furniture when the others had dates!

A lot of girls would go on, through life, accepting this hand-me-down lot. And Gretchen Young might have done that, too, except for one thing. She did so want them to be as proud of her as she was of them. It preyed on her mind for months and months. What could she do to show them that she was admirable, too?

FINALLY her chance came. At a very dire moment in the Young's financial state, there came a work call from one of the studios for Polly Ann to come at once. Trembling, Gretchen hung up the 'phone Polly Ann, Sally and Mrs. Young were all downtown for the day—and she had no idea where to reach them. Plopping on her hat, she started out for the studio, gave her name as Polly Ann Young and found hersel in a picture.

That story, in essence, has been told before, but always Gretchen's motive has been misinterpreted. When Gretchen answered that studio call, masqueraded as her sister, the possibilities of a picture career of her own never occurred to her. She had no selfish desire to take Polly Ann's place in that picture; there was no personal strategy in her action. She was nobly going to her family's rescue. Fifteen dollars a day meant that many dollars more in the family's purse.

As wise men say, you never know when one little incident will change the course of your life. That particular episode turned out one of the screen's most promising young actresses. An actress with a long-term contract and a first big part in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh" with Lon Chaney. An actress whose name was Loretta Young.

As it was difficult to become accustomed to her new name, so it was difficult to become accustomed to her new station at home. As a matter of fact, Loretta has never quite become used to it. They still call out to her: "Hey, Gretch, do this will you?" "Hey, Gretchen, give me a hand!" And Loretta still obliges. Many is the time she has been known to get down on her hands and knees and scrub the bathroom floor "Because the maids are busy, and besides, because I like it. Good exercise. Great fun. Good for me, too, keeps my knees on the floor!"

Another thing, even since her stardom, Loretta has never once had a personal maid. The Gretchen still in her simply can't imagine it! Nor is she in any way "starrish" on the set. Unlike most stars who spend their idle time between scenes in their dressing-rooms, Loretta prefers to spend it on the set, satisfying her keen interest in every angle of production. Story, photograph, direction and sound recording all receive her avid attention. Like the Gretchen of old, she is still a keen movie fan and goes picture-chasing more than any other star in Hollywood.

Only in one respect has she changed—and that is in connection with clothes. The hand-me-down-Gretchen has given 'way to the most extravagantly dressed young actress in cinemaland. Clothes are her mania . . . closets and closets and closets of them, row on row, as numerous and colorful as the Flanders' Field poppies of that world-famous poem. Day after day she goes shopping, dress and hat browsing, all around the town. She's a familiar face to all the salesladies everywhere. As one of them says of her, "She is the only star I've ever known who will offer to share her fitting-room with another customer, if we're busy, and if the other customer doesn't mind." Can't you imagine her always saying, "If she doesn't mind, I don't. I'd be glad to have her."

Well, maybe she is still just Gretchen after all!

Love's Been Their Inspiration

(Continued from page 49)

with Raft, Virginia might have had a very opposite effect on him; she might have given him an inferiority complex; she might have made him self-conscious of his lack of polish. Instead, she inspired him to rub off the edges of whatever crudity of manner remained in his make-up. It is this type of inspiration that is most difficult for a woman to offer—and make a man see that it is inspiration and not condescension.

I CAN still remember the dither of excitement that fluttered through the Fox lot when the news got around that Dixie Lee "might marry that Crosby kid." There was excitement and chagrin because Dixie was then a coming star, and Crosby was known for his playboy antics. Yet twice since she has been in love with Bing Crosby, Dixie Lee has gone out of her way to inspire him to great accomplishment.

The first time was before they were married, when Bing loved her so much he would do anything she asked, except pass up a cocktail now and then. When she found that talking didn't have the desired effect, that threatening never to see him again had no effect, she took a long chance on losing him forever—she ran away from him. He couldn't bear the separation and did as she asked—he straightened out his affairs and began to work seriously.

Then, when it looked as though success was going to have a too-exhilarating effect, she settled him back to responsibility by giving up her own hopes of a career to have a family. The man doesn't live, who doesn't want to be a hero to his children. Dixie took this fact into consideration. She provided her husband with

Grace Bradley and Bruce Cabot relax on a bike between scenes of "Don't Turn 'Em Loose."

the inspiration to do better work that he might continue as a record-breaker at the box-office. A man who has the responsibility of a family can't afford to let down.

There seemed, for a time, as if Bing might slide along on past laurels. Dixie didn't nag. She quietly went about the business of fitting herself once more for a screen career, then she returned to pictures. It was a challenge, an inspiration, to Bing. He couldn't let his wife get ahead of him, and his latest pictures show how hard he tried to do his best.

You may rest assured that Dixie Lee Crosby isn't through inspiring her husband. When it begins to look as though Bing finds golf and fishing more important than his work, when it begins to look as though he is sliding back instead of going forward, she will search her fertile mind for new ways to inspire him.

There was a time, shortly after her marriage to Valentin Parera, when Grace Moore wanted to give up her career. She looked around her and saw marriages being broken for many reasons that might affect her own; the wife's career eclipsed that of the husband; the separations were too long and frequent; the wife did not know how to accept the public's adulation and still remain sweet and feminine and a good sport. All these things frightened her.

SHE suggested to her husband that perhaps it would be wise, since they were so much in love, to give up her career. She would be happy in his success, she said. But he would not hear of it. Rather, he encouraged her to go back to Hollywood and make the most of her golden opportunity. He is a brilliant man; he knows that success cannot always remain at the peak for either man or woman; and he looks forward to the day when both can retire gracefully from the public eye, to a private life entirely their own—and he is content to await that day. His attitude has been a source of constant inspiration to Grace Moore and, as a case history in this series, we recommend it to those husbands, in and out of professional life, who don't know what attitude to take toward their wive's success.

The inspiration that Dick Powell's love

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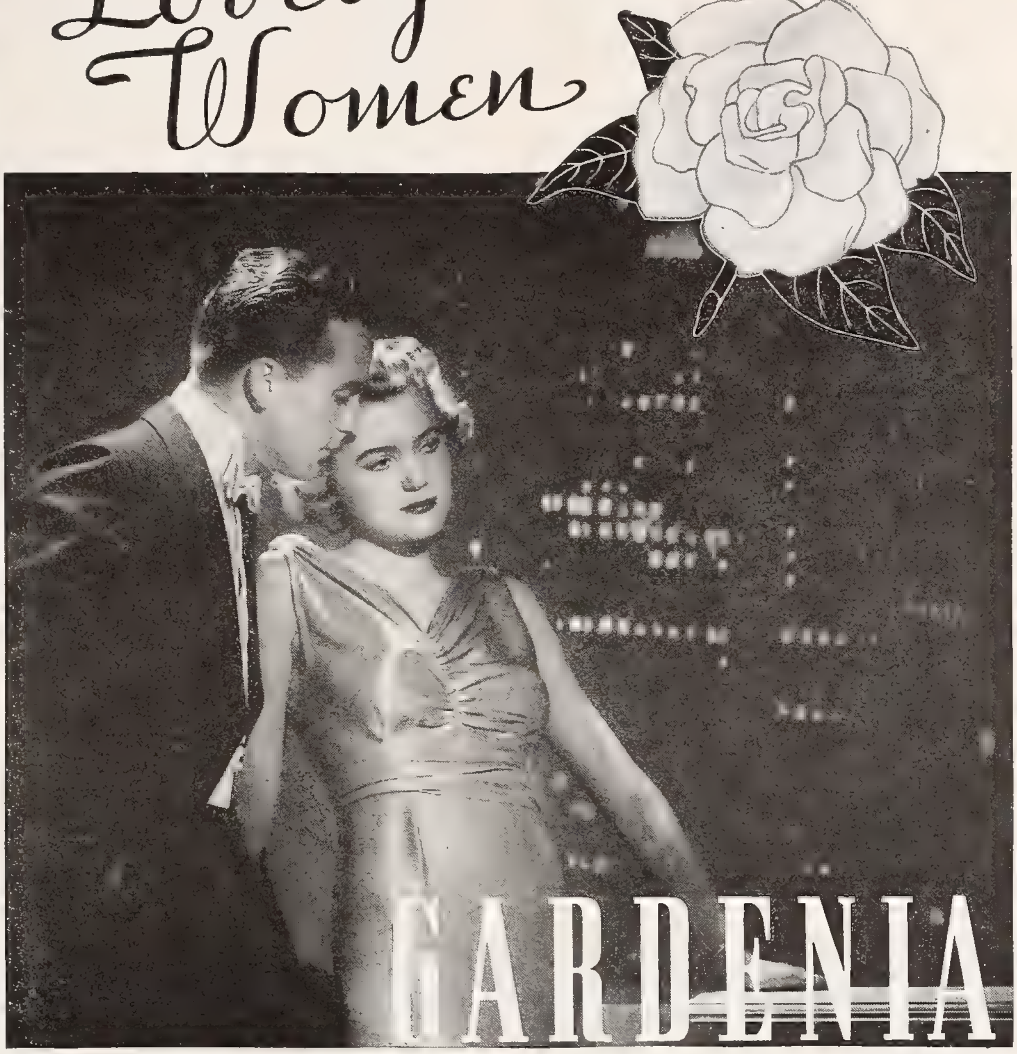
Lovely Women



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has been to Joan Blondell makes one of the loveliest stories in Hollywood. When Dick met Joan she was slipping in her career. She was getting, excuse us for the ugly word, fat. Joan's hair wasn't beautiful or well-dressed any more; she seemed to have forgotten how to be lovely or smartly attired. Then Dick let her know that he adored her, and what a change took place!

Joan Blondell took stock of herself. Dick was young and smart-looking; she had to smarten up not to embarrass him when they went out together. She had to lose weight; it wouldn't do to acquire that matronly look while Dick remained slender and youthful. By the time Joan finished making herself over that she might be worthy of Dick—she had made herself over into one of the most attractive young girls in Hollywood. And by that time, also, her bosses saw the change and began to give her better parts and smarter costumes to wear.

AND now we have the case of Errol Flynn and Lili Damita. You could count on one hand the stage and screen successes of Mr. F. before his marriage to the vital Lili. She was the sought-after, ever-reported-engaged belle of the theatre and screen. Millionaires fell over one another for her smiles.

The Damita success was so firmly established in the theatre and on the screen that she had but to speak to get her wish for a certain part, a certain leading man, a certain play or story. But she knew that when two careers meet in marriage, one must be subordinated to the other, for a while at least, so that the beginner might get proper impetus. And because she was in love with Errol Flynn, Lili Damita, who had been called a tigress and a selfish woman by others, subordinated her own career to his. She saw to it that when publicity was to be gotten, her husband got it. She saw to it that in pictures he was the more prominent, in interviews he did the talking.

To a less successful, less in love woman, this would have been difficult. It might have resulted in ugly jealousy and nagging. But not in this case. Lili Damita was frank in her attitude; her husband was the boss; her husband was the great one of the combination. Where she might have crushed his career, she gave it incentive and inspiration. And if you've been hearing the rumblings of those divorce rumors, too, you'll know that something other than professional jealousy is at the root of a possible break-up.

We want to make a suggestion. If you're in love, chart the course of your association wth the person you love. See whether the graph indicates an upward trend in that person's life since you fell in love. And if it doesn't, read these case histories again—there may be inspiration in them for you.

An Ounce of Prevention

(*Continued from page 61*)

mamas know, that they won't be sweet young things forever. They want to progress—to develop—from young roles to roles such as Norma Shearer and Claudette Colbert and Carole Lombard are playing. If Anita didn't take simple precautions against the march of time, that fragility would become downright peakedness. The luscious Olivia could easily acquire an overblown look as the thirties approach. Jean's gamin charm is backed up with real grace, with latent poise, for one can't be gamin eternally. And the little French girl's softly rounded face, which has that look about it (I think dewy is the word) must stay "softly" rounded and no more.

AND so—here are some rules, some do's and don'ts, for youth: Eat three good meals a day, but eat nothing in between meals, with these two exceptions: if you're a little on the thin side, drink a big glass of rich milk in the middle of the afternoon. You can have a malted milk, if you hate plain milk, but try to like the milk. And, you others, if you're outdoors a lot, or get dreadfully hungry for some reason, eat a piece of fruit in the middle of the afternoon and stay away from the corner drugstore.

Watch your pet appetite like a hawk! If you love sweet things, I am not the one to say that you should deny yourself moderate indulgence at this stage of your life. But let your indulgence come at the end of your dinner. Then eat a little candy in place of dessert, or have your beloved ice cream, or wheedle your ma into making your pet dessert—and eat *one* portion of it. Do not make a beeline for your favorite form of sweet when you're very hungry. Wait until the tum is satisfied with more essential foods and then top off the meal with the less desirable sweet. Then, too, always eat good sweets, when you must have them—home-made things, or good reliable bought ones. Not cheap, fancy looking but ill-prepared confections.

Remember that there are such things as calories after all and they'll count up by themselves, even if you don't bother to count 'em. So make up for indulgence in one thing by self-denial in another. If, for example, you have regaled your innards with your adored chocolate icebox cake for dessert on Monday, how about passing up Tuesday morning's cereal, or the cream or sugar (or both) in your coffee, or something like that?

Watch out if you have a predilection for highly seasoned foods. Don't pour Worcestershire sauce all over your steak. Go easy on all seasonings and stay away, if possible, from some which I'll name. Again, I say—if you're healthy and strong, there's no reason why you should not lap up a bowl of chili con carne once in a while; and if you find some meats, perhaps, flat, stale and unprofitable without a dash of hell fire, appease your taste in moderation. Again also, I say—balance your occasional indulgence by a virtuous, meatless, fresh vegetable dinner next day.

THE taste for highly seasoned foods grows on one like the taste for liquor, almost. Highly seasoned foods cause liver complaint and red noses in later years and bumps on the skin right now. Over-indulgence in them dulls the appetite to the point where a couple of honest eggs or a decent, self-respecting lamb chop tastes like nothing unless smothered in goo registering 104 degrees in the shade.

Here are some seasonings and such, commonly used in the average household, which make foods tasty and interesting and which are not harmful if indulged in moderately. Celery salt—use it occasionally rather than ordinary salt. Curry, thyme, bay leaf, paprika, sage, onion and onion juice. Ask for tarragon vinegar rather than cider vinegar, or use lemon juice. All of the sweet flavorings are okay, if sensibly used. Try brown sugar occasionally, for everything except beverages. I admit that in tea or coffee, it's pretty bad news, but it can be used, and tastes delicious, on fruit, in sweet sauces and frostings and when used in the preparation of desserts. Stay away, most of the time anyway, from pepper—black, white and red; from chili powder, tabasco, horseradish, and mustard. Go easy on the ketchup and the pickles.

I'm not a bad cook (says she bragging about herself) and while I have no intention of competing with the Modern Hostess which is so expertly managed by my friend, Marjorie Deen, I will offer to do this: I'll tell you, if you'll write me for such information, certain stunts which make foods interesting and palatable and which, at the same time, steer clear of the taboos which we must observe if we wish to keep our skins clear and our figures lovely.

ANOTHER rule for carefree youth: try to overcome any fussiness of appetite of which you may be guilty. "I can't eat this and don't like that" attitude. Naturally, we all have our likes and dislikes. Rare and wonderful is the person who can eat everything with relish. But I think it's a swell idea to try to like almost everything that's good for you. Instead of being faddy and queasy about food, adopt an experimental, a "try it once" attitude. The fussy folks are the ones who end up skinny and scrawny. They coddle their stomachs till everything but their pet foods give them indigestion—so they think.

Finally, the minute you notice any falling off in your looks, jump on it like a duck on a June bug. I almost crossed that sentence out, for it is the tendency of young people, sometimes, to imagine they're getting fat, or acquiring wrinkles or something when they're not. However, I'll let it stand. Use your eyes and common sense—not your imagination. If the new size sixteen seems tight in the hips, no buttered white toast and jam for breakfast. Thin wholewheat toast—one slice—with little butter and no jam. Your desserts will be fresh or stewed fruit, gelatine or sherbet. Eat less meat and none fried.

Keep an eagle eye on your skin. Make-up off every night before going to bed. Clean your face and make up freshly once during the day. Watch the corners of your nose, the crevice of your chin, the area across the cheekbones, the skin around the eyes. Careful, thorough cleansing keeps the first two danger spots from getting bumpy. If you refrain from applying a new coat of powder over an old coat, that will help a lot, too Any tendency toward dryness on danger spots three and four should be fought with nourishing cream worn overnight. Doctor occasional blemishes with a dab of any reputable ointment, after a thorough cleansing. Write for my Skin Routine No. 1 for young, good—or pretty good—skins. It won't urge you to spend your money on expensive preparations, I assure you. It divides your beauty preparations into three classes: necessary, nice-but-not-so-necessary, and entirely optional.

Now, what about exercise? The answer is yes. You should exercise all the time. There, there—save the exclamation points. This is what I mean:

This article is called "An Ounce of Prevention" and it means just exactly that. I want to prevent the necessity of your slaving to regain your good figure in later years by keeping it good right along. As you grow older, you will, maybe, put on a little weight—that's natural. If you have children, your hips may broaden a little—that's natural, too. But the slightly more matured figure that comes with the years is not to be feared. What is to be feared is a general going to seed—a slackening of the muscles—a bulging and spreading—the loss of the lovely bust line of youth. None of these evils is necessary, but all these evils can sneak up on the best of figures without one's realizing it. Good, firm stomach muscles; a trim, bulgeless appearance of the hips and rear; and that uplift look in front—these are the beauty marks of youth. Let's keep 'em.

Exercising "all the time" isn't nearly as terrifying as it sounds. It's like this: when you stoop to pick up something, make an exercise out of it. Knees stiff, as in the old, familiar toe-touching stunt. Stand lots of times when you could sit—especially after meals. Feet together, knees straight, stomach pulled in flat, and derriere pulled in, too, as if you expected a spanking. Head up and shoulders held back. And you don't have to look as if you'd swallowed a ramrod, either.

Sleep without a pillow—it's the best exercise there is for preventing a ducked-forward head.

Walk consciously—as if you were taking a test. Feet pointed straight ahead. Always—always keep pulling your stomach muscles in. Bye and bye, this will become as automatic as breathing.

When you're sitting in a straight-backed chair, sit all the way back in it, shoulders and fanny touching the chair back. If you bend forward, bend from the hips, not from the shoulders. Remember that it's pretty difficult to have a straight back and a drooping bust line.

And here are two formal exercises also,

The EYES that had to have "IT"!

SCREEN TEST: JUST ANOTHER PRETTY FACE... NO GLAMOUR... CUT!
OH WENDY! . . I'M MISERABLE. I'VE FAILED . .
NOT YET DEAR, LET ME TELL YOU A SECRET . . .

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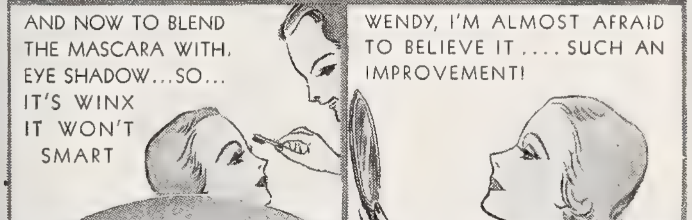
AND NOW TO BLEND THE MASCARA WITH EYE SHADOW...SO... IT'S WINX IT WON'T SMART
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SHE'S GREAT... GET THAT GIRL QUICK!
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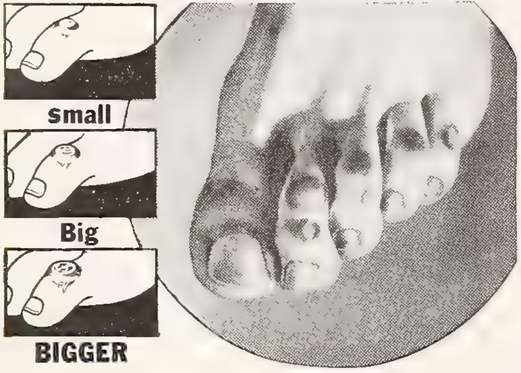

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CORN PLASTER

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in addition to the informal ones noted above: Stand by an open window and do the swimming breast stroke with your arms. Bring them up in front, shoulder height, palms together. Now out to the side, slowly, turning your palms back. Inhale on these two movements. A good inhale. Exhale as you let your arms down. Repeat ten times each morning.

After meals, this is a good stunt. Go stand against the wall, back to the wall, heels, buttocks and shoulders touching the wall. That makes you pretty flat in front, doesn't it? Look down at the old tum. Then see how much flatter you can make it. Hold the position for a few minutes and when you walk away and go about your business, endeavor to keep that same flatness.

Although this lecture has to do with preventing more than with curing, I mustn't neglect the young person with the knottier problems. The considerably overweight and underweight young ladies.

Youthful fat is apt to be of the "all over" kind. You seldom see a plump, young person—thank goodness—with hard hunks of fat, with those stubborn, hard deposits of flesh on hips and thighs. I have recommended the following diet to twenty-three plump youngsters I have known and I have been able to check on the fact that it has worked in each case. It's a vegetable, fruit and milk diet. It couldn't hurt an invalid, so it naturally can't hurt any hefty, healthy young girl.

Every vegetable except corn goes in the diet. Eat sparingly of beans and peas. Eat one baked potato a week. Be stingy with the butter. Eat all you want of leafy green vegetables. No cream sauces on anything, of course. No flavoring meats, Southern girls. I can't help it if they do taste pretty dreary. Eat all the raw fruit you like except bananas. Drink all the fruit juice you want. Stay away from meat, fish, eggs and starches—just try it for one month or six weeks and see if you aren't pounds lighter. Have your customary coffee or tea, but most assuredly without cream and without sugar, too, if you can. Drink one tall glass of skim milk every day, after your meal, or in the middle of the morning or afternoon. You can have clear soup—hot or jellied—too. It isn't as bad as it sounds, this diet. Remember, eat *plenty* of the foods on this diet. You can have a small mound of cottage cheese with your salads if you like it—no other cheese though. You shouldn't take salad dressing, though I'll permit a French dressing with a sparing quantity of olive oil.

A caution: Give up your customary ration of meat gradually. It isn't good to make too radical changes in one's diet all of a sudden. Just eat less and less meat over a period of a week, until you're not eating any. At the end of a month or six weeks, if you notice a really remarkable improvement in your weight, go back gradually to meat eating. But continue to stay away from cream and sauces, rich, starchy and sugary desserts.

The underweight young girl, please take to heart what I have said above about overcoming any fussiness of appetite. She should, also, strictly obey what I've said about highly seasoned foods. For breakfast, she should have fruit, cereal, toast and butter and a beverage. If she can manage a couple of eggs, too, that's fine with me. She should have that glass of rich milk in the morning or afternoon. For lunch she should have soup, salad, and a light dessert. In cold weather, she should have a hot course in place of or in addition to the salad. She should, in other words, eat two dinners, virtually, every day. It's better, in fact, if she eats her most substantial meal in the middle of the day. However, just because she's thin, she cannot eat a lot of candy and a lot of ice cream, or gorge to the exclusion of everything else, on the foods she particularly likes. She should partake of a balanced arrangement of fruits, vegetables, meats, starches, fats and minerals—the whole works.

If nervousness is causing the trouble, she must be in bed five nights a week at ten o'clock. She should cut way down on cigarettes and never touch liquor. She has two nights a week to go stepping—and the mornings after, she should, if possible, sleep late and have her breakfast in bed, perhaps. She should take warm, not hot or cold baths. If someone would give her a soothing rub before bedtime, it would be nice. She should have a warm drink—hot milk, or a malt drink—before going to bed, though if that strikes her as too, too nauseous, I'll settle for a glass of fruit juice. She should be outdoors as much as possible and she should take swimming lessons, for swimming is a swell developer.

I'm running short of space, but I still have room to tell you about a couple of things you can write for, if you need same. One is Skin Routine No. 1 for pretty good skins and Skin Routine No. 2, which is all about improving young skins which aren't good or even pretty good. The second is a personal exercise chart. Last month, I offered to plan a personal diet for you. Now we'll get busy on the exercises. Again, I need your help. If you have a recent snapshot of yourself which gives an accurate idea of your figure, could I have it? I can't send it back to you, so don't mail me anything you particularly cherish. If this isn't possible, try to give me as accurate a description of your figure faults as you possibly can. Don't exaggerate—and don't be guilty of understatement, either. You try to tell me exactly what you need, and I'll try to give you exactly what you want. A stamped, self-addressed envelope, please. A good-sized envelope, if I'm not being too particular. It's pretty difficult to cram a chart into a dainty little note-paper sized thing. The address is Mary Marshall, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

That grand comedian, Roland Young, returned to his native London to do "King Solomon's Mines" for GB.

Baa, Baa, Black Sheep

(*Continued from page 10*)

"wanna buy a dog, horse, cow, etc., changing the animal each night. Then, luckily, I hit on the duck. It got such a laugh that I decided to buy one for the act.

SO, I found Emily and adopted her. I've been more than a father to her—in fact, a whole darn family rolled into one. We were happy together, and even when our earnings increased, our mode of living remained simple. Home to us was wherever we hung our hats—that is until the movies came along with promises of gold. Before the ink had dried on the contract I was afraid we might rue the day, but away we went to Hollywood."

Those three, Joe, his wife and Emily were very happy. They liked California and working in pictures. It wasn't until the meanies began cutting down on Miss Emily's closeups, and got out long shears to hack away on her footage, that things began to change. At first she protested, as any girl would when "done wrong by," but when it was explained that it was all for Joe's good, Emily went right into the back seat and did her bits like a little major. For you know there's not a mean bone in all her feathered breast—in fact, *there* beats a heart of gold, and every beat is for Joe Penner.

"They seem to think my duck has typed me," Penner explained. "My new contract calls for a black sheep to stooge for me. Of course, I think it's a little coincidental, not short of an inference, that it should be a black sheep. Indeed, there may be something really personal in it."

However, there is the public to reckon with in this new venture of the black sheep, so naturally we felt Emily should have her say on the subject—sort of make an official statement to the press. But alas, poor Emily's exact whereabouts are still shrouded in mystery, and try as we might, we couldn't get to see her.

"Directly on my arrival in Hollywood," Joe informed us, "my sheep and I will pose for pictures. Of course, he will have a big handicap to overcome, taking Emily's place, but he's a very smart sheep and I'm sure he can make the grade."

Thus, in his own inimitable fashion, our lisping comedy man skirted the break between himself and his cast-off leadin' lady.

FROM now on, I make only four pictures a year, my first being 'Roaming Around,'" Joe went on to explain his future plans. "This is much better for me because the public tires of comedians when they see them so often. It also means that I'll get better breaks on stories as there will be more time to look for suitable scripts. I guess Eleanor and I will have a home of our own after all. It's been our ambition for years.

"This is the greatest opportunity of my career," Joe told us enthusiastically. "On October fourth I begin my new radio program, broadcasting from the coast. My new picture contract allows time for broadcasts, so I'm hoping to accomplish a lot in the coming year."

After meeting Joe Penner, we haven't much doubt that he will soon be one of the headline movie comedians, for he is a real personality and has turned every handicap into an attribute contributing to his success.

Anyone who can begin life in a small town in Hungary as a soprano in the choir of his grandfather's church, and come through to the garish amusement world entirely on his own is bound to succeed.

Joe feels that one of the most disheartening facts of Hollywood is that some of the most talented people don't get the break they should.

"For instance," he said, "there's little Frances Langford. She is a good actress and is even more attractive in person than on the screen. If they would only take a little time to direct her and learn to photograph her properly, she would be a real comer. Frances is a hard worker, so there will be no holding her down."

As the Century sped away with Mr. and Mrs. Penner on board our closing thoughts were in sympathy for Emily Duck as well as the little black sheep. However, we hope for the best, and console ourselves with the fact that we don't like duck soup and so will never be a party to Emily's departure in such a manner. As for lamb stew—well, it's a bit premature to worry on that score!

Busy days...Glamorous nights

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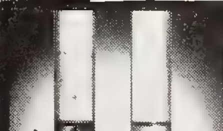

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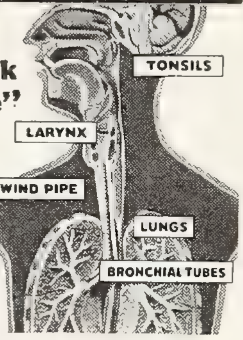

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Bachelors By Choice

(*Continued from page 17*)

Norman Foster right under my eyes? The columnists kidded about it, but it wasn't so funny to me. Now the three of us go out, instead of just Sally and I as we used to.

"And, as I've already said, this isn't the first bit of jilting I've been up against. No, I'm serious when I say I'm not going to be married for a long time. Virginia Bruce? She talks about all the others when I take her to dinner. Yes, I'm sure a romantic flop when the cameras aren't grinding."

Well, if confession is good for the soul, Cesar Romero should feel just fine. What do you think? Our guess is that he's the "sudden elopement" type!

And last, but by no means least, is Columbia's single singing star, Michael Bartlett.

"Well," grinned Mr. Bartlett, "perhaps I shouldn't be in this line-up of males, for frankly, I'm not a bachelor by choice. I'm looking around for a wife. You see, I was going to be married once; in fact, said a tearful, temporary farewell to my sweetheart before leaving for Hollywood. She said she was going to wait, but she didn't say for how long. And she waited all right—just five months. Then she up and married my best friend.

"I was in the dumps for weeks and then decided to snap out of it. Here I was, I figured, out here among all the desirables in the world, and I couldn't find one to take my mind off the old gal. I couldn't find one, because I wasn't interested in looking. So I decided to make myself interested. And now, everything's on the up-and-up. I haven't found the girl, but I've found several of them who are nice and amusing and fun to be with. I'm not planning to be married this month or next, but the minute I feel like it, if she'll have me, I'll have her. She needn't be an actress, a secretary or a singer. There are no qualifications. All she's got to be is darn nice and care about yours truly." Which, you'll agree, is fair enough. And not such a strict requirement for the girls to meet!

That handsome Britisher, Brian Aherne, isn't too anxious to take the matrimonial step and his first and real reason for making haste slowly in this direction is his career.

"I've been on the stage practically since boyhood," he said on his most recent trip to New York, "and I've just lately arrived professionally. It's been a slow climb and I'm a firm believer in that famous old adage that 'he travels farthest who travels alone.'

"I may not be in pictures all my life though, and when and if the day comes when I turn to business affairs, that is the time I'll look for a wife, for that is the time when I'll have time to devote to a home. You see, there is nothing as fine as marriage when it is right; that is, with the right set-up, and nothing as disappointing when it isn't. Yes, while I'm still acting, I don't think it would be fair to think about marriage."

And so we have a list of the most eligible who will continue to be for some time, simply because they want to be, finances, opportunity and everything else most men lack notwithstanding.

Southern Charmer

(*Continued from page 15*)

about her, I felt that dignity might be a very good angle for the interview.

Escorted to the set of "Murder with Pictures," in which Gail's playing the lead, I plowed my way through a tangle of cables and lighting apparatus, finally running her to earth. It was one of the summer's hottest days, 95 in the shade, to be exact, but there, serenely smiling in a smart woolly winter outfit, with a long black cape and leopard-skin collar that came way up around her ears, sat our beautiful highbrow, looking as cool as you please! In one slender hand she held a cardboard container full of steaming hot coffee and in the other a cellophane bag containing two discouraged-looking sugar-buns. She looked exactly like a little girl at a picnic.

ONSLOW STEVENS arrived at her side at the same moment we did, and she promptly handed the food to him. He, in turn, refused to accept it. "But it's yours," she insisted. "You ordered it; said you were starving!"

"Oh, dear no," replied Mr. Stevens. "I couldn't *think* of taking it! Etc., etc."

"Oh, don't be silly," chirped the authority-on-dignity. "You know you want it and wouldn't be a bit polite about it if we didn't have visitors! He's only trying to show off, pay no attention to him!"

"Dignity?" echoed Miss Patrick in reply to my first question. "Oh dear, I wish I'd known in advance what you wanted to talk about. One's always rather lost just on the spur of the moment, like this. Besides, we're going to be interrupted every few minutes, I'm afraid. I'm in this scene that they're shooting and we'll probably be kept on it most of the morning. However, we'll try. What were we talking about? Oh yes, dignity!

"Of course, it goes without saying that dignity is highly essential to every woman's make-up—at times. At other times it definitely is not. It's a two-edged sword, and has to be handled very skillfully. In an unpleasant situation it's a grand 'out'; and of course there's no doubt that everyone has a lot more respect for a woman who is dignified than for one who is not, regardless of her other merits. Dignity's just another word for self-respect or refinement, isn't it? Certainly anyone having these two qualities is rarely lacking in dignity.

"If dignity isn't natural to a girl she should learn to create it, or simulate it, just as she learns to create the illusion of beauty, or glamor, or anything else she wishes to suggest. However, it's vastly important that she has the good sense to turn it off as well as on, and to use it in such manner that it becomes a quality instead of a nuisance. At times dignity is a woman's very best weapon; at other times it's her worst.

"In cultivating dignity, much depends

upon one's type. For instance, if a girl is tall and statuesque she's simply got to be dignified, while if she's little she can be cute and cunning, with dignity brought out only when it's actually needed.

"Of course, dignity pays big dividends, yet it can also be very expensive in a material way Take the matter of clothes, for example. A tall girl can't wear any old thing; she should look extremely smart at all times—yet smart clothes cost a lot of money. The little girl can buy cute frocks for $6.98 and up. Then, too, the dignified type has to worry more about her figure; she can't ever let herself go on a good binge. If a little girl grows plump and roly-poly, she's all the cuter, but a big girl—brrrrrrrrh!

"Most modern women seem almost afraid to be thought dignified. They think they'll be classed as prigs and miss a lot of fun. That's because they've got the wrong idea of what constitutes dignity. They confuse it with repression. Being brought up in the South, I had the importance of being 'lady-like' dinned into my ears from infancy, but I don't think I ever lost any real fun in living up to it. As I said before, you must know how to use it. It's absolutely essential that the girl who's learning to be dignified acquire graciousness at the same time. Consider Kay Francis, Claudette Colbert, Myrna Loy. They are examples of dignity at its very best—yet no one ever thinks of any of them as prigs or spoil-sports. This is because of their invariable graciousness. Then there's Helen Hayes. She's a tiny girl, yet she has immense dignity, and charm enough for a dozen women!

As for an example of the dividends that dignity pays, consider Ann Harding. She's come through all her tribulations with the sympathy and highest regard of everyone, because of her superb dignity. If she had handled her difficult problem differently, if she'd forgotten her dignity for one moment and had resorted to mud-slinging and the tactics that some women would have used, no one would have cared a hoot what happened to her. As it is, we think she's marvellous!"

Gail's whole manner is a perfect blend of all we mean when we say "charm."

At this point, she was called for another "take." In this scene Gail was supposed to have come from a court trial, with Onslow Stevens and a flock of reporters in her wake. At the door, leading off-stage, she posed while they took a flashlight picture of her, looking oh, so dignified and sad. It was all very solemn until, just as she made her exit, Onslow Stevens gave her a push and yipped—"Not that way, you dope!" From behind the door I heard her giggling, "That was a 'take,' you poor nut, not a rehearsal! Now we'll have to do it over again!"

"I see what you mean about turning it off and on," I said when she came back.

"Yes," she laughed, "but I'm afraid you've come to the wrong place to learn about dignity. Everyone's haywire this morning—'specially me. Anyway, a motion picture set is a difficult place to practice dignity. If you take yourself too seriously it gets everybody down, including yourself. Moreover, a keen sense of humor is a saving grace at any time and should never be lost sight of."

She's right. I'm sure she's right about everything. Anyway, if she should run for Governor of Alabama, she'll get my vote!

. . . Read Adelia Bird's practical winter fashion tips in the December issue.

A Page from Fashion's Notebook

FALL and WINTER 1936

TINTEX BRINGS PARIS COLORS!

NEWEST DECORATING EXHIBITS have Emerald Green, Pumpkin, Peacock Blue, Tartan Red splashed everywhere. Don't let *your* home look drab and dull. Tintex quickly makes everything fashion-right . . . faded curtains, drapes, table runners, cushion covers, bedspreads. 43 Tintex colors to choose from. At store counters ask to see the Tintex Color Card. It gives recipes for the colors named above — by mixing 2 Tintex colors in one dye-bath.

A DIFFERENT COLOR BREAKFAST SET EVERY MORNING! Fun, and not expensive! Tint your white or cream ones with Tintex *Ecru, Nile Green, Old Rose, Powder Blue, Peach, Liqueur Brown, Light Blue.*

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. . . A thrilling fictionization of "THE GOOD EARTH" appears in December Modern Screen

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New BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO AND RINSE—

If you are an addict of musicals, you'll enjoy "Follow Your Heart." Marion Talley and Michael Bartlett do the singing.

Yes, here's Dolores Costello Barrymore with George Raft sipping a soda in a scene from "Yours for the Asking."

Between You 'n' Me

(*Continued from page 19*)

"baby fat" but it can be just as unhealthy as any other kind of fat and although she is noticeably taller in each new picture, she will soon only be in line for roly-poly comic roles if she doesn't get thinner soon. It would be a shame to let her get so fat that a sweet child such as she is would have to be put on a rigid diet which would impair her health.—H. Park, St. Louis, Mo.

Yankee Booster

After reading an interview with Marlene Dietrich, one can readily understand the viewpoint of those who insist we should patronize our American stars. No one expected Miss Dietrich to like the United States better than her native Germany, but that is no excuse for her unwarranted criticism. Her remarks concerning American schools and men, to mention a few things, were simply obnoxious to one who is proud of an American heritage. Obviously, Miss Dietrich hasn't much respect for American intelligence either. Why should we support with our dimes and quarters, men and women who show their appreciation by making disparaging remarks about our country? From now on I intend to boost such grand stars as Eleanor Powell, Nelson Eddy and Robert Taylor (all Yankees) instead of exotic "knockers."—A former Dietrich fan, no address.

Bob Taylor Surprised Her

Recently I received one of the surprises of my life. Robert Taylor's picture came to me through the mail! Of course, there's nothing so unusual about receiving a star's photograph. All one must do is say a few nice things about his favorite star, enclose a coin, address and mail the fan letter. Sometimes you get a picture and sometimes you don't.

I wrote a letter to Mr. Taylor; very few things I said were praiseful. Almost everything was in the form of criticism. Still I got a picture and I didn't even send a coin for it. Even if he didn't see or read the letter, I give him credit for being one grand person. Wouldn't it be grand if there were a few more like him?—Mildred Ferderber, Madrid, Iowa.

A Line or Two from Lots o' Letters

"Monsieur Beaucaire" would be a natural for Nelson Eddy—music worthy of his voice and a powdered-wig role to satisfy those who prefer him in costume. How about it, M-G-M?—F. Wakeling, London, Eng. There are rows and rows of magazines on the newsstands and not a man's picture among them! How I would like to add colored photos of Gable, Taylor, Cooper and Raymond to my collection! Why not try it some time, MODERN SCREEN?—G. W., Sweet Springs, Mo. I do not like to see life in its true form portrayed on the screen. We can see poverty everywhere, so why pay to see it on the screen? It lifts the morale of the people to see lovely clothes and elaborate settings; the trouble is we see too little of wealth and too much of poverty.—E. A., Asheville, N. C. Is there a "blacklist" in Hollywood barring certain players from the screen for some unknown reason? If not, why is Gloria Swanson still waiting for a come-back chance? Every so often she is mentioned for a major production, but finally loses out to another actress.—G. A., Utica, N. Y. The attitude of certain stars toward the fans at previews is ridiculous. I never hunted for an autograph in my life, but I can sympathize with the youngsters who crowd around the stars, notebook in hand, waiting for at least a smiling refusal. When a star hurries through the crowd with a frown on her face, she mars everything the fans believe her to be. I don't think it is really conscious meanness, but it looks b-a-d. If it really annoys her so much there are two suggestions I might make. 1. To stay home from the preview. 2. To continue her screen acting right on into the foyer of the theatre and charge the strain up to professional duty.—E. Morrow, no address. Has it ever occurred to players that they "type" themselves? If they can excel in only one type of role, or if they go to such extremes in make-up that they can only be cast in one particular role, then, certainly, they must be typed. Some stars have such vivid and charming personalities that they cannot submerge them for any reason.—D. H., Helena, Montana.

Reviews

(Continued from page 25)

Madden, a newcomer, to step into the star role and score, as every movie understudy does, a sensational success. The virtues of "Stage Struck" are the fact that it refuses to take itself seriously and the fact that Joan Blondell turns in a comedy performance which will surprise even the loyal Blondell followers. Dick Powell is his customary self as the dance director, and a first-rate supporting cast is headed by Frank McHugh, Hobart Cavanaugh, Craig Reynolds, Carol Hughes and Warren William.

Preview Postscript

Joan Blondell went temperamental with a bang for this role. The least temperamental of any actress on the lot, she's been waiting for a chance to get a crack at the other temperamental gals in town. Her characterization isn't based on any one of them in particular, but is a composite portrait of all the choice ones, according to Joan. Some of her off-screen portrayals were much better, we hear . . . This is Jeanne Madden's first professional appearance, never having been on the stage or screen before. Jeanne's from Scranton, Pennsylvania. She had opera leanings all through high school and upon graduation secured enough money for lessons from a New York teacher of note who brought her to the notice of studio talent scouts. She was given a screen test and a contract—but just on the Madden looks. The studio didn't know or care much about a voice to go with it. She proceeded to rest for three months while the studio forgot about her. Then news came that the Met would like to give Miss Madden a try. What, asked the studio, take away their songbird? As a result, she was given this role, and Miss Madden's headed for higher pay . . . The set of the New York Aquarium was one of the most interesting ever built on the lot. Experts studied the original so closely before attempting this set, that it is practically identical. In fact, some New York visitors happened on the set one day and claimed they recognized the fish . . . The Yacht Club Boys have one of the nicest set-ups invented. They are in frequent demand for moving pictures, but have declined any form of contract. So they do considerable cross-country travelling, and manage to hit both California and New York during the best seasons.

★★★★ Swing Time

(RKO-Radio)

This is the new Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers musical opus—and that's all any reviewer need tell his readers. It has the standard Astaire-Rogers story, it has music by Jerome Kern and Dorothy Fields, and it has dancing. Most of the entertainment, as may well be expected, is confined to the dancing department. Miss Rogers' stepping becomes more and more expert with each new picture, and Mr. Astaire's fancy hoofing needs no recommendation whatever. He's still the tops, and anyone who doubts that has but to witness his "Bojangles of Harlem" number in which he dons blackface and turns out the fanciest stepping ever to appear on a screen. The story, sketchy and unimportant, has Ginger as an instructor in a "Learn to Dance" academy and Fred an unemployed hoofer. They form a dance team, fall in love, and you know the rest. Two of the songs are especially good—"This is a Fine Romance" and "Never Gonna Dance." "Waltz in Swing Time" is highly effective as danced by the two principals, and As-

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—*Anna Looksick, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

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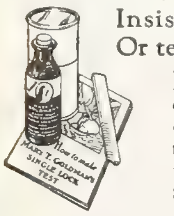

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Mary Carlisle and Lew Ayres turn in slick performances in "Lady Be Careful."

taire scores in a song number, "The Way You Look Tonight." "Swing Time" is better entertainment than "Follow the Fleet" and is probably the best Astaire-Rogers vehicle since "Roberta." An excellent supporting cast is headed by Helen Broderick, Victor Moore, Eric Blore, Betty Furness and Georges Metaxa.

★★★ Sing, Baby, Sing

(20th Century-Fox)

You can hardly call this a surprise hit with a cast headed by Adolphe Menjou, Alice Faye, Ted Healy, Patsy Kelly, Gregory Ratoff and the Ritz Brothers, but you can definitely call it one of the funniest musical pictures since the advent of talkies. To begin with, it's a pictorial chronicle of the widely publicized cross-country love flight of a well-known star of stage and screen and his alleged lady love. In the cinema version—or shall we call it coincidence?—Adolphe Menjou is a slightly alcoholic, Shakespearian screen idol who is convinced, by the manipulations of an alert agent, that Alice Faye is his Juliet. Alice is a blues singer related to the Capulets only through newspaper headlines, but when the agent puts her through her paces, "Sing, Baby, Sing" becomes pure hilarity every second of its unreeling. Highlights are Adolphe Menjou's superb comedy, topping anything he's ever done; the swell comedy team of Ted Healy and Patsy Kelly; Gregory Ratoff's inimitable accent; The Ritz Brothers and their Harry Richman and Ted Lewis impersonations and their operatic rendition of "The Music Goes 'Round"; and the song, "When Did You Leave Heaven?"

Preview Postscript

This marks Alice Faye's camera debut as an "amber blonde"—light brown and orange to the cynics. She polled all of the men at the studio to find out if they liked it better than her blonde locks. Some of them didn't, but Michael Whalen did, so that was that. The Faye "figger," in case you're interested, is due to ice-skating. She held the amateur championship for women in New York for five years . . . Ted Healy was married to actress Betty Hickman the day before beginning work on this film. They flew to Yuma, Arizona, for the ceremony. Which explains Ted's hard work on this picture, for according to Ted himself he was never so in earnest about work before he had the little woman to impress . . . The wisecrackingest gal on the set was Veronica Kelly—Patsy to youse.

★★★ Lady Be Careful

(Paramount)

Surprisingly enough, this has turned out to be very commendable screen fare. It's been many a movie moon since Lew Ayres has been in a worth while film, but he makes up for everything with his excellent performance here. And Mary Carlisle has developed overnight into as pleasing a comedienne as we have seen for some time. Benny Baker and Larry Crabbe turn in good performances and the rest of the cast is well selected in every instance. Taken from "Sailor, Beware," the play deals with the same gob who becomes the pride of the navy through his irresistible, though totally unsuspected, sex appeal. Sailor Ayres is the one who doesn't suspect his own charms, so when Benny Baker bets Larry Crabbe, a Marine, that Lew can have "Stonewall" Jackson (Mary Carlisle) madly in love with him in no time, the complications set in. Sinking the Japanese fleet looks simpler to our hero. The progress of the romance from then on involves a continual series of hilarious situations. You'll get your quota of laughs, sighs and everything you expect from a good movie when you see this one.

Preview Postscript

This role marked a triumphant milestone in the life of Benny Baker. It's the first time he's ever had a stooge. Having a stooge all to yourself might not seem so much to lots of people, but if, like Benny, you'd been a stooge to other people all your life you'd appreciate the change. Joe Ploski is Benny's man-of-all-work now . . . Lew Ayres started the picture looking pretty glum. Divorces in Hollywood do get some folks down, popular opinion notwithstanding. But after doing a few scenes with Mary Carlisle and playing a couple of sets of ping-pong with her between shots, Lew began to brighten. Some of their better scenes, as a result, aren't all acting . . . Wesley Barry surprised every one in the cast by announcing one day that he was celebrating his tenth wedding anniversary. It seemed to most of the company that Wes was still the freckle-faced youngster which he portrayed for so many years on the screen . . . Larry Buster Crabbe became a proud father during the picture's production. Buster was Olympic champ for the swimming events in 1932, and this is practically the first time when brawn wasn't the main requisite for his celluloid appearances.

★★★ Piccadilly Jim

(M-G-M)

Here's a load of nonsense, strictly in the high comedy department, which will more than satisfy the most particular audiences. Especially gratifying is the fact that M-G-M has, after all these years, seen fit to give Robert Montgomery a role worthy of his talents. It will make audiences forget his rather negative portrayals in "Petticoat Fever" and "Trouble for Two." In this one he's a caricaturist for a London paper and the sole support of his expensive playboy-actor father, Frank Morgan. The playboy tactics inherited from dear old dad soon lead to Montgomery's dismissal from the paper. Things look black until he clicks with a syndicated cartoon strip based on the antics of a title-seeking American family. The strip is a riot all over England and sends the originals into an embarrassed retreat to America. Much to Mr. M.'s surprise and chagrin, he discovers that the gal (Madge Evans) he loves is a daughter of the family. The story itself

Bette Davis completed "Satan Met a Lady," opposite Warren William, before her recent studio walk-out.

is unimportant, for it's the dialogue and comedy situations that make it one of the brightest offerings of the season. In addition to the excellent Montgomery and Morgan portrayals, there is superb support from Eric Blore in the role of Bob's valet, and able performances by Billie Burke, Grant Mitchell and Robert Benchley.

Preview Postscript

Robert Benchley recently broke all precedent and went to the "Troc" for an evening of gayety. After the doings he asked a man standing at the door to get him a cab. "I'm not the doorman," said the man, "I'm a naval officer." "Okay," said Benchley, "get me a boat." . . . One of the biggest sources of entertainment on the set was the smallest member in the cast—eleven-year-old Tommy Bupp. He made his screen debut two years ago in a Hal Roach-er and since that time has appeared in almost twenty-five productions. Tommy has no screen aspirations when he grows up, though. He wants to go right back to Hal Roach studios and direct all the kids . . . Eric Blore had to admit that one particular day he put in on the set wasn't too much fun. He skipped eleven miles with a rope (Blore calculations), imitated ten birds, was kicked twenty-seven times in the shins by Tommy Bupp and had to kick himself a couple dozen times in the shins . . . Immediately following the picture's completion, Bob Montgomery packed his wife, daughter and household goods and set out for that farm in Connecticut. The Montgomery's have been threatening to hibernate to this place for the last five years, but to date they have only spent a month at a time. They intend remaining six months at least, and no matter how tempting a movie offer comes up, Bob will have nothing to do with it . . . Madge Evans claims she doesn't believe in long engagements, so she must be married to Tom Gallery by this time. It's been about two years now that one hasn't been seen around Hollywood without the other. But they insist that there have been no wedding bells. Tom is Zasu Pitts' ex-husband, y'know.

★★★ A Son Comes Home
(Paramount)

Erstwhile comedienne Mary Boland turns dramatic for this. Minus her jittery partner, Charles Ruggles, she dons the mantle of the late Marie Dressler, and a very nice fit it is, too, although the hem may have to be taken up and a few tucks added. In this film, directed by Europe's competent E. A. Dupont, scenarized by Irving Thalberg's sister, Sylvia, Miss Boland is Mary

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*

Among the sixteen other stories illustrated with actual scenes from the important productions are:

"Champagne Waltz," starring Gladys Swarthout and Fred MacMurray.

"Dodsworth," with Walter Huston, Ruth Chatterton and Mary Astor.

"The Plainsman," starring Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur.

"Green Light," with Errol Flynn and Anita Louise.

"Born to Dance," with Eleanor Powell and James Stewart.

"Pennies From Heaven," starring Bing Crosby.

*

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Grady, one of those water-front "heart-of-gold" ladies who runs a chowder house. Her chief concern is her son Denny, missing for fifteen years. When he turns up as the murderer in a hold-up killing that involves an innocent youth, Mary is heroic in the traditional fashion. The greatest suspense—and the film has plenty, so you'd better see it—is the audience's awareness of Mary's ignorance that the murderer she is hunting is her long-lost son. There are several novel plot twists, but we won't spoil them for you by telling. The intellectuals' darling, Julie Haydon, not seen since "The Scoundrel," reappears in this film. Also Donald Woods, Wallace Ford, Anthony Nace (promising Broadway newcomer), Roger Imhof, Helen Flint. The latter registers in a shady-lady role. If you liked the "pixilated" females in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," you'll find two more like them in this film. The biggest surprise is Miss Boland, making a skillful transition from comedy to drama and winning audience sympathy with a tear, a sob, a smile.

Preview Postscript

After waiting fifteen months for some work, Julie Haydon finally got this role. After New York successes she was brought to Hollywood with considerable ballyhoo, then she was left with time on her hands. Now she has a contract with M-G-M . . . Edgar Sherrod celebrated his 746th appearance as a man of the cloth in this celluloider. He's played all the religions, even to officiating at a Holy Roller's wedding. In real life Mr. Sherrod is an Episcopalian minister, and formerly deacon of a diocese in Atlanta, Georgia. . . . Donald Woods was in a predicament. Depending on which sequence was to be shot, he had to appear for half a day in well-pressed clothes and the rest of the time in rumpled clothing, or vice versa. Pressing was easy enough, but it took an astute property man to solve the un-pressing problem. He rigged up a machine with a wringer which had corrugated iron rolls on it!

★★ The Texas Rangers

(Paramount)

"The Texas Rangers" is a glorified horse opera, eulogizing the courage and the bravery of the hardy souls who play the title role. Directed by King Vidor, it has vigor and a certain quota of excitement, but it lacks the epic qualities for which it undoubtedly reached. Plot concerns the careers of Jack Oakie and Fred MacMurray, a pair of bandits in league with Lloyd Nolan, the toughest hombre in the West. Oakie and MacMurray join the Rangers, hoping to secure inside tips on good robbery prospects which they can pass along to Nolan. Comes a gal into the situation, one of the fairest flowers of old Texas, and she sort of makes Fred see the error of his ways. His love for her isn't strong enough, however, to make him accept an assignment to track down and kill Nolan, and he's tossed into the jug. Good old Jack Oakie goes after his man, though, and gets himself killed for his efforts. Oakie's death spurs MacMurray into action, and you know what happens then. The picture has a lot of cowboy-Indian stuff and, as in the case of most open air dramas, beautiful photography. Jack Oakie and Lloyd Nolan take acting honors—Oakie with his excellent comedy and Nolan with a thoroughly first-rate portrayal of the bad man. Fred MacMurray and Jean Parker share a mild love story, and there are other capable performances by Benny Bartlett and Edward Ellis.

Preview Postscript

The longest location trip ever sent out by Paramount was for this celluloider. Eight weeks were spent by the cast and crew in Gallup and Santa Fe, New Mexico, and adjoining small towns. Among the extras employed were 250 Navajo Indians and two Governors. Governor Allred of Texas and Governor Clyde Tingley of New Mexico. If you look closely you can see them gallop past in a couple of scenes. Governor Allred even directed the first scene. The company was located on the Indian reservation twenty miles outside of Gallup, while the Governor was in Dallas. A field wire was strung from the town to the set; Director Vidor held a megaphone to the receiver and Gov. Allred let loose with directions. The fact that Vidor had to direct the scene all over again didn't spoil the fun. Gallons of sunburn lotion had been brought along to use on the cast, but it was all used up on the Indians. They just couldn't take it, having been used to white man's garments these many years. One day in the blistering sun, clad in the breech-cloths and feathers of their forefathers, every last Injun of the 250 began blistering. . . . Albert Silva, well-known sculptor, under contract to Paramount for set decorating, was given the job of making that memorial statue of a Texas Ranger, which was sent to Dallas and will later have a permanent place in the State House at Austin, Texas. A gala banquet was thrown by the Dallas officials for the sculptor, the principals and the director who went to Dallas for the presentation.

★★ Walking on Air

(RKO-Radio)

Watching this one unroll won't be time wasted. Gene Raymond and Ann Sothern come through with some of the best comedy screened in a long time. The plot doesn't lack complications, either. Ann Sothern is determined to marry a foreign count, and the fact that her father, Henry Stephenson and a man of iron, is equally determined that she'll not marry a no-account, still has Ann rushing the wedding bells. In order to outwit him, Ann hires Gene Raymond, a jobless radio crooner, to pose as another count and make himself as thoroughly obnoxious as possible. Then after several reels of choice insults, Ann announces that she is going to marry the new count instead. But life with father hasn't taught Ann all his tricks. He heartily agrees with her plan, and the fact that Gene considers it all in the day's work puts the heroine in a spot, particularly since discovering that Gene is the Real Thing in her life. Nothing much to any of it, but a lot of laughs, provided chiefly by the leads, aided and abetted by Henry Stephenson, Jessie Ralph, George Meeker, Maxine Jennings and Anita Colby.

★ Cain and Mabel

(Warners)

The latest Marion Davies celluloider differs little from its predecessors. It's just as mediocre. In addition to the usual extravagant outlay of sets, costumes and dance numbers, however, we have Mr. Clark Gable. The only similarity in this performance and the excellent ones he's been turning in lately, are the Gable dimples. Roscoe Karns gives the most convincing characterization of the picture—another of those publicity-agent jobs. He works himself into a couple of nervous breakdowns a day trying to get "color" into the lives of his two clients, Marion Davies and Clark Gable. Marion, a former waitress, is now the toast of the town due to a musical comedy success, while Clark, a former mechanic, has taken the place by storm with his prize-fighting prowess. Roscoe succeeds in giving them so much glamor that there's standing-room-only at all performances—only to have his clients throw it all over for an organdy-curtained cottage within walking distance of Clark's garage. The plot, in case you were wondering, has to do with the deep hatred felt by Marion and Clark for each other until the last reel when it turns into love's old sweet story. A good supporting cast includes Ruth Donnelly, Allen Jenkins, Walter Catlett and Hobart Cavanaugh. A couple of dance numbers and a scene of Clark in the ring are worth seeing.

Preview Postscript

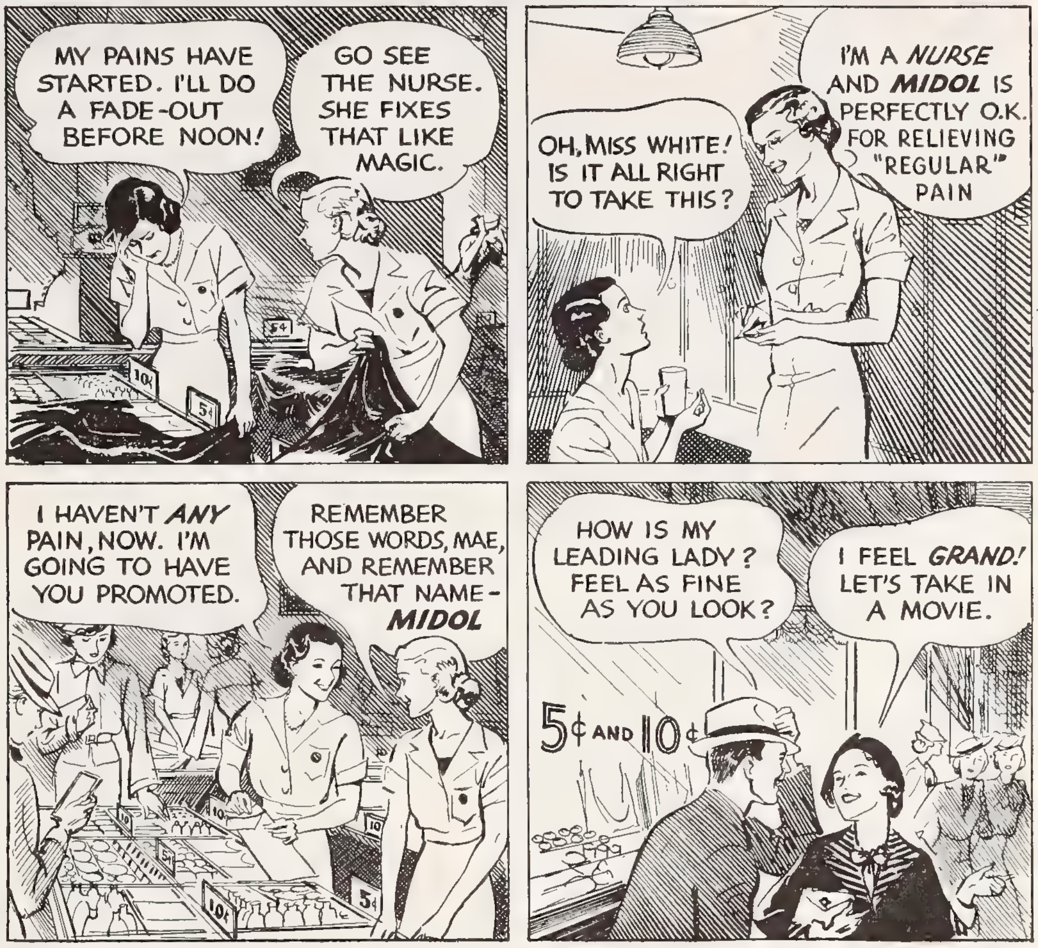
It took three and a half months to shoot this one, known as "Cain and Gable" around town. When a Davies picture gets under way, things really start. Being vice-president of your company really helps a gal in getting the background she likes. As an example, Marion had her heart set on a particularly elegant set for the "Thousand Love Songs" background. The fact that no stage at Warners or any place else in Hollywood was large enough to accommodate her ideas, didn't stop the star one minute. A hundred carpenters were rushed out to Stage 7 and set to work raising the foundation with packs so that thirty feet were added to the height of the building. Marion doesn't think only of sets, however. She takes the cast into consideration, too, to the extent of furnishing gallons of ice-cream, orange juice, etc., every afternoon to the wilting extras, and gifts galore to her supporting cast. Gold watches were dished out by the star as souvenirs. Clark and Marion had some fun with those water dousing scenes. At least Marion did. Contrary to the picture's sequence, Marion's chance to douse Clark came first in the shooting schedule. It required six takes and therefore six drenchings for Gable before Miss D. did it to the director's satisfaction. Clark swore he'd get even with her when his turn came. But he was too good—the director was satisfied with Clark's first attempt. . . . David Carlyle's been on radio for some time, but this is his first celluloid appearance. Happening to drop in on his agent one day, after three years of that gentleman's handling his business with no movie offers, the agent casually mentioned that Warners needed a singing star for this picture—and needed him that same day. They rushed out to the studio, but Dave couldn't get a test without a light suit. Owning none but the brown one he had on, Dave was up against it. Until he spotted his agent's gray one. After three years, the agent finally did Dave some good!

★★ His Brother's Wife

(M-G-M)

This film contains almost every time-worn situation that has limped across the screen in the past decade or so. First you are shown Bob Taylor as a handsome young doctor-playboy with a supposedly amusing habit of trading hats with milkmen and cab drivers. He's out on a final binge before setting off for the South Seas to do battle with a deadly insect. He meets a gambling-house gal with a heart of gold (Barbara Stanwyck) and together they romp through several days of alleged gayety, culminating when the young man decides to give up his trip in favor of marrying the gal. His brother (John Eldredge) talks him out of it at the last minute. Out of revenge, Barbara woos and wins the brother, who goes to pieces when he discovers she doesn't love him. In the meantime, Bob returns on leave, takes Barbara back with him. When she gets her divorce from his brother, Bob kicks her out—seems he likes revenge, too. But brave little Barbara injects herself

"FIVE-AND-TEN"



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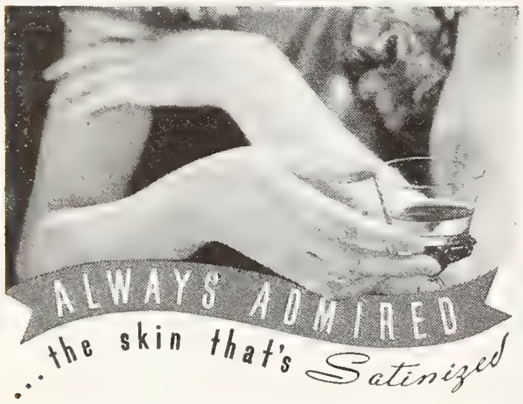

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Joel McCrea and Joan Bennett in "Two in a Crowd."

with the virus of the deadly insect, gives Bob an opportunity to try out a new serum. True love and the Taylor serum win out. Best performance in the picture is Jean Hersholt's, as an elderly doctor dedicating his life to science. Biggest surprise is that the picture was directed by W. S. ("San Francisco," "Naughty Marietta," "Thin Man") Van Dyke, who probably did all he could with the material at hand.

Preview Postscript

When Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor learned that the studio planned to use them both in a picture, they raised a fine rumpus. Seems they didn't care to screen any of their tenderer moments. But the studio had its way. Bob and Barbara had such a swell time together every day on the set that they are now begging for another celluloider together. Bob even bought a radio-victrola which remained on the set all the time, so's Barbara could listen to her favorite recordings and programs . . . Jean Hersholt received some news while making this film that made him about the happiest man in Hollywood. It was word that he was to be cast in the new "Quints" celluloider now in production. Mr. Hersholt is eager to get back to the girl friends, and also to resume his pleasant friendship with the good doctor whom he portrays on the screen.

★★★ Hollywood Boulevard

(Paramount)

This is the story of a forgotten screen star. It's cruel, but it presents a fairly accurate picture of what happens to an actor whose public has passed him by. It's a story that has been lived by dozens of one-time screen idols who today are glad to get "bit" and even "extra" roles in current productions. Conclusive proof of this point is that several of them are doing that very thing in "Hollywood Boulevard." If you look closely, you'll see people like Charles Ray, Francis X. Bushman, Jack Mulhall, Betty Compson, Mae Marsh, Frank Mayo, William Desmond, Maurice Costello and Bryant Washburn. The plot evolves about John Halliday, an actor whose Hollywood star has fallen. In order to bolster his dwindling finances, he allows his memoirs—highly seasoned by ghost writers—to be published in a confession magazine. The notoriety he attains doesn't bother him until he sees its result on his daughter, Marsha Hunt. The "diary" also panics the wife of the confession magazine's publisher, for she at one time had romantic adventures with the actor. The story is not particularly important, but the picture will interest movie-goers because of the deft performance of John Halliday, the believable romance of Marsha Hunt and Robert Cummings, and mainly, perhaps, because it gives fans a peek into a number of Hollywood's most publicized spots.

Preview Postscript

"Hail, hail, the gang's all here" might have been the subtitle of this film. Salaries for this celluloider would have run close to the three million mark had it been made in the palmier days of its actors and actresses. Charles Ray, alone, would have made a neat dent in that three million. Now he's glad to get an extra role and in between times coaches young hopefuls for a screen career. He's tried writing, running a florist shop, and odds and ends of jobs since his movie demise . . . Maurice Costello was quite miffed when Director Robert Florey called him up to appear in this picture. Mr. Florey, diplomatically, so he thought, asked Costello if he would break his retirement and appear in the film. "I haven't been in retirement," shouted the actor. "I just haven't had any work since 1927. Furthermore, I don't appreciate the gag." When he learned it was all in earnest, Mr. Costello appeared promptly on the set. . . . Jack Mulhall gets huge enjoyment out of meeting visitors on the set. They always express pleasure that he's making a comeback. The truth is that Jack's never been out of pictures. If you watch your movies carefully you'll see Jack in many a "bit" role, which has been his job since he lost out on those leading roles. What's more, he makes a neat income from it. Jack started in films back in 1908—and Paul Kelly was in his first picture. We hasten to add, however, that Paul could hardly walk at the time . . . If you remember "Birth of a Nation," you remember Mae Marsh. She was the gal who did the dive from the cliff. Between quite frequent roles in pictures, Mae lives in Pasadena, where she is the wife of a writer and mother of three children . . . Betty Compson's last celluloid appearance was in 1933 when she made a picture for one of the independents. She started way back in the "Miracle Man"—remember? She's Mrs. Irving Weinberg of Beverly Hills in private life . . . Herbert Rawlinson is one of the old-timers who is still working in minor roles. He was that handsome guy who brought the ladies back to the movie houses week after week when he appeared in those men-of-iron, heart-of-gold numbers. Thinks movies are sissy now. He was laid up in the hospital for three weeks during his first picture back in 1917 because of a few broken ribs and collarbones sustained during a wild ride after a celluloid villain.

★★ Yours for the Asking

(Paramount)

George Raft gets a role at last that's right down his alley. And when Mr. Raft comes across something like this he knows what to do about it. Here he plays a gambler de luxe, perfect in detail from patent leather slippers to patent leather pompadour, with plenty of brain-power. Emotions never get the upper hand with George, even when he meets Dolores Costello Barrymore, a sassiety girl down to her last yacht. He proposes fast enough—but it's a business proposition involving a partnership for them in a gambling establishment to be housed in the Miami mansion belonging to Dolores and the mortgage company. It looks like the perfect set-up until Mr. Raft's pals, James Gleason, Edgar Kennedy and Lynne Overman, get wind of the fact that their boss is going society. Ida Lupino and Reginald Owen, two of the classiest crooks ever seen, are enlisted to help the well-meaning meanies. James Gleason and his two side-kicks give excellent performances. Dolores Costello's

This is Julie Haydon's first screen appearance since "The Scoundrel." (Above) A shot from "A Son Comes Home" with Donald Woods.

dignified beauty has a nice setting, but feminine acting honors go to Ida Lupino. If it's laughs, excitement and a touch of sophistication you like, you won't go wrong on this picture.

Preview Postscript

Look carefully and you'll spot Groucho Marx and Charlie Ruggles among the extras in this picture. Groucho and Charlie, furthermore, turned out to be the cheapest extra help that Paramount's ever had. In fact they worked gratis. Both were vacationing down at Coronado Beach, trying to get away from it all—meaning anything to do with movies. While on the beach one afternoon, they were surprised to see a van arrive, loaded with film equipment. It was too much to resist, so the boys offered to play bits if the director would let them, just for the fun of it . . . Director Alexander Hall entertained the entire cast several times during production at his new ranch out in the San Fernando Valley. Hall, incidentally, isn't dependent on the movies for a living, by any means. He bought the ranch with one object in mind—to make a living. And he's going to do it by turkeys, of all things. Mr. Hall knew absolutely nothing about raising anything, let alone turkeys. But they appealed to his fancy so he stocked the place with them, and learned all about raising them. What's more, he's actually made money on them . . . The girl who played the $7,500,000 heiress in this celluloider was an extra earning $7.50 per day. "Dress extras"—those with complete wardrobes—receive between ten and fifteen dollars per day. Extras who can speak a line—whether it be one word or seventy—get a minimum of $25.

★★ China Clipper
(First National)

A giant airliner is the star of "China Clipper." It is perhaps true that an airplane has no sex appeal, but it usually has something which registers quite definitely at the box-office. In this case, the scenes showing the flight of the China Clipper are the most exciting in the film. There's a thrill every moment the camera is focused on the great ship. As for the story behind all this, it's one of those standardized things. It has Pat O'Brien, the most intrepid of all screen aviators, with the possible exception of Jimmy Cagney, as a great-hearted but hard-boiled executive of an air line. His ruthless tactics, spurred on by his belief in the future of

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Pat O'Brien and newcomer Beverly Roberts in "China Clipper." Miss R. looks a bit like Bette Davis, doesn't she?

aviation, drive his men on to newer and greater achievements and drive his wife (Beverly Roberts) back to mother. But Pat wins out, and all hands agree that the China Clipper, inspired by him, is a step forward. Pat O'Brien is his usual brusque self as the tough executive. Beverly Roberts seems miscast as the wife. Humphrey Bogart and Ross Alexander are excellent as a pair of aviators, and Marie Wilson contributes comedy as a gal with a yen for Mr. Alexander.

Preview Postscript

Beverly Roberts is sick and tired of being known as "that wholesome looking girl." She wants, above all, to play the slinky siren and never see one of those little-girls-from-back-home roles again. But it looks like a losing fight, for Beverly's spent her entire life cooped up in night clubs and stuffy apartments, in New York theatres and cabarets of London and Paris, and no matter how late she wakes up, or how many cigarettes she consumes, Beverly always wakes up looking wholesome. Beverly, incidentally, began her screen career as a member of the S.P.A.S.A.T.A.U. In case you're interested, that's the Screen Players' Atmospheric Stenographer and Telephone Answerer Union. Every member of this organization started her career on the screen either as an atmospheric but speechless stenographer in some scene or a telephone answerer in some other. She was formerly a night club singer . . . Alarm clocks and movies don't get along so well. Marie Wilson had the clever idea of carrying one in her handbag. This was set for half-hour intervals, so if Marie wanted to curl up in her car between shots for a nap she could always get back to the set on time. But she had to give it up finally, due to the fact that she would forget about her timepiece when returning to the set. It went off in the middle of too many scenes.

★ Two in a Crowd

(Universal)

You will probably forget what this is all about by the time you leave the theatre, but you may remember that it was pleasantly diverting fare. Joel McCrea and Joan Bennett furnish the romantic interest. They treat life and love in the light-hearted fashion currently in vogue. Even when both are flat broke on New Year's Eve they are looking forward with undiminished ardor to the New Year. And they aren't disappointed. Each finds a half of a thousand dollar bill, which brings about their meeting. They pool their assets and back Joel's horse for the handicap race. The infectious gayety of Joel and Joan is naturally felt by the horse as well as the audience, so he romps across the line in the nick of time. It's all too breezy to carry much conviction, but Joel McCrea's efforts are responsible for a few really good scenes, and Joan Bennett's blonde prettiness doesn't hamper matters. Others in the cast who do well with what the script allows are Alison Skipworth, Henry Armetta, Reginald Denny and Donald Meek.

Preview Postscript

Every year banks are closed and millions of flags fly on Henry Armetta's birthday, for the popular comedian was born on the Fourth of July. But he didn't realize the significance of the date until he came to America from his native Italy as a boy. Having such a patriotic birth date didn't influence the deportation authorities, who would have shipped Henry straight home again had not a chance acquaintance agreed to give him a steady job in his barber shop . . . Few actors have had such varied experiences as Nat Pendleton, since his earlier activities included four years as an importer in Spain and Portugal, the formation of True Story Films Corporation, which he managed, and later he turned professional wrestler, engaging in bouts all over the country . . . Though Joan Bennett lived in Hollywood for a couple of years, she never put foot into a movie studio, and didn't want to. Married at 15, Joan was all wrapped up in domesticity, her husband and baby. But a divorce followed, and on the heels of it Joan delighted her father by announcing that she would accept a role in "Jarnegan," the play which Bennett, Sr., was just going to open in on Broadway. After that success, Joan found herself back in Hollywood . . . Ten years in leading roles for Mack Sennett comedies was the fate of Andy Clyde. And he still likes custard pies. Andy was born in Blairgowrie, Scotland, in 1889, and appeared on the English stage for several years before giving Hollywood a try.

★ Follow Your Heart

(Republic)

This is one of those pictures worth seeing just to hear. But that, unfortunately, is its only justification. Marion Talley seems very ill at ease in her screen debut, except when singing, and her speaking voice surprisingly enough is one of her weaker points. The final sequences which concern a show put on in front of a Southern mansion has some interesting features. Notably the songs by Miss Talley and Michael Bartlett, the beautiful selections by the Hall Johnson choristers and a ballet number, "Magnolias in the Moonlight." Others in the cast are Nigel Bruce, Luis Alberni, Margaret Irving, Vivienne Osborne, Henrietta Crosman and Walter Catlett. The picture is strung together rather haphazardly on the doings of a temperamental family of the old South, who have been stage struck for generations. The only one to escape the curse is daughter Marion Talley, who in spite of her family's insistence prefers to stay at home. Then Michael Bartlett comes along with a travelling troupe, love comes into Marion's life and after a series of long drawn-out complications, she breaks down and promises to love, honor and go on the road. Mr. Bartlett is not our idea of romance, being pretty self-conscious about it all. But you will excuse the heroine and hero when they break into song.

Preview Postscript

It took considerable persuasion to get Marion Talley to leave that 1600-acre farm in Kansas to try Hollywood. After fourteen

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years of training and a Metropolitan debut at nineteen, Marion retired to the Kansas cornfields. Happiness and fame, she still contends, have nothing to do with each other . . . Seldom before have so many celebrated singers been assembled in a screen production. Supporting Marion Talley and Michael Bartlett, tenor of concert and opera stage, are thirteen players whose names have been featured in singing roles. In addition to these are fifty negro choristers, members of the famous Hall Johnson choir of New York, and Larry Ceballos, dancing-singing ensemble of 100. Cenarro Curci, brother of Galli Curci, was among the warblers, and also Aubrey Scotto, the director, who used to be a singer of note in opera, would join in with the cast whenever possible. Three of the songs were created by Victor Schertzinger . . . For voice range, members of the Hall Johnson chorus claim the world's record. Three of the women sopranos sing in E above high C. Three of the basses take A below lowest C. Ten altos have voices ranging from mezzo-soprano to baritone. The chorus came to Hollywood after four years in "The Green Pastures" on the stage . . . The San Francisco earthquake caused Walter Catlett to leave immediately for New York and stay 25 years. Besides acting, Catlett's interests are torn betwen writing, directing, drawing, painting and collecting books on early American history.

—★ Postal Inspector

(Universal)

This looks for all the world like a newsreel gone wrong. It starts out by giving us the lowdown on the postal system, complete with shots of thousands of letters being shuffled around and thousands of postmen shuffling around, too. Then Ricardo Cortez shows up as a Postal Inspector and on a plane trip he gets the opportunity to inspect Patricia Ellis. For some unknown reason he won't okay Pat, even when it develops that his kid brother, Michael Loring, is planning to make her Ricardo's sister-in-law. But to get on with the newsreel; there's a flood and three million dollars of the post-office money is lost in it. Michael Loring is suspected, so is Pat, so is Bela Lugosi, owner of a night club where Pat works. We'll let you guess who did away with the dough. Ricardo Cortez gives his usual suave performance. Patricia Ellis doesn't have much of a chance to do anything but look pretty, which she manages a lot better than a couple of songs. Michael Loring is adequate.

John Halliday and Marsha Hunt in a scene from "Hollywood Boulevard." You'll see many old-time favorites in this picture, too.

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Preview Postscript

In a scene where he was wading around up to his knees in water, Ric Cortez wore high rubber boots to insure comfort as well as the proper effect for the audience. Suddenly a chilling sensation appraised him of the fact that one boot had sprung a leak and before he could say "cinematographer" it was filled with icy water. Ricardo just took off both boots after that and waded right in. Cortez has been in pictures for the past fourteen years and is always threatening that each picture will be his swan song. He began his career as an extra in a New Jersey film company. Three guesses where Cortez was born—it wasn't Spain, Mexico or any place that you might bet on. He's a native of Vienna, Austria . . . Hollywood Playgirl Number One is Patricia Ellis' unofficial title. If there's a party going on among Hollywood's young set, it's a pretty sure thing that Pat either thought it up or is keeping it going. Tennis, badminton, swimming, fencing, riding, dancing—any sport you might mention—are right up the Ellis alley. . . . Though Michael Loring started out to be a doctor at the University of Minnesota, after five years he found that the play's the thing. So he joined the Repertory Theatre in Minneapolis, but not for very long. Then Mike decided to capitalize on his baritone voice. An engagement at Hollywood's Trocadero resulted in a movie contract.

—★ Satan Met a Lady

(Warners)

Bette Davis takes plenty of punishment in this one. Of all the roles that the studio has picked for Miss Davis, this is the prize lemon. She has the role of a coy murderess, caught in the web of life. Had her murderous instincts been aroused by Warren William, the plot would have been justified in our eyes. But as it is, she falls for Warren and he reciprocates by arranging a life sentence for her and wedding bells for himself and Marie Wilson. Mr. W. plays a crooked detective, for whom the ladies swoon all over the set. Marie Wilson is sleuth William's very private detective and gets a few bona fide laughs into the picture, while Alison Skipworth and Arthur Treacher, as a couple of crooks, try to make their roles convincing, but the cards are stacked against them. The plot concerns the hunt for an antique horn, filled with precious jewels and—and so we don't know why we're telling you all this because it isn't worth seeing anyway.

Preview Postscript

When Bette Davis, in the parlance of the movies gives, she gives. In one scene for this picture the action required her, after an exchange of torrid words with Warren William, to storm out of the room, closing the door behind her. The scene lacked punch, so Director Dieterle told Bette to try slamming the door. Once more the cameras whirred. Bette rushed through the door and slammed it with a bang that jarred everyone's eardrums. The cast and crew looked amazed at what had been the door. The portal had split directly down the middle and sagged on lock and hinges. That's the kind of acting Miss Davis likes to do . . . One of the unique arrangements on a Dieterle set is that the stand-ins must learn the lines of the stars. The life of a stand-in is a far cry from that of the stage understudy, for they never take the role of the star in any emergency. But Dieterle acts on the theory that every individual is a potential star, and thus gives every stand-in the chance to prove it . . . Whenever Warren William is on the set you'll find a full-length mirror there, too. Before every appearance for the camera, Warren runs to the mirror and goes through all his lines and actions needed for the shot. It's a habit that Warren's had since his first days in films—more years ago than you'd think. Warren used to play in those thrilling serials "way back when." He appeared opposite Pearl White when she was one of the screen's brightest stars, earning the then magnificent salary of $100 a week. That was Pearl's money—Warren pulled down $25 . . . Marie Wilson gambled against Hollywood and won. Convinced of her ability, she risked all her material possessions for a one-year campaign in the cinema capital. The first step was a mink coat, and on the strength of that she won a role in a little theatre production. They didn't need Marie, but they needed a mink coat. A Warner Bros. sleuth spotted her and Marie signed on the dotted line.

Good News

(*Continued from page 31*)

Incidentally, Freddie Bartholomew is picking up some first-class pointers on American slang from Mickey Rooney and Jackie Cooper, who co-star with him in the picture. He's getting now so he can get off, "Oh, yeah?" and "Scram!" with barely a trace of the Thames in them. They're even saying he's out for gangster roles from now on. It's all a bit of a shock, you know.

■ ■ ■

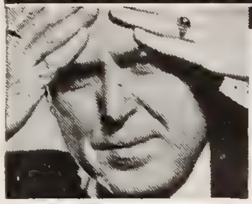
Fans of Anne Shirley might be interested to know that her heart interests have narrowed down to one young man. Seen around with various Hollywood gentlemen, she had been asked who was Number One in the race. Number One, she stated, was not a Hollywood lad, but someone from the east. The other night at a preview she appeared with Owen Davis, Jr., who had just returned from Connecticut stock company engagements. Pointing to young Mr. Davis, Anne announced, "This is it." So that is that, we suppose.

And now that the "Anthony Adverse" premiere has come and gone, it can probably be said that it was a more "terrific" opening than "The Great Ziegfeld." Mainly, of course, because the Warner Brothers erected grandstands along the entrance to the Carthay Circle Theatre so people could look at people who came to look at Mr. Adverse. Everybody looked at everybody else, and five women fainted. Not, unfortunately, because they saw Gene Raymond, but because it was so crowded they couldn't breathe.

■ ■ ■

Here's a problem, if you like problems. Jimmy Stewart, one day recently, sat on his porch watching a new next-door neighbor move in. The neighbor, to his surprise, turned out to be Garbo. Next day a high board fence was under construction between the two estates. Question: Who put up the fence—Garbo or Stewart? Your guess is as good as ours!

REAL LIFE STORY



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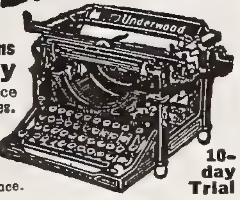

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Faster footwork is hard to find than that of the agile Eleanor Powell. In "Born to Dance" you will see her in some intricate and exciting dances.

The "knock, knock" game is riding the crest in Hollywood these days. One of the worst ones was Jack Oakie's, told on the set of "The Texas Rangers." Well, here it is: "Knock, knock." "Who's there?" "Texas." "Texas who?" "Texas sap to think of these." But Fred MacMurray's was better: "Knock, knock." "Who's there?" "Jack Oakie." "There's nobody home!"

■ ■ ■

Epics come and epics likewise go, but the most colossal of them all should be "Tarzan Escapes." Not that it is Garbo in the cast or anything like that, but because it's been in production since June, 1935, and it's still going. Seems after a hard six months work the picture was completed. It had everything, people said. Everything but a story. So a new director took over and the curtain once more falls to denote a lapse of six months. Now "Tarzan Escapes" had a story, but nothing else. A third director is now at work, and he promises to get the boys out of the jungles by Christmas. There are stories around that men go mad out there on the M-G-M back lot jungle. Men go into those trackless wilds never to return, unless they escape over the back fence, which is the route probably taken by the first two directors.

■ ■ ■

The whole business is a fine thing for Johnny Weissmuller, though. He's under contract for duration of the picture, and it's beginning to look like a permanent job. So, time marches on and Johnny swings merrily from the treetops, growling his guttural jibes at civilization at $1,000 a week.

■ ■ ■

Surprise party on the "Libeled Lady" set one day recently which really was a surprise party. When Myrna Loy and Bill Powell walked onto the set, after lunch, the lights went out and they found themselves surrounded by Jean Harlow, Spencer Tracy, Walter Connolly and the rest of the cast. When the lights went up there was a huge birthday cake with a discreet number of candles and an inscription: "Happy Birthday to Mrs. Horntoot." Mrs. Horntoot, of course, is the glamorous Mrs. Hornblow, nee Myrna Loy.

■ ■ ■

The most versatile actor in Hollywood is probably Pat O'Brien. When Mrs. O'Brien journeyed to New York recently to purchase clothes for her dress shop, Pat took over the care and feeding of the O'Brien offspring, Mavourneen. His day at the studio, where he portrayed a hard-boiled cop, was broken up by phone calls to the O'Brien manse to carry on conversations with the nurse in which sun baths and strained spinach were the main topics. Mrs. O'Brien returned to find Mavourneen alive and healthy and Pat all set for a rest cure.

■ ■ ■

Short Story: Arline Judge likes to meet people. So when she moved into her dressing-room at Paramount she had "Jack Oakie" lettered on the door.

■ ■ ■

Here's how some Hollywood stars diet. The other night in a local cafe, Gladys Swarthout and her husband, Frank Chapman, ordered Corn Flakes. "No Corn Flakes," said the waitress. "Shredded Wheat," said Gladys. "No Shredded Wheat," said the waitress. "Well," said Gladys with what didn't sound like much of a sigh, "you'd better give us two T-bone steaks."

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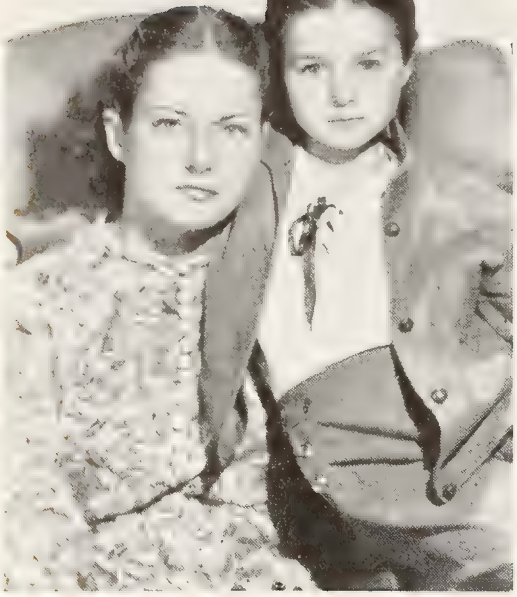


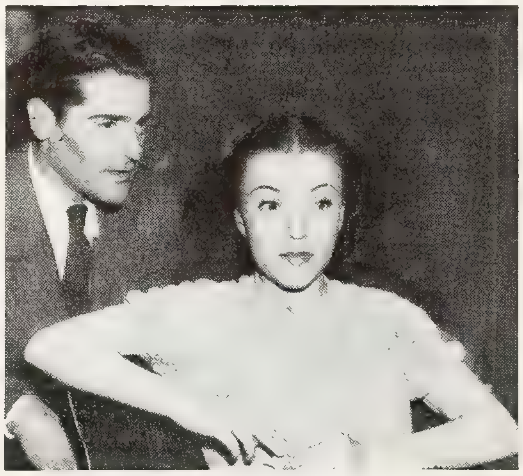
Virginia Weidler with her oldest sister, Sylvia, who is her constant companion.

Title change of the month is the handle on Mae West's forthcoming picture. Mae has just finished a screen version of "Personal Appearance," the stage comedy success. But they're afraid to keep the title for fear people will think the glamorous Miss W. is honoring them with just that. So now it's "Go West, Young Man." How about "Mae Time"?

* * *

Bette Davis has taken her own private war with Warner Brothers and sailed off to Europe with it. It'll probably feel more at home there, at that. In the meantime, George Brent, at least, seems reconciled to her walkout on "God's Country and the Woman." When the company returned from its Washington location trip George flew his plane back to Hollywood—and the only passenger was his new leading lady, Beverly Roberts.

Miss Crabbe poses for her first interview with Papa Larry and her mother.



Above, Francis Lederer tells Margo something interesting at the Pons party.

A bit of boyish rough-housing which proves that starlets can be boys. Below, left to right, Freddie Bartholomew, Mickey Rooney and Jackie Cooper—co-stars in "Devil Is a Sissy"—up to their ears in watermelon.

Bing Crosby, incidentally, is the hardest working guy on the "Pennies from Heaven" set. He's on time at the studio every morning and he's on hand for every scene. It may be because he's so fond of his Art and it may be because he owns a large share of the picture.

* * *

It's interesting, sometimes, to listen to what the stars have to say over the microphones when they're collared in the lobby on premiere night. Most of them, before they see the picture, announce to the world that they're sure it's going to be exciting and wonderful and, perhaps, even good, inwardly hoping that Mr. So-and-So, who produced it, will keep them in mind for his next super-super. Best of all the cracks, among all the laudatory gushings at the "Anthony Adverse" premiere was Fred Keating's. Mr. K. said: "I read 'Anthony Adverse'—and I congratulate myself."

* * *

Barrymore Anecdote: John Barrymore strode up to a theatre box-office the other preview night, eyed the blonde captive within, and said, "Mr. Barrymore's tickets, please." The gal blushed, as blondes occasionally do, and replied, "I'm sorry, Mr. Barrymore, there are no tickets for you." "Well," said John philosophically, digging into his pocket, "there's no harm in asking."

* * *

Bing Crosby is still wondering why they dressed him in a silk shirt for that horseback scene in "Rhythm on the Range." At least he was still wondering a few weeks ago at a luncheon on the set of "Pennies from Heaven," his next picture. The silk shirt drew many snickers from preview audiences and proved a bit embarrassing to Mr. C. So there'll be no silk shirts in "Pennies from Heaven." Instead there'll be smooth music from Bing and the other variety from Louis Armstrong, dusky master of the trumpet. And just to prove it, following the set luncheon Crosby and Armstrong entertained the assemblage with an impromptu musicale, featuring songs from the picture and such contemporary trumpet concertos as "Dinah" and "I'm Confessin'."

An on-the-set shot of William Powell and Myrna Loy. Yes, you'll see them together again in "Libeled Lady." Some others in this "big name" cast are Jean Harlow and Spencer Tracy.

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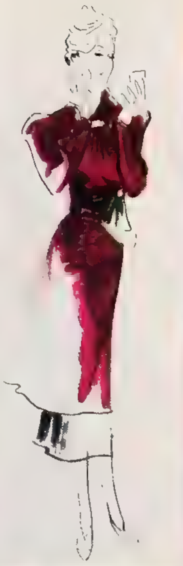

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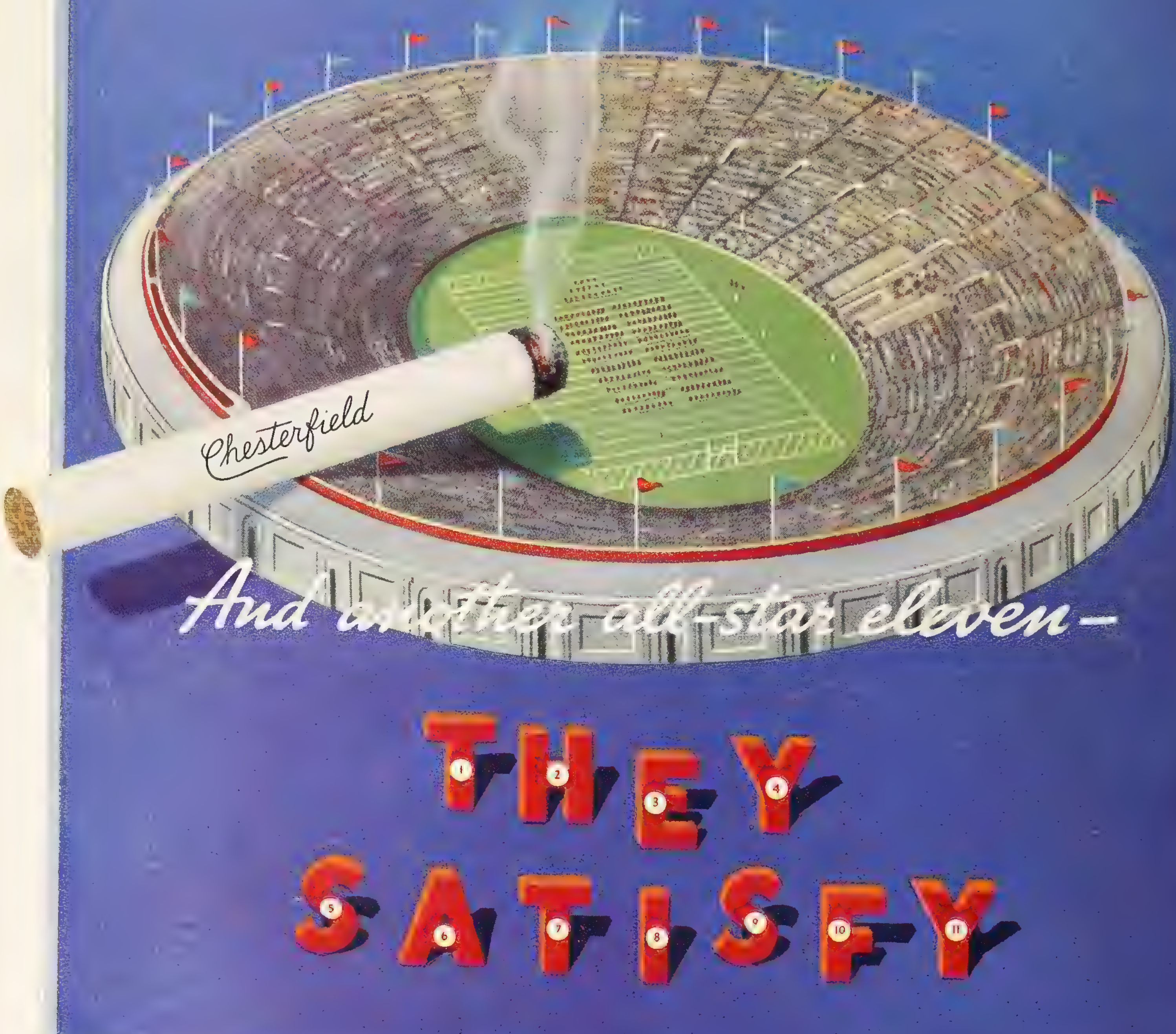
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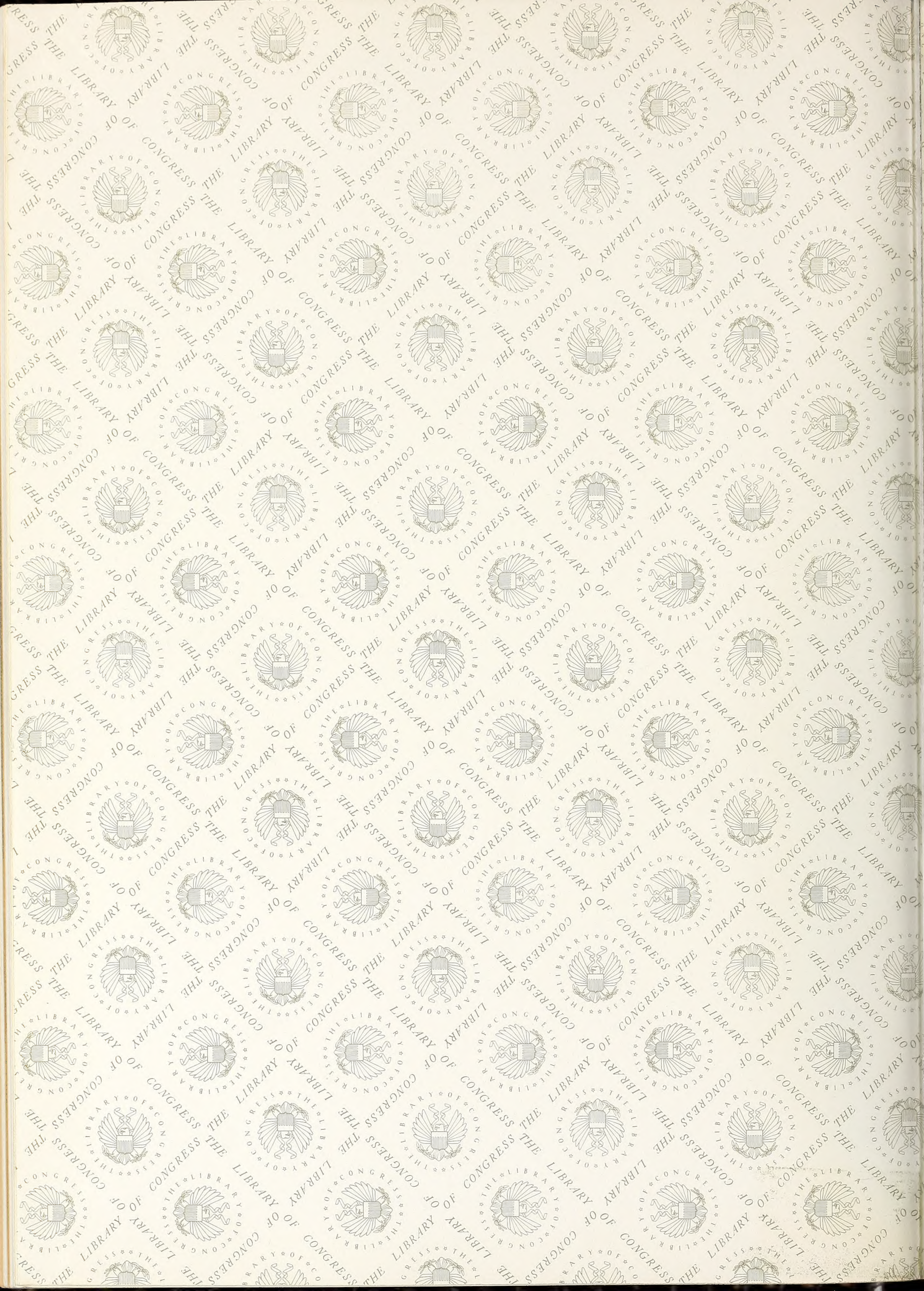
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